

THE
FORTNIGHTLY
REVIEW

VOL. CXXVII. NEW SERIES
JANUARY TO JUNE, 1930
(VOL. CXXXIII. OLD SERIES)

EDITORIAL OFFICE
13 BUCKINGHAM STREET, STRAND, 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

[The Right of Translation is Reserved]

CONTENTS

AUTHOR.		PAGE
ALEXANDER, P. S. H.	An Impression of Industrial Russia.	667.
BAX, Clifford	The Whirligig of Time	658
BELL, John	France Under Tardieu	648
BELLOC, Hilaire	The Effects of High Taxation	470
BLAKE, A. E.	The Future of Air Warfare	29
BLUNDEN, Edmund	{ Poets of the Golden Age	421
	{ The Storm of Battle	275
BLYTON, W. J.	The Re-Colonization of Britain	761
BROWN, Ivor	Behind the Curtain	79
CARROL, Diana	Beeches	405
CARTER, W. Horsfall	{ The Dilemma of a Dictator	170
	{ Psychology of Peace	785
CHESTERTON, G. K.	The Reaction of the Intellectuals	743
CHURCH, Richard	Lunatic	544
CRABITES, Pierre	Rhodes, The Outpost of Rome.	229
DEMAISON, Andre	Poupah	529
DUNSANY, Lord	The Policeman's Prophecy	14
EVAN, B. Ifor	The Rise of Modern Journalism	283
FORSTER, Rr. Adml. D. Arnold, C.M.G.	The Naval Conference	289
GANFMAN, M. I.	Religious Persecution in Russia	442
GORDON, Sir Home, Bt.	The Umpires Are Out	640
GREENE, Kathleen C.	Storm Wind in London	545
GRIERSON, Helen	Families of The Past	521
GWYNN, Stephen	Ebb & Flow : A Monthly Comment- ary . . . 111, 258, 406, 546, 692,	844
HALLETT, John	{ The Poets of Soviet Russia	241
	{ The Prose Fiction of Soviet Russia	362
HARLEY, J. H.	{ The Trouble in Education	66
	{ The Group in British Politics	511
	{ The Main Issue in Disarmament	751
HART, Captain Liddell	The Next War	585
JESSE, F. Tennyson	A Norwegian Saga	559
JOHNSON, Dorothy	Solo	675.
LEIPOLDT, C. Louis, F.R.C.S.	Cancer and The Natural Life	214
LIVERSEDGE, A. J.	The Gold Question	197
LLOYD, Lord, The Rt. Hon. P. C. G.C.S.I.	India's Advance Towards Democracy	464
LLOYD, The Rev. Roger B.	When Books Were Young	88
MACHRAY, Robert	{ Prospect In China	9
	{ Masaryk & The New Europe	339
MARTIN, E. M.	A Misanthrope in May	679
MARRIOTT, Sir John	{ The Paradox of Politics	151
	{ The Education of a Queen	822
MONEY, Sir Leo Chiozza	British Unemployment And Its Meaning	599
MOORE, T. Sturge	Three Poems	86
O'DWYER, Sir Michael	The Indian Problem	561

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

78713

AUTHOR.		PAGE
PRITCHETT, V. S.	{ The Corsican Inn	251
	{ The White Rabbit	384
REDMAN, H. Vere	Feminism in the Far East	345
RESSICH, John	A Clove Hitch	395
ROLLESTON, Sir Humphry, Bt., M.D.	Progress in Medicine	729
SIEGRFIED, Andre	The Mechanization of Culture	770
SICKERT, RICHARD, A.R.A.	Italia! Italia!	145
SITWELL, Osbert	"Dumb-Animal"	184
SPENDER, Hugh F.	Ten Years of the League	57
SWINNERTON, Frank	The Task of a Publisher's Reader	310
TAYLOR, G. R. Stirling	The New History	373
TILLOTSON, Geoffrey	Things In Heaven	329
THORLEY, Wilfrid	The Thunderstorm	338
TRENCH, H. C.	The Case for Cartels	355
TWEEDY, Owen	{ The Palestine Conundrum	318
	{ Turkey in Modern Dress	811
WALBROOK, H. M.	The Novels of Henry James	680
WALPOLE, Hugh	God Bless Victoria	163
WAUGH, Arthur	{ A Victorian Dame School	41
	{ Robert Bridges	832
WAUGH, Evelyn	Labels	485, 627
WELBY, T. Earle	{ The True Conservatism	178
	{ Can We Content India	616
WERTHEIMER, Dr. Egon	The English Socialist Experiment	221
WEST, Rebecca	A Study in Disillusionment	273
WHYTE, Adam Gowans	Ebb-Tide At Westminster	19
WILLCOCKS, M.P.	Attainment	97
WRIGHT, H. O. S.	Interlude at the Seaside	74
ANONYMOUS.		
"AUGUR"	{ What of England. Part I	1
	{ What of England. Part II	191
	{ The Naval Conference	305
	{ Britain's Link With Europe	481
	{ The Oceanic Powers	623
"FULAHN"	Black Man's Gods	500
"NAUTICUS"	The Naval Conference	298

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

JANUARY 1, 1930.

WHAT OF ENGLAND?

By AUGUR

THE wind moves the flags at the sides of the Monument to the Unknown Soldier in Whitehall. The fluttering fabric weaves a ring about the stone, so that the casket at the top is carried on a mass of multicoloured wings. The Monument would not be complete without the flags, often renewed, as they suffer from the weather.

These fragile emblems remind us that on the day when the soul of the nation ceases to enfold it, the Monument will be a heap of stones in the way of the traffic. Men and women with their heart in the War built the Monument to honour those who did not come back. As time goes on and individual memory fades away, the Silence we observe each year becomes more and more the communion of the soul of the nation with itself—the moment of awed introspection, when people stand before the tribunal of their conscience to see merit and failure laid on the scales of fate. The quick and the dead are united so that the touchstone of true worth may be applied.

This year, on Armistice Day, when the Silence came to the thousands assembled by the Monument, a man stood there whose emotional nature made him receptive to the power created by the concentration of so many minds on one quiet thought. Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, sincere hater of the War, had fought against it so violently that the sailors of England refused to allow him on board the ships which had braved the submarines. As Prime Minister his place was now in the front rank beneath the symbolic casket in its ring of flags. The emotion which dominated him at the moment was sincere certainly and, therefore, not in contradiction with the things he had said before. Yet his presence in this gathering was a curious development. Why was it fit that he should stand there? Why did his standing there not provoke a challenge? These things call for a

thoughtful inquiry. Yet to answer them it is necessary to put a wider question: Where does England stand to-day? the word "England" being used advisedly, because in the eyes of the world England rightly remains the kernel of Great Britain and of the Empire.

Mr. Macdonald became Prime Minister because such was the freely expressed will of a nation democratically organized. In Great Britain there is no dictatorship, neither can a trace be found of oligarchic government. Mr. Macdonald is the Prime Minister because he was chosen by a part of the nation and was inducted into his office with the consent of the whole of it. For better, for worse, therefore, we take him to-day—eleven years after the War—to be the national leader. During the Silence Mr. Baldwin, the Conservative leader, stood on Mr. Macdonald's right and Mr. Lloyd George, the leader of the Liberals—on his left; when he went to America to see President Hoover, Mr. Macdonald was publicly acclaimed as the national envoy. Has the pacifist of 1914 changed? Have the victors of 1918 changed? In fairness to Mr. Macdonald let us say that, though ministerial responsibility has converted him to subtler tactics, his hatred of bloodshed remains as sincere. But Trafalgar Square in the centre of London still celebrates a naval victory; the column of Nelson still stands, as well as the other statues of naval and military commanders; the people who won the War are the same gallant people still. Yet the pacifist pays homage at the Monument, whilst the warriors cry for peace at any price.

These changes are only superficial, for in reality there has been no change at all in the mighty current of the destinies of the country. Its majestic progress makes Mr. Macdonald's objections to the War, and the War itself, appear like specks of dust on the Atlantic. The tranquil stream of destiny flows on beneath the heaving surface of daily events. It may be discovered only by looking truth in the face, truth unadorned by the frills with which humanity timidly tries to cover the frightful nakedness of cold facts.

An instinctive desire to improve the conditions of life has been always a characteristic of the human race. Material civilization has been built up on this foundation. The people of this country are no better and no worse than any other

people created by God. They have the same urge to live well and to live better. The formal reason for England's participation in the War was the tearing up by Germany of the Treaty which guaranteed the neutrality of Belgium. The true motive was that the country was afraid that German predominance on the continent would result in a lower standard of living in England. The War was won, Germany was removed from the path and the danger she represented soon forgotten, but the flame of the desire for increased material comforts burnt on. Its light revealed the presence of a new danger—the permanent unemployment of more than one million people. For a few years the country clung to the illusion that the danger was a temporary one; to-day nobody disputes its permanent nature. The truth is that whilst foreign affairs have ostensibly filled the foreground, in reality England's chief anxiety has been unemployment. Governments have been born and have fallen not because of Geneva and Locarno, of The Hague and Washington, but because of their promises and failures in respect of the relief of the unemployed.

The standard of living in this country is menaced by unemployment and in this connection the greatest danger of all is the fact that there are already hundreds of thousands of men and women, out of work for years, who are content to take the official dole as the supreme end of their ambition. This slipping back into a state comparable with that of cattle going to the trough is more dangerous for the race than if unemployment had bred revolution. Revolutionaries at least have red blood in their veins, not sterilised water. Subconsciously the people feel the danger and look to the leaders for salvation. Until now the politicians have offered no remedy; they prefer to cripple each other's chances by criticism and bribery in the form of electoral promises. In this respect Mr. Macdonald and his friends have been the worst offenders. They owe their present position to the faith of the masses in the future guaranteed by the Socialist programme. Mr. Macdonald and his friends, when they rashly promised all these good things, were sincere, but they did not know. Now they know. They have learned that "loafing is a cancer that can devour a nation" (Macdonald), that "there are no short cuts to prosperity" (Snowden) and that "for her salvation England must rely upon herself" (Thomas).

In private Mr. Thomas denounces the dole as immoral and Mr. Snowden says that he has no money for Socialist experiments. Mr. Macdonald, no doubt, sees clearly the impossibility of fulfilling his electoral pledge of "work or maintenance". But they dare not say these things openly. If they did their presence in the seat of power would come to an abrupt end. They go on piling up unproductive expenditure, but try to console themselves and to mislead others by declaring that the full programme of their social reforms would have cost much more.

We cannot say how far things must become worse before they become better, but this we know: the problem of unemployment can be tackled only by a national government when the issue will cease to be the object of competitive offers by political parties. Even then the solution may not be found so long as in despair the nation does not sanction the application of the rule—No Representation Without Taxation,—so that men and women out of work shall be prevented from using their political influence to make capital in the form of increased benefits for unemployment. This suggestion will be received with derision. There are disputes which time alone can judge and the derision which we foresee will only prove that the situation is not ripe yet for the drastic action which we recommend to be taken. In any case, the idea that unemployment must be dealt with as a national problem and not as a party issue is gaining ground. As the lines above were written, by a curious coincidence, the *Evening Standard* came out with a cartoon, which presents Unemployment in the form of a gigantic boxer. Three men are huddled together in a corner: Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Thomas. Their faces show that they have received a licking from their hefty opponent. They groan: "Next time we will take him on together." We know that already a three-party conference is being talked about. But the Socialists, who were elected because they denounced the incapacity of their opponents, and the Conservatives, who hope that soon the Socialists will be defeated by the problem of unemployment, are equally reluctant to agree to an armistice. The Liberals are too weak to force the issue themselves, so time goes by and further suffering will have to be incurred before the inevitable decision to hold a round-table conference is taken.

To create the suitable atmosphere is not sufficient. It is more important to have a definite idea as to what should be done. The problem of unemployment comes under two heads. The number of people out of work must be reduced and the situation must be dealt with in a way which will prevent large numbers of workers from going on the dole in future. To bring about the reduction it is necessary to have a plan for the reorganization of the system of credits to industry. A permanent improvement in the labour situation cannot be obtained, so we believe, without giving some form of protection against competition from outside. Protection, if given, must include agriculture, as well as other industries in the measure of their need. Yet Free Trade is a fetish still. Mr. Baldwin in 1923 naively went to the country on this issue and was signally defeated. We believe that Free Trade, pure and simple, cannot be preserved unless the customs barriers fall in Europe. Is such an event probable? People have fallen into the habit of praising the French for the way in which they have rebuilt their industries and have reduced unemployment to a vanishing point. But the prosperity of France would be ruined if the protection of tariffs were withdrawn from her agricultural and industrial production. Though we have not been shown it yet, there may exist a better solution than a system of reasoned protection to prevent unemployment from devouring this country. One thing will always be needed: some imagination. No plan will succeed if the men responsible for it do not possess the breadth of vision which permits the doing of big things in a big way. The waste of material resources will continue and, worse still, popular enthusiasm will be turned to bitterness, if leaders are content to plod on with their nose to the ground without ever looking up to the horizon.

More even than in the question of unemployment vision is needed in connection with the problems of the Empire. The British Commonwealth exists because in days gone by England produced men who dared to affront the future without the safeguards of the dole. In other words—a spoon-fed generation sneers—they took risks. And so they did! These risks were justified because the Imperial pioneers had the vision of great deeds. So the deeds were performed! With good reason at the Exhibition at Wembley, Sir Thomas Raffles was

honoured with a statue. For, in the teeth of bureaucratic obstruction, he founded Singapore, to-day the bulwark of British influence in the East. To understand the need for statesmanlike vision let us take a concrete case. This autumn a conference was held at Downing Street with representatives of the Dominions Governments to prepare the juridical side (perhaps we should say the constitutional side) of the Imperial Conference which is due to meet in May, 1930. The proceedings at the preparatory conference have not been talked about in the press, and the public does not suspect their importance. Yet they are significant. At the bottom of the affair is the wish of the Irish Free State and of the South African Union to get rid of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. This Committee not only hears appeals against the decisions of the highest courts in the Dominions, but also judges disputes between the members of the Empire themselves. The British Parliament has surrendered its right of legislating for the Dominions, and the Committee, apart from the Crown itself, remains the only effective Imperial link. Its opponents have decided that it must disappear. In practice it is impossible already for a citizen of the Free State or of the Union to bring his case to London. On the other hand the need for an Imperial Tribunal to judge inter-Dominion disputes is admitted. Impartial observers in London are convinced that if the Irish and the South Africans press their attack home, the Judicial Committee in its present form must go. Here comes into play the lack of statesmanlike vision, for we discover a general inclination to accept the inevitable dissolution by simply waiting for the thing to happen. This Tolstoyan attitude is distasteful, not to say more. We disagree equally with those who recommend that the Committee should be left as it is to serve the Dominions which desire to go on using it, whilst the others would be free from all obligations towards it. In both cases the result would be the same: a swift decay and a final disappearance in a not too distant future. Now, if the old apple-tree can be given a new span of useful life by lopping off the rotten branches, the Committee can be preserved for the Empire, if those duties which have become obsolete are abolished. Perhaps its whole constitution could be revised to transform it into a Court of Imperial Arbitration. But it is for England to initiate such a step and not to wait for the

attack against the Committee to develop in the form most disadvantageous to the unity of the Empire.

We know that there are students of Imperial affairs who preach that to keep the Empire it is necessary to dissolve it first. This paradox means, we take it, that every vestige of a dependence of the Dominions on England shall disappear and shall be replaced among the members of the British Commonwealth by a co-operation, established by mutual consent on a basis of perfect equality. There can be no quarrel with this formula, on the condition that the real values are taken into consideration when the deed of partnership is drawn up. After all, though we have not yet heard the point stressed, it is certain that England with her racial, economic, financial and political power, is herself the greatest Dominion in the Commonwealth. The Empire may exist without the Irish Free State, it cannot do so if England falls out. Since the War there has been an English inferiority complex towards the attitude of some of the Dominions. The Commonwealth—a free partnership of nations—by all means, but not a house, some of the inhabitants of which remain to set it on fire. Dominions with centrifugal tendencies of this sort should be told: we are the strongest, richest and all round more powerful member of the Commonwealth, which without us cannot exist. If you dislike our company, you are free to leave it. Such language we are certain will have the result of strengthening the Imperial bond, because those that protest to-day will then discover the advantage to them of remaining in the combination. Let us take the case of the Union of South Africa, in some respects bent on destroying all signs of British predominance. One of its problems is the treatment of Indian immigrants, whom the White element in the Union would like to see reduced to the position of the rest of the coloured population. India will have Dominion, that is national, rights one of these days. It will then with increased vigour demand full rights for its citizens in South Africa. We have here, perhaps, the reason why the Union, in spite of declamations in favour of full sovereignty, hesitates to sign without reservations the famous Optional Clause of the International Court of Justice at the Hague. After all it is preferable to have some questions threshed out in the Imperial

partnership than to submit them to a soulless international tribunal. As to the Irish, in the past they have been good Empire builders and to-day their economic situation is inextricably tied up with the English one. Personally, we see the Irish Free State as an active member of the British Commonwealth of free nations. But the freedom of leaving the Partnership of the Commonwealth implies also a greater freedom in joining it. In this respect a future generation may witness developments of an unexpected nature. If M. Briand can talk seriously about the United States of Europe as a continental combination, which all nations may join, surely an English statesman may speak about the British Commonwealth as a world organism with a membership much greater than it has at present. Before this happens, however, the relations of this country with others and especially with the United States of America will need to be clarified.

• PROSPECT IN CHINA

By ROBERT MACHRAY

ON New Year's Day, 1930, according to the intimation of the Nanking Nationalist Government, extra-territoriality is to be abolished in China, despite the fact that the Governments of two of the Powers chiefly interested, namely Great Britain and the United States, had categorically declined, in separate Notes, to agree to Nanking's request, made last spring, for their assent to the abolition of extra-territoriality. The full carrying out of the intimation—an act of policy in which all China may be expected wholeheartedly to concur—means that British interests of a value of from three to four hundred millions sterling will be jeopardised. Even if an overwhelming catastrophe is escaped, heavy losses are certain. The present is hardly a time when the British people can regard such a disaster without dismay, and it is to be hoped that they will try to understand the position of affairs, not as expressed so often by doctrinaires and sentimentalists, but in accordance with the realities of the situation. China has long been a baffling puzzle to the plain man, who either has been driven by its perplexity to give up attempting to comprehend it, or glances at it fleetingly when something exceptional and sensational is reported in the papers—and then forgets about it altogether. Yet the question of extra-territoriality is simple enough, and indirectly what has taken place in Manchuria makes it simpler still. It really reduces itself to China's keeping or not keeping bargains, the maintenance or non-maintenance of treaties. This, of course, has to be qualified by the truth that nothing lasts for ever and that treaties may and do become "inapplicable". The point is that the treaties in the case of China still apply, however much she would like to break or cancel them.

The Manchurian tangle, at least as regards its latest knots, has been cut by the Soviet "sickle", which connoted all the apparatus of modern war, poison gas apparently excepted, in the "limited offensive" undertaken by Moscow to compel the reinstitution of Russian treaty rights in the Chinese Eastern Railway. The Soviet long represented the attacks of its army on the Chinese as nothing more than reprisals for raids into its

territory. But in November the fighting assumed a really serious character, Soviet forces penetrating Manchuria for 200 miles, according to the Peking correspondent of *The Times*, and taking by storm, with great loss of life, Manchuli, Dalai Nor and other places of importance. Chang Hsueh-liang, the Governor of Manchuria, realising that he was unable to continue the struggle with any prospect of success, and seeing no real help elsewhere, gave way and accepted the conditions laid down by the Soviet for obtaining an armistice. Subsequent negotiations led to the signing of a protocol, the first article of which gave official consent by the Chinese to the "restoration of the situation" on the Chinese Eastern Railway existing prior to the conflict, on the basis of the 1924 Peking and Mukden agreements. Other articles of this protocol dealt with the reinstatement of Soviet officials on the line, the release of Soviet citizens imprisoned in Manchuria, and so on, but the first article was the vital thing, for the Russian rights in the railway were reinstituted by it, and Mukden, which had stood for all China in this matter, definitely repudiated its repudiation of the agreements of 1924. In brief, the old treaty came into force again. The Nanking Government had to endorse, much against its will, the surrender of Mukden. Powerless to assist Chang Hsueh-liang with troops, it had sought to beat the Soviet by appealing for help to the principal signatories of the Kellogg Pact. Earlier it had intended to approach the League of Nations, but on taking soundings found no encouragement in that quarter.

What emerges from the settlement is the sufficiently strange, indeed highly ironic, fact that the victory of the Soviet, which perpetually arraigns the Treaty Powers as Imperialistic, was a huge success for these very Powers, inasmuch as the sanctity of a treaty entered into by China with a foreign State has been upheld as against China. If this whole "China business" was not extremely serious, it might provide a good deal of entertainment in more than one respect, and not to cynics alone. Months ago Mukden, in accord with Nanking, arbitrarily and provocatively took entire possession of the Chinese Eastern Railway in contravention of treaty. No sign whatever of the Kellogg Pact was seen in this action. Some months later Nanking, in this case spokesman for all China, announced the

abolition of extra-territoriality, which lies at the heart of certain treaties. Great Britain and the United States had objected, as well they might, and had given good reasons for resisting such abolition. None the less, Nanking had notified the interested Powers—the Treaty Powers—that extra-territoriality would cease on January 1, 1930, thus unilaterally tearing up the treaties. Again, no sign of the Kellogg Pact! Add to these two instances that China has broken numerous treaties and written engagements in a similarly arbitrary manner whenever she believed that she "could get away with it." Brought to book by the Soviet, China, through Nanking, invokes the Kellogg Pact! An appeal was made to the chief signatories of the Pact, notably Great Britain and the United States, the identical Powers under sentence of death by China as regards extra-territoriality. These Powers responded by calling the attention of *both* the Soviet and China to their common obligations under the Pact, the Powers thus saving their faces. It is little wonder, considering all the circumstances, that the Soviet, which had essentially been fighting in Manchuria the battle of the Treaty Powers, though, of course, it would never admit it, showed keen resentment. It stated that the Manchurian affair was closed—finished. It also expressed its amazement that the United States, who had taken the initiative in lining up the Powers, should offer advice to a Government with which it had no official relations—a jape at the expense of Washington vastly enjoyed no doubt by all diplomats other than American the world over.

Extra-territoriality is a question that has been much discussed in the course of the last thirty years. Many articles and not a few books, for and against, by Chinese as well as foreigners, have been written about it. One of the best works on the subject is *The Unequal Treaties: China and the Foreigner*, by Rodney Gilbert, who evidently knows China well. It was published last year (1929) by John Murray, and presents the facts in all their aspects, old and new, in a thoroughly intelligible way—no reader need fear being repelled by words and especially proper names unfamiliar to him. Mr. Gilbert comes to the conclusion that China in general is in a much worse condition now than she was under the Empire. Thus extra-territoriality, to put the thing mildly, is as much needed at present as it was then. It may be well to recall in this connexion that in 1902, or nine years

before the Empire was replaced by the Republic, Great Britain entered into a treaty with China which referred, among other things, to extra-territoriality, Great Britain going so far as to state that she would relinquish her extra-territorial rights so soon as she was satisfied that China had brought her laws and other machinery of justice up to the Western standard. Since that treaty a generation has passed away, and China has undergone many great changes, but hardly in the direction required. Early in September last the text of the British Reply to Nanking's request for the abolition of extra-territoriality was published. This Note was sympathetic and most politely phrased; it even admitted that China had assimilated some of the principles of Western justice—a very doubtful statement, to say the best of it. But the British Government made it perfectly clear that in its view the time had not yet arrived for entertaining such a request, China still falling below the Western standard. As things were, the abolition of extra-territoriality, it said, would not only be detrimental to British interests, but might be injurious to China herself, as likely to involve her in political and economic difficulties.

In this question the most important document is the report in 1927 of the "Commission on Extra-territorial Jurisdiction," whose chairman was S. H. Strawn, an American by no means unfriendly to the Chinese. This commission found that the judiciary of China was much below Western standards, and that extra-territoriality ought not to be abolished until China had achieved a strong, unified Government, which would ensure throughout China, for foreigners and Chinese alike, a modern judicial system with its attendant conditions. In other words the commission, after considering the whole subject with great care and every desire to be impartial, decided that to abolish extra-territoriality was to hand over British, American and other nationals to the far from tender mercies of another system which remains mediæval, notwithstanding changes on the surface. Few Chinese judges are well-trained, and most are corrupt; nearly all of them are easily subject to pressure by the militarists and the politicians. The written law of China, however modernized in appearance, is of no force outside Shanghai and some other cities. The gaols are barbaric, and prisoners may lie rotting in them for a very long time before being brought to trial. Torture of

revolting cruelty is still common. In a word, the old, immemorial China persists. Nor does the "strong, unified Government" stipulated by the commission exist—the nearest approach to it is the Nationalist Government set up in Nanking in 1928 by Chiang Kai-shek, its President, who loudly proclaimed China a unity again. For a short period the statement seemed to be justified, and then the course of events demonstrated its hollowness. Civil war broke out in Central China, the enigmatic but redoubtable Feng, "Christian General," having at last taken the field against Chiang. In North China Yen Hsi-shan, Feng's friend, kept neutral, but watchful. In South China Chang Fa-kwei with his "Ironsides" marched on Canton. Within the Kuomintang, Chiang's own camp, grave divergencies appeared, one wide chasm being conspicuous in the shape of the secession of its Radical Left wing, now styled "Reorganizationist".

As this article is being written the Press teems with reports of revolts against Chiang and Nanking. What actually took place between Chiang and Feng is not known accurately, thanks to Nanking's censorship; what fighting there was around Loyang was indecisive, and probably Feng was bought off, but he is not likely to stay bought off if he sees Chiang in a hole. Yen sits on the fence. Fa-kwei remains a menace, and Canton is perturbed. Nanking itself is threatened by mutinous soldiery. Rumours are current that Chiang may be compelled to resign; he is becoming unpopular, and rightly or wrongly is accused of corruption, extravagance, legalized murder, despotism, and the stifling of differences within the Kuomintang. To talk of a strong, unified Government in China, or of a united China, is palpably absurd. The state of the country is chaotic, and foreign warships stands by, as so often before, for the protection of life and property, a significant indication of the true state of things. To-day Great Britain, America, France and Japan are the only important countries that still maintain extra-territoriality, Italy, Belgium and some other States having been bluffed lately into giving it up. Suppose Nanking does on New Year's Day carry out its declared intention—it is possible—what are Great Britain, America and the others going to do about it? Wag the Ké'logg Pact at Chiang? What steps will they take? The future remains dark with possibilities and doubts.

THE POLICEMAN'S PROPHECY

BY LORD DUNSANY

"GOING by a cross-roads at that pace," said the policeman to my taxi-driver; "and when I held my hand up! You'll kill yourself and everybody else."

The rebuke stuck in my mind, until I began to wonder what would happen if he did! and what it would be like when he had done it.

No doubt the motor-buses and private cars would help him; and then the traffic would begin to slow down: one day it would stop. And at once the brambles and convolvulus on each side of every road would get to know of it, and their tendrils would slip out softly on some still evening and begin to scout over the tar. But in London, where the forces of Nature seem so weak and few; what would happen there? Why, the very window-boxes would know of it. Small tendrils would stray over sills and peer about, to welcome the weeds that would soon creep up from below. The seed of the plane-trees would go abroad in their season and sweep along pavements like dust, till they found the homes that they sought in cracks and in crannies; and the winged seed of the limes travelling further than anyone guesses would find hard lodging at first, but would rustle a little further with every breeze till they also came to their rest in soil however scanty.

The news of the work of that taxi-driver would spread to flies, as rapidly as the swiftest winds could carry it; and not only would they come from incredible distances to settle down upon London in one rejoicing cloud, but billions would be born for this very occasion; and in all our empty cathedrals, in all our trafficless streets, their hum would be the first anthem to announce the passing of man. It seems to me that an important duty would fall on the flies, to tidy up after the taxi-driver, and to make the Thames valley habitable for whatever forms of life were coming there next.

Birds would follow the flies and, of course, kill millions, but

THE POLICEMAN'S PROPHECY

15

could never check their rejoicing. The air would be full of swallows all through summer, and the swifts sailing above them; the little dun-coloured fly-catcher would perch on abandoned walls, and leap up to catch his prey, and return again to his perch; and the predatory birds in far woods would immediately know of the sport, and would come swooping in to prey on the lesser hunters.

The abandoned food of London would become a patrimony for more rats than there are in the whole of the Thames valley, and they would increase until their numbers were worthy of that opportunity. The cats would never check them; and though there might be cats that would think the houses of men were now their own, curling up cosily in soft chairs in the best rooms, they would learn soon that there dwelt in each house a vast population that cared little enough for them and their dainty airs.

And what new alliance would the dog make when his old master was gone? Would he oust the jackal and serve the lion? In Africa perhaps. But what would he do in London? He would be lonely at first. And then he would form into packs running wild through parks and through squares, in at doors and out of windows, hunting down streets become populous with all manner of things except man. And some trace, though I can't think what, of us and our customs would still be felt in his packs; for it is always so when something great has gone; there remains a trace of it amongst lesser folk for century after century. What sport those packs would have, free to follow for ever that instinct that they had learned for a whole geological era, yet touched now and then by the memory of a friendship which, though it had only started a little before history, might yet be poignant enough.

And all the while the little weeds would be growing; every wind would do their work, every shower soften their beds for them; and great far-travelling gales would come in from the hills, bringing flowers new to London. It would probably not be long before the traces of man's supremacy began to grow indistinct, the outlines of all his work in steel or stone being blurred by weeds till they grew as vague as old foot-prints. And at that weedy touch a certain angular look, a certain feeling of hardness, would be all gone from the houses, so that all the wild things would know at a glance they could enter and be at rest.

What kind of habitation will they make for those that are other than we? Some know them already, the cat, the mouse and the spider; the jackdaw too has known the chimneys of man. Will these be our heirs when the work of the taxi-driver is finished? Or will other oust them? And another question one cannot help asking: will the world be the worse for the change? We cannot answer that: we are too much absorbed by our point of view to be able to say if the greenery of grass and moss and ivy, tenanted by all manner of creatures, molested no longer by us, be a better or worse habitation than our pavements trodden by men. That green will rise like a tide, bringing with it forgetfulness, and drowning a little deeper with every leaf of the buttercup, and every downy clock of the dandelion, and fear and remembrance of man.

What a noise we made! But it will all be forgotten. What a mess we made with our hoardings, what a glare in the sky. But a few clean winds will tidy the hoardings up, and the sky above London will return to its stars, as a patient from fever to health.

And who will remember, when all these things are forgotten? Who will remember at all? Who will look at the soft green mounds and recall man's angular houses and remember that we were here? The dog. The dog will remember. On some night when he is not hunting some dog may stray from his pack; and in a clearing of young woods of lime, growing dense by the banks of Thames, may suddenly see his old enemy the full moon rising huge over weed-covered houses. At once he will lift his head, and cry out to warn man. Not a voice will answer him, not a harsh ungrateful cry, which he never resented of old, for he never asked for man's gratitude: it used to be enough to warn him and guard him without looking for recompense. And now not a voice would come. except perhaps for a dog far off in the marshes passing the warning on, and the quiet mutter of geese. And suddenly he will remember then, man has not been seen for years. He'll be sorry, at that, and think of all we've done, so far as he can understand it, and will think of our motives and praise them: not the motives we knew; even historians, likely as not, miss them; but those divine purposes, mysterious, almost inscrutable, that he guessed at and credited to us and humbly revered. Don't let us be too greatly elated at that reverence that

may outlast us, for it will not come so much from our own deserts as from the depths of the fathomless loyalty that is in the heart of the dog. The mouse will remember houses, the cat will remember soft rugs, the jackdaw for many a year will remember chimneys, but the dog will remember man. And what an odd memory it will be, that memory lingering on in the marshes and woods of the Thames, a memory of something that once was here, so wise, so powerful and so far-seeing that it could alter the face of the earth; and yet so blind that it could not see by starlight, so deaf that a footfall coming up from behind could not be heard till too late, and quite unable even to smell at all. One who never even knew who his enemies were; never guessed the plotting of wild things, the disloyalty of cats, nor the enmity of the full moon. And in the end the face of the earth, for all that man had done to it, went back in spite of him to its old old way. And here were the cats and the rats, the foxes and the full moon, all quietly triumphant over the end of that mysterious figure that was so much mightier, wiser and kinder than they. And just when a thought arises too deep for tears, that watchful dog by the marshes under the moon will turn to another thought more swiftly than we can turn, for I know the ways of the dog, and will raise a hind leg to scratch at his neck with a sudden vigour. Ah yes, that flea will interest him more than man. We must be content with whatever memory we can get when we are gone. When nature is busy everywhere hiding our work away, belfry and factory alike dumb under cascades of clematis, it will be something to have even that much memory, even though it come briefly and rarely on nights of a full moon.

And, after all, that policeman may have exaggerated, though he spoke so deliberately and calmly and seemed so sure, and though I myself have long thought on similar lines, and have not at all supposed that machines were for ever. I had always thought that machines in the end would overthrow machines, the bombing plane and the pullman cancelling out, and that Nature at last would return; so that when I suddenly heard the policeman's prophecy, and saw his confident bearing, I did not doubt at first that what he predicted was true. But after reflection, and in the policeman's absence, it seems there may well be a chance that the taxi-driver may kill himself before he has time to kill everybody, and that he may be buried by folk of

our race, who only dimly and rarely guess with what he had threatened us all. What will they write on his tombstone? I can think of no more fitting inscription, if after all we survive him, than those words so often uttered over the dead in London: The Driver Was Exonerated From All Blame.

TO AN ASTRONOMER

BY ROBERT BELL

Browbeat me not with your immensities,
 Your aeons, and your vast incredible miles,
 Your merciless arithmetic that piles
 Pelion on Ossa to the topmost skies;
 Your space-times, and your light-years, and your π 's;
 Your juggler of a universe that beguiles
 With quirks and curvatures, and reconciles
 World-without-End to world that's otherwise.

But what to me is Alpha Gemini?
 Why should I follow where the comets go?
 The firmament of Mind is just as high,
 And in its spaces brighter planets show
 Than any the astronomer can know,
 And secrets deeper than infinity.

EBB-TIDE AT WESTMINSTER

BY ADAM GOWANS WHYTE

LOOKING back upon the reception given to the second Socialist Government, one might well imagine that the vocabulary of compliment had been exhausted in the first few months of the new dispensation. Nevertheless, there was one bright feature which was overlooked—a genuine achievement which, unlike certain other imputed triumphs, has survived the glorious summer and still shines in the winter of discontent. No one can deny to the Socialists the claim that they have once more made politics interesting.

This is far from being a superficial matter. In theory, perhaps, a Government need not, or should not, consider whether its policy or its actions possess any dramatic quality or even any news value. Its duty is to pursue the course, monotonous or exciting, which ministers to the health of the State. In practice, however, a Government or a Party which, under a full democratic system, fails to maintain the curiosity of the public is bound to suffer in popularity. Service to the country is not enough. The late Conservative Government spent four and a half years in constructive legislation, much of it so far-reaching that the effects will not mature for years to come. In volume, its work was exceptional; and in quality it was so sound that, save in matters like the Trade Disputes Act and the Eight Hours Act which closely affect Socialist policy, the present Government has not felt called upon to annul any measure of importance. The only real weakness lay in the failure to awaken the appreciation of the electorate. Right from the beginning of the Conservative Government's career in 1924, this weakness was apparent; and the root of it lay in the fact that the Conservatives, having elaborated a comprehensive programme when in opposition, set themselves to carry it out, item by item, conscientiously and—as events proved—monotonously.

From the point of view of the spectator, the Parliamentary

period from 1924 to 1929 was almost uniformly dull. Apart from the General Strike, and the Trade Disputes Bill which followed it, there was never a tremour of excitement. The huge compact majority which the Government enjoyed put it beyond all fear of surprise; a Bill presented was as good as a Bill passed; and the course of a Parliamentary session was as plain, as certain and as featureless as the vista of a military road across a desert. Under such depressing conditions no Party could retain its fighting spirit or its appeal to the enthusiasm of the rank and file, to say nothing of the interest of the electorate in general. While the Government continued with its good works, the indifference of the public seemed to increase; and when the time came for an appeal to the country nothing less than the shock of some novel and controversial issue could have broken the spell. Nowhere was such an issue visible. The Conservatives stood on their record; which meant that they appealed to one of the weakest of man's impulses—the motive of gratitude. Considering all the circumstances, including the unmeasured attacks of the Socialists and the alluring diversions of Mr. Lloyd George's great campaign, the wonder is not that they lost ground but that they held as much as they did.

So swift is the movement of politics that these events seem already to have become ancient history. Yet some reference to them is necessary to an understanding of the wave of welcome which greeted the Socialists when they took office. There was hardly any limit either in extent or intensity to the adulation which was showered upon all the leading members of the new Cabinet. For weeks on end the photographers and paragraphists recorded their movements and their speeches. During these halcyon days, practically the whole Press of the country was their admiring servant. Parliament had once more become of outstanding news value; politics had sprung to life again. The newspapers, faithfully reflecting the emotions of their readers, conveyed the impression that at last, after an arctic winter of futility and inanition, the dawn had been ushered in by a Government of all the virtues.

Mr. Snowden was one of the few subjects of this apotheosis who seemed to realise that it was only a temporary phase. More than once he hinted at the days when all men would not speak well of the Government. His cool insight is all the more to his

credit since his defence of British interests at The Hague was the outstanding action which persuaded the public that the change which had been welcomed largely for the sake of change promised to be a genuine change for the better. In a lesser degree, Mr. Henderson's appearance at Geneva, and perhaps in a greater degree Mr. MacDonald's visit to the United States, strengthened this favourable persuasion. During these happy excursions in the foreign field the nation was not in a mood to analyse the efforts of the Government or to consider how far they were a continuation of an established policy; but when they were over and the Government had to turn to the host of deferred problems at home, the first signs of reaction began to show themselves in the very quarters where flattery had been carried to almost hysterical limits. The tendency of idol-makers to become idol-breakers developed with extraordinary rapidity as soon as Parliament reassembled at the end of October.

Sooner or later the change was inevitable, but it has come with a speed and thoroughness which must be disconcerting to the Socialist Party. One day it was enjoying a victorious advance; next day it found itself fighting on the defensive. The cause of the transformation lies deeper than the fickleness of popular favour. It may be traced to the circumstance that in the foreign field there was little scope for the peculiar principles of Socialism, while in the home field the Government was committed to Socialist action in a variety of directions. At The Hague, Mr. Snowden could display a vigorous nationalism without protest from the Socialist rank and file; and the Prime Minister's labours for peace and disarmament were accepted as contributions to an ideal shared by all sections of the community. On the other hand, the Government was committed in such matters as pensions, unemployment, insurance, coal and trade union legislation to policies which bore a Socialist colour and were, to say the least, highly controversial. As soon, therefore, as it turned to domestic problems, the Government was confronted by a double mark of interrogation. How far could its election pledges be carried out under any circumstances; and how far, in the case of those which were feasible, could it proceed as a minority Government?

The second part of this question is the more conspicuous in the political outlook at the moment; it provides most of the

"drama" which makes the proceedings at Westminster so interesting. The first, however, is the crucial one, since it involves the problem of problems—unemployment.

Here there is no question of opposition or of restriction of ways and means. The Government has been given a clear run. No Socialist can complain that the Cabinet has been hampered in its treatment of this industrial disease by lack of an independent majority in the House of Commons. Mr. Thomas has had everything he has asked for; and he has had the advantage of beginning where the Conservatives left off, with the benefit of their experience, of Mr. Lloyd George's infallible proposals, and the prolonged study which, we must suppose, the Socialist Party gave to the causes and cure of unemployment during the years of comparative leisure in opposition. Nevertheless, his speeches on the subject are a virtual confession of failure—failure, that is to say, to realise the claims so confidently advanced by Socialists before the General Election.

In justice to Mr. Thomas, it may be admitted that since he became a Minister he has ceased to subscribe to the facile theory, so popular among his comrades, that unemployment can be smothered by gold from a bottomless purse of national wealth. He has repeatedly declared that the only cure lies in a slow recovery in trade, which may be fostered by closer association with Imperial markets and by other means, and also hindered by the spending of public money on schemes which merely "make work" without creating productive enterprises yielding permanent employment. Such is, of course, precisely the Conservative view. But Mr. Thomas cannot dissociate himself entirely from the attitude of his own Party on this vital matter. There can be no question that the Socialists gained their present position largely because they proclaimed, from thousands of platforms and in millions of printed sheets, that the existence of over a million unemployed was due to the ignorance, inactivity, and ineptitude of the Tories, and that "Labour" alone had the skill and the power to lift this burden from the shoulders of the nation.

It is an interesting speculation whether any Socialist politicians, except perhaps the humbler missionaries who were as credulous as their audiences, really believed in this gospel of super-optimism. The extravagance of the claim, like that of Mr. Lloyd George

with his, "We can conquer unemployment," suggests a gamble conducted with desperate effrontery and no real hope of success. Otherwise, the Socialist Party stands convicted of cynically exploiting the most unfortunate section of the community. One way or the other, the Party has put itself in such a position that its only chance of escaping retribution is to camouflage its failure by an ostentatious parade of costly and ineffective schemes, until such time as it may contrive to get back to power on some other issue. Among all the uncertainties of the political future, we may confidently predict that the next Socialist election manifesto will be a little more guarded than the last on the subject of rapid and complete cures for unemployment.

On the other items in the Socialist programme the Government is admittedly hampered by being in a minority. It can do nothing without the backing of members of the other Parties. When the next election comes we shall probably hear a great deal about this obstacle to the advance of a progressive Party from one beneficent measure to another. The country will be called upon to give "Labour" an independent majority, so that it may put forth its full strength. Yet the real worries of the present Government do not reside in the Opposition. They lie partly within the Socialist ranks and partly in the fact, openly admitted by the Socialist Chancellor of the Exchequer, that the country cannot afford more than a fraction of the proposals to which the Socialists are committed.

The Opposition Parties are, in fact, the more or less passive spectators of a chronic civil war on the Government benches. They are witnessing the curious spectacle of the Government Party, as represented by the bulk of its members, bullying the Cabinet to carry out the policy to which all are committed. The urge does not come solely from Mr. Maxton's group, with its slogan of "Socialism in our time"; it comes from typical Socialist Members who represent trade unions as well as constituencies. The trade unions are the paymasters of the Socialist Party; they have run candidates for the purpose of securing certain material benefits; and now that they have succeeded in getting a Labour Government they are determined to reap their harvest.

On the other hand, the Cabinet is equally determined that the harvest will be postponed, or limited for the time being to the

gleaning of a few "first instalments". Every item in the Socialist programme means more money; and Mr. Snowden has had to explain to his comrades again and again that heavier taxation will make unemployment worse than ever and will prevent him arranging the "safe" Budget necessary to cajole the public into the sense of security so much desired in view of the next General Election. Naturally enough, these calculations are less impressive to Socialist Members than the insistent demands of their unions; and although the Chancellor of the Exchequer has done his best to live up to the nickname of *M. Non, Non et Non Snowden* given to him at The Hague, he has been forced to yield to an extent which will, it is estimated, swell his Budget commitments by £30,000,000 or £40,000,000.

The Prime Minister's worst foes, therefore, are those of his own household. They have placed him in a cleft stick. If he surrenders to their rapacity, he rouses the resentment of all concerned in industry, trade, and finance, thus ruining his hope of winning the middle classes over to "Labour". If he refuses to give way, he risks the angry disappointment of the organised working classes and advertises his failure to redeem his election pledges. With this dilemma confronting him, the problem of keeping the support of one or other of the opposition parties becomes a secondary worry. Apart from the fact that the Conservative Party has faithfully followed Mr. Baldwin's lead in refraining from captious criticism, the position of the Government in relation to its opponents is secure enough until the Liberal Party combines with the Conservatives on a major issue. And as the Liberals are far from ready for another General Election, that combination is not likely to occur for a long time unless Mr. MacDonald himself manœuvres to bring it about.

The reluctance of Mr. Lloyd George to take any drastic action at the moment was vividly displayed in connection with the Unemployment Insurance Bill. He denounced that measure in most eloquent terms, declaring that the Government was "piling up a tremendous bill, which this country ultimately cannot bear," and was deliberately aiming at breaking down the system upon which our economic structure was based. Having thus condemned the very principle of the Bill, he added that he would give it "the closest scrutiny in Committee." Humiliating as

this surrender undoubtedly was, no other course was open to the leader of the Liberal Party. His colossal election campaign of last year is alleged to have exhausted the major portion of the mysterious "Personal Fund" which gave him control of the Liberal Party machine. Certainly, the collapse of that campaign robbed him of much of his remaining reputation as an astute and fortunate political General. Since the General Election the organisations he created at headquarters and in the constituencies have shrunk to skeletons. The inner councils of the Party are weakened by distrust and riven by faction; and the Party as a whole finds itself despondent, uncertain whether it can obtain money for another fight, and quite in the dark as to the policy on which it will be expected to appeal to the country. All that the Liberal rank and file can be sure about is that they will never again be asked to declare, "We can conquer unemployment."

Since the General election there have been five by-elections; in only one of these contests did the Liberals put up a candidate, and in that solitary effort the Liberal deposit was lost. Little wonder, therefore, that the question whether the Liberal Party has any independent future is forcing itself more and more strongly every day upon even those who are most deeply attached to the Liberal tradition. The drift of Liberal candidates into the Socialist camp seems to indicate one way in which the question will be answered.

In contrast with the chronic impotence of the Liberal Party, the condition of the Conservative Party has registered a marked improvement. During the summer months of last year the Party suffered acutely from the sense of defeat, the universal laudation of the new Government, and above all from the necessity of comparative inaction. Under such conditions the forces of disintegration, both internal and external, were free to do their worst. With the approach of the annual conference of the Party in November, prophecies were made of a change in leadership and a reconstruction of the Party machine. Both prophecies were born of desire rather than of discrimination; and in any event they were not likely to be fulfilled. Their futility, however, became patent to everybody on the reassembling of Parliament, when a hundred opportunities for opposition revealed themselves. With plenty of hard, exciting work

before it, the Party ceased its morbid introspection and turned its attention from the past to the future.

This healthy orientation was aided by the speech which Mr. Baldwin delivered at the Conference. It not only defined the fighting policy of the Party—the attack on the illusions and vicious extravagancies of Socialism; it outlined a constructive policy large enough and inspiring enough to engage the active interest of every member of the Party for many years to come. The Conservative Party has now set itself a task which lies within the straight path of the Disraeli tradition. It is the task of confirming Imperial unity on an economic basis. “Our progress,” said Mr. Baldwin in a sentence which may well stand as the Conservative programme, “depends on our capacity to visualise the Empire, the Dominions and Colonies alike, as one eternal and indestructible unit, for production, for consumption, for distribution, for the maintenance and improvement of the lot of those who under Providence are dwellers within the confines of our Commonwealth.”

Significantly, Mr. Baldwin referred to the consummation of this policy as a labour which will fall to the youth of the Party. The problem of Empire unity is too complex for a facile solution, too amply constituted in both space and time for any treatment to be rapidly effective. All that the leader of the Conservative Party did on that occasion was to define the achievement towards which the highest powers of Conservative statesmanship should now be directed. Some months must elapse before the ideal he presented takes dynamic form in the minds of Conservatives in general; a still longer period may elapse before a policy acceptable to the Dominions and appropriate to the end in view begins to assume a definite outline. Already, however, the prospect of constructive action in the Imperial theatre has acted as a tonic to Conservative enthusiasm and brought nearer the date on which the Party will be ready to challenge, at the hustings, the record of the second Socialist Government.

The power of political prophecy exhausts itself in the effort to predict that date. So unstable is the situation at Westminster that every day in Parliament carries with it a sense of unlimited adventure. Even though the Liberals may be determined to avoid an early election, and the Conservatives disinclined to anticipate the certain verdict of public opinion, circumstances

may prove too much for the Government. If the dissension in the Socialist ranks grows, it may well force the Government into a sudden appeal to the country, long before the psychological moment upon which the strategists in the Cabinet have been concentrating their inner thoughts. With a united party behind it, the Government might extend its term indefinitely by playing off one opposition party against the other, avoiding crucial divisions on which both would feel compelled to go into the same lobby. In this sense the coherent strength of each of the opposition parties provides the Socialist Party with the highest form of security it can expect on a three-party system. Mr. Ramsay Muir, in his forecast of three-party government, imagined that party barriers would dissolve and policies would be decided on free votes which, implying no reflection upon any Party, would not involve the Government in the usual consequences of a definite defeat. This vision of “government by consent” seems further away than ever in the light of recent experience. The Liberal Party has belied its spokesman by following its leader more faithfully in this Parliament than it did in the previous one; and there is no sign that Conservative unity is weakening. Only in the Socialist Party is a tendency to free voting visible; and there it is less free voting than voting in obedience to trade union control.

Another element of uncertainty—and it may prove to be decisive—is the personality of the Prime Minister. In Mr. MacDonald's place, Mr. Lloyd George would be perfectly happy. He would glory in quelling the insubordination of his followers; he would revel in playing one opponent off against the other; the intrigues, the manoeuvring, the bickerings and the battles on the floor of the House and behind the scenes would make him young again. Mr. MacDonald has quite a different temperament. He has more than once expressed his preference for governing without Parliament. He finds it irksome to go first to the Conservative leader and then to the Liberal leader before he can take any decisive action; his pride, which is high and irascible, suffers as that of a Highland chieftain would if he were subject to the joint and several suzerainties of Welsh and English overlords. The political history of 1924 serves to remind us of his liability to erratic movements under severe stress; and to-day, with dissension menacing him in the rear, with the opposition

gathering strength before him, with opinion in the Press and the country swinging steadily back from the excess of premature approval, and with the knowledge that he can neither fulfil nor ignore the formidable mass of his own election pledges, he may not be able to resist the impulse to try a sudden and desperate remedy. He may, for example, be driven to introduce a Budget to serve extreme party ends, though inimical to the economic interests of the country.

* The new year, therefore, opens on a political prospect so confused that no one can safely predict the course of events. In one sense this instability is a national disadvantage; the country needs, more than ever, freedom from turmoil to enable it to continue with the restoration and reorganisation of its industries. In another sense, it has its benefits. Now that the political process has become dramatic, the public may feel inclined to emerge from the apathy of the mere spectator and take a hand in preparing the next curtain.

THE FUTURE OF AIR WARFARE

By A. E. BLAKE

FEW subjects lend themselves so readily to exaggerated and ill-informed alarmism as that of air warfare, and the pendulum of public opinion, so easily swayed from extreme to extreme, now tends to depreciate the prophecies so freely made a few years ago that the aeroplane had revolutionised warfare, and that the next war will be unprecedented in ferocity and slaughter. People are inclined to agree with the dictum that the next war, though it begin in the sky, will finish, like the last, in the mud.

It is true that we are not yet well-equipped to deliver judgment on the question, and we can only summarise the arguments of both sides, but it is impossible to escape the conclusion that the aeroplane, in conjunction with the other inventions which received their baptism of fire in the last war, has radically changed the nature of warfare. Whether or not this transformation is likely to intensify the horrors of war or to limit its duration and its cruelty is still a problem that remains to be solved—it is to be feared—by the test of experience.

What is the nature of this change? It is a change that may be expressed in many ways. One might say that the offensive arm has once more asserted its superiority over the defensive; that mobility has been restored to the armed forces, and that the war of action and manœuvre has superseded the war of attrition; or that the distinction between combatant and non-combatant has been swept away. But perhaps the most apt description of the change would be to say that the aeroplane has revealed war for what it is—a contest, not between armies and navies, but between peoples. It has disclosed the object of war to be the imposition of one people's will upon another, not the destruction of the army of that people, except as it may be necessary for the attainment of that aim. Hitherto the opponents' army has not been only a weapon whose thrust had to be parried but a shield which had to be battered to pieces, and the experience of modern history

indicated that, as soon as a nation found itself unprotected by the shield of its fighting forces, it made haste to capitulate, to assent to the will of the victor. But the aeroplane is a weapon which makes its thrust above the shield and enables a stroke to be made at the vital nerve centres and arteries of the enemy's economic and political body.

It must be acknowledged that the employment of aircraft in the last war was not, save for episodes of its closing stages, of a nature which alone justifies the sweeping contentions made in the foregoing paragraph. It was used chiefly for reconnaissance, artillery co-operation, "dog-fighting" with the enemy's planes and, in general, as an auxiliary to the military and naval arms. As an independent weapon of offence it was not used—as in the case of the tank—to anything like the extent its potentialities justified. The cause was, of course, to be found in its comparatively imperfect technical development. Indeed, when it is remembered that, at the outbreak of war, the margin of lift of the few aircraft possessed by the British Army was insufficient not only for an effective load of bombs and machine guns but even for a camera, it is the more surprising that by the end of the war giant aircraft of great range and capable of carrying 3,000 lb. of bombs should have been produced in such quantities and used with such effect.

Nor should the achievements of the Gotha raids be underrated. The opinion is often expressed that the damage done by the raids was not commensurate with the cost to the raiders, in material and personnel, and that the recruiting reaction to this "frightfulness" is sufficient reply to the claim that such invasions affect the people's morale and will to win. This opinion may be based on nothing more than the impression created by war-time counter-propaganda, but a little consideration will demonstrate not only the effectiveness of the German and British raids in the 1914-1918 war but also the potentialities that are suggested by the technical improvements of the last decade.

During the war, England was subjected to 51 airship and 57 aeroplane raids. The resulting casualties comprised 296 soldiers and sailors killed and 521 wounded, and 1,117 civilians killed, 2,886 being wounded; a total of 4,820. Fifty casualties per raid is not, it is agreed, a very significant loss in time of war. Nor was the two million pounds worth of direct damage achieved

in the London area a very substantial return for the 300 tons of bombs dropped or the cost of the 13 airships and 128 aeroplanes employed. But these are petty items on the credit side of the raiders' balance.

To provide a defence against the visitations it was necessary to ring every menaced town with artillery capable of sustaining as nearly as possible an impenetrable barrage of shells to force the raiding aeroplanes to maintain a height at which accuracy of bombing would be impossible, and to equip the defences with countless searchlights, wire 'apron' screens suspended from large and costly balloons, elaborate sound detectors and mobile trolley guns. Aircraft units, too, had to be diverted from the battle fronts. In other words, an enormous expenditure of men and materials had to be made in order to safeguard—and that imperfectly—huge areas against attack by a relatively insignificant force whose strength lay in the ignorance of the defence as to where and when the next blow would fall.

Nor was the creation of a military diversion the sole result. Industrial disorganisation was no less the aim and the achievement of the raiders. Who can estimate the effect on production of the almost sleepless nights spent by so many city dwellers, or of the nervous strain imposed by prolonged bombardment? It was only necessary for Zeppelins to approach the Cleveland district in thirteen weeks of 1916 to reduce the year's output of pig iron by one-sixth of the normal production. The quality and precision of the work correspondingly deteriorated from the same cause.

All these results were achieved by a mere handful of aircraft, obsolete according to modern standards, unprovided with any means of securing precise results, and experimenting with a strategy entirely new to warfare. Their engines were not silent, their ceiling comparatively low, and the bombs they carried few in number and of a pattern and power now regarded as primitive. What consequences would follow a raid in one of the wars which, ever and anon, threaten to spread like fire in a powder magazine from any of the dozen potential war centres of Europe to-day? An even more disquieting question would relate to the near future, when the researches now proceeding arrive at fruition.

Major Oliver Stewart writes, in his *Strategy and Tactics of Air Fighting*:

With the most elaborate anti-aircraft system that has ever been evolved in operation, the Gothas came and went suffering small loss. But the Gothas carried in petrol and oil more weight than they carried in bombs. Therefore, their bombs were necessarily small and ineffective. Already developments are in progress which, by the use of gears between aero engine and airscrew, by the use of variable pitch airscrews, by engine-supercharging, by the use of stratified charges and by variable stroke devices like the Damblanc, will permit longer distances to be flown with smaller engines and much less fuel.

Captain Rene Fonck has estimated that 500 aeroplanes could destroy a town one kilometre square in one night, and a town of the size of Paris in two or three weeks. That, however, is a sum in practice rather than in politics. It is unlikely that any foe would engage on so needlessly expensive and unscientific an annihilation. The whole purpose of warfare would be more economically gained by the concentration of the attack on the vital nodes of the country's economic and political complex—railway termini, junctions, bridges and lines, harbours, docks, aerodromes, arsenals, important manufacturing and commercial centres, mine pit-heads, the centres of government and administration, wireless stations, central postal sorting offices, banks, military concentration camps and dumps, naval bases, shipping and the like.

As you read these pages the military experts of all great powers—honest, hard-working, conscientious and able men—are, no doubt, working out their two-fold problem: (1) how to defend their countries from air attack, and (2) how to deliver repeated blows at their country's potential enemies in a manner that will beat down their defences, paralyse their economic life and destroy the resistance of their citizens.

The nature of the projectiles which will be used affords an opportunity for interesting speculation. The ordinary type of bomb, dropped as nearly as possible vertically upon a surface objective, is notoriously inaccurate owing to such factors as velocity, air currents and visibility. The projectile of the future is likely to be in the nature of a miniature aeroplane—as, in fact, is the so-called aerial torpedo—or a miniature (and not so very miniature) glider, in the form of the gliding bomb which has already been the subject of experiment. The gliding bomb, actuated only by its own momentum, will travel a mile for every 1,000 feet of altitude at which it is released and thus enable a

target at a considerable distance to be attacked with a moderate degree of accuracy and in greater security. The directing force might be either gyroscopic or wireless energy.

Mr. Elmer A. Sperry, the American gyroscopic engineer, is the inventor of an aerial projectile which, after being shot from a catapult, rises to a predetermined height and is then directed by wireless towards an object up to 35 miles distant, upon which it drops with a margin of error expressed by a fraction of a mile. Mr. Sperry avers that there is no technical obstacle to the trebling of this range. Such a projectile could be charged with sufficient explosive to destroy utterly a small town.

Some device even more assuredly accurate would be required, even at the risk of sacrificing valuable man-power, to attack objectives whose size precluded the certainty of their demolition at long range. For this purpose some form of air-borne artillery would seem to be needed.

"I think it is necessary to realise," said Group-Captain W. F. MacNeece, in his reply to the discussion provoked by his paper on air-defence read before the Royal United Services Institution on November 4, 1925, "that nobody is going to make serious efforts at making any structure bomb-proof against the largest bombs of the future."

The extent to which high explosive will be superseded by poison gas is not yet determinable with any accuracy, but one may controvert the popular opinion that gas is likely to add substantially to the terrors of aerial bombardment of civilians. Mr. J. B. S. Haldane, in *Callinicus*, advances as "reasons why explosives are more likely to be effective than poison on a town" that "houses are far more vulnerable to explosives than earth-works, and do far more damage to their occupants in collapsing," are inflammable, and "contain far more refugees which are nearly gas-proof," while civilians would be able to evacuate the gassed area.

Mr. Haldane gives the following interesting comparison of the potentialities of high explosive and gas in such circumstances:

On the nights of March 11 to March 14, 1918, just before the great offensive of March 21, the Germans fired 150,000 mustard gas shells into the villages and valleys of the Cambrai salient, an area of about twenty square miles, the same as that of central London. This caused 4,500 casualties, of whom only 50 died (all of them because they took off their respirators too soon). The area was not evacuated. In central

London, if the population had had gas masks, the casualties would have been perhaps ten times greater. But we have to compare this hypothetical air raid not with any raid that actually occurred, but with a bombardment of 150,000 high explosive shells or their equivalent in bombs. This would hardly have left a house in central London untouched, and the dead would have been numbered not in hundreds but in tens of thousands. Such an attack would have required the visits on repeated nights of something like 1,000 aeroplanes. Such a number is not yet a practicable possibility. We are, perhaps, inclined to underestimate the potentialities of town-bombing with high explosive and incendiary bombs. In London, for example, there were never too many big fires started at any given time for the fire brigades to deal with. An attack by ten or twenty times as many aeroplanes as ever bombed London simultaneously might well ring round a given area fairly completely with wrecked streets or burning houses, in which case most of the buildings and a good proportion of the inhabitants would perish.

Major Stewart speculates positively on the fighting 'plane:

The fighting machine of the future will be a very small, all-steel monoplane mounting a 1,000 h.p. gas turbine engine and possibly incorporating a form of jet propulsor. It will have a capacity of 400 m.p.h. on the level and will have a terminal velocity in the dive of 800 m.p.h. In other words, it will be able to travel faster than sound.

The sting carried by this mechanical wasp would, Major Stewart believes, be a gun with a bore smaller than that of the present-day machine gun, would comprise several barrels and would be able to "eject bullets so rapidly that the effect will be a whiplash of lead," which, "when it cracks across the wing of another aeroplane, will cut it like butter."

Imagine, then, our fleet of raiders in the year—shall we say, 1950? So great will be the armada—500, perhaps 1,000 strong, for metal aircraft will be the cheapest form of war-weapon ever evolved—that the element of surprise is unlikely. But the fleet's speed will serve it. If the aircraft are detected by observation posts an outer ring of anti-aircraft artillery may endeavour to embarrass the raiders, but this is doubtful owing to the appalling cost of any barrage making a pretence to effectiveness.

Even during the primitive raids of the first world war it was not uncommon for the London anti-aircraft guns alone to fire a quarter of a million pounds' worth of ammunition in a single night. An improved form of wire 'apron' defences suspended from small balloons able to endure rare atmospheres might be used to force the attackers to fly as high as possible, but, except

for a few 'planes with specific objectives, they would probably require no such encouragement.

Before 1950 some as yet unconceived invention may help to redress the hopeless inadequacy of ground defences against attacking aircraft but, as far as can now be determined, the only effective defence will be to attack the raiders as far as possible from their objective, to break up their formations and concentrate a preponderance of fire on the scattered units with the object of forcing them down before they can effect any harm even by their involuntary crashing in defeat.

But how hopeless a task it seems. It will be guerilla warfare in three dimensions, with mists, fogs, clouds and night-time to furnish natural screens behind which to lurk and, no doubt, artificial smoke-screens to supplement them. Even in a clear sky there is nothing more difficult than to detect and to maintain under observation a high-flying aeroplane, moving with incredible swiftness through a medium that, by its uniformity, affords no 'landmarks' by which a particular patch in which the aeroplane was once perceived may be remembered.

It is almost inconceivable that the whole or, indeed, any substantial portion of such a formidable fleet as could comparatively cheaply be despatched, could be forced down before doing damage, even if a greatly preponderating defending force is assumed. The memorandum drawn up by the British Air Staff in France, in September, 1916, which expressed the opinion that it is utterly impossible to prevent hostile machines from crossing the line "simply because the sky is too large to defend," is confirmed for existing circumstances by a remark in a paper read by Squadron Leader B. E. Sutton before the Royal United Services Institution in 1922. "The impossibility of preventing single machines or even all hostile patrols from crossing the lines," he said, "cannot be realised without comprehending the immensity of the air and the difficulty from the air of seeing other machines in it." Nothing which has been disclosed in the technical development of the last seven years gives reason to reconsider these judgments.

All factors indicate that the attackers would be able to inflict more loss than they themselves would risk, besides immobilising a vast defensive organisation. If a clear preponderance of air power were not possessed by the defence there would then be

nothing to prevent the raiders from proceeding methodically with their plan of operation. Each unit would complete its allotted task, the while maintaining wireless communication with the directing "flagship", for the fleet would be flexibly centralised if hostile 'jamming' could be prevented. In all directions they would speed on their missions, each unit accompanied by its protective fighting planes.

And soon the sky would be red with the light of a thousand fires and the shattering roar of explosions would, for a while, be almost continuous. Every now and then a machine would streak across the sky in flames. Then, most of its objectives reached, the units would reform into a solid, if diminished phalanx, the course would be shaped for home, and the raiders, flying the higher for the loss of their loads, would fight their way out again.

It is clear that the only defence that exists against such an attack is the unchallenged mastery of the air. The enemy's aircraft must never be allowed to leave their hangars.

This is not a counsel of hope. No nation in the world has the power of achieving such a predominance and, unless some new factor enters to simplify the problem and to restore some kind of balance between the aerial offensive and the surface defence, the outlook seems to be one in which the establishment of aerial supremacy will be a painful one both to victors and vanquished. It is not extravagant to contemplate the capital cities of two combatant powers being shattered and set unquenchably on fire in the same night by fleets which pass each other, with or without hostilities, on the outward and homeward flights, leaving the question of predominance still to be decided.

The argument of the younger school of military experts is that the consequences of the introduction of such new weapons as the aeroplane, poison gas and the tank will be that the future conflict will march to a rapid conclusion and will, hence, be less bloody and destructive than the wars of the "Napoleonic" era which ended with the war of 1914-1918. But the argument appears to be based on the assumption that the predominance of one of the combatants will rapidly make itself apparent, and there is little to justify the assumption. The new weapons, and in particular the aeroplane, increase immeasurably each nation's

striking power but leave it comparatively helpless before its opponent's attack.

Group Capt. MacNeece, in the paper on air defence which has already been quoted, emphatically asserts that:

No matter what are the defensive arrangements, there can never be a question of a guarantee of immunity from air attack. In future wars, one side or the other will have superiority in the air . . . but there will not be anything so definite as a supremacy of the air. . . . It follows that victory will come to the nation which in an air war in the future has not only the strongest striking force but which shows the greatest stoicism and ingenuity in meeting strange and devastating terrors.

So, to your gas-proof dug-outs, O Israel, there to don your gas-mask which we hope, though without much confidence, will be proof against the gases of high penetrative power now being brewed for your discomfort.

The wars of the future may be shorter than those of the past, but they will be wars of attrition, nevertheless. The difference will be that collapse will be quicker to arrive and more utterly complete, and the industrial life of the vanquished nation will be so irreparably smashed and that of the victor in a condition so little less parlous that world trade will be disorganised far more completely than at the end of the first world war. It is not unlikely that fewer people will be killed in actual hostilities. Several authorities have contemplated the possibility of the civilian population itself being a major bombing objective, and so cautious and orthodox a veteran as the late Marshal Foch has given it as his opinion that:

The potentialities of aircraft attack on a large scale are almost incalculable, but it is clear that such attack, owing to its crushing moral effect on a nation, may impress public opinion to the point of disarming the Government, and thus become decisive.

But it is usually the soldiers of the old tradition, the men of blood and iron, who, having once shifted their mental focus so that they may envisage a radical modification of military strategy through the employment of aircraft, are incapable of conceiving its employment except in terms of slaughter.

A better understanding of the aeroplane's potentialities would reveal that that same "crushing effect on a nation", both moral and economic, could be produced indirectly, while at the same time destroying the social edifice by a concentration on purely

industrial objectives. Except, perhaps, for an occasional special raid to terrorise enemy citizens in key towns into clamouring for peace or in order to provoke revolution, it seems unlikely that the combatants would waste precious explosive that might be disintegrating the industrial system which keeps those citizens alive and enables them to continue to resist.

But the loss of life from indirect causes may be expected to be on at least no lower scale than that set by hostilities in the last war. Interrupted food supplies and crippled industrial output mean malnutrition and, later, starvation, with pestilence in its train; and the nervous condition occasioned by incessant bombardment, unnatural life, loss of sleep and lack of food will lead to waves of madness, revolution, civil war and anarchy.

Exaggeration? Well, perhaps. It is so easy to exaggerate when speculating on the possible consequences of a hypothetical war some scores of years ahead, with existing developments projected into the future. The special circumstances of the specific war will, of course, largely determine its variations from the lines of prophecy. The interposition of some great geographical barrier, such as an ocean or a high mountain range, the prevalence of peculiar climatic conditions or factors limiting hostilities to a sparsely populated area would, of course, modify the methods of air warfare. But the world has become so small a place and the great powers brought into such close contact and friction, that it is difficult to imagine any set of circumstances in which two or more great powers could become embroiled in war that would prevent an air attack on the centres of industry and population of one or both of the combatants.

It may be advisable to conclude this necessarily incomplete and superficial survey of the future of air warfare by reviewing a few of the objections that have been made to the conclusion that aircraft is destined to play an increasing and decisive part in international conflict.

One is that the air weapon is so barbarous that the nations will agree, before hostilities, to forgo its use for offensive purposes, or to limit it, on the lines of conventions already concluded under the auspices of the League of Nations and the older international bodies. In reply, one can only say that history affords no precedent for such an abstention. When a nation is fighting desperately in the belief that its existence is at stake it will resort

to the use of any weapons that lie to its hand, and will find no difficulty in justifying its action before its nationals.

Nor is the objection to such weapons logical on any ethical ground except that of uncompromising opposition to war of all kinds. If it is legitimate to kill men at all, it is legitimate to kill them as quickly, as effectively and in as large a quantity as possible. The contention most indicative of muddled thinking is the belief that, while it is legitimate to kill a man under arms, it is wrong to kill a civilian. Yet a man or, for that matter, a woman or child engaged in industry or commerce is as essential to the life of the nation and as much a participant in the war as the man at the front. This identity of responsibility in soldier and civilian will be much more closely established in the next war.

Until it is clearly recognised that war is a conflict in which a nation seeks to impose its will on another, that every citizen of that nation is responsible for the collective decision to resort to war, and that the army, navy and air force are simply means for the attainment of that end which have in the past been found useful—then there will be no peace in the world. War is a dirty business, and the only way to humanise it is to abolish it. And, lest the last sentence should be considered to dismiss the problem too summarily and to treat mankind's oldest affliction without the awe its difficulty should inspire, let it be understood that it is recognised that the abolition of war implies a change of social organisation far more profound than a universal repudiation of war as a means of settling international disputes which the great powers have recently made.

"War," as Clausewitz says, "is a continuation of political commerce." "It may even reasonably be said," suggested William James, "that the intensely sharp competitive preparation for war is the real war, permanent, unceasing, and that battles are only a sort of public verification of mastery gained during the 'peace' intervals." Until a means has been found of rendering superfluous this confirmation by ordeal, war must be regarded as a natural form of political and economic intercourse.

A third objection to the contention that the aeroplane may be expected to exert a decisive influence in warfare of the future is that its success in the latest stages of the first world war represented a temporary superiority of the offensive over the

defensive arms, and that the swing of the strategic pendulum will soon restore the equilibrium. But it is a fallacy to assume that this opposition of offensive and defensive arms leads to stalemate or a reversion to the *status quo ante*. Always the development of the offensive arm, though countered by a corresponding evolution of the defence, removes the conflict to another plane. It is conceivable, though not, I think, probable, that the next war will reveal such an improvement in anti-aircraft defence that the aeroplane, *as we know it*, will be rendered impotent. But the result would not be the abandonment of three-dimensional warfare, but its further development in speed, immunity and striking power.

But until the defence can assert that superiority it seems probable that the world will have to pass through a cycle in which the offence has, if only for a brief period, secured predominance. We can only hope that that period will be brief enough to enable civilisation to attain to a maturity which shall be untroubled by the growing pains of its bellicose adolescence.

A VICTORIAN DAME SCHOOL

A CHAPTER FROM AN UNFINISHED VOLUME OF REMINISCENCES

BY ARTHUR WAUGH

I

IN the seventies of the last century boys were sent to boarding school much earlier than they are to-day; and I was only just eight years old when it was decided that the time had come for me to leave my Somersetshire home.

I suppose no boy ever had much less idea of what going to school meant. I was the eldest, and had no brothers to enlighten me. I had read no school stories. My only glimpses of school-life had been gained from the high seat in my Father's dog-cart, while I waited outside the Roman Catholic College at Downside, when he was indoors doctoring sick boys. Sometimes the school were playing cricket on the field opposite. They looked amazingly jolly. There was any amount of noise and cheerful movement. The monks, too, seemed upon the friendliest terms with their pupils. The smaller boys even thumped them on the back. If school was like that, it could not be such a bad sort of place. So the preparations for my departure from home proceeded without much apprehension upon my part. There was a long black box in the nursery corner, and by its side a little square white play-box with my initials upon it. There were new suits bought at a tailor's; (hitherto my Mother had made all my clothes.) There were even a few precious books from which I could not bear to be parted. . . . These were "the things I was taking to school". . . But, of course, the things that really counted in my provision were something altogether different. They were not things of a month or two's preparation. They were not flannel vests, nor pocket-handkerchiefs, nor even the instructive stories of R. M. Ballantyne. They were things that nobody thought about at the time, and yet they were the only possessions that have survived.

II

The Roman priest who said, "Give me the first seven years of a child's life, and anyone who likes can have the rest," knew more about human life than most parents. It is the example, the inspiration, the hygiene of those first seven years that build the character, and make the man. If that is so, then, what was I taking to school, to help me to understand others, and make myself understood by them? Not, to begin with, much of a body, for I was a pale, peaky sort of child. I had had no opportunity of fighting the asthma, which attacked me from infancy, with the modern weapon of open-air games. On my seventh birthday an Uncle did indeed give me a small association football, and a little girl came to tea, who helped me to kick it about in "the Meadow", opposite my home. But I remember no other game with it, certainly none with boys of my own age. In the same way, I had acquired a very elementary set of cricket things, with which having loaded the perambulator, I tempted my nurse to turn into a field in the Charlton Road, where I pitched my wickets by hammering them into the hard ground with the face of the bat, thereby ruining that aggressive implement for life with its very first exercise. However, it was no great matter, for with only my old nurse to bowl, the game soon languished and stopped in less than ten minutes. These, so far as I can remember, were my only attempts at "British sport" up to the beginning of my ninth year. Nowadays, it would be almost impossible for a boy to reach that age, so ignorant of the fascinations of the big and little ball.

Within doors, however, I had fared distinctly better. My Mother's morning lessons had given me a good grounding of letters and figures. We all had a passion for drawing, and "making books", which were constructed out of the white paper in which my Father's medicine bottles were wrapped. We raided the surgery at all hours in quest of the large sheets, and were never reprimanded for the theft. During my last year at home I had begun Latin with my Father, and as the result of many dolorous hours had travelled to the end of the Regular Verbs. I can see that Latin Grammar now, its pages stained with hot-buttered toast, for my Father heard the lesson while he was waiting for his own breakfast (a sufficiently unfortunate

hour!), and I had learnt it, while I was eating mine by the nursery fire, having left the task until the last possible moment, with the usual disastrous result of procrastination. The outlines of the Bible I had by heart; and "Little Arthur's History" (which at first I imagined had been written expressly for myself) followed by a more strenuous course of Mrs. Markham, had instilled into me a fairly clear notion of the more picturesque events in the progress of England from the Battle of Hastings to the accession of "Queen Victoria the Good". Of French I knew nothing, but I had read Shakespeare voraciously (without, of course, understanding a quarter of what I read), and we all of us learnt poetry by heart, before we could read,—chiefly Wordsworth, and a little Tennyson. Such, I suppose, was a fairly average start in education for a boy of eight years old, in the middle years of the 19th century.

But the great and lasting lesson of our childhood was undoubtedly our sense of discipline; and there, it seems to me, lay the great difference between our generation and its successor. We were bred in obedience, and we believed what we were told. Every day's course, as it ended, had been a step further on the road of discipline; hands folded for grace; chair straight to the table; toys put away in the cupboard; the "walk" at the fixed hour and along the same paths, day after day; the book shut at once, when supper was brought up on a tray; to bed without demur when the clock struck,—day after day, week after week, discipline, discipline, and discipline. . . . "Please, ma'am, Master Arthur's been a naughty boy to-day; he mustn't have no cake for tea." . . . There was no escape from the law of the nursery; it was just but it was firm. We never questioned it. If we broke it, we knew quite well that we had done wrong, and we were prepared to pay the price. It was the law; it was the first principle of life. And, looking back, I believe now that it was the best of all the possessions that I took to school with me, when I left my Father's house on the third of February, 1875, to return indeed many times, but in future always as a guest.

III

The morning of my departure was all bustle and fuss, of which I remember nothing but the figure of Self, the coachman, carrying

my box downstairs; a last glimpse of my Mother standing by the signal post at the end of the platform, as the train swept round the curve, the glow of my Father's cigar in the dark tunnel (for railway carriages were then unlighted by day); and the rattle of the cab-windows, as the musty four-wheeler shook in every joint over the cobble-stones of the Midland Station, Bath. And then we were climbing the hill to Lansdown Crescent, were stopping at the very central house of that wide sweep of 18th century architecture, had passed through the door into the bare hall, were walking up the winding stair-case into Miss Roberts's drawing-room, were standing face to face with the autocrat of the domain herself, and my school-days had begun in earnest. Five minutes later the front door had shut heavily behind my Father's retreating back. I was alone in a new world.

The school had re-opened after the Christmas holidays several days before; I was a late arrival; and the boys were all out for their mid-day walk. It was a disadvantage to begin with; if there had been one fellow-sufferer it would have been a help. But Miss Roberts rose kindly from the table where she had been busy over accounts, and did her best to put me at my ease. Then there arose from below the sound of the boys returning, a buzz of voices, broken by short, sharp commands, the like of which I never heard before. A plump and benign-looking matron, addressed as "Fleetwood", appeared at the door, and was told to take me downstairs, where in a large but rather shabby class-room, zinc basins had been put out on the forms, and some thirty boys were washing their hands. The yellow soap was very hard and full of corners: it scratched my hands. There were long roller-towels to dry our fingers on, and when I approached very shyly, and tried to get a corner of one, the boy who was using it jerked it away, lassoed me with it round the legs and brought me sprawling to the floor. He wore a velvet suit, and had rough, untidy yellowish hair. I thought him the most hateful-looking creature I had ever seen, and little imagined that two terms later Thornton Bullock would be my best friend in the school, destined to play Orson to my Valentine, upon the very spot, as it happened, of this first and most unwarrantable assault. I do not know, indeed, that I thought of anything, except that the world was full of noise, that my dinner refused to get eaten, that every eye in the room was fixing me with a cold contempt, and that it seemed

a very, very long time ago that my Mother had been waving me "goodbye" upon the station platform.

IV

This school, in which I was to spend the next three years, belonged to a type now, I suppose, entirely obsolete, and so different from the preparatory schools of the present time that a description of its daily routine may, perhaps, be of interest to the younger generation. It was what is known as a "dame-school", run entirely by maiden-ladies; and, for boys between seven and twelve years old, I am inclined to believe that, in spite of all its possible drawbacks, it was as good and as wise an institution as any that could be contrived by the wit of man. In many respects, indeed, it was better, for very few men understand boys of such tender years, or can manage them as tactfully as women do.

The headmistress, Miss Roberts, was an orphan, and had inherited the school from her mother, who had "run it" with great success for a number of years. Lansdown Crescent stands in one of the very best situations in Bath, perched upon the height, just below the country lanes of Lansdown and Charlcombe, and looking straight across the valley, in which Bath lies along the winding course of the River Avon. Number Ten, in which our school resided, is a fine example of Wood's 18th century architecture, with large, high, airy rooms, opening one out of the other on each of the three spacious floors. When it was well-furnished, it must have made a most comfortable home; but, of course, as a school, it was somewhat of a barren wilderness. The class-rooms of the present-day "prep" are carpeted with thick linoleum; the walls are hung with pictures of ancient Greece and Rome, or with photographs of School cricket and football teams. But we knew no such incentive to the imagination. A couple of maps, usually slung askew, and a coloured picture of emigrants boarding a ship, mounted on card-board from some Christmas Annual, with a nasty, sallow-looking cane suspended from the same nail, were the only adornments of the front class-room, where most of the work was done. In the back room, which looked upon the rather rusty garden, I remember no decoration of any kind. The drawing-room on the first floor was Miss

Roberts's principal abode: the back drawing-room had been converted into a dormitory, and there were four other dormitories above. The headmistress slept in a tiny little room, close to the principal dormitories, and if there was the sound of a boy out of his bed, when once the lights had been put out, she would appear mysteriously in the midst of the dark room, seize him by his flying night-gown (this was long before the advent of pyjamas), pin him across her knee on the nearest bed, and pulling off her left slipper, belabour him to no small advantage, until he squealed for pity. I do not think she really hurt very much, however. I am sure she did not wish to. But discipline had to be observed, and the "naughty little boy" well frightened.

And we certainly were well frightened of her, although everyone of us loved her. She must have been quite a young woman in those days, though to us, of course, she seemed already old. She was tall, upright, vigorous, a superb disciplinarian. But under her apparent sternness there lurked a most lively sense of humour. Her eye was always twinkling with fun. And, when, on Sunday evenings, she gathered us all round her in the drawing room, some sitting on chairs and some upon the floor, and read aloud to us, with an abundant vivacity, some simple serial story from *Chatterbox* or *The Sunday at Home*, which generally lasted the whole term, we felt something of the home spirit return to our hearts and memories. Two years after I left the school she married the father of one of my contemporaries there, and he and his sisters had abundant reason to know that the traditional view of a step-mother may be most beneficently belied, where sympathy and care flow out to another woman's children through the channels of pure unselfishness and devotion.

She was assisted in the teaching and routine by a little lady named Miss Ellen Barnes, who was even then a fragile survival from another age than ours. If we thought her exceedingly old-fashioned, I wonder what she would seem like to our children. She was very small, and very dainty. She wore curly black ringlets on either side of her face, and a broad black ribbon in her hair. In the winter her hands were protected by lace mittens. Very animated, with bright bird-like eyes, she directed her class-work by means of a short peeled wand, which she called "a pointer". With this she indicated the figures on the blackboard, and with it also she rapped vehemently on the

desk, if any boy's attention was seen to be wandering. Sometimes she rapped so sharply that "the pointer" broke to pieces in her hand, and then, when next we were walking in the country, her pet boy for the moment was commissioned to cut a new twig from the hedge, and peel it as white as her neat little collar and cuffs. She was a great stickler for precise forms of speech, and rebuked slang with emphasis. I believe I was always a little in love with her, and, when I was chosen to walk with her, when we started out in a crocodile, I was made happy for the rest of the day.

These two chief mistresses ruled throughout the whole of my school days, but there were others who came and went, some, no doubt, for reasons which we little imagined. Two, in particular, recur to memory, two whose sojourn among us was very brief. One was a tall, gaunt female of forbidding aspect, who spent her first evening in telling the most harrowing ghost stories to a circle of wide-eyed, eagerly interested children, who were afterwards unable to get to sleep. I believe she left on the third day. The other was a very pretty little girl, not much (I fancy) over twenty, who encouraged the more attractive boys to sit very close to her, and sometimes stroked their hair. We were all broken-hearted when she left; but I doubt not that the decision was wise. Discipline and sentiment are best preserved in separate compartments.

V

The daily routine was healthy, but monotonous. Visions come back to me of early rising on chilly mornings, with a grey mist over Lansdown hill, cold water to wash in, and lonely-looking lights flickering in the villa windows beyond the garden. As soon as we were dressed, each dormitory stood in a row, to be inspected by Miss Barnes. "Show your nails: now your thumbs: have you cleaned your teeth?" each boy was asked in turn. Then "right turn", and we marched, room after room, down into the basement for breakfast. Lessons all the morning till twelve, then a walk or games till dinner; in the summer, I fancy, we went out again later in the afternoon, but there was a long afternoon's work, and preparation again after tea. Our instructresses did their duty by us. We were learning all the time.

There were certain recurrent duties which broke the monotony of the routine. One day in the week, a pleasant, grey-haired Sergeant visited the school, and put us through the elements of military drill. It was not exciting, and the only part we enjoyed came at the end of the hour, when he pulled a flute from his pocket, fitted it together, and played *The Campbells are Coming*, while we all stamped round and round the school-room. Then, again, in the winter, there was a weekly dancing-lesson, to which I was not admitted, as my Father (a great dancer himself, by the bye) considered it "effeminate". I do not know whether it was effeminate, but it was certainly very silly. Years afterwards I found precisely the same thing described with accuracy and humour in Mr. F. Anstey's *Vice Versa*—"Ands laying lightly on the 'ips, if you please, the left foot sliding gracefully, with the toe well pointed". . . . I see Thornton Bullock's attempt now to slide gracefully. Gilbert's Gondoliers, compared with him, were masters of the pose. . . And then on Thursdays, every week throughout the year, came Bath Night. There were three tubs of hot water in the basement kitchen, continually refilled from steaming cans upon the range, and in batches of three from the youngest to the oldest, we were thoroughly washed before the fire by the female servants of the household! Soap-suds flew in all directions, towels flicked in every eye, and by the kitchen dresser Miss Roberts stood with a pair of nail-scissors and snipped every boy's toe-nails in turn. The crowning jest of the evening was to attire ourselves in our discarded clothes and soaking towels, in some sort of turbanned travesty of the pictures in the *Arabian Nights*, and so to announce ourselves at the dormitory doors, as we returned to bed. "Arthur, Duke of Bretagne". . . "Almanazar, Caliph of Bagdad", and so forth. This escape into the realms of imagination was indulgently countenanced by the authorities, until one boy, more ingenious than the rest, constructed two dummy figures out of his wardrobe, stuck them up against the wash-stand, and exclaiming, "Behold your Gods, O Israel", proceeded to commit idolatry with his head bowed to the floor. Unfortunately Miss Roberts had followed him upstairs, and catching him at a physical disadvantage, got in three very sporting shots with her slipper. From that day forward dressing-up on bath-nights was forbidden.

These were diversions, however; for the rest, we were there to learn, and we had to learn. The work was regular and conscientious, and sometimes the lessons seemed difficult, but our governesses never shirked the business of explanation. Indeed, I am convinced that, until a boy is, say eleven years old, he learns much better from a woman. A woman has more patience; she understands the difficulties better. The top classical form at Lansdown Crescent was taught by a visiting master, and I was under him for nearly two years. He was a scholar of no mean acquirements, and I am sure he taught us well. But we were afraid of him, and our fear often paralysed our memory. He had a large ruby signet-ring with which he used to rap us on the top of the head. He had also a flashing eye, which, I believe, we feared more than the ring. Our minds were never at peace enough to learn. So many teachers mistake tyranny for instruction.

Every Saturday evening the whole school sat round and sang. Those of us who had no kind of voices, of whom I myself was conspicuously one of the worst specimens, were called "the Grunting Form", and sat as far away as possible from Miss Barnes, who presided over a harmonium, and taught the musical such simple ballads as *The Hardy Norseman*, *Doodah Day*, *Wait for the Wagon*, and the religious melodies of Mr. Ira D. Sankey. Then prayer-books were got out, and in deadly silence, we all sat round and learnt the Gospel for the next day. It was a splendid exercise for the memory, and I am sure there must be several survivors of the discipline who, like myself, owe to that rather dreary hour a faithful memory for the text of the New Testament. Next morning, before going to church, we repeated the lesson aloud, and if we had forgotten it, we were suitably punished.

The scale of punishments was simple. For a small offence a boy had to stand before the mistress for a quarter or a half an hour in his spare time, with his hands held stiffly to his sides. For a worse offence he was caned on the hands; for a very bad one on the back. If the whole school had been involved in some disturbance, we underwent an ordeal which, I believe, must have been a patent of Miss Roberts's own invention. We had what was called "A General Sit". In one corner of the schoolroom, there was a very high chair, with a seat about four feet or four

feet six inches from the ground. This chair was drawn up to the centre table in the schoolroom, and Miss Roberts ascended into it, and sat enthroned with her feet upon the table. The whole school were ranged round on forms, hands folded in the lap. Not a movement was allowed. "Graham Barlow, you are twitching your thumbs". . . "Willie Vincent, how dare you scratch your head". . . The torture was real, for the strangest itches began to attack one in the least expected places. This might last for twenty minutes, and it was a very palpable punishment. No doubt, it was better than spoiling a boy's handwriting with impositions, and it was wonderful discipline in self-restraint.

VI

Punishments, however, were for week days: on Sunday the time was given up to religious exercises. . . . If only one could speak more happily of those hours, for they were inspired, I am sure, by the most fervent sincerity! But Sunday at school was unquestionably the worst day of the week. We attended two churches, for morning and afternoon service respectively. Both were exceedingly Evangelical, and in neither was there the least appeal to a childish imagination. At All Saints, where we generally went in the afternoon, we were personal friends with the parson, who used to come and give us Scripture lessons on Mondays, and would stop and talk to us, if he met us out for a walk. He had a lovely old garden at Chalcombe, and was an authority on pocket-knives and chestnut-fighting. He had a round, clean-shaved, kindly face, and we knew him for a good fellow. But his services were very uninspiring, and the church, being a square building with circular galleries, always made me think of a theatre, and plan out a stage with the vestry as a scene-dock. The church we attended in the morning was even less encouraging. I visited St. Stephen's, Lansdown, about twenty years ago, but found it all changed. The only feature I could remember was a certain pillar, with a highly decorated capital, which stood immediately opposite the school pew. The rest of the fabric was metamorphosed, and almost beautiful. But in our time St. Stephen's was a white-washed barn of peculiar melancholy. Over the chancel arch were large galvanised metal

letters: "O worship the King in the beauty of holiness." Every Sunday that text seemed to me a mocking irony. There might be holiness, but beauty there was certainly not. The incumbent was a very earnest man, much admired (I believe) by the other sex. He had delicately-chiselled features, wore curly whiskers, and preached in a black gown and bands. His sermons were very long, but they were the most interesting part of the service, in the general course of which many of the devout preferred to say their prayers standing up, with their top-hats held in front of their noses. In the season of Advent the sermons became especially fulminating. All the prophecies of Scripture were fulfilled. The Lord's coming was at hand: it might even be that week; it was more than probable it would be that very night. The preacher had a genuine eloquence: he waved his big black sleeves; his eyes took fire. No wonder we children were frightened. Once more, when we were alone in our beds, a haunting night-horror came down upon me, grim and devastating. Over and over again I crept in my night-gown to the windows, and stared out over the sleeping lamp-lit city of Bath to the Mendip Hills beyond, tremulously expecting every moment to see the heavens opened, and the chariots of fire descending upon the Abbey Tower.

Did that sort of preaching ever do any good to anyone? I do not know. But I know that it did much harm to many children, filling their dreams with terror, and corrupting the gospel of Love into a whirlpool of weird vengeance. The company of other boys, and the healthy tiredness at the end of a busy day had almost banished my phantoms of the night-nursery at home. Now they returned, backed by the authority of the faith. We must believe these things. We went to church in order to believe them. And Miss Roberts clearly believed them, or she would have told us to the contrary. . . . I wonder. . . . Perhaps, if grown-up people fifty years ago had been a little franker with the young upon these far-reaching and devastating problems of faith and hope, the churches would not be so empty as many of them are to-day!

VII

But what of our amusements, our entertainments, our games? Well: here is fixed the widest gulf that separates our system from

the preparatory school of to-day. The modern "prep" is simply a public school in embryo. The games are as much a matter of discipline as the work. They are organised by the masters; the school-colours given for them are matters of supreme importance; the teams travel about to other schools, and their expenses figure conspicuously in the school-bills; the annual Paters' Match in the summer is a centre of anxiety as much to the parent as the child. Each is afraid of making a fool of himself before the other.

But we knew none of these feverish excitements, for we had no organised games at all. Just below St. Stephen's Church on the hill there was a small triangular piece of ground, now built over with a pair of "villa residences", which was our own exclusive playing field. It might have been a quarter of an acre in extent, and it contained a swing and a giant stride. Here in summer we played a sort of desultory single-wicket game, in which I can remember no one showing much prowess. There was one summer, when the game was galvanised into some sort of life by the presence of a new boy named Lord Athlumney, who possessed a very shining bat in a green baize case, and hit the ball into the road several times, which was accounted no small feat. But he only stayed a term or two, and then went on to Harrow, where in due course his name appeared in the XI at Lord's,—the only cricketer, I believe, that Lansdown Crescent ever produced. In the winter we took a football down into the Victoria Park, and kicked it about between goals constructed of heaps of great coats. We did not "change" for this sport, but played in our usual clothes, black felt hats and all. The rules were a mixture of Eton Game, Rugby, and Association, each boy contributing some piece of lore gathered from his father's conversation, so that the score consisted of goals, tries, rouges, and bad calx—a confusion which not one of us could have explained, but which we all believed in, as part of the faith of Lansdown Crescent, handed down from our predecessors.

Neither did we know anything of the sport that went on outside, of public school and 'Varsity records. The modern "prep" boy is great upon "averages": I am confident that not one of us had ever heard of such a thing. The only sporting event in the year for us was the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race. Then, indeed, we all went mad with excitement, and the whole

city of Bath seemed to join in the revelry. We were allowed to walk down to Milsom Street, where the ladies' shops—King's and Jolly's—were all decked out with dark and light blue dresses, sunshades and bonnets, and where every shop-keeper posted the result in his window, as soon as it came through by telegraph. Then the Oxford boys punched the Cambridge, and the winners cried "Sucks for you!", and the losers growled "Wait till next year." And there was one sad occasion, when almost all the school was down with measles, and Miss Roberts, appreciating the importance of the news, sent one healthy survivor down into town to bring back the result of the race. He returned in a jaded condition. "It puts up 'Dead Heat'," he said: "I don't know what it means!"

"'Dead Heat'," we echoed. "What's a Dead Heat?"

And once more Miss Roberts came to the rescue. "I am not sure," she said: "but I think it means they were both equal." So that day the punches and the "scores" were fairly divided.

VIII

Yes, indeed: our athletics were a very modest affair, but in amusements which made an appeal to the imagination we could, I fancy, hold our own with anybody. And our particular triumph was the game of Yorks and Lancasters. We had been reading the Wars of the Roses that term, and the adventurous period inflamed our fancy. So, certain ringleaders got whispering together; and, when our winding "crocodile" had proceeded to the edge of the Charlcombe lanes, where we were allowed to "break ranks", we asked permission to start a new game, which was designed, as Dr. Grimstone might have said, "to reproduce the mimic warfare of our studies." We were divided into two bands, and before the game was played a second time, we had got our governesses to make us red and white rosettes to wear in our caps. Furnished with long sticks from the hedge, we planned surprises, laid ambushes, enfiladed our enemy in the hedgerows, and imagined ourselves the very pink of chivalry. I was appointed Chronicler to the Yorkists, and the chronicle still survives, written in large hand in a school exercise book. It is extremely babyish for boys of eleven years old, but at any rate it shows how fresh and happy the childish imagination

can be kept, if only it is preserved from the false professionalism of a sport that is little less than a burden. "The Battle of the Spring", which raged round a wayside horse-trough on Lansdown, must have seemed to a passer-by to resemble nothing but a few knicker-bockered children waving hazelsticks above their heads. But to us it was a gorgeous onslaught of knights in shining armour, and the dirty pocket handkerchief which fluttered above the spring was decked, in our fancy, with all the studded heraldry of the House of York. It was in those days that four of us Yorkists, lighting in the Latin Grammar upon the immortal line, "Dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos"—"Dying he remembers sweet Argos"—chose it for the motto of our comradeship, and illumined it in all our books. We went into battle with that cry upon our lips, and such was the force of imagination, that I verily believe we closed hand to hand with the accursed Lancasters, endowed with the burning conviction that nothing but death could satisfy our rage. Nowadays we teach our children sturdier sports than these; but, in the service of them, do we not perhaps sacrifice the interpreting gift of fancy, which still has power to transform a back-kitchen into a palace hall?

IX

This fostering of the imagination on the field found another outlet in the winter-months. It drove us to theatricals. For myself, I had always been a creature of the theatre, although here again my joys were chiefly imagined. At this time I had seen three Shakespearean plays at Downside College, and a couple of pantomines at Bristol; but I may be said to have grown up from the cradle in the world of acting and make-believe. Our father had been a great play-goer, and an admirable amateur actor, and the first things he taught us as children were snatches of old Robson burlesques, stray memories of Miss Bateman as "Leah", and Fechter in *The Duke's Motto*, together with plentiful scenes from Shakespeare, in which he seemed equally good as Shylock, Falstaff, Hotspur, Othello, and even Hamlet. So, when the business of pretending began to grow upon the school, we asked Miss Roberts's leave to put a play in rehearsal, obtained it, and all wrote home at once, demanding a wardrobe, in which to

dress up. My own parcel of cardboard armour, silk sashes, capes, and caps was the largest of all, and I hope it is not sentimental to remember with tenderness that my eldest sister, then aged seven, hearing that I was to act Robin Hood, broke open her moneybox to buy hunting horns for me and my merry men, and wept incontinently in the village shop, when she found that only tin penny-trumpets were to be obtained at anything like the sum available!

The Babes in the Wood, *Valentine and Orson*, *Dick Whittington*, such were the productions of my first management, extending over two "seasons", with myself as Robin Hood, Valentine, and the happy owner of the fortune-making cat. We made a stage of forms, and the programmes were great works of art. As for the acting, I have no idea how bad it may have been: but Miss Roberts, in the generosity of her spirit, pretended to take it quite seriously. She asked a number of her friends, and the servants were encouraged to ask theirs; and the dear old parson, who knew so much about pocket-knives, came and sat in the front row, and applauded every entrance and exit. And we were all very happy, as amateurs generally are; and did not quarrel over the choice of parts, as amateurs commonly do; and of all my "prep" school recollections those are the happiest, not altogether, I hope, because I myself filled the centre of the stage. And yet, if I put myself into the confessional, I suppose that that must have had a good deal to do with it, after all.

* * *

Two years ago, in an autumn of much sorrow, I went back to the West country, and to my old home. The shadow of separation and change lay over everything. The well-loved trees that used to shut in the house were gone; the wooded lanes, where we played at Robin Hood, were sliced back like railway cuttings to make way for motor-cars; the hillside had broken out into a rose-rash of bungalows. I drove into Bath. That immemorial city, too, was changed. The traffic was all in a block between Wood's stately mansions; even Quiet Street re-echoed with noise. I asked the driver to take me up the hill, and left the car at the foot of Lansdown Place. Suddenly, miraculously, here was something that had *not* changed. In

that world that seemed always afternoon, it was afternoon still. A lonely errand-boy shuffled along the Crescent, passed, and was gone. I stood opposite the door of my old school, and gazed hungrily at the windows. The ugly wire-blinds had vanished, and there was a glimpse of rich curtains and mirrors beyond, on the walls of what used to be the Front Schoolroom. Otherwise, not a stone looked a day older.

Suddenly the door opened, and a man of early middle-age stepped out, looked around him briskly, and hurried across in my direction. He was clearly the present owner of the house. Should I speak to him? Should I ask him whether I might look just for one last time, through the doorway, and see the room where we endured our General Sits, the fireplace by which the cane used to hang, the box-room where we dressed up for *Valentine and Orson*? The moment's hesitation lost the chance. The present owner was already out of hail. I turned and took my solitary way towards Sion Hill. "Better so", as the sentimental songs of our youth protested; very much better so. My old Victorian Dame School had long since become a thing of the past. "It was a place of ghosts, and I was ghostlier than all."

TEN YEARS OF THE LEAGUE

By HUGH F. SPENDER

IF the League of Nations had a flag of its own, it would be run up mast high over the Palace of the Nations on January 10, 1930, to celebrate the tenth anniversary of its foundation. That was the day on which the Treaty of Versailles came into force. Six days later the first Council meeting of the League was held at Paris to consider the appointment of the Commission for the delimitation of the frontiers of the Saar district, which according to the Peace Treaty was to be placed under the administration of the League. That was the only item on the agenda. There were then only eight Members of the Council, representing the British Empire, France, Italy, Belgium, Japan, Spain, Brazil and Greece. This first Council—how strange it seems now—was summoned by Mr. Woodrow Wilson. After his summons had gone out, the United States refused to sign the Treaty of Versailles and was not represented at the first Council meeting.

The League has reconciled itself since then to the absence of the United States, but the withdrawal of the great republic cast a shadow over the first meetings of the Council and Assembly. The French in particular felt that an irreparable blow had been dealt at the League. They had counted on the guarantee of Great Britain and the United States for their future security, and when that was withdrawn the League appeared to them to have been deprived of its corner stone. They hastened to find a substitute for their shattered hopes in military alliances. The French pursued a policy which led to the occupation of the Ruhr, with all its disastrous economic consequences. The Council and Assembly of the League might meet, but the French paid little heed to the new instrument of peace and continued to deal with all the important problems of the Peace Treaty as if the League hardly existed. Thus, during the first years the Council exercised little influence in the foreign offices of Europe. Nevertheless the League did some useful work in the adjustment

of territorial questions and minor disputes, such as that between Finland and the Aland islanders, and the quarrel between Albania and Yugoslavia over the delimitation of their frontiers. This might well have proved a serious menace to the peace of the Balkans and perhaps of Europe, if the Serbs had been in a position to fight. Fortunately, they submitted to the appeal of the Council to withdraw their troops from Albanian territory and accepted the frontier fixed by the Conference of Ambassadors. The settlement of the Albanian and Yugoslavian dispute took place in November, 1921, and it is interesting to look back to that meeting of the Council at which the representatives of the two nations concerned took their seats and came to an agreement. Behind the Council stood the Great Powers, determined to settle this affair according to the decision of the Conference of Ambassadors, or in other words, to impose their will on the two countries. When, therefore, Lord Balfour declared that "no corporate body, no nation, no statesman in the world could have carried out what has been effected, except the League of Nations," he paid a compliment to the wrong party. For it was in reality the Concert of the victorious Powers working through their chosen instrument, the Ambassadors' Conference and not the League of Nations which effected the settlement between Albania and Yugoslavia. The pre-war idea that force was the predominant factor in the relations of nations, still prevailed. It was not until Germany had been admitted to the League, that it began to dawn on the victorious Powers that the signing of the Covenant involved new considerations. Until the Treaty of Locarno, if any question affecting territorial adjustments came before the League, the defeated Powers stood a small chance of obtaining an impartial hearing. The shadow of the Supreme Council and the Ambassadors' Conference with its undefined powers hung over the proceedings of the League during this time.

Thus there was no one to check the Poles when General Zeligowski sprang into Wilno and held it for his country in defiance of the Treaty of Suwalki, by which both parties were to refrain from hostilities pending the delimitation of the frontier. To this day the League has been unable to solve the Polish-Lithuanian dispute, and if war has been avoided, it is simply because Lithuania has been unable to hit back. Similarly the

adjustment of the frontier between Germany and Poland in Upper Silesia was dictated by the Supreme Council of the former Allies and not the League. No one could call it a fair settlement, for the plebiscite gave Germany important industrial districts which were subsequently taken from her on one excuse or another. Minor disputes in which there was a desire to reach agreement were successfully dealt with by the Council of the League. The frontier between Poland and Czechoslovakia was drawn up in this way, with the assistance of the Permanent Court of International Justice which was asked for an advisory opinion. This opinion was accepted by both parties, and the Court which had already been consulted in a dispute concerning the application of French law to British subjects in Tunis and the Morocco zone, began to play an increasingly important part in the settlement of international disputes. Another minor conflict which was settled by the Council was the difference between Austria and Hungary over the Burgenland frontier.

All this time the League was endeavouring to find its feet and justify its existence as a new organisation for the maintenance of peace in Europe. That it did not do more in these early days is not surprising. That the victorious Powers should still have been under the influence of the war, determined to impose their will on Europe, was what might have been expected. Indeed, the remarkable feature about the early history of the League is that such an organisation, with its new Covenant of fair play and just dealing between the nations, should have been able to function at all, for passion still ran high. It is easy to criticise the shortcomings of the League during this time and to show that it was helpless when faced with a sudden emergency, such as the Italo-Greek dispute, when the Italians, after the murder of their officers in Greek territory bombarded Corfu and seized it as a pledge for the payment of an indemnity from the Greek Government. A general and two officers had been murdered when engaged in the task of fixing the frontier line between Greece and Albania. It was natural that the Italian Government should lose its temper; but it was bound under the Covenant to carry the dispute to arbitration or to appeal to the Council of the League and await its report before proceeding to an act of war. Italy undoubtedly violated the Covenant and laid herself open to the sanctions of Article sixteen. She

insisted on acting as if the League did not exist, appealing to the Ambassadors' Conference to bring pressure to bear upon Greece, as if some concert of Europe were still in existence. Fortunately, the incident was closed by the Italians evacuating Corfu after the Greeks had consented to pay the indemnity fixed by the Ambassadors' Conference. All this was a snub to the League; but the Council held doggedly to the point that it had a right to a say in the matter, since the dispute had led to a rupture between two Members of the League. It therefore insisted on raising the point of its own competence to deal with such conflicts, and the Committee of International Jurists which was appointed to report on the legal standing of the Council in the Italo-Greek quarrel came unanimously to the opinion that the Council would have failed in its duty if it had not intervened. Thus, although the League had to accept the snub from Italy, it was able to establish a decision which fortified the Council in its subsequent efforts to maintain the peace between other disputants.

While on the political side the League had an uphill task to establish the first beginnings of a new order and to create the procedure for rectifying the inequalities between States, it succeeded during these first years in carrying out a wonderful work of reconstruction. It put Austria on its feet at a moment when, as a textbook of the Information Section of the League says, that unfortunate country had sunk so low that there seemed no escape from destitution, starvation, and possibly revolution. She was saved by the provision of a loan which was guaranteed by a number of Powers, and although Austria can hardly be said to be flourishing to-day, her people are far removed from the verge of starvation. Hungary was also taken in hand and obtained a loan through the good offices of the League. The Hungarians remain in a state of extreme resentment at the peace settlement which has deprived them of so much territory; but they have a great deal to thank the League for in their improved economic condition. The League has also reason to be proud of its record in Greece, where it assisted in the settlement of more than a million refugees, while in Bulgaria it did good work in a similar cause.

Nothing has stirred the public conscience more in recent years than the revelation afforded by a League report of the sinister

underworld in which the souteneur and his victims move. There is nothing comparable to the effort made by the Health Section of the League in medical conference after conference to combat such scourges as cancer, malaria, typhus and influenza. It has largely contributed towards the eradication of the sleeping sickness and yellow fever. In the trying years following the war the League performed the work of a good Samaritan in Eastern and Central Europe and brought the healing touch of a new sense of brotherhood to those parts of Europe which had suffered most from the war. The League is also dealing with the problem of the illicit traffic in opium and other dangerous drugs. Thus a focus for humanitarian work has been created, in which nations which were formerly enemies are learning to co-operate.

The first years of the League were devoted to building up the machinery of international administration. This period marks the development of the League as an agency for international action in the political sphere of work. A new era was opened by the Treaties of Locarno and the entry of Germany into the League (1925-1926), which were to afford a testing time for the League.

Locarno would have been impossible without the League. If the post-war settlement had been left to the victorious Powers with no possibility of an appeal to the higher code of ethics which was embodied in the Covenant, the belief in the virtue of force as the dominant factor in the relations of nations would have gone unchallenged. How persistent this belief was may be judged from the effort of the French to persuade the other Powers to accept the Protocol of Geneva (1924), which would have tipped the balance in favour of coercion. For the Protocol would have compelled the League to use force in order to maintain the Peace Treaties, and would have tended to prevent the League from becoming an instrument of conciliation for the adjustment of international disputes.

Can it be doubted that but for the insistence of President Wilson on the inclusion of the Covenant of the League in the Treaty of Versailles, Europe would by this time have been divided into hostile camps once more, with the fear of another war in the not far distant future overhanging all its activities. Locarno was offered to France as a substitute for the Protocol

of Geneva, and her disappointment at the withdrawal of the guarantee which Great Britain and America offered her in 1919. The guarantee of England and Italy for the western frontier of Germany went some way to satisfy the demand of France for security. It was not sufficient to persuade France to reduce her armaments, and during all this time the problem of security and disarmament failed to find a solution. But what Locarno did was to give the League a chance of functioning in a way that its founders intended. The reparation deadlock which brought the French into the Ruhr had been relieved by the Dawes Plan. The entrance of Germany into the League which arose out of Locarno set the wheels of Geneva revolving with accelerated speed. It was significant that immediately after Locarno, in October, 1925, the Council of the League prevented war between Greece and Bulgaria without the intervention of the Ambassadors' Conference or the assistance of any outside agency. But the League was still excluded from a share in the settlement of the main problems arising out of the Peace Treaties. Stresemann, if he had not been a statesman with a European outlook, might easily have been precipitated into some rash action over the refusal of the former allies to withdraw their troops from German soil. He based his appeal for the liberation of the Rhineland both on moral and on legal grounds. He argued that now that Germany was a permanent Member of the Council it was an anomaly that any part of her territory should be occupied. He pointed also to Article 431 of the Treaty of Versailles, which he interpreted as entitling Germany to immediate release.

It was during this time that the phrase "hotel diplomacy" was coined to describe the informal conversations of the foreign ministers at Geneva. There, in the Hotel des Bergues and the Hotel Beau Rivage, Sir Austen Chamberlain, M. Briand, Stresemann, Hymans and the silent Adatci frequently met to discuss the problems which lay at the heart of the European situation, while the Council of the League would turn later in the day with a sigh of relief to some minor question. The hotels of Geneva and not the League itself began to be regarded as the antechamber of international diplomacy. The great debate on security and disarmament still went on within the walls of the League; under the aegis of the League the British, the Americans and the Japanese spent the summer of 1927 discussing their naval

differences. Important conferences on economic questions, including transport and communications, smoothed the way to international co-operation in the field of commerce; the Council did its best to reconcile Poland and Lithuania, Hungary and Rumania. But behind the façade of these activities the main problems of Europe, the question of reparations and the release of Germany from the grip of control in the Rhineland and the Saar district were discussed exclusively by the victorious Powers with Germany.

It may be well asked how could it be otherwise? The League is not a supernational authority raised on the ruins of war to guide the destinies of Europe. It is an experiment, which arose out of the necessity of finding some means of preventing another catastrophe. The success of the experiment depended entirely on the good will which was brought to the task of adjusting the foreign policies of the State Members of the League through the machinery of the Covenant. Although the League has infinite possibilities, it is nothing in itself. It can do no more than to register the will of the nations to give effect to the Covenant. It is necessary to bear this in mind in criticising the failure of the League to accomplish more. If Locarno seemed to afford grounds for the hope that the League would be used to better purpose in the post-war settlement, this expectation was doomed to disappointment owing to the determination of the French to dictate the limits of League action in the field of international politics. From the first the theory had been adopted by the victorious Powers that questions arising out of the war and the peace settlement were not to form part of the League's activities. It was found impossible in practice to carry out a rigid demarcation, but all the important questions referred to the League in the early years of its existence were subject to the controlling decision of the Supreme Council or the Ambassadors' Conference.

The Germans, baffled in their attempt to persuade their former enemies to use the League for the settlement of reparations, realised even after Locarno, when they were elected to the League, that the time had not yet come to appeal under Article 19 to the Assembly for the reconsideration of the Peace Treaties. Stresemann wisely refused to force the pace; he had reason to believe that a change had taken place in French opinion, and with

infinite patience he was content to pursue the path of reconciliation by his personal contacts with Briand. Although bitterly opposed by the Nationalists in Germany, he went steadily on his way and lived to see the first fruits of his policy in the decision of the French Foreign Minister to evacuate the Rhineland before next July, and in the readjustment of reparations to a fixed and more moderate sum. The League greatly assisted towards these happy results by supplying a rendezvous for the personal contacts between the foreign ministers at the quarterly Council meetings. Four times a year Briand and Stresemann met to adjust their points of view. That they succeeded at last in understanding and trusting one another was due to the peculiar insight which they possessed into the vital problem,—the necessity for the reconciliation of their two countries, if peace were to be preserved. Other Members of the League might grumble, but they stood to gain by this personal method of settling the affairs of Europe. The League is stronger to-day because within its orbit France and Germany have begun to work on friendly terms.

The new understanding strengthened the authority of the Council and paved the way to its successful intervention in the dispute between Bolivia and Paraguay. Many causes of friction, however, still remained, and as the solution of the problem of disarmament appeared far removed, the League endeavoured to strengthen the bulwarks against war in the sphere of arbitration. More and more the conviction grew that the gap in the Covenant which still permitted private war between individual Members of the League should be closed. It was at this moment that M. Briand proposed his famous plan for the renunciation of war between his country and America, which led to the signing of the Kellogg Pact for a general inhibition of war. All this marked the acceleration of the movement for peace—a movement which depends not so much on sanctions as on the determination of nations to seek peace and ensue it as a moral end in itself.

It is often said that at Geneva statesmen lose their touch with the realities of life. But their visits to Geneva engage only a short time of their official careers; they return to the realities of the European situation as they step into their foreign offices again. Their oratorical flights play a useful part in the scenic effects by which Geneva stimulates the imagination of the world. They themselves, however, have no delusion about the course of events.

They recognise that the Kellogg Pact is a tribute to the fundamental ideas of the Covenant, but at the same time they realise that nations may drift into war again in spite of Pact and Covenant. These two instruments of peace may be linked up by bringing the Covenant into line with the Pact, by placing every Member of the League under the same obligation not to resort to war. An increasing number of States may be induced to sign the optional clause of the Statute of the Permanent Court of International Justice. Arbitration treaties may be multiplied. But until the world reduces its armaments both on land and sea, the danger of war will not be removed. Hence the great importance of the five Power Naval Conference for the future of the League and the whole peace movement.

THE TROUBLE IN EDUCATION

By J. H. HARLEY

EDUCATION is a subject which hitherto has swarmed with political troubles. It is sufficient for critics to make a reference to possible action by the Minister of Education in the course of a discussion on Unemployment Insurance to cause serious embarrassment to the fortunes of a new Labour Ministry. Only troubles, like the stars, differ from each other in magnitude; and it would certainly be admitted that, of all the troubles that have dogged the path of the English educational reformer, the most hurtful and menacing are those which have been caused by the warring sects and churches. Even so near us as 1902, and again in 1906, it seemed impossible to take up for discussion the reform of the educational system without a plethora of theological polemics. Members of Parliament seriously discussed what was or what was not pure and undefiled religion, or whether the Bible, read without note or comment, is really a possession of Christendom or simply a sectarian manual of the Nonconformists. The once famous Cowper Temple clause was vilified by some and by others invested with much of the sanctity of an ancient ecclesiastical creed; whilst the children whose educational equipment ought to have been the chief theme of discussion, were in the main regarded as bloodless abstractions, to be exposed out of school hours to the unwelcome visits of proselytizing clergymen.

Things have considerably changed in the constituencies since the Labour Party began to acquire power and strength; but when Sir Charles Trevelyan announced that he meant to bring in a short Bill before Christmas raising the school age to fifteen, there must have been few who did not fear lest a pallid ghost of the old religious trouble might not interpose itself between the Minister and the attainment of his goal. There was an inkling of this, indeed, during the progress of the election campaign; and some sort of an announcement was vouchsafed that the Labour Party, if it assumed office, might grant an enquiry into the position of Roman Catholic schools. But, whatever the trouble

in the way, it was imperative for the Labour Government to press forward in the cause of education. The statesman of the past spoke in a cynical spirit when he told the House of Commons that they must now "educate our masters", but this is only one of those cynical aphorisms that take us very near the central springs of modern development and progress.

Now, however, that we are sure that the Government intend to raise the school age as from April 1, 1931, it is advisable to ask ourselves how far they may be able to avoid the old religious trouble? Is the House of Commons again going to be turned into a battle ground of the sects? Will some modern successor of the late Dr. Clifford rouse Liberal meetings in the country to fresh paroxysms of sectarian protest? These times of ours hardly seem propitious for the repetition of the ancient polemics, but it is advisable before considering the chances for or against, to ask ourselves what the attainment of the new educational reform really involves?

Certainly it involves some very strenuous exertions on the part of the local education authorities. These bodies will be coolly faced with the Herculean task of providing efficient and suitable education for some 400,000 additional children between the ages of 14 and 15. The London County Council alone will have to supply 500 additional teachers and 10,000 new school places. Of course, the State will have to render substantial financial help and the Government have already intimated that they will raise the building grant from 20 to 50 per cent. All this means money extracted from a watchful Chancellor and an already burdened Exchequer. And this operation is rendered more difficult by the fact that the Chancellor has also to find money for a maintenance allowance to these children, to compensate their parents for any pecuniary loss they may suffer, through being deprived of the chance of getting their children into remunerative employment at the age of fourteen. Parents are, as one might expect, very sensitive on this score; and the Fisher scheme of half-time Continuation schools up to the age of 16 was wrecked in London at least, by the fact that, so it was alleged, employers refused to take on young people who might spend part of the day at the Continuation School, thus making the whole part-time attendance unpopular among the parents of London.

Of course it would have been infinitely preferable if the State

had been responsible still more directly for the new arrangements by the introduction of a co-ordinated national scheme of educational reorganization and reform. Undoubtedly there are very serious questions raised from the point of view of State educational administration by the future presence in the schools of so many additional children of an advanced school age. It did not require a George Bernard Shaw to set us thinking as to whether we might not now properly scrap some of our ancient educational methods. The question has been very persistently raised of late years without any outside pressure. What is the exact kind of education to give to children between the ages of eleven and fourteen? Such an enquiry, indeed, was the underlying inspiration of the Hadow Report of 1926. It seems absolutely forced on an attention when there is a question of adding to the proportion of children of an advanced school age in our already existing schools.

Such a completely co-ordinated State scheme would at once have been brought face to face with the chief educational trouble—the religious difficulty. With the exception of the Irish Roman Catholic schools, which, as we shall see later, stand in a class apart, it would need to have insisted on a certain amount of conformity in the curriculum of all the schools. There could in that case be no single school areas, for the Central School system would have become universal and children at the age of eleven would have everywhere to be drafted from the elementary into the co-ordinated Central School. This would necessitate an extension of some of the old administrative areas, for it would then certainly have become essential to secure that both the elementary and the central school should be under the control of the same educational authority. Likewise the secondary schools—probably called grammar schools—would be worked on the same principles all throughout the country and would occupy their own niche in the completely articulated arrangements. Only the State can deal adequately with the question of Teachers' Training Colleges and the conditions under which there may be at once enrolled a fresh supply of new teachers. The whole prospect is one in which a Labour Government might have been expected to revel. The world's treasures of skill and culture would be opened up to the workers. Warring sects, in the name of the peoples' future, might then very properly have

been bidden to forswear their ancient differences. Cowper-Templeism or secular education—those would seem to be the alternatives between which objectors to the State educational scheme would be required to make their choice.

Unfortunately the Labour Minister of Education has not been able to deal with the educational question in such a very heroic fashion. He has been obliged to leave the local educational authorities to face all the immediate difficulties and then, when they have come to an agreement with all the interests, religious or otherwise, which are involved, to appeal to him for financial aid to enable them to assume their fresh responsibilities with regard to the elder children. He himself speaks very hopefully of the prospects ahead. More than half of the local authorities are in the course of providing programmes and he especially mentioned Walthamstow, Twickenham, Chesterfield, Keighley, Blackpool, Croydon, Leicestershire and Lancashire as having already practically completed their arrangements. This means that the religious difficulty, so far as these places are concerned, has been practically surmounted. But are these places to any extent typical? It can hardly be maintained that they are.

Let us look at the facts. Out of the 20,684 existing elementary schools, there are 11,413 voluntary and non-provided schools where the religious trouble might conceivably become acute, when it became a question of granting fresh financial aid from the State for the discharge of their new responsibilities. There are also 7,000 parishes in England with only one elementary school and in no less than 5,000 of these the only existing school is one belonging to the Church of England. Undoubtedly the voluntary schools have been slowly dying out during the last ten years, but they still occupy a strong numerical position. Out of these 11,413 voluntary schools, too, 2,113 had been generally black-listed and 1,000 of them specially condemned as not having kept themselves in that state of efficiency as regards educational equipment which is the condition of their receiving a State educational grant. Sir Charles Trevelyan tends rather to make light of this. He says that for young boys and girls "a poor school is better than the best coal pit or unsanitary kitchen." No doubt there is something to be said for this; but when the religious trouble may complicate the consideration of the condition of these schools, it can hardly be said that the prospect is quite so

encouraging. At any rate, what have the representatives of the Church of England to say on the matter? Will all these difficulties be allowed to rise and simmer locally, or is there any chance of some uniform policy of religious concession and accommodation?

So far as the Nonconformists are concerned, it can hardly be denied that they are no longer in the position they were in 1902 and in 1906. The old political militancy is a thing of the past. Passive Resistance is both dead and damned. The warrior Dr. Clifford has left no successor. To some extent Nonconformity has got chiefly attached to Liberalism and it shares in the failing fortunes of that old historic party. From an electioneering point of view the Dissenting Minister has ceased to count in the constituencies. As regards the Church of England it must also be asserted that it, too, has fallen on evil days. The episcopal defiance of Parliament on the question of the Prayer Book, and the rather fine spun arguments by which some of the prelates have justified their attitude in still accepting State help, have created a feeling somewhat approaching distaste and disgust in the minds of simple-minded and honest men. If once it was recognized by the enthusiastic armies of the proletariat who are behind the present Government in the great industrial cities of England, that the Church of England was standing between them and a real chance of co-ordinated higher education for their children, then it can hardly be doubted that the issue would be at once dramatic and decisive.

The Minister for Education, however, hopes for the best; and when we turn to the proceedings of the autumn session of the Church Assembly, which was held at the Church House, Westminster, on the 15th of November, we see much to encourage us in this anticipation. "We believe," says the report of the Archbishop's Commission which was presented at that Assembly, "that a better day has dawned and that religious education is advancing more freely in an attitude of mutual sympathy and good will." These are golden words; and it is apparent from Sir Charles Trevelyan's speech in the House of Commons that the policy advocated at this Church Assembly of friendly negotiation and compromise with the local authorities in detail has the sympathy and approval of the directing Heads of the Church of England.

But what exactly do the Heads of the Church mean by "religious education"? Do they still think it possible that any measure of sectarian teaching could justly be demanded in schools wholly or all but wholly maintained by the State? At first sight it appears certain that they have abandoned the ancient attitude on this point. There is in the report of the Archbishop's Commission a quite remarkable eulogy of the Cowper Temple clause. The Commissioners speak of the "valuable work for religion and education that can be done and is being done in many places under that clause," and they concede for the first time that there should now be no question of its repeal. But when we pass from the text of this report to the explanatory statement made especially by the Archbishop of York in the course of the Church Assembly debate, one's feelings are not quite so relieved or enthusiastic. The Archbishop speaks like some avatar of Mazarin or Richelieu. The fathers and brethren are not to begin "by a direct attack on the Cowper Temple clause," but only "by mutual understanding and co-operation." "If this policy is followed," says the worldly-wise Archbishop, "the vaunted Cowper Temple clause would go of itself by painless extinction." What does the Archbishop really mean? If he were not a sanctified prelate, we might almost assume that he advised his audiences to speak nicely to the local authorities and get them committed to build fresh central schools under the Cowper Temple clause to accommodate the older scholars from the voluntary schools, but that then, under the cloak of co-operation and goodwill, they would do their best, in a Machiavellian or subterranean fashion, to get the Cowper Temple clause applied in the unadulterated spirit of sectarianism.

After all, however, this is really postponing the evil day of trouble to a time when either Nonconformity has got tamer and more accommodating, or when the Archbishop feels himself strong enough to pursue with impunity his dark and sectarian designs. For the present all parties are agreed that there must be the spirit of mutual accommodation and peace. Of course, as we have had borne in upon us only too painfully in recent years, the Bishops and leaders of the Church of England cannot really be responsible for all their clergymen. However accommodating may be the speech of those at the head of the hierarchy, they are liable to be repudiated by any particular country clergyman in

whom the spirit of sectarianism boils high. But, speaking generally, it looks as if the local authorities will not be brought face to face with any insuperable religious trouble in their effort to meet the requirements of the Minister of Education.

There is, however, one exception to which a general allusion has already been made—the schools of the Irish Catholic minority in England. In dealing with them it would seem that the local authorities concerned would be confronted with a trouble which they themselves would be impotent to alleviate. Clearly it is a situation which demands the interposition of the State and the Minister of Education himself.

Indeed, in considering this Irish Catholic minority we are brought face to face with just such a ‘considerable proportion’ of a “racial, linguistic, or religious minority” as is described in Article 9 of the Minority Treaty imposed by the Paris Peace Conference on Poland, Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavia, Rumania, Greece, Armenia, Austria, Bulgaria, Hungary and Turkey. It is true that when the Big Four imposed this Treaty on the other countries, they did not impose it on themselves; but we in this country have proclaimed so loudly the virtues of this Treaty, and clamoured so vociferously for its more rigid application, that we cannot refuse to consider it as inapplicable to our own internal circumstances.

Now what does this Minority Treaty enact? It enacts that these “racial, religious, or linguistic minorities” shall be assured “an equitable share in the enjoyment and application of the sums which may be provided out of public funds under the State, municipal or other Budgets for educational, religious, or charitable purposes.” So far as education is concerned, the requirements of this Treaty were made explicit by Poland in the Geneva Convention which she concluded with Germany in regard to the schools of Upper Silesia. In that country it only requires the parents of forty children belonging to a “racial, religious, or linguistic minority” to demand it and they can have a school at the expense of the State where instruction can be given in their own language not only in secular subjects but in the tenets of their own particular creed. Besides it is significant that this principle, that when parents belonging to a religious minority demand it in sufficient numbers, facilities for instruction shall be given in the principles of their own particular creed, was

exactly the principle of the concession made by Mr. Birrell in 1906, and which secured the vote of the Irish members for the Third Reading of his abortive Education Bill. Now that there has emerged an Irish Free State, the Irish Catholic population in, say the Exchange or the Scotland Divisions of Liverpool, answers even more strictly to this definition of a racial or a religious minority. They may even ask that instruction shall be given in Erse. At any rate it is only if the Minister for Education boldly faces this important question, and comes to the help of the local authorities involved, that he can be assured a continuance of immunity from the old trouble in education.

INTERLUDE AT THE SEASIDE

By H. O. S. WRIGHT

CASUAL visitors to Moscow and Leningrad, and the readers of casual visitors' notes, gain an impression of Russia as a drab land where men and women have forgotten how to smile, where only the communists are complacent about the coming dawn, where ordinary workers live in hungry poverty and the surviving bourgeois in terror and squalor.

This picture in grey is in part correct. And yet, even in the towns, brighter colours can be found by those who know how to seek; while in the holiday resorts, when the mid-year vacations fill them, those brighter colours take on an absolute splendour. Life is really good.

Of all the resorts the most delectable are those on the sea coast of the Crimea. It is the purpose of this article to describe a journey which I made to that region while in Russia during the past summer. I do not, of course, suggest that my experiences form a ground for inferences as to general conditions in Russia; but they are a corrective, perhaps for myself alone, of that earlier impression of a greyness nation wide.

At the very beginning of the planning of my visit it was brought home to me that the most elementary details of a journey such as I contemplated—the buying of a ticket and some simple necessary provisions, the boarding of a train at the start and the stepping off at the finish—were by no means uncomplicated processes in the land of the Soviet. The guide-books announce five express trains from the north daily; in fact, there are but three a week. For the purchase of a ticket you stand long in a queue; and, presenting yourself after being assured that the ticket will be ready to-day, you are told to come again the day after to-morrow. Those necessary provisions of life have to be sought by more waiting in a queue and in the end you do not get them all—you do not get butter, for example—for lack of some special coupon. Everywhere there is a reiteration of the request to wait; and, while the patience with which the Russian waits may be admirable, the infinitely greater patience with which he keeps you waiting is altogether damnable.

INTERLUDE AT THE SEASIDE

75

For my own part, pressed as I was for time and hampered by an inadequate knowledge of the language, I came early to the conclusion that I should never reach the Crimea at all unless I had the aid of some expert as counsellor and travelling companion.

It happened that a particularly efficient one was at hand, a girl, whom I will call Olga. She belonged to a family living near Novgorod: grandmother, father, mother and two daughters. Their circumstances were typical of those of many gently nurtured Russian families. They had been refugees in the war. The father had been in a Bolshevik prison. The mother had spent the early days of the Revolution in bartering the movables of their house for foodstuffs which she personally carried from the country on her back. The grandmother was a difficult old lady whom the economic situation, not family affection, had forced on the others. Olga herself, betrothed at sixteen, had broken the engagement in consequence of an infatuation for a married man who, however, died in exile in Siberia, where he had been banished by the Bolsheviks.

This reads as if it might provide matter for one of the drearier of Chekov's plays; but it happened that, after a nervous breakdown, Olga made a brave fight against her misfortunes, recovered, did brilliantly in languages in her university courses and became a teacher of English—which she spoke better than do most English people. Her school being in vacation, she was free to accompany me and she dismissed as nonsense any objection based on the proprieties.

When her father saw us off at the station he kissed her farewell with a little ceremony. First he kissed her lips; then taking her right hand in both of his he lifted it and kissed it; then he made the sign of the Cross over her forehead. Olga was a modern young thing of twenty-four, with shingled hair, carmined lips, confident manner and ideas that made her grandmother scream, and she professed herself a rebel against parental authority and an atheist to whom the Cross was meaningless; but she came into our compartment with eyes that were blinking away tears.

I have said "our" compartment for we shared a coupé for two during several days. But mixed travel does not embarrass any one in Russia, where, owing to the immense distances, every

one is accustomed to day and night journeys with strangers of either sex.

There was no restaurant car on the train and the resources of the attendant on the coach did not go beyond the provision of tea; but fruit and ices were obtainable from peasant hawkers at most of the smaller stations, and, at the bigger ones, there were buffets where indifferent food of a more substantial kind could be gobbled down while the train waited. But Olga had volunteered to render us independent of the buffets and what she had done was typical of what the whole train-load of passengers had done. Wrapped in numerous pieces of newspaper, she had provided veal cutlets, chicken, cucumbers, bread, salt, one knife, no forks, no plates. Protecting our knees with our handkerchiefs we ate with our fingers, cutlet in one hand, peeled cucumber in the other. Many similar parties were in session throughout the train, and the manners displayed were appalling. To see teeth ripping the skin from a leg of cold fowl gripped in the fist, or tongues playing in the recesses of ices held between biscuits was an amazing sight.

Manners within the train commanded the more attention because the country through which we were passing both before and after reaching Moscow on the journey from the north, held so little to engross us. The region of the steppes, which began after Kursk, should have been duller still; yet, paradoxically, by very reason of its tendency towards infinite monotony, it proved more interesting: in front, behind and on either side, millions of treeless acres, with slight undulations instead of hills, rolling on for ever and for ever into the distance. But by dawn of the next day we were among the mountains and valleys of the Crimea, valleys filled with grape and apricot orchards and with wild pomegranates, and a few hours later the train reached Sevastopol, its journey's end. The next day, in a Fiat bus crowded with holiday makers and their luggage, we went on to our real destination, Yalta.

A gigantic mountain ridge of solid rock separates the Yalta coast from the hinterland. The ridge affords shelter from the northern winds and makes rain a rare event in summer; yet it does not interfere with sea breezes, and the coast climate is as nearly perfect as a climate may be. But that same mountain

barrier and the intersecting gorges, wherein lie the grape farms, involve a fearsome journey.

At first the road climbs steadily to its highest point which the engineers have marked by a Roman archway called the Baidary Gate; and, the barrier thus far passed, there is a sudden and marvellous view of the coast. It is unspoilt by any ugly building, for the first discoverers of the Crimea as a health resort for emperors did well what they did. They built, indeed; but they built the loveliest of chateaux and churches on crags to which the towers cling as floating in mid-air; and by a kindly fate recent earthquakes have spared them nearly all. Thus, almost the first building visible from the Gate is a Byzantine church of yellowish stone, with gold and blue domes, on a projecting rock above Foros. It can be seen from three sides as the road winds, sometimes against the sea, sometimes against the sky, sometimes against the great rock wall; but always a little isolated from its background, a fairy building borne on mountain mists.

From Baidary Gate, the road becomes a nightmare series of switchbacks, sharp bends and precipice edges. Accidents involving death do not occur, but how easily they might! Our own sole mishap was the blowing away of the hat of our back passenger as the bus roared up a slope to gain speed for a severer gradient at the top. Deceived by the man's shouts into imagining some tragedy, the chauffeur stopped the car on mid-hill with abundant prospects of a difficulty in re-starting. When the truth was known, the comments of the chauffeur and the remaining passengers were entirely English in their flavour. With complete unanimity they wished aloud that the comrade's head had been lost with the comrade's hat and that his soul and body had perished with them.

Long before Yalta was reached, our bus had begun to meet or overtake bands of wanderers in the touring kit of modern Russian youth; the men in running shorts and naked from the waist upwards, the girls in running shorts and sleeveless jumpers. Sometimes their skins were ragged and scarred by the sun, but more often they were already scorched to a healthy brown and toughened beyond blistering.

Throughout the Crimea such wanderers were to be encountered in hundreds. They are devotees of a movement much encouraged under the Soviet régime. It is not quite correct

to say that it is a wholly modern movement, for summer migration from the town to the country has always been a definite feature of Russian life; but until recent times it was a migration of the well-to-do. The new government has planned to change the practice to something nearer akin to the English annual holiday, to widen the area from which the holiday-makers are drawn and to stimulate a zest for touring. Two organisations cater for the tourists: the "Soviet Tourist" and the "Society For Proletarian Tourism."

The former is a state bureau for organising excursions. Any number of persons may join in registering themselves for a tour along any particular route and the bureau will work out the details and send off the parties grouped in twenties or thirties under a leader. It will provide accommodation and tickets at a reasonable figure.

The second society acts for factory workers and students who belong to it as members; for them in particular it carries out services similar to those which the state bureau will perform for any approved applicant.

In the Crimea, there are groups of very joyous excursionists who have forgotten their factory or shop life for a whole month; have deposited their bulkier kit at a base; and, half-naked and light of heart, revel in the friendship of the sun and the sea.

For the excursion bases where there is sleeping and boarding accommodation, confiscated palaces and mansions have been used. They have been used to an even greater extent as sanatoria.

A conservative individual like myself sighs a little for the glory that is departed from those pleasant summer retreats but it has to be admitted, even if with reluctance, that the Soviet Administrations are using them to a greater general advantage than others did in pre-Revolution days.

At Livadia, close to Yalta, for example, are two former imperial palaces surrounded by an enchanting park; and within walking distance there must be at least a score of other royal and private palaces, all built to be enjoyed for a very brief period of the year by a very few families. But under the new conditions Livadia alone has two thousand peasants passing through every year to receive treatment for tubercular and nervous diseases, places being allotted to Health Districts throughout Russia, and

Health Committees in those districts making the individual nominations. Two thousand places among ninety million peasants do not seem many; but even now Livadia is not the only sanatorium for these diseases in the Crimea and the Crimea is not the only region in which sanatoria have been founded. Leningrad, Moscow, the Caucasus and the Ukraine all have them. There is no question of mere "eye-wash"; a real beginning has been made. It is encouraging, too, to find that the white marble and polished wood are not being defiled by any unpleasant practices, such, for example, as spitting. The discipline is severe; and, in any case, the beautiful speckless condition of the palaces is in itself a kind of prohibition against defilement. Nor is their beauty marred by the appearance of men or women in ragged attire or personally dirty; all the inmates receive an issue of clothing proper to their changed surroundings and bath or bathe regularly.

There is, in fact, no doubt at all that the peasant is learning new habits while in residence. The sort of hut from which he has come, its crowded interior and the sanitary customs of his family are well known. The wife, for instance, goes barefooted in the field through mud and manure. Without washing herself or changing from her day clothes, she sleeps on the stove, on a bunk or on the floor, as the presence of her lord or the children or the dog may allow her space. Once a fortnight she washes her feet. Far less frequently her husband takes off his only set of under-clothing that she may wash it. Regularly he drinks himself into stupor. The average hut is verminous and squalid and all literary suggestions to the contrary are romantic nonsense. Squalor abides also in the wooden houses of the poorer parts of Moscow itself and in the tenement houses there. They are crowded, insect-ridden and filthy.

Livadia and the palaces teach a better thing and some of the museums emphasise the lesson against dirt by requiring visitors to remove their boots and tread the floor in stocking feet. Peasants and workers must in the end carry the new habits back to their homes.

The excursion bases are for the organised tourists; and the sanatoria are for the sick and convalescent. But besides these persons there are numbers of other visitors who come independently to the Crimea, for whom lodging room has to be found.

My companion and I were two of them and there were many others on our train.

The best of such accommodation costs a good deal; but there are still salaries paid in Russia out of which saving for a holiday is possible. Olga's father received about £50 a month. She and her sister each made about £8 by teaching and about half as much again by translations and interpreting. They paid perhaps £20 a month for their apartments and a good deal in taxes and trade union contributions. They lived, rather meagrely, at a total cost of about £1 a day for food for five of them; and they found the charges for clothing and household incidentals fairly heavy. But clearly their budget showed a credit margin between income and expenditure.

(It may be noted that a member of the Communist Party is not allowed to receive an income of more than about £25 a month. But he enjoys certain privileges of buying and renting cheaply; and there are whispers about irregular additional gains).

For visitors of the financial status of Olga's family, then, there are hotels, boarding-houses, furnished rooms and special hostels belonging to the Army and Navy and the Trade Unions. As a rule the hotels are patronised by visitors for one night only while other accommodation is being sought. They are owned directly by the State or indirectly through a trust which is State-controlled. At Sevastopol the hotel charges had been high. At Yalta, however, we used our own bed linen and paid only five-and-sixpence and six-and-sixpence for our rooms. But I was beginning to discover that, besides the hotel charges, mere permission to exist at all in different parts of Russia cost a good deal and I made this separate list of all I paid on that account. The amounts would sometimes have been less had I been a member of a trade-union.

	£	s.	d.
Russian visa on British passport	13	0	
Registration on arrival in Russia	1	0	
Russian passport	17	0	
Registration on arrival in Crimea	1	0	
Registration on moving into Yalta	3	0	
Permit to remain in Crimea	1	2	0
Registration on departure from Crimea	3	0	
Registration upon arrival in Moscow	1	0	
Permit to leave Russia	1	2	0
	£4	3	0

Whether sleeping in hotels or in private rooms, holiday makers do a great deal of catering for themselves. But there were enough visitors in Yalta pursuing other methods of living to keep the restaurants busy. In some of these restaurants I thought the food and service better and cheaper than in most of those of Moscow and Leningrad. The probable reason is that the Crimean Government has not yet organised the crushing out of private enterprise to the extent achieved in the northern towns, and the restaurants are often owned and staffed by a private individual and his relatives. The management of these was superior to that of the co-operative restaurants, and customers were appreciating the difference and readily paying the rather higher charges. In Moscow not only would the private owner be specially taxed but he would also be under difficulties about buying; but in a region of primary producers—fishermen, fruit growers, small farmers and small craftsmen—where middlemen intervene but little, the private restaurateurs are not so handicapped and what they got in Yalta was the best available. I thought, too, that the members of the staff in the co-operative restaurants were sulky and slow, a consequence fairly inferable as likely to follow upon low pay and small incentives.

Nearly all the clients of the restaurants were in an irresponsible holiday mood. I am ashamed to say that we listened frankly to all that we could overhear of the conversations that went on around us.

"How glad I am," said one woman to her escort, "that I've left my husband and wedding ring comfortably behind me in Moscow."

She was a Communist. Of this, her abstention from the use of scarlet on her lips and powder on her nose were part of the evidence. But her shaky morals must not be deemed further evidence; for the Crimea is generally weak in that regard. She was quite an attractive woman and showed her oneness with our ordinary clay by joining heartily in humming, with the band, the tumtitiddly air of a ditty from a popular play: *The Republic On Wheels*. The song could make no reference to meeting again in heaven since Russia has abolished God; but, this excepted, it had all the elements that draw tears from an English Conservative audience as well as from a Russian Communist:

thinking of mother, smiling at death, rifle in hand and so on. These are the first two lines:

Oh, Comrade Malaholny, tell my mother dear from me
That I, her son, have fallen at my post!

Besides giving away the secrets of lovers, the conversation at the tables ran much upon questions of ways and means, and details of holiday and family budgets were shouted aloud. In these days of almost universal cheapness there was what seemed a considerable catalogue of things that had to be dispensed with—things trivial enough but things that in total mean much to a human being. For instance, Olga did not know what it was to own a gramophone or even to dance to one at a friend's house, to have good shoes or frocks of good material, to eat butter regularly, to occupy a bedroom which was not shared with another person or used as a sitting-room in the day time.

Another feature of the restaurants, and a quite remarkable one, was the unrestricted circulation of beggars and hawkers. Their presence was as much taken for granted as was the presence of clients; and they were permitted to move about freely and to persist with their importunities to the point of becoming a nuisance. A kopeck or two bought temporary peace, but only after the fashion of danegeld. The beggars would watch for the bones of fish or of a chicken or of a chop to be left on a plate, stretch out their dirty paws without a by-your-leave and scramble everything on the plate into a coat pocket.

Worse than the men and women beggars were the few remaining "wolf" children. Several came from Moscow with us, resting somehow on the underwork of the railway coaches and emerging whenever the train stopped to steal what they could from the compartments. In Sevastopol and elsewhere they hovered about the restaurants with a like intent. They are the abandoned children of the civil war and famine periods, they have lived like beasts from their birth, and they are now beyond any hope of being trained to a calling. When caught red-handed in any serious offence, they are sent to special institutions but they are not tamed and they escape easily.

But the occupations of which I have just written—eating, love-making and begging—are as nothing in the Crimea compared with the chief occupation, which is bathing in the sun

and the sea and acquiring a chocolate coloured skin from head to heel.

Costumes are rarely worn. On some of the beaches wooden screens are built to the water's edge to separate the men's bathing places from the women's, though even then there is usually one common enclosure. But many of the resorts do not worry at all about segregation.

The Russian woman is, as nearly as nature allows, on an equality with man. She even assumes some unusual liabilities as well as rights, for she marches (a little sheepishly I thought when I saw it) rifle on shoulder, in the volunteer units attached to the Red Army. From birth to school-leaving age there has been co-education; thereafter, association between young men and young women has continued in University life, sport and touring. The mystery of sex in an objective sense has never existed for them; and, though the country is further than ever from containing a race of vestals, a comradeship which has nothing to do with "gallantry" has become possible and men and woman may now bathe together naked without exciting comment. I thought for a moment, once, in Yalta, that a policeman was perturbed by the nudity of a gentleman just below the promenade in front of my hotel; but what was really happening was that the bather was washing himself with the kind of soap that lathers freely in salt water and the officer was only cautioning him against making an excess of suds.

I vividly remember how, after my companion and I had bathed one day on Gurzuf beach, there arrived half a dozen young men and women with towels. They undressed merrily, sunned themselves for a time in nudity, and then galumphed into the sea with the utmost jollity and abandon. They had brought a football with them and they kept emerging from the water to chase it along the beach. So gay were they, so full of life and health, that not even a prude could have railed against their conduct.

Olga laughed at this incident.

"Something for your English modesty to think over, isn't it?" she said.

Those of the women who do not assume the scanty kit of the tourist when they leave the beach, wear instead the saraphan, that ideal garment for the sun worshipper. It is a bodice and skirt

combined, cut low round the neck and hung by narrow straps from the shoulders. To wriggle out of it in order to bathe is the work of one second; reassumed after bathing, it still permits the sun to brown the shoulders, breast, back and arms.

The ordinary penalty of inflamed eyes and skin for those who are over rash in their pursuit of the chocolate colour overtook my companion; and when she went to a Government clinic and pressed for speedy attention, she was coldly ordered to take her place in a queue of waiting patients.

"Peasants and mere people like that," was her petulant comment, interesting as revealing a caste attitude still partly governing social relations. I made some enquiries into it.

It is apparently an asset to be the son of a peasant or working man when seeking an appointment within the direct patronage of the Government; and, moreover, even the technical expert of bourgeois origin has to submit to the attachment to his staff of a proletarian to whom he is under the maddening obligation of justifying his actions. But in social life class distinctions survive based on former family rank. They are doomed eventually, but are being replaced by distinctions based on culture. A red hot Communist girl of good education would, it is true, be prepared to marry a soldier, sailor, worker or peasant; but she would do it rather as a gesture. Any other girl of gentle origin would marry only someone whose family had stood on a level with hers in the old days, or someone who (of whatever rank as aforetime measured) was now on her own intellectual plane. Similarly, the mixing in voluntary social events is still governed by caste considerations to an extent that is quite extraordinary when regard is paid to the political position.

In the restaurants and hotels, however, such a social dividing line is invisible. The revellers on the beach whom we began to meet at meal times could not, for instance, have been of any social importance in the sense in which I have just written. But they took their places without shyness; and, as a matter of fact, their speech conveyed to my untrained ear no implication about their origin and their table manners could not stamp them, since all Russian table manners seem uncouth to English eyes. There was very little suggestion that they were out of place in surroundings that would never have known them but for the Revolution.

But I do not think that outside Communist ranks there is much self conscious speculation about these social and political matters; and after all in the one hundred and forty-four millions of Russians there are only a million Communists. The others, special cases apart, have a vague patriotism about the new Republic and otherwise are preoccupied with the ordinary routine of making a living and getting such enjoyment out of life as they can. None of those with whom I travelled wanted to join the Communist Party and become political leaders. They had rather mundane aspirations. Olga's dream, for example, was to become a millionaire.

"I've managed," she said, "to simplify all my wishes into a craving for the things that money will buy. I could get them if my dreams came true. Then I should escape what's been my fate up to now. You know what I mean? Study, study, study and work, work, work; a good degree; then hateful teaching work with hateful, undisciplined children. Nothing comes of it except waiting in queues, physically and figuratively. Give me cash."

At the end, however, she spoke more cheerfully. I was bidding her farewell on the platform at Moscow where our ways diverged and I had kissed her hand and made the sign of the Cross as her father had done.

"Too old fashioned a salute for young Russia," she said, laughing. "But don't take it back; for, after all, it isn't such a bad young Russia is it? Let us have but twenty years in which to grow up and we shan't be afraid to be judged by what we've become. Do, please, have faith in us."

THREE POEMS

by

T. STURGE MOORE

To a Child Listening to a Repeater

How long, mad child, thou rosy whirligig,
 Must ticking Time enchant that careless head
 Like watch in timber near a snorer's bed?
 As gnat, that lovers heed not, leaves a twig,
 Hums round them armed to pierce her cheek, his neck,
 The future threatens bliss: as javelin sped
 Comes, while king's guest yet laugh, to strike him dead,
 So unannounced may tribulation wreck.

Pleasure will like a morning mist trail off;
 Hopes, which seemed certain coming, near, shall fade;
 And Pain or Grief, like shadow grown distinct,
 Lurk at thy feet, nay, climb the wall to scoff
 'Gay still?' and, having o'er thy shoulder winked,
 When Fate cries 'Time!' shall hug thee to a shade.

Speech

I said "Mean aims, as fiends possess a witch,
 Bemumble the shrewd brain until it trust
 Eloquence, cadger for immediate lust,
 Clouder of thought, relief of folly's itch,
 Or dungy road, contaminated ditch,

Nay, more confineless, cloud of city dust
 Which poisons food and taints intent though just . . .
 Yet, pursy with fat phrases, men feel rich."
 Whose voice then cried ". . . Song's bread! and
 Wisdom's home!—
 Wind of your rush deliverance affords
 And wakes the sea of doom with tips of foam
 That laugh at death, O winged and laden words,
 You hive in heaven—pulse the ethereal dome
 With brandished meteors flashed from healing swords"?

Election

Come, worship all who pay the world its price!
 Fish to a mounting wave of present smiles,
 Busy dispensers of confectioned wiles,
 Who keep the truth's avowal fresh on ice
 In well-locked safes! For gardens of pure spice
 On coral-ringed, still undeflowered isles,
 Whose produce dreams not of accountant files,
 And tempts alone the bird of paradise,
 Are myths enormous as an empty sky,
 Mirages poised in serpent-ocean's gleam,
 That, before dolts who swim against the stream,
 Dangle the cheap perfections of a lie—
 Lure to their fond wits' fabulous sick dream . . .
 Let those, deceived thus, shipwreck, starve and die!

WHEN BOOKS WERE YOUNG

By THE REV. ROGER B. LLOYD

"**I** WITHER away and pine, and for very anxiety of heart and sorrow of spirit I am driven to speak in defence of that for which, if it were necessary, I would lay down my life. Peter Abelard is again teaching novelties, again writing about them. His books cross the seas, pass the Alps. His new notions and dogmas about the Faith are carried through kingdom and province." So wrote a scandalised and alarmed Abbot. He did not exaggerate. Abelard employed no literary or publicity agent, resorted to the good offices of no publisher, and was unassisted by woodpulp or linotype, but he yet achieved a circulation which many a distinguished novelist of to-day might well envy.

The monastic copyists do not account for popularity such as this, and, indeed, so far as Abelard is concerned, it may well be doubted whether any Abbot would have allowed his works to be copied in his monastery, so suspect were they of the more dangerously attractive heresies. How, then, was this circulation made possible before the days of printing, and before paper was manufactured in Europe? How were copies of a book multiplied, and by what organisation were they distributed? What were the general conditions of the Book Trade in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the Golden Middle Age? It is the purpose of this essay to suggest an answer, slight and inexhaustive, to these questions.

In Classical Greece, while books were common enough, there was no functionary to correspond with a modern publisher. But at Alexandria, in the Indian Summer of that resplendent age, there was a definite publishing trade. Probably it was copied from Imperial Rome, for the Roman genius for organisation had been applied to MSS., and there was in Rome a highly developed trade in MSS., employing a multitude of hired copyists, and maintaining an export department. But the trade was organised mainly with an eye to efficiency of distribution, not to the remuneration of the author, whose rewards, apart from the

caprice of such patrons as Maecenas, were both scanty and irregular.

With the downfall of the Empire and the entry of Europe into the long and weary corridor of the Dark Ages, the memory of this rudimentary organisation was lost; and it was only owing to the unceasing labour of monastic copyists that the MSS themselves were not forgotten. They worked, however, for no reward, thinking only of the honour of their house, and so there was no real trade in books, no wide distribution, and consequently no stimulus for such a widespread intellectual revival as would make the definite organisation of books a necessity. For that, civilisation had to wait for the intellectual quickening of the twelfth century.

The peculiar glory of the monastic copyists was the wonderful beauty of their work. Freed from the necessity of earning their living, and unperturbed by the demand of a secular employer that they should work to time, their patient workmanship is still the wonder of all who see the productions of their art and skill lying in the glass cases in our libraries. The competition was not between monk and monk but between monastery and monastery, and it was one of the marks of a great Abbot that he attracted to his house many of the finest copyists of his day. Thus there arose a number of famous schools of writing, each with its particular characteristics by which its work can still be recognised at a glance, such as S. Gall, Trier, Orleans, Lindisfarne, and S. Albans.

The normal book made by any of these was formed of sheets of vellum about ten inches high and eighteen broad, folded across once so as to make four leaves. Four such sheets made a quaternion, and when sufficient quaternions had been prepared to contain the work to be copied, they were sent up to the Scriptorium to the desk of the first scribe. His work was simply to copy the exact text, leaving spaces in it for illuminated capitals and other decorations, and then to submit it sheet by sheet to the overlooker, who searched for textual errors. If he was writing before the eighth century, he would write in uncial characters, large rounded capitals. His double page would contain six or eight parallel columns, and the proper separation between words, paragraphs and chapters would not be observed. Vellum was very costly, and it was therefore necessary to use it

sparingly. When the text had been copied by the first scribe and his mistakes had been corrected, the MS. was taken to a second scribe who touched up and slightly decorated the ordinary letters in the text. The third inserted in outline the large capitals in the spaces which had been left for them, and the fourth took his pigments and began the illumination of them. The fifth painted the miniatures in the loops of the letters and decorated the margins of the pages with gay and fantastic birds and beasts.

The sheets were then stitched together by the method which is still used, flexible sewing, before they went to the bindery, which was attached to every monastery. The normal binding consisted of two thick flat boards covered with leather or a kind of velvet plush. As books were carried about by hand from place to place the binding was of necessity extremely strong. The wooden boards were often fully half an inch thick, and the thickness of the binding was as great as, and very often greater than the thickness of the MS. itself.

The gorgeous bindings of jewelled and inlaid ivory were "show pieces" even in their own day, and were designed as a means of preserving together the greatest treasures of the monastery, and of binding worthily its most ancient and valuable books. A monastery possessed, perhaps, a most ancient copy of the Gospels, an ivory pax, and jewels given by some benefactress. An Abbot would conceive the idea of having them all bound up together, so as to make of them one treasure of countless price. Cologne and Liège were particularly famous for their skilled jewellers, who travelled about from monastery to monastery, welding together within a metalled and enamelled frame jewels and ivory carvings of scenes in our Lord's life into bindings for the altar books or reliquaries. A book thus richly bound was a possession jealously guarded by the monastery, and some of the bitterest complaints of the mediæval moralists were made against those Abbots and monks who sold these treasures to the Jews and other infidels. But a book thus bound was one which did not circulate.

There was, none the less, a fairly extensive circulation of MSS. between the many monasteries of Europe, but the system of it was based upon loan and not upon sale. When one monastery borrowed an MS. from another it was for the purpose

of copying; and it was the common custom for the lender to demand an MS. of equal value from the borrower as security. For instance, Gerbert, Abbot of Bobbio, wrote in 990 to the Archbishop of Rheims to ask him to borrow on his behalf a copy of Cæsar's *Commentaries*. As security he offered eight volumes of Boethius; and the result was that Europe was enriched by another copy of both works.

When the great work of the Cathedral Schools was beginning to bear its most abiding fruit in the new instruments of education, the Universities, and the very air of Western Europe was quick with philosophic surmise and scholastic ambition, a great development in all that pertained to the manufacture and distribution of books was naturally an imperative necessity. Six hundred years of diligent monastic copying of MSS. had made the standard works, the Fathers, Boethius, Macrobius, and so on, comparatively common. But the monasteries still guarded their libraries with great jealousy, and still demanded security in kind for each volume they lent. "I should have sent you," wrote a Prior in 1150, "the books of Tully which we have, but that it is not our custom that any books should be lent to any person without good pledges. Send us, therefore, *Noctes Atticæ* of Aulus Gellius and Origen on the Canticles." Even the generous S. Bernard was most chary about lending his own works to personal friends. Peter de la Celle, a hermit-scholar of great distinction, who taught, among others John of Salisbury, had borrowed two of his works. When the packet arrived at his hermitage, there was an accompanying letter. "Make haste and quickly copy these; and according to my bargain cause a copy to be made for me, and both these which I send you, and the copies, as I have said, send to me, and take care that I do not lose a single tittle."

Such methods of distribution sufficed as long as the monks were the only scholars of any number in Europe. But when every road was dotted with the figures of the Wandering Scholars, begging their way from school to school, to whom learning was the greatest passion in life, it was plain that the system would have to be changed and adapted out of all recognition. And changed it was in this astonishing twelfth century, not so much by the fiat of any person or corporation as by the gradual pressure of needs and events.

The last half of the eleventh century had seen, moreover, some important changes in the technique of book production. Vellum had become cheaper and there was not the old need of stinting economy in its use. For the first time in the Middle Ages MSS. were copied and written in one column to the page, rather than in three or even four; and words, paragraphs, and chapters were properly separated from each other. There were still many puzzling contractions, but they were retained as a concession to the weariness of the writer's fingers rather than as a means of saving space. It was also in the eleventh century that men learned to write more swiftly and freely than before by using the graceful Caroline Miniscule rather than the old Uncial characters. The combination of these circumstances makes the twelfth century the golden age of the palaeographer, for it was the last century of the large folio volume. The next century is the opening of the era of the pocket volume, and hence the writing became more and more packed. The style of handwriting called Caroline Miniscule needs plenty of space to display its beauty.

Not before the great days of the Cathedral Schools of Chartres and Paris, and the earliest days of the new Universities, was there a person in mediæval Europe whose function can be said to correspond even remotely to a modern publisher. His office was created by the needs of these institutions. Among the most pressing of these needs was the very obvious one of keeping in stock enough copies of such standard works as the curriculum imposed upon the students. Before the scholastic revival in the twelfth century, when students were few, rough and ready methods, and small libraries were sufficient to meet the demand. But when the students increased so greatly in number that the old schools were so extended that they became universities it was urgently necessary to increase the scope and the service of the libraries. Therefore, an official called a *Stationarius* was appointed in each school, who had under him a reasonable staff of clerks. He was answerable to the school or university alone, and in those parts of Europe where military service was compulsory, he and his staff were exempt from it.

At about the same time that these stationers were coming into being, the needs of the times had created another new profession, that of the secular copyist, who, unlike the old monks, plied his

trade and made out of it a reasonable living. The secular copyists attached themselves to schools and universities, and to private patrons, and when work was scarce they made ends meet by writing letters for the illiterate. By 1150 no school was complete without its own copyists, and by 1250 there were 10,000 of them in Paris and Orleans alone. By their work the old monopoly of the monasteries was broken, and in 1297 there came a complaint even from the famous writing school of S. Gall that very few monks were now competent copyists.

The university stationers took over and supervised the work of the university copyists, and it was their business to see that there was always a sufficient stock of authorised transcripts or copies of books regularly needed in the academic courses. These stationers were paid a good salary, and out of it they had to get the necessary MSS. copied with meticulous accuracy at their own expense. Books were not sold but hired to the student, and when he left the university they had to be returned intact and unsoiled to the stationer's office. In Padua there were most strict regulations to prevent any book being taken out of the city.

The Cathedral School of Notre Dame in Paris became a university as from 1202, the date of its first constitution, but for many years before that a vast company of copyists in the Latin Quartier had been copying and sending books all over Europe. They formed themselves into a guild, working under and for the university, and enjoying the full privileges of its members. They thus acquired continuity of employment but at the cost of a good deal of restriction. For they were under the absolute authority of the stationer, whose standards of accuracy were so rigid that there was a good deal of complaint that their trade was being needlessly hampered. The university protected them, but acquired the control of a strict monopoly over their work. For copying MSS. used in the university only copyists certified by the Rector were employed, in order that the susceptibilities of the students should be protected alike from inaccurate and heretical texts. The stationer in the University of Paris was the aristocrat of his trade. He not only supervised the copying and lending of MSS., but he was also a master craftsman. Under his roof every process of book making was carried on, and he employed not only copyists but also scribes, illuminators, and

binders; and he really corresponds to the printer-publisher of Elizabethan England.

Every detail in the work of the stationer and his assistants and copyists was performed under the rigid scrutiny of the university officials, and was governed by unbreakable regulations. Even the size of the MSS. lent to the students and the manner of lending was regulated. MSS. were lent in specified portions of sixteen columns, which formed the unit upon which the lending fees were calculated. Each column had to contain 62 lines, and each line 32 letters, no more and no less. A book written to those dimensions was a good deal smaller than the average book produced in the monasteries, and it was owing to the sure demand for MSS. of this standardised size that in the thirteenth century books became so much smaller.

The monopoly enjoyed by the universities, and passed on to the stationers endowed them with considerable powers, but in one way their powers were strangely limited. They had no control over private enterprise in the copying of the MSS. which they lent. No student was prevented from copying any MS. which came into his hands; he was rather encouraged to do so. Many stories have been preserved of the students who lived together and sat up in watches all night long, that they might make for themselves a library by copying the books which they had borrowed from the stationer, and any other texts on which they could lay their hands.

The willingness of the twelfth century student to labour at this monotonous task, and the presence in Paris of so many copyists working unorganised before the days of the university easily accounts for the way in which the books of a really famous and exciting teacher such as Abelard were spread so widely all over Europe. Though the monks were certainly not yet irrelevant to the book trade, all the initiative had passed out of their hands.

The rise of the universities meant the dissemination of culture all over Europe, which, in its turn, involved a demand for private libraries. The working out of this development in the book trade of the Middle Ages can best be seen in the work of that mighty lover of books Richard de Bury, Bishop of Durham, who died in 1345. As he felt the hand of death stretched over him he rallied himself for a final effort that before he died he might

set down in writing something of his debt to his beloved books. He finished his *Philobiblon* only a month and a half before he died of a slow and painful disease. He owned several houses, and all of them were crammed with books, so much so that his guests complained that they had no room to move about in their bed-chambers for that the very floor was strewn with books. He had held high office under the Crown, and had been sent on many embassies to foreign countries, where, the business concluded,

The aumbries of some of the most famous monasteries are thrown open, cases were unlocked and caskets were undone, and volumes that had slumbered through long ages in their tombs wake up and are astonished, and those that had lain hidden in dark places are bathed in the ray of unwonted light. These long lifeless books, once most dainty, but now become corrupt and loathsome, covered with litters of mice and pierced with the gnawings of the worms, and who were once clothed in purple and fine linen, now lying in sackcloth and ashes, given up to oblivion, seemed to have become habitations of the moth. Nonetheless among these, seizing the opportunity, we would sit down with more delight than a fastidious physician among his store of gum and spices, and there we found the object and stimulus of our affections.

Then the bargaining would begin, for the Bishop had a wonderful way of persuading Abbots to sell, and he did not care what price he paid, for, as he wrote, "No dearth of price ought to hinder a man from the buying of books, if he has the money that is demanded for them." His collection was further increased by the gifts of many notables who wanted to buy his favour, and further still by the efforts of a company of young students whom he kept to send about in search of the particular books which he needed. He was too admirable a lover of books ever to boast, as a young monk of two centuries earlier had done. "There is not in the whole earth a book that I have not. After I have left the schools there will be no one under heaven so learned as I." But there can have been few, if any, of the scholars of his time whose library was as large, varied and extensive.

A chapter in his book is headed, "Of the Numerous Opportunities We have had of Collecting a Store of Books," but it gives very little information of the means by which a private collection was amassed in those days. There is no reference that can be construed into anything like the professional bookseller; all his purchases seem to have been by private contract.

The Bishop must, moreover, have been extremely wealthy, for the process by which a written MS. was made into a bound volume was very expensive, as witness this account of an illuminated book made at Bury St. Edmunds, given in the Paston Letters of 1467, about a hundred years after the Bishop's time.

For VIII hole vynets (vignettes) prise the vynet XIIId.	VIIIIs.
Item, for XXI demi-vynets. Prise the demi-vynet IVd.	VIIIs.
Item for Psalmes letters XVc and Di (1550) the	
prise of C IVd.	Vs. IIId.
Item for wrytinge of a quare and demi. Prise the	
quare XXd.	IIIs. VIId.
Item for wrytinge of a Calendar	XIIId.
Item, for III quayres of velym, Prise the quayr XXd.	Vs.
Item, for notyng of V quayres and II leves, Prise	
of the quayr VIIIId.	IIIIs. VIIId.
Item, For capital drawynge	IIIId.
Item, for floryshynge of capytallis	Vd.
Item, for byndynge the boke	XIIIs.
	Cs. IIId.

Five pounds and twopence, even in modern values, is a good deal to pay for a book. Reckoned in the enormously increased value of mediæval money, it makes a book so expensive that it is easy to understand why the bookseller proper did not flourish in mediæval society. But there is very little information about book prices as a whole, and the copyist's bill given here obviously applies to a book leisurely written and illuminated in the monastic style, which was presumably much more expensive to produce than the plainer book which did service in the universities, and which filled the private libraries. About the remuneration of the author there is less information still. Perhaps he worked solely for honour and glory.

ATTAINMENT

By M. P. WILLCOCKS

THE back kitchen door wouldn't keep shut and, since Sally Furmage had a bad conscience, the thing worried her. So did the house; the long row of rooms all opening into one another and panelled in black oak. But the staircase at the far end was the worst, for underneath it a door opened underground and at the top of the landing was a great window through which the light poured down in a flood. Day of judgment like it was. And upstairs in the moonlight the fleering shadow of an elm danced across the floors. Nothing in all this, of course, for what is a shadow to an old country woman?

Yet Sally felt on this first night in the house that was to have been the summit of her triumph that they were being driven out—her old man, Will; her daughter, Etty; and herself—step by step till in the end they were camping in the back kitchen like storm-driven tramps.—Only Etty didn't mind but lay on the bed upstairs with the shadows of the elm dancing all round her, as quiet and unconcerned as though they were still in the old cottage where they ought to have been—by rights. It was that last thought which haunted Sally like an unlaidd ghost. She had won what she wanted after years of struggle; she had used Etty's looks and, as a result, here was Etty the owner of house and land. She had taken an amazing step in life. And her mother had done it all.

But the door wouldn't "hapse" and when you went along a passage the goosey flesh came up over your skin and you kept your eye glued to the lighted candle. For what you dreaded was that a shadowy hand would nip over your shoulder and tweak the candle-flame betwixt finger and thumb, and so leave you darkling with a heart that thudded like a piston. So Sally crouched over the back kitchen fire that lit up a gaunt, bare, draughty room with tiny windows set up so high that one couldn't even see the sky through them. When that door burst open Sally

scuttled across the dimness to shut it, till at last even that failed her and she dared not move. The place was lit by nothing but the firelight and a tallow-candle whose flame burnt blue.

Sally knew what was doing it all. Old Bess Bussens, the housekeeper, who had stood up to Sally all these years was dead and buried—Sally had helped to coffin her—but somehow she had left her ill-will behind her after death. And here she was, still in the rooms where she had lived for more than seventy years. And so Sally Furmage's triumph was but a dread and a hissing horror to her at this moment. The vault over her crouching body was draughty with great beating wings of unseen powers.

It was a mighty relief when she heard her husband knocking off the mud from his shoes on the scraper outside. Will had been out to see to the cows that were now so miraculously owned by Etty. Old Furmage, a white-bearded man with a sack over his bent shoulders and his legs tied round with haybands, crossed the room heavily and sank down in a chair.

"Us'll never win through this, Missus," said he, "us have bit off more'n us can chew, for I haven't the head-piece for this job. And what's more, Sal, tidn't natural for you and me to be here—with lands and cattle. And all of it cleared for us to come in by death. My mind misgives me."

At the first touch of opposition, Sally was herself again. She crouched no longer, forgetting even the tweaking of that candle-flame.

"Gawdsake, Will," snapped she, "and who should know more'n what you do, whether 'tis sheep or ploughing or sowing? Know it all A to Z. And as for deaths, why, death's all in the way o' mortals. I'm ashamed of 'ee, Will, to be so fainty-hearted. Here's our Etty a lady, with house and lands and a good name as is hers by rights. And you can be her right-hand man if only you'll put your mind to it."

It was "putting her mind to it" that had got them here—fish out of water indeed. It was but a small sort of place, this Marledge, but for a labourer to be lifted into a farmer's place was unnatural. Will feared the living indeed, while his wife feared the dead; the glances which would be thrown at him in the market were as awful to his fancy as ever the tweaking of that thumb could be to Sally. "Lord, that we should ha' come to

this!" was the thought in the minds of both. Sally had "set up her works" to make a lady of their daughter and by so doing had apparently pulled down a whole shower-bath of deaths; two of them in the course of nature, to be sure, but one of them a most untimely departure. There was witchcraft about the whole business: that was what they could not get over. But if only Will and Sally could have changed places, then everything would have been transformed, for the man would have snapped his fingers at any ghost, while Sally was capable of standing up to a marketful of farmers any day of the week.

"Where's the maidie?" he asked, "Where's Etty?"

"Up over, lying down a bit," said Sally, "and took it all as quiet as quiet, though her hasn't crossed the dreshul (threshold) of the place since her come back home—that day."

"And that day," said Will solemnly, "her didn't feel house nor house-room, nor man nor woman, for the sorrow of it all."

Sally stirred uneasily, for it was her own ambition that had done everything. It was Sally who had married her daughter to young Robert Marshallsay, for whose father Will Furmage had worked all his days. And if that marriage had never taken place why, then this ill-luck and sorrow and hatred would never have been about the house this day. Sally was ashamed for all her elation.

Old earth wisdom was hers. She and Will had always lived down on the flats by the estuary in a house built of clay and roofed with thatch. Everything down there at Slepe Creek lived off the Heath, with turves for firing and fern for cattle-bedding. When the goats were milked the cats followed in procession to catch the drops; it was "scrat and scratch" with every living thing. They cooked in a wall-oven and cleaned the chimney by driving a faggot up it. But—Sally bought an old piano at a sale for Etty.

"Up you go, my dearie," chuckled she to herself, as she watched the girl grow up, "the milk-white skin of her and the girt dark eyes of her! Meat for her betters; that's about the size of it with out Etty."

Then young Robert Marshallsay, his father being dead, offered Will a rise to leave the flats and the shepherding there and to move into a stone-built cottage near the farm. Will wanted to refuse, but Sally would not hear of it. And, of course, he gave

in as he always did. He had lost one eye, but although he possessed a glass one, Sally would only let him wear it on Sundays for fear he might lose it about in the fields. To this he was only too glad to agree, since Sally had mended it with cement.

Sally "felt" things in their essence. What she opposed to the peaty earth of the flats was the stone of the old farm, its three-foot walls and great barns. Marledge was substantial, built to last, with money at the back of it in the bank, and for the dead 'uns—since the Marshallsays had once been great folks—tombs of Purbeck marble up in the church. And the owner of everything was a lovely young man, all ready for a girl just husband-high. Sally's eyes had that queer hooded look about them like you see in the eyebrows of thatch above cottage windows. When she saw a thing it was in solid stuff, as became one whose forebears had been "marblers" at the quarries of Purbeck. It was her grandfather who kicked the foot-ball one Shrove Tuesday all the way from Corfe to Ower Quay, according to the marblers' custom of keeping open the right of way across the flats to their quarry port. Queer blood in these Kitcats, Sally's ancestors!

Will had the passion of the land that gives a kind of greatness to a man; but not a shred of his wife's make-up—with a fantastic power in it. What Furmage loved was Marledge farm, of which he would never possess an acre. Once he had seen an old estate map and from it the school-master had copied out for him the names of the fields and their acreages. Will carried it all in his heart like a poem, all this about Great Meadow and Long Furlong and Battle Corner. At the farm was an old picture of the shearing, spinning and weaving of a suit made from a sheep of Marledge rearing. To Will that picture was a master-piece. All the joys of both man and wife were of the soil: the well that never ran dry, the log that was as big round as a bucket, the garden loam that was rich, but "speary" with reeds, the "bloody warriors" growing alongside the house-wall.

Sally planned this wonderful marriage from that very first moment when, in the stress of their house-changing, young Marshallsay drove down in his dog-cart to help by giving someone a lift.

Piled up on the waggon were the feather-beds, walled in with the dressers and a four-poster bed, the whole topped by the wall-clock whose works hung down like entrails. The sunshine

burnished the mirror of the creek as the soft onrush of tide swept among the reeds. Going round to the back of the house, Sally put her hand to her hips and shouted, "Etty, Etty." Her voice rolled away over the waters till round the bend came a boat with a black figure in it that stooped and rose to the oarage of the punt-pole.

"As traipseing a trollope as ever I seed," whispered Sally as the girl beached the boat. "And here's the Maister come and you'm to ride along with him. Up over with 'ee and put thy head in a basin o' watter. Praise the Lord your hair was washed last night. Frizz it out, cheeld, and come down looking different from what you went up. A proper mommet you be—"

The grumble like the droning of a bee followed the maid upstairs.

But presently, all smiles now, Sally stood to watch the departure. Behind clucked a crate of young ducks, and on the girl's lap the cat and kittens mewed in chorus, all tight in their basket. They were off at last, the wheels skimming, the horse's hoofs flashing. To Sally that high yellow cart was like a triumphant chariot. Her old heart warmed to it all, but especially to the look of the man's eyes into Etty's.

For Etty was a beauty and no mistake, with a twinkle in her eyes, a fine curve of cheek, a dewy freshness of skin; above all, with a gaiety far from rustic lumpishness which came, perhaps, from the wild strain in her mother's blood. So they started.

But once at Marledge Sally found the way barred by the guardian dragon of the placid, easy-going Marshallsays, old Elizabeth Bussens, the housekeeper. And from the very first moment that Sally and Bess clapped eyes on each other they were green-eyed for the fight. Soul spoke to soul, for each woman had something tigerish in her make-up. Bess was a big, soft, shapeless jelly of a woman, with beady little eyes and crisp greying hair. And under the slag heap of her great body there was fire to match Sally's.

"A draggle-tailed slut, that Furmage woman," said Bess to old Mrs. Marshallsay, and set the new-comer scrubbing, standing over the pail to see she did it right, doling out the soap and measuring the cocoa for lunch: one teaspoonful and no more. And then, out of a bedroom window one morning Bess caught sight of Robert leading his mare up the road. And on that

animal's back was seated—audacious baggage—Etty Furmage. The sound of her laugh and of Robert's deeper tones set the old woman's heart beating with rage. For had she not long ago settled in her mind what was the right kind of wife for Robert? Pink and white cheeks for him, of course, a maid all bloomy and blossomy, one who had been educated at a ladies' school and could play a tune on the piano; not a gipsy hussy brought up in a hut.

The Marshallsays were soft and pliable, like the dough which Bess kneaded with her tough hands. As for Robert, when he was a baby Bess had washed and kissed and smacked him with an intimate and peculiar knowledge of his body that, so she thought, was only matched now by her knowledge of his mind. And as for Robert's mother, Bess put her to bed in the evening and got her up again in the morning, cossetting her at every turn. Come the slightest nip in the air and Bess would say, "I've put a hot bottle in your bed, ma'am." Mrs. Marshallsay lived for cossetting. In her old sables and black satin, she belonged to the kissing epoch, when fat women never met a friend without a hug for greeting and a soft smacking kiss. All sweet and herby, her clothes, and nobody ever mixed the salt and pepper in a lightly boiled egg more skilfully than Mrs. Marshallsay. She ate it slowly, appreciatively, with fingers of toast. And for sixty-five years her life had been a long chronicle of such delights, spoilt only by such things as a wet summer when the raspberry jam showed white spots under its lard coverings. She took everything literally. Thus, when Robert one day took up the hammer that she had known all her life, remarking, "this is the hammer that killed Ned," she dreaded that weapon ever afterwards though no-one could tell her who Ned was nor how he met his end.

It was Elizabeth Bussens who stood between Mrs. Marshallsay and such perplexities. There were times, of course, when real troubles came, such as the occasion when fifty sheep died through too much arsenic in the dip. Never afterwards could Mrs. Marshallsay abide the smell of roasting meat—one joy gone!—because it brought back the time when those fifty carcasses were burnt on their funeral pyres. Bess would have stood any day with her arm in the door, a proper Kate Barlass, to defend the Marshallsays, but it was Robert on whom she doted. She didn't

want to go to Heaven, she didn't want to die—and didn't mean to—while she could live with him, all cosy under the hill.

And now out of the Marshes had come these folks, thin, gipsy-like, and made of stuff you couldn't keep down. Had they been the waters of the sea, she could have broomed them out. Instead, she nosed about for news till at last she got exactly the tale she wanted about the Furmage woman. With this she went to Robert, not to his mother, for even this urgency could not drive her to stir up the waters of that peaceful pool.

Robert was sitting by the fire, all moody as she could see at once. Floods of rain were beating in from the sea and spitting down the chimney into the fire. Elizabeth's old jaws were toothless since she never could be induced to wear the "cage of teeth" Mrs. Marshallsay had bought for her. Robert thought how frightful it was—the room, the dreary evening, the slit of the old woman's sunken jaws.

"Mother want me, Bess?" he asked impatiently.

"Not for the moment, Master Robert. But I've summat to say to 'ee. 'Tis about they Furmages as you set such store by—the woman, I mean, for Will's all right, except for his wife."

"Well, you needn't have her up here to work." He had often wondered why Sally was for ever about the place. But Sally in a hessian apron, Sally through the steam of a washing-tray, had been part of the old woman's treatment for her boy. Bess was no genius, but malice—and something finer than malice—was in her that night to wing the words with which she painted Etty Furmage's "haveage", her ancestry, and the blood in her. To rear from the likes o' that, Master Robert!

It was to old Jake Kitcatt, the maid's grandfather, that she applied her descriptive powers. "The sort he was that won't let you hang your clothes out to dry on the hedge for fear of his—Ten Commandments; a dirty old sneak thief, picking and stealing, with wild eyes in his head."

But Jake's madness was the gist of her tale. Robert had been brought up to think on breed and all that it means in men and beasts. Bit by bit her words bit like acid into the young man's heart, bringing up against his desire all his inherited fears of the unusual.

"In and out of prison, the old higgler. Yes, prison. Over and over again. For thieving mostly, but sometimes for burglary.

And that a did once too often for, stealing in at the window and along the hall at Winslade, he caught sight there at the end, of a girt dog lying down. 'I'm done,' thought her, 'for he'll wake the whole house in another minute.' And there a stood, did old Jake, shivering and shaking, while not so much as a hair stirred on the back of that dog. And at that it come to 'en that the devil had put a spell on it. For all his life Jake had heard the devil whispering to 'en. Up on the Moor in the moonlight and between the hedges did the devil tempt him; and so a filled his pockets with silver and the dog never let out so much as a whine.

"But Jake never held up his head again after it, when they told 'en that that there dog was—stuffed. Jake found he wasn't the big man he'd thought himself—with a private devil all of his own. It drove 'en mazed, did that stuffed dog, so that they had to put'n to the Asylum. And that was Etty Furmage's dear old grand-dad, Master Robert. For the mad old thieving rascal was her mother's father. 'Tis gospel truth I'm telling 'ee, Robert."

"Well, what then?" asked he quietly.

"You can't bring the maid here, I reckon."

"Old tales—things that happened long ago. And cooked at that."

"Blood's blood, Master Robert. You can't bring her back home here, I tell 'ee. Not one with that haveage."

In her mind was the thought—there's other ways, but she knew her man too well for that. Robert was his father's son with a stiff backbone of probity.

Yet this story had worked, after the first shock, not against Etty, but for her. There had been added to her charm for Robert that quality of fire and strangeness that had made old Sally an ambitious dreamer; that had given to her daughter the freshness of the wind, the clearness of living waters. She was restless and quivering with life where everything in the Marshallsay blood was old and sluggish.

When he had gone, walking out of the room without another word, the old woman began to shake from head to foot. But as she blew out the candles one by one, according to her frugal way, she felt convinced that she had won.

Next day was a glorious Sunday. For the veils of light mist had risen quickly till Warbarrow Bay was glowing with wild

colour, the cliffs bronze and red, the shingle silver grey against the yellow curve of sand right up to the deep blue of the sea. The line of Grange Hill stood out towards the sea with a shaggy fell of woodland that rose like the hackles on a dog's back. The sound of flowing water, the lap of the waves, added sound to the fire of colour. Life flowed, pouring down out of the sky on the lovers. Withered age was shut inside stone walls. Robert had known Warbarrow all his life, but now its glory was new to him. That was what the maid did for him: she made him alive, rousing his heavy nature to a zest and lightness that he had never known before. Usually it was ebb tide with him, but now his passion carried him away on the flood. He held Etty in the crook of his arm as they paced the sands together, leaving behind them the track of their double footsteps.

"You love me true, my dearie?" he whispered.

"You know I do," said she. And when she raised her eyes to his he could have no doubt at all.

Robert had found it easier to listen to warnings up in the autumn woods which were the lovers' usual haunt. But here in the dazzle, as Robert sank his head on the girl's breast and felt the throbbing of her heart, he knew there was but one way for him. Scenes came back to him, painted in the tints of life and passion. There was Etty holding up to her fresh cheek the shell in which a duckling cheeped its way into the open; or sitting in the rocking-chair, her eyes deepened in their sockets by the fire-light as she crooned a song over the downy head of a baby boy brought in by a neighbour. Once, too, he had come upon her dancing to the wind with skirts held out, while the flying leaves whirled all round the curtsying, bowing figure. There was the zest of life indeed; all that the steady old Marshallsay blood would be the better for. What were they but shadows, these old Kiteatts of the Marshes? Nothing more than the obscene crew of spectres called forth by old Bess's malice and jealousy. He had always known she would kick up a hullabaloo when he got married.

But when he whispered to the maid how they would settle it, she cried, "tidn't vitty," said she, "for you and me. We can't get wed. Not ever."

"We can and will."

Turning to face him and twisting a button on his coat, she began:

"If t'was but you and me. But tidn't only you and me. There's your mother."

"Mother? Mother wouldn't say 'no' to me. Not if I put it to her."

"Somebody else would put it to her first, Bob. And that's the old woman. When her looks at me I feel ill-wished. I do. If looks could kill—And the very last time I went up to the house—"

"I know," said he, stopping her. He did not want to hear that.

But he knew that his mother could not live for ever; probably not much longer, in fact. And then it would be easy enough to pare the old housekeeper's claws. For all her nasty ways would be meaningless if Mrs. Marshallsay was not there to be poisoned by her sayings and doings. But meanwhile here was Etty; fire to his tow, sparkle to his wine. Yet they must wait.

And so home he went and waited. It was loathsome to his kind heart—to think of that waiting. Yet it is the order of things for the old to pass. And so it went on till palsy shook his mother and strokes brought down her strength so that that egg of hers had to be mixed for her by old Bess. But when at the third stroke Mrs. Marshallsay succumbed, Robert could not but feel: "Now I can come out into the open."

And then on the doorstep after the funeral he was met by the doctor who told him that Elizabeth Bussens must have no more shocks if she was to be kept alive. Her mistress's death had brought on something very like collapse, for the heart was weak. Robert pushed past the man, almost shutting the door in his face. For here he was up against it again; and no freer than before. He sat down thin-lipped and stern to face it out. He couldn't kill the old woman, but—he wasn't a countryman with instincts for nothing—he knew that she would just live on and on, if only to keep that girl out of the house. Even death would find it vain to sharpen his best scythe against Bess as long as she had her malice, her will, to cling to.

Robert was desperate. But this time he meant to snatch at his joy. He thought of his thirty years, his patience

with these frail old lives that stood in the way of a man and his desire.

That very night—the housekeeper trussed up in a red bed-jacket against pillows in her chair—he went down to Etty and, calling her out of the cottage, walked up and down the lane with her. When the girl came back, all bright-eyed and flushed, Sally was on the watch. Etty would have shut her door in her mother's face, but Sally stuck her foot in the gap.

"Offered for 'ee, have he?" she demanded.

Etty nodded speechlessly, too awed for words. Later on these came in a rush. They were to be married secretly and she was to go away into lodgings.

"Wait? For the Lord's sake, wait for what?"

"T'would kill old Bess, he says, to know he'd gone against her."

"Tchuh, tchuh, what's her got to do with it, the old ferrety toad?"

But Sally found she had to agree to the marriage being kept quiet. And, in fact, the secrecy, the hidden knowledge of what she *could* tell an she would, was pure joy to her romantic old heart. So one morning early, after much scheming as to how to fill up the right days' of residence for the groom, they were married in a village church the other side of the county. The bride's mother was dressed in purple.

And then in the fold of a hill that ran down to a tidal river lodgings were found for the new Mrs. Marshallsay. Robert's stolen visits were the sweeter to them both through the long separations. On those splendid days when he could get away she would hear with a beating heart the whistle of his train at the station round the bend. And presently in the evening light she would see his boat approaching, catch the sound of his oars. For Robert always rowed himself to find her and never let her meet him at the station. He was a lover all the time and felt that something in the little house perched at the edge of the river called for a secret approach. Halcyon days, those, all the year they lasted. Something to look back on, Etty used to feel, when they were up at the farm and settled down as man and wife; when, in fact, the old housekeeper was gone.

When it came at last that Bess could no longer withstand the assaults of death she sent for Robert.

"My dear," said she, "that's over, isn't it? That about the maid, I mean. Good enough for a fancy woman—"

And then reading his face with the insight that death sometimes gives, she saw that she had failed; Etty held him fast. Indeed his words told her so, for he was minded to act no more lies. But what she replied to Robert nobody ever knew but himself, and he never told.

In fact, there was no time at all for telling, since the very night that the old woman died Robert was himself down with the influenza that had killed her. When that turned to pneumonia they knew that he, too, was outward bound. "She" that had mastered him so long—old Bess—was going to take him with her. Etty shouldn't have him. And just at this point news came that Etty, too, was very ill. Sally had to go to her and found her far too ill to be told anything about what was happening at Marledge.

In the "blacks" that Will Furmage had kept all his life for funerals he stood a fortnight later, waiting to start for the carrying up to the churchyard. The old man was fairly at his wits' end, for here was the postman with a letter from Sally. She was coming back that very day and with Etty also, "though the maid's no more fit to travel than a new-born babe."

Beside himself almost with anxiety Will glanced at the clock, for they might be here any moment now. It was too late to stop them.

It was a walking funeral with relays of bearers. And there waited at the cross-roads, as Will saw with a sinking heart, two women dressed in mourning. One, the younger, wore a veil thrown back from her white face. That veil was Sally's symbol of triumph; the one poor bit of triumph left to her. "He shan't be buried as a bachelor, anyway," said she, "if buried he must be." As far as Etty was concerned, she had submitted to be dressed in weeds as though she had been nothing but a lay-figure.

The procession halted as the girl came forward and her father hurried to her side. But by now she had a hand on her husband's coffin. It couldn't surely be true that on this lark-singing morning they were putting him away out of sight. It was just at this spot he had first kissed her, leaning down from his saddle to put his arm round her neck.

Later on the lawyers found they could not but uphold the

widow's claim since Robert had willed to her everything he possessed. But Will was profoundly troubled since he could not get out of his head the idea that somehow or other these two rampageous old women, Sally and Bess, had roused the devil. It was Sally, too, who had first started the series of unchancy doings.

Thus it was that neither man nor wife could do other than camp in the back kitchen on that first night when Etty entered upon the enjoyment of her inheritance. It was late enough that evening when Will got his wife at last "up over" and into bed, where she lay quaking with the bed-clothes pulled over her head. When at length she was snoring Will called softly to his daughter.

"Come down, maidie, come down," said he, "I've made 'ee a basin o' broth. And your mother's caught off at last."

The two sat silently before the fire. Etty slipped a hand into her father's while she cried quietly, her head up against his knee.

"It do hurt sore, I know, my bird," he said gently.

"He was always that good to me."

"And that makes it worse—in a manner of speaking. But when they'm gone that never gave 'ee a heart-ache, 'tis like Treasure in Heaven. For up above they don't change, same as they do down here. Laid away they be, all safe and sound for the mind to come back to. What time did 'ee have with 'em? A year?"

"A year and three weeks, dad."

"Short commons looked at one way, my maid, but 'tis a good reckoning, too, for a married pair, after all—to stay all tender and loving same as bride and groom. For the years do change us all."

"He wouldn't have changed."

"Perhaps not, my dear. But when he's up there you can be dead sure he won't. All laid away, so loving and tender, till the Trump o' Doom. And if only there was going to be a little one to keep 'ee in mind of him—"

"There will be, dad."

"Aye, sure. And is that so? Well, now I'm main glad and thankful, for that'll be summat to live for, won't it? And if 'tis a boy, t'will be the same as if He was come back to 'ee, like the vlowers that do push up, come along springtime."

"But he'll never be like Bob was to me. For when he's Bob's age it will be to another woman that he'll go. Never to me."

To Will's relief, at this moment they heard a heavy flump overhead. Sally's bad conscience would'nt let her sleep.

"There's mam, waking again," cried Etty, "and I did so want a bit of peace to-night."

But old Will, who had not been kept for thirty years as Treasure in Heaven, was equal to this crisis. Going to the foot of the stairs he called up: "Sal, get back into bed. The fire's out down here."

A gorgeous glow filled the chimney place.

"Dad, what a liar you be," said Etty. Her father smiled grimly, but he wasn't going to have Sal down there that night, "shouting Hallelujah over the very coffin," as he put it to himself.

* * *

Two years later the place lay basking in sunshine. Beyond the wrought-iron gates a straight paved path led up to the front door. The mullioned windows glittered on the grey front of the house and silence reigned save for the cawing of the rooks. Suddenly the nail-studded door opened with a heavy creaking, and staggering down the path, like a bird thrown out of the nest, came a little boy in a blue knitted suit all baggy in the seat and with his hair stivering up behind his round head after his afternoon nap.

A "pretty come-along-of-it" there had been about his getting born, as his grandfather often said. But there he was, anyway; Robert Marshallsay *redivivus*, and in his veins—perhaps—something of his old grandmother's fire and persistence.

EBB AND FLOW

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

FOCH and Clemenceau, both gone now, between them illustrated that range of qualities which makes the French temper so amazing. The genius for reverence and for irreverence, the chivalry and the cynicism, the complexity and the simplicity, the gentleness and the fierceness, the Clemenceau. swift leap and the clear trenchant vision of realities—all these were to be found supremely somewhere in those two natures—and the best of them in both. But there is no doubt that, as we stand back and measure them, Clemenceau looks the bigger and completer man. Balzac might have invented him, but even Balzac in a dozen novels could not have equalled the force, the vivacity and the variety of that immense and stormy career. He was all his life intensely, passionately, a student and a thinker, but thought and reading never lessened the man's furious energy; they fed the furnace. More than any other in France, he knew before the war what France was up against, and the knowledge only nerved his will. Will was his master quality, but it was will instructed, having full sight of all the possibilities for action, and of all the impediments. Nobody ever had a more devastating survey of the surrounding weaknesses; and he was never afraid to let France see what he saw. The war in Great Britain was waged on a hush-hush system, censorship was the order of the day, and perhaps wisely, for the British were not used to the idea of war. But in France where every man was a soldier, where the nation had in its bones the memory of a great war and a great defeat, and where education had been made really universal, no such policy was possible. The French press throughout wrote as for a people conversant with war, the whole people knew what was happening week by week, day by day, and it was Clemenceau's task to drive home the realities, and insist that things must happen otherwise. He had to act, not on the politicians, or on the soldiers, or on the munition makers, but on the mass, and only

a prodigious energy could have accomplished it. He had, too, one credential to the trust of a democracy; he had never enriched himself. But in his effort to galvanise, he spared no one, he hurt hundreds of those who could some day hurt him, he frightened people, and in the end they denied him the feather in his cap; they would not have him for President. A lesser man would have made a tragedy of this; but he knew too much, and with a perfect instinct he went back to the Frenchman's natural haven of refuge—his own corner of the land.

Paris is Europe's town, it is urban civilisation *par excellence*, the French made it; yet the townsman in France is hardly ever divorced from the land. Artisan or clerk, lawyer or doctor, man of science or artist, they have almost always some corner of open ground that is of kin to them; their blood calls to it; and Clemenceau went back to his home in Vendée, among the tough stubborn rustics who had been his father's neighbours, and their forefathers neighbours of his forefathers through long generations. He had his cottage, a real cottage, not a cottage with a double garage, not a cottage of gentility; he went back to it to live with that simplicity and modesty which are no less characteristic of French life than the complex intellectual cultivation. He lived there, deep in his studies, but always ready to pass the time of day with his country neighbours; and when the end came to him among the doctors in Paris, it was his will to be carried back there, and buried in the grave that was ready for him beside the country doctor, his father. Flags were half mast high all over France, batteries fired salutes in Paris and in all the naval ports at the hour of that interment, but the burial itself was the affair of his family and of a countryside in La Vendée.

It was said that he would be buried, as appears to be the Vendean fashion, upright in his grave, and this was not done. Yet the notion recalls the story of an Irish king who ruled in Tara when St. Patrick came and triumphed—winning converts all about the throne. But the king resisted to the last, and though they urged that he should make a Christian end and let them bury him at a shrine where he would make a prosperous resurrection, "You will not," said King Laoghaire, "you will bury me in the battle rampart of Tara, with my face towards the men of Leinster, by reason of the hardness with which I have

hated them." Yet Vendée would not have been the place to give Clemenceau such a burial; he had no fear of what came from the Atlantic; there were only his friends. Along the mounds before Verdun, or on the eastward-looking defences of Paris, he would have been a good watcher.

These perhaps are not the thoughts well suited to an era looking how to reduce its armaments; and perhaps Clemenceau was not the man for any such era. Yet, for so fierce a nationalist, he had a strong dash of internationalism, and no one can reckon what it was worth in the war that he should have lived four years in America teaching in a school. That was after his early experience of imprisonment for sedition, under the Empire in the sixties; like many other French Republicans he felt need for a change of air. Perhaps it helped the Anglo-Saxon entente with France that he should have married an American—one of his pupils. American wives mostly make their husbands or break them; but it was not easy to do either with Georges Clemenceau; certainly she did not make him less French. One thing, however, has been made clear by a crop of letters in the *Times*—that his personality in old age delighted Englishmen. Some of these letters gave wartime impressions; but the two most characteristic sketched him on holiday in the East, when, after his work at Versailles was ended and France would not have him for President, he went off and in his eightieth year fratricidally shot tigers. Sir Laurence Guillemard who had the luck to receive him at Singapore, has recaptured some brilliant sayings, but more specially one is grateful for the text of a speech in French to the children of a convent school run by French nuns. "I'm a little shy," said the old Père-la-Victoire, "I'm used to being among men who don't agree with me, or won't believe what I tell them, and then I get angry and shout; but here before you who are *La France en petit*, what is a tired old man to say who will soon have to hand in his reckoning in the world beyond?"

He went on to thank the Reverend Mother to whom he owed his welcome, and who, he said "can make herself obeyed by a smile, who can maintain her authority with gentleness and goodwill under an inspiration that is always high and noble. When you grow up, you will see how differently the world is governed. But I am glad to meet the good Fathers and the Sisters who have a

hand in this work. I must tell you we were not always good friends, and I'm glad of it because we have had the chance to be all the better friends afterwards. Your grandmother, France, was attacked by people who wanted to wipe her off the map of the world, and then the French saw what fools they had been to fight among themselves when they had so many reasons to like each other. Forgive me for all this serious talk that you will understand better when you're grown up. In a few years, maybe in a few months, you will hear of my death; I ask you that day to give me a remembrance."

Clemenceau the anti-clerical completes Foch the devout Catholic and France always seems to need the two forms of expression and to have room for them both.

Echoes of the old man's wit will be heard for many a year. In France latterly one epigram of his was quoted to me: "There is Briand who knows nothing, but then he understands everything. Now, Poincaré knows everything, but he understands nothing."—That saying might receive other applications.

At home, since Parliament met, the Government has found much less easy going; and to speak truth, progress in legislation has been no way satisfactory. The bill for regulating motor traffic appears on the whole to be approved by motorists—especially the clause limiting the speed of heavy coaches. These at present certainly travel at times for long distances as fast as fifty miles an hour, and on a slippery surface control is impossible for such a bulk at such a speed. Yet nobody expects any material improvement in the congestion of London streets where again and again, specially on a wet day, the only way to get to a destination in reasonable time is by walking.

This measure, however, has no political significance; it is very different with the Unemployment Bill, in which it would appear to the ordinary reader that Mr. Maxton and his group of malcontents have forced the Government to depart from the principle that the State before it gives unemployment benefit should be not less stringent than a trade union would be in testing the genuineness of an applicant's effort to find work. However, this bill is at best a matter of palliatives; the only question is

whether the State is being asked to indulge in too lavish a provision of them. But on the central issue, the Liberal Party announce their conclusion that the general problem how to provide enough work for the population cannot be solved by Labour unaided, and must be tackled by a coalition of all parties *ad hoc*. It is quite certain that both Labour men and Conservatives will resent any such proposal coming from what they regard as the ignominious rump of an obsolete party which should have the decency to disappear, and will also think it means that Mr. Lloyd George with senile ambition wants to have a hand in this big affair, which the Conservatives have contemplated for several years, and which they can now watch Labour approaching. It must be very hard for a Conservative not to feel some glow of satisfaction as the figures of unemployment mount, with Labour in office. An outsider may be permitted to think that if the question were tackled by a combination under the presidency of a Labour Minister, Labour would be cleared of many difficulties with its left wing, Conservatives would be less hampered by reactionary interests, and even Liberals might be of some little use. It is to be noted that Mr. Lloyd George's personal ascendancy in the House of Commons begins to reassert itself.—The main point, however, is that, till this question is made a non-party question, it will be the most party of all questions, for it is the best stick to beat the Government with. Yet, is it possible to have simultaneously party government, and non-party administration of a capital affair? The Simon Commission was perhaps an attempt in that direction—but for an external subject.

WHEN we get back to foreign policy, criticism of the Government has been comparatively anodyne. They were sharply attacked for the resumption of relations with Russia, and Lord Birkenhead insisted that the argument for a possible improvement of trade was confuted by the fact that Russia's trade with the United States had increased largely, though the United States had been conspicuously severe in its refusal to have relations with the Soviet Government. Lord Thomson, however, was able to show that an increase of trade had followed England's recognition of the Soviets and a decrease had followed the breaking off.

The Recognition of Russia.

He explained the increase of dealings with America by a special goodwill and gratitude in Russia to that country. One may doubt this a little. The truth is that Russians know fully America's abounding economic strength and realise that they cannot hurt America; whereas they are aware that with unemployment as it is they can very appreciably hurt England; and they direct their purchases in consequence, so far as they can do so without great loss. Lord Thomson got influential support from two speakers who carry special weight. The Archbishop of Canterbury urged that if relations existed it would be more possible to limit the brutality of attacks upon religion in Russia; and Lord Reading, putting the matter on more general grounds, said, justly, that it would not be possible to organise a genuine world peace while Russia remained outside the comity of nations. He added that in his opinion the Soviet régime was likely to last for some considerable time. Its duration is amazing for it has, by the most recent accounts, created a general state of famine, and has killed the sense of security among peasant cultivators. Yet the development of modern machinery for slaughter has given inordinate power to any Government that is ruthless in the use of machine guns; and the Soviet plan of rule by Committees means that despotism is organised in depth. You can kill a despot but it is hard to kill out a Committee.

It is worth noting that in the opinion of some observers if any form of self-government on democratic lines were constructed to administer the whole of India, it would inevitably pass not into personal rule but into something of the nature of a Soviet administration.

In Germany preparations are in making for a Referendum on the terms adopted at The Hague. Herr Hugenberg by a vehement campaign succeeded in persuading a fraction more than the necessary ten per cent. of the electorate to demand it. In the discussion of the Bill to give effect to this demand Herr Hugenberg remained silent, and notable defections are reported from the extreme Nationalist group led by this newspaper magnate. The chances of his inducing fifty per cent. of the electorate to vote for repudiation of The Hague terms seems

**Echoes
from The
Hague.**

negligible, since barely ten per cent. troubled to ask for the opportunity to vote; and one may assume that there will not be a plunge back into confusion. But an odd ally has appeared. Dr. Schacht, President of the Reichsbank, who was present at all the discussions leading up to The Hague settlement, and who is a vehement supporter of the Young plan, as against the Dawes arrangement which it superseded, has come out with an attack upon the Government and its head, Dr. Curtius. In a manifesto to the people he charges the former Allied Powers with having altered the Young plan at many points so as to squeeze more out of Germany, and he charges the German Government with having made unworthy concessions. This bombshell was launched while the Government was actually in negotiation with Dr. Schacht about details of the finance; it has been much resented by them—and, naturally, has been welcomed with enthusiasm by Herr Hugenberg, and will increase the chances of a wrecking vote.

President Hoover's Message to Congress on December 3rd was a document of more than usual interest. Taken in connection with the facts it brings into strong relief the power and the weakness of American administration; for it was written while the President was still coping most energetically with the consequences of a great financial crash. There, the administration found itself free from trammels; statute took no account of such a contingency; and Mr. Hoover, acting as head of the community, called together the representatives of great businesses, and informally, extra-legally, set in motion springs that would guarantee the community against a general collapse of employment. The business world, accepting leadership as if it liked to be led, responded with goodwill—and with one accord agreed to rule out the expedient of reducing wages. Mr. Ford, as usual, was on the other hand for reducing prices. The detail is entirely beyond a layman's comprehension, but no one can fail to see that the President moved with a freedom and energy impossible to any Prime Minister or Sovereign in Europe. On the other hand, the Message shows us the President almost pathetically striving to ensure ratification of America's accession to the International

**America and
the Powers.**

Court of Justice—an institution which appears to embody all the principles for which America stands in world affairs. Yet although he assures Congress that this accession does not entail “the slightest step towards entry into the League of Nations”—and that “no controversy or question in which the United States has or claims to have an interest” can be pronounced on by the court without America’s consent—even so, it must remain uncertain whether the Senate will agree to ratify; and we learn that in fear of what the Senate may do, or not do, the matter is to be withheld from them until the Conference on Naval Armaments has completed its work.

There can be no doubt of the ends at which President Hoover is aiming; it is equally clear that he can only reach or approach them by an intensive education of public opinion. Another passage in the Message has plainly that purpose. He tells Congress that the outlay for “national defence purposes” on army and navy, excluding all the civilian departments of those services, will for the current year amount to £146,000,000, and be “in excess of that of the most highly militarised nations of the world”; and this although “the prospects of peace were never brighter than they are to-day.”

That is a headline set before the United States on the eve of a conference which seeks to bring about “moderation in naval expenditure”. The French, addressing themselves to the same problem, have produced a compilation showing the naval needs of the chief naval powers. Their object has been probably to indicate that their own requirements are much greater than those of Italy; but incidentally they rate England’s at roughly three times those of the United States. However, as Mr. Pollen has pointed out in a letter to the *Times*, we are faced with the fact that America has adopted a new doctrine of equal sanctity to that which bears Monroe’s name—namely that America must possess a navy equal to the strongest possessed by any other nation. In effect, this doctrine rests on national pride not on national need, and is therefore less likely to admit compromise. We may assume that “parity” with England will be insisted on. Admiral Richmond, who as a late Commandant of the Imperial Defences College has special familiarity with all aspects of this study, has doubtless recognised that America’s intention is unalterable, and has put forward the lines of a new approach to this question. He

would begin at the bottom instead of at the top, and would invite the nation which possesses the smallest navy to consider what force is necessary to it, setting aside the existence of larger forces. This factor ascertained, he would propose that the other nations should scale down their defensive armament (all armament being *ex hypothesi* defensive) in proportion. In that way expense would be lessened, and security would remain the same; for security is relative and depends on the resources which a possible antagonist holds.

This seems a more hopeful way of attacking the matter than to agree in advance that America shall spend—as President Hoover in his message points out that America has planned to spend—upwards of 240 million pounds in the next six years to reach parity with England. Parity can be more cheaply attained, if the point at which parity shall be fixed depends on the provision of armament made by the naval powers inferior in strength to the two Anglo-Saxon peoples.

Salutations are offered from the *Fortnightly* to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, which celebrates the centenary of its appearance.

**Centenary
of the
*Revue des
Deux Mondes*.**

A hundred years of distinguished existence brings changes in the character of any organisation, and all the more if it is a living organism; growth is a condition of life. Buloz founded the *Revue* to be an advanced journal, coloured by the Romantic revival, which then possessed the younger mind of France; but it was to be cosmopolitan or at least European in its attitude—not merely French. During a period of forty years, down to the end of the Second Empire, these characteristics were maintained, though, naturally enough, the spirit of innovation made itself less and less felt, and a shade of conservatism crept in. This, as again was natural, strengthened with the passage of time; and in the last forty years, the *Revue des Deux Mondes* has represented the academic and conservative element in the world of literature and art. Brunetière, more than any other, set this stamp upon it.

As the character of the journal has changed, so has the type of its readers; it has its own solid and loyal adherents, but finds them rather in country houses and salons than in the places where

artists and writers congregate. Also, it is definitely a Catholic organ; well written and well informed, certain not to compromise any table on which it is left lying. A consequence is that ideas are not brought to birth in its pages; the active intellectual movements go on without assistance from it; those classic pages take little cognisance of what is moving in the minds of authors who may one day count, but are not yet within sight of the Academy's threshold. But it has a long life before it as a firmly-established Review perfectly adapted to those regions of French society which are rich and theologically orthodox. It has lost its cosmopolitan outlook and become more nationalist; French rather than European, and—a Parisian would say—provincial rather than French. To read it is to enter the intellectual atmosphere of French country houses, and of all in France that in politics, religion or literature holds fast by tradition.

Any attempt to review its past would involve the writing of French literary history during one hundred years. The best known works of the best known writers from Hugo and Mousset onwards appeared in its pages: Baudelaire and Leconte De Lisle, Hérédia, Rostand, Richépin, Henri de Régnier. But why go on? The list would be much shorter if one named the absentees—Verlaine, for instance. As to its authority in matters outside pure literature, the simplest way of indicating this is to say that when M. Raymond Poincaré ceased to be President of the Republic, he became Political Editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor of *The Fortnightly Review*.

Sir,

I am sure Lord Tavistock in his article in the *Fortnightly* on "Field Sports and the Humanitarian" means to enter into the controversy about stag hunting with fairness.

He begins with an expression of opinion which we can all endorse, that "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".

But nothing in his article goes to show that hunting animals to death inflicts only this "minimum of suffering that is necessary" for their destruction.

Lord Tavistock assumes that all other means of destruction would inflict more suffering.

But we may be sure that when public opinion finally decrees that hunting should be stopped by law it will certainly at the same time ensure that the destruction of all harmful animals is done with the least possible accompanying suffering. And we may smile at this quip of his:—

"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".

The argument that fox hunting is pursued for the purpose of getting rid of a noxious and harmful animal will not survive the observation of the facts, for facts they are, whatever Lord Tavistock may say, that foxes are on occasion imported when the supply of them is inadequate for the hunt, and that vulpicide otherwise than by the hunt brings obloquy on him who commits it in a sporting county. The noble Marquis must face these illuminating circumstances—and can he doubt that but for the practice of hunting it, the fox would long ago have become as extinct as the wolf in England.

Lord Tavistock says "it is very debatable indeed whether it is wrong to derive enjoyment from circumstances connected with its (an animal's) necessary destruction by methods as humane as any that are practicable".

Of course, almost any proposition is debatable, but I should have thought that every member of a cultivated and civilized Society would deprecate the indulgence of a tendency to find pleasure in the taking of an animal's life.

The moral danger present in this debatable proposition has been stated clearly by Freeman, in the *Fortnightly* as long ago as 1869, when he said:—"It is quite certain that recklessness as to inflicting pain may easily grow, and we know it has often grown, into direct pleasure in inflicting pain".

This now long forgotten article that adorned the columns of this journal fifty years ago from the pen of the then Regius Professor of History at Oxford has many pungent passages that may with extreme propriety appear once more in the *Fortnightly*:—

"To chase a calf," he writes, "or a donkey either till it is torn to pieces or till it sinks from weariness would be scouted as a cruel act. Do the same to a deer and it is a noble and royal sport. It is, as we have seen, a legal crime to worry a cat. To worry a hare is a gallant diversion."

On fox hunting Professor Freeman wrote:—

"It is plain that every fox-hunter must for the time stifle the divine virtues of mercy and pity; he must for the time cast aside that grace of *miser cordia*, that 'Ayenbite of Inwyt,' which the Roman people itself once felt in the case of Pompeius' elephants. Even if he does not actually take pleasure in the infliction of suffering, he knows that suffering is being inflicted for no object except his amusement, and he does not shrink from the amusement in which such suffering is an element. That the cruelty is an essential element in the sport, that the presence of a suffering victim is needful for its full enjoyment, is not to be denied. Those who tell us that they hunt for the sake of a healthy exercise could get that healthy exercise just as well by hunting a red herring or by taking a gallop wherever a gallop may be had, without hunting anything at all. But I believe that hunting a red herring is looked on with contempt by the 'true sportsman.' That is to say, the true sportsman is not a true sportsman, he has not the full satisfaction of his sport, unless he is assured that his pleasure involves the suffering and slaughter of some living being."

This calm and judicial pronouncement of a man world-famous in his time and generation for his philosophical outlook upon life and history of a man's station in the order of things, is altogether beyond the reach of Lord Tavistock's picture of his invented humanitarian opponent who he declares tries "to run before he can walk, and make bricks without straw."

Lord Tavistock in his last sentence seems to admit that the people who hunt animals to death have "not as yet the mental equipment to perceive" that what they are doing is wrong.

No doubt a similar condition of mental obscurity was the unhappy portion of those in the last century who defended bear baiting and all other barbarities and abominations, some of them as dreadful in their inflictions upon human beings as upon animals; but are we to sit round in a respectful silence because the mental equipment and moral sensibilities of some of our fellow men are defective in one case and blunted in the other?

Surely those whose minds are clear and whose sensibilities are acute are entitled to be heard.

STEPHEN COLERIDGE.

THE FORD,
CHOBHAM.

JANUARY
1930

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

BOOK REVIEWS

and

PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS

INDEX TO BOOKS REVIEWED IN THIS ISSUE

- A TOUR THRO' LONDON ABOUT THE YEAR 1725, by Daniel Defoe. Edited by Sir Mayson M. Beeton and E. Beresford Chancellor. (*B. T. Batsford*) ... 125
- THE DOMINIONS AND DIPLOMACY, by A. Gordon Dewey. (*Longmans Green*) 127
- SELECTED POEMS, by John Todhunter. (*Elkin Mathews*) ... 128
- THE VOYAGES OF THE CABOTS AND THE DISCOVERY OF NORTH AMERICA, by James A. Williamson. (*The Argonaut Press*) ... 129
- THE STRICKEN DEER, by David Cecil. (*Constable*) ... 130
- A NEW LIGHT ON THE LIFE OF DANTE, by Gertrude Leigh. (*Faber & Faber*) 130
- THE LEAGUE COUNCIL IN ACTION, by T. P. Conwell-Evans. (*Oxford University Press*) ... 131
- THE NEW RELIGION, by The Rt. Hon. H. A. L. Fisher. (*Longmans Green*) 132
- THE GARDEN OF FIDELITY, by Annie Steel. (*Macmillan*) ... 133
- MEDIEVAL LATIN LYRICS, by Helen Waddell. (*Constable*) ... 134
- STUDIES IN LITERATURE: THIRD SERIES, by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. (*Cambridge University Press*) ... 135
- MARGARET DASHWOOD OR INTERFERENCE, by Mrs. Francis Brown. (*The Bodley Head*) ... 135
- ALBANIA: THE RISE OF A KINGDOM, by J. Swire, F.R.G.S. (*Williams & Norgate Ltd.*) ... 136
- STABLE AND SADDLE, by Lt.-Col. McTaggart. (*Methuen*) ... 138
- THE STORY OF BRITISH SPORTING PRINTS, by Capt. Frank Siltzer. (*Halton & Truscott Smith*) ... 138
- THE MEMOIRS OF GENERAL WRANGEL, translated by Sophie Goulston. (*Williams & Norgate*) ... 139
- THE THIRD MARY STUART, by Marjorie Bowen. (*Lane*) ... 140
- SEVEN TALES AND ALEXANDER, by H. E. Bates. (*Scholartis Press*) ... 141
- THE LACQUER LADY, by F. Tennyson Jesse. (*Heinemann*) ... 141
- THE FORBIDDEN ZONE, by Mary Borden. (*Heinemann*) ... 142
- HAUNTING EDINBURGH, by Flora Grierson. (*Lane*) ... 143
- A DETECTIVE IN KENT, by Donald Maxwell. (*Lane*) ... 143
- THE BLACK FOREST, by Christopher Marlowe. (*Lane*) ... 143
- THE OMNIBUS BOOK. (*Heinemann*) 144

DEFOE'S LONDON

A TOUR THRO' LONDON, ABOUT THE YEAR 1725, by Daniel Defoe. Edited and Annotated by Sir Mayson M. Beeton and E. Beresford Chancellor. *Batsford*. £8/8/0 net.

THIS truly magnificent volume is enough to give the British bookcraft of the day a comfortable confidence in its own capacities. Amid so much hasty and slipshod book-making, it lifts its head with the pride of the Monument, or the graceful dignity of the column in Trafalgar Square. Alike in type, in paper, in illustrations, and in literary competence, it reflects the highest credit upon everybody concerned in its production. Its publishers have long since earned the gratitude of every lover of the comely volume, but they have never done anything more perfect of its kind than this.

Defoe's *Tour Thro' the Whole Island of Great Britain* originally appeared in three volumes between 1724 and 1726, written in the fashionable form of Letters "By a Gentleman," and offering, as Thomas Seccombe proclaimed, "an unrivalled indication of the country, its industries, and middle class during the early Brunswick period." But detailed and lively as the whole work may be, by far its most valuable chapter is that devoted to London, in the writing of which Defoe was dependent, not upon the assistance of local gazeteers, but solely and entirely upon his own intimate and extensive knowledge. That chapter, being Letter V and a portion of Letter VI of the original, is here reprinted in sumptuous crown folio form, illustrated with 16 photogravures and 45 collotypes from rare and interesting contemporary plates, and annotated, with brevity and yet with considerable spirit, by Sir Mayson M. Beeton and that incomparable authority on the topography of London, Mr. E. Beresford Chancellor. Of this edition 300 copies only are available for the public,

is likely to linger on the publisher's shelves. The book will be "a possession forever" to all good Londoners who are proud of their City's associations.

In this vicarious sort of pride Defoe himself was an eager pioneer, and his record gives an invaluable picture of the London of the first quarter of the 18th-century. Although he had lived for short periods in the provinces, and had travelled as a tradesman on the Continent, Daniel Defoe was a Londoner first and last, and he had watched with eagle eyes the transformation of his native city, as it rose again from the ashes of the Great Fire. He was just old enough to remember the City before the conflagration; its rebuilding had been sixty years in progress when he sat down to write his survey; and the prevailing sentiment in his mind was one of enthusiastic admiration for its growth, not unmingled with apprehension, as he saw the long lines of bricks and mortar rapidly eating into the meadows and woodlands that he loved. "All that vast mass of buildings from Black Wall in the East to Tot-Hill Fields in the West, from the Bridge or River to Islington North," and from Peterburg House on the Banks in Westminster to Cavendish Square, and "all the new buildings by and beyond Hannover Square" come vividly into his purview; and "how much farther it may spread, who knows? New squares, and new streets rising up every day, to such a prodigy of buildings, that nothing in the world does, or ever did, equal it, except old Rome in Trajan's time."

Defoe's manner of writing was peculiarly fitted for this sort of description. He eschewed all unnecessary decoration; his observation was keen and fertile; and his record plain and practical. Both his story, and reflections do, indeed, require, per se, modification to-day, and this helmsman's difficulty affords in a fashion that

harmony with the original text. But, of course, the real gist of the book lies in its contemporary flavour, which gives to every page the vital impress of the writer's personality.

How shrewdly the world of change peers through the eyes of this insatiable witness! "Westminster is in a fair way to shake hands with Chelsea, as St. Giles's is with Maribone". . . . The part of Bloomsbury around Queen Square is full of "houses so magnificent and large, that abundance of Persons of Quality and some of the Nobility are found among them". . . . The Churches are "rather convenient than fine, not adorned with pomp and pageantry as in Popish countries, but, like the true Protestant plainness, they have made very little of ornament both within and without." Except, of course, St. Paul's, for which Defoe reserves his full flood of enthusiasm, as for a "building exceeding fine and magnificent, tho' some authors are pleased to expose their ignorance by pretending to find fault with it."

Aided by the fascinating series of illustrations, we follow our guide to Tothill fields, with Battersea windmills and church in a coronal of green, and marshy meadows where are now a maze of gas-works, and the chimneys of a dozen factories. We stand at Hyde Park Corner, and see the old soldier Allen selling apples from a stall bequeathed to him by George II for his services at Dettingen. In Red Lion Square is a formal garden, planted with a quincunx and well-mowed lawns. Covent Garden has its piazza complete on all sides of a fine open space, with a few vegetable barrows in the centre. At the Central Post Office in Lombard Street, the clerks still sit at open counters in the windows, and gossip (no doubt) of the latest scandal, while the customer waits his turn with such patience as he may. And who can recount the glories of the old Palace of Whitehall, still spreading its gardens and habitations to the river-banks, and eloquent of a court which filled all the water-side mansions, whose owners had yielded to the pinch of taxation or

sold their heritage to the inn-keeper and the tradesman?

Yes, Defoe knew and loved London with a filial devotion, loved it so well that he was never really happy when separated from its "central roar." He climbed the hill to Hampstead, and found the Heath "a very pleasant plain". . . . "But it must be confessed 'tis so near Heaven that I dare not say it can be a proper situation for any but a race of mountaineers, whose lungs have been used to a rarified air"! However much he deplored the invasion of the builder, Defoe was clearly happiest in the heart of the City where he had lived and worked "as pamphleteer, journalist, novelist, hosier, tile-maker, and accountant," to recite once more Taine's glittering rosary of attributes. And there, racked by illness, and often conscious of the approaching shadow of death, he plied his pen incessantly, and with a vigour that refused to tire, until the grave he had chosen in Bunhill Fields opened at last to receive the dust which has long since been mingled with the soil of the City that he knew and loved so well.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE SOLITARY WARRIOR. New Letters by Ruskin. Edited by J. Howard Whitehouse. (Allen & Unwin).

TALES OF THE LITTLE SISTERS OF ST. FRANCIS, by Shaw Desmond. (Grant Richards & Humphrey Toulmin).

ART TREASURES OF THE NATION, by Sir Cecil Harcourt-Smith, C.V.O. (Hutchinson).

THE MONTHS, by Leigh Hunt. (Draper & Grant).

THE DOMINIONS AND DIPLOMACY. THE CANADIAN CONTRIBUTION, by A. Gordon Dewey. 2 vols. Longmans, Green and Co. 45/- net.

"PERHAPS the most striking thing about the British Empire," wrote a Canadian publicist in 1911, "is that it does not exist. . . . It has hitherto been, not an Empire, but the project of an Empire." Mr. Dewey quotes this, but he accepts it only subject to reservations. During the nineteenth-century, he says, the Empire had a real existence, since it was effectively governed from Downing Street; it was only with the turn of the century, and the growth of the sentiment of nationality in the Dominions, that it began to lose this character, the stages of decentralization being marked by the resolutions of the various Imperial Conferences from 1887 onward. The process was hastened by the Great War and its outcome—notably the admission of the Dominions as autonomous States into the League of Nations; it culminated in the resolutions of the Imperial Conference of 1926, which, by proclaiming the status of the self-governing Dominions as co-equal with that of the Mother Country, changed the Empire, to all outward seeming, into a "confederacy" of sovereign States.

Mr. Dewey's work is devoted largely to a close analysis, illustrated by abundant quotations and references, of the factors which contributed to this result. He writes from the point of view of a moderate Canadian Nationalist and, in general, with a singular impartiality. Thus he does full justice to the "Imperialist" ideal of Joseph Chamberlain, while making clear its impracticability, at least in later years; he points out that "colonialistic" views were not confined to certain quarters in Great Britain, but were strongly represented in the Dominions themselves; he comments on the fact that the compromise represented by the "co-operationist" view, which now prevails, was long ignored; and he does not disguise his opinion that the solution of the problem has been hampered and delayed by the narrow

parochialism of the intransigent Nationalists in the Dominions and their confusion of Imperialism with Colonialism.

Mr. Dewey clearly does not share Professor Berriedale Keith's view that the Resolutions of 1926 have changed nothing in the basic powers of the Imperial Government. "The time-honoured structure remained," he says, "though fast crumbling into a mass of fictions." The results he finds disconcerting. He sees, indeed, the great part that fictions have played, and may yet play, in the adaptation of British institutions to changed conditions. But what of foreign nations and international law? Will these recognise the claim, say, of the Irish Free State to proclaim itself "neutral" in a war in which Great Britain is engaged? The truth is, as Mr. Dewey says, that the whole "Britannic Question" has been fought out too much as though it were a wholly domestic affair, with little or no thought as to the effect of its solution on the relations of the Empire or its parts to the world outside. The outcome is an Imperial Constitution which might be described, by a favourite epithet of Mr. Dewey's, as Gilbertian, and which, according to Professor Keith, has no legal foundation whatever. At the head a King, the symbol of unity, who is constitutionally bound to act on the advice of six Prime Ministers who might conceivably advise him in six contradictory senses! The only co-ordinating authority a conference of Ministers, whom the British Government is pledged to consult before determining on any Imperial policy, but who can only be collected at intervals and with difficulty from remote quarters of the globe. The "sectionalism" implied in the growing tendency of the Dominions to send their own diplomatic representatives to foreign capitals.

All this makes for decentralization, where centralization is necessary if the Empire is to present a united front to the world. But though, as Mr. Dewey says, the problem of conducting Imperial affairs has become one of transcendent difficulty

since the war, he does not despair of its solution. Much was done by the Resolutions of 1926 to counter the disruptive effects of the treaty-making power conceded to the Dominions. More will be done, he thinks, when the Dominions are forced into contact with great world-issues. The questions which distract Europe are remote from them; the Pacific Question, which looms ominously, is very near. The Dominions, he argues, are weak States as yet, and weak States to exist must revolve in the orbit of one or other of the Great Powers. In the case of Canada, is it to be Great Britain or the United States? In the case of Australia and New Zealand, will it be the United States, or Japan, or Great Britain? Mr. Dewey at least is in no doubt as to the answer. "As the eyes of the Dominions are turned outwards," he says, "to consider their prospects in relation to foreign Powers, and as the international scene changes, the result will be a growing realisation that all the members of the Commonwealth have far more in common with one another than with any other nation, and that this realisation will become the paramount factor in determining future relationships."

It has been impossible here to give more than an imperfect impression of the main drift of this most interesting book. It should be read by everyone interested in the fate of the British Empire. As a work of reference it is rendered doubly valuable by an excellent index.

W. ALISON PHILLIPS.

SELECTED POEMS, by John Todhunter. Edited by D. L. Todhunter and A. P. Graves. *Elkin Mathews & Marrot*. (1929). 6/-.

THE poets who follow, by an inner compulsion, in that which has been called "the great bardic tradition of Ireland," forfeit inevitably the appreciation of the multitude; and John Todhunter's name is probably far more familiar in the country which he left in 1874, than in England, where he passed the greater part of his life.

For thirty-four years his home was in a London suburb, but his vision was always turned backwards to the unsubstantial Celtic world. Many of his poems are based on its old legends and folk-lore, and all are penetrated with that sense of mingled beauty, melancholy, and doom which is the heritage of the race.

As a young man, Todhunter studied in the Medical School of Trinity College, Dublin, where his hard work did not prevent him from gaining the Vice-Chancellor's Prize for English Verse on three successive occasions. In 1870, he became Professor of English Literature at Alexandra College, while holding the appointment of Visiting Physician in a Dublin hospital. Two years later the preparation of his essay on *A Critical Theory of Beauty* decided his future career; he gave up his medical practice to devote himself entirely to literature and the study of European music and painting.

Nearly twenty volumes of poems, dramas, and essays bear Todhunter's name; five of these were published after his death in 1916. His plays, *Helena in Troas*, *A Sicilian Idyll*, *The Poison Flower*, and *The Black Cat* were all staged. His great desire, "to see Poetry brought back to the stage in his day", was partially fulfilled when *Helena* was produced in a Greek setting, with Hermann Vezin, the Trees, and Miss Alma Murray as the chief actors.

Todhunter called his *Poems on Musical Themes* merely "records of a listener's moods"; but his own discernment and lyrical power are specially apparent in those suggested by Schumann's *Forest Scenes*, Tchaikovsky's *Symphonic Pathétique*, and in the early poem, *In a Gondola*, which Thackeray published in *Cornhill*.

The friend whose address to the Irish Literary Society introduces this book, sums up John Todhunter's mind and art in these words: "The distinction of his life was its harmony".

MURIEL KENT.

Exploration and Adventure

THE VOYAGES OF THE CABOTS AND THE DISCOVERY OF NORTH AMERICA, by James A. Williamson, D.Lit. *The Argonaut Press*. 38/-.

THE history of the great years of discovery from 1492 onwards provides the exciting and curious spectacle of men building illusions out of desire, and throwing out truth as a kind of unwanted by-product whose value is for long unseen. Who could have foretold that the most potent effect of the Crusades would be to fill the Christian gentlemen of western Europe with an inordinate craving for the spices enjoyed by the infidels; that this craving would lead men to seek a western sea route to Asia, made to cut out the near eastern middleman; and that they would discover the American continent by mistake? This is not to put the matter too romantically. In the beginning of great enterprises the legend is inevitably more important than the fact. One recalls that Jesuit missionary, who explored the Mississippi drawn on and on by the hope that he would meet a Chinese Mandarin round the next bend of the mighty river. And when the mirage of Asia had retired further eastward to be replaced by the dream of a navigable north-west passage, Sebastian Cabot pressed to the end of the Hudson straits thinking the great Bay was the Pacific.

It is not, however, in the striding spirit of the poet, moralist or psychologist that Dr. Williamson has written his book; but the slower footsteps of the scientific historian are not less fascinating. Behind that now picturesque desire for spice were the solid labours of European scholarship which was breaking at last from its theological prisons. Dr. Williamson's book is unique in the series to which it belongs, for it is designed not primarily for the casual reader—though he may read it with profit—but as a "tough exercise for the critical faculties", a training for the

beginner in historical research. He has printed in the opening pages all the documents and maps relevant to the Cabot and Anglo-Portuguese ventures, together with some matter relating to the traditions of an earlier discovery of the American continent by Lief Erikson; and in the following chapters he makes a systematic analysis and synthesis of the facts. Here is history in the raw. The foolish are permitted to see the dawning of mysteries which, in works of this high order, are usually reserved for the wise.

Dr. Williamson ignores no detail. New documents have a way of turning up in the most unexpected places. The archives in Seville are mines which are being worked pretty thoroughly now and we do not know what new sidelights on English enterprises the Spanish side will reveal to us. This year Seville has produced a trifle for Dr. Williamson's balances. From Bristol more may conceivably be discovered one day about that mysterious family, the Thornes. There are many obscurities to be cleared up. On the subject of the nationality of John Cabot, Dr. Williamson inclines to believe the Genoese claims have it. He defends Sebastian Cabot from the extreme charges brought against him and accepts his claim of having seen what was later called Hudson Bay, as genuine. In this he differs from other authorities. Again his account of John Cabot's second voyage is less ample than that of some writers who, he holds, have confused the son's voyage in search of the north-west passage, with the father's which had not this object.

What life there is in these dead bones! In the Patent to Cabot, one arrives at the historical root of the moral basis for modern empire building. The spirit of the Crusades is here set down in black and white: that it is the duty of Christians to 'conquer, occupy and possess' the land of infidels because the Christian is, *ipso facto*,

at war with them! Familiarity and much writing have staled the sense of wonder that was once so much stronger in travel; but here, in such a statement as that made by John Dee in 1497, there is the Homeric freshness and simplicity:

"Sebastian Caboto, sent by King Henry the seventh did discover from Newfownd Land so far along and about the Coaste next to Labrador tyll he came to the Latitude of 67½ And styll found the Seas open before him."

What a magnificent sentence that last one is! Dr. Williamson's book is an admirable analysis and reconstruction of the scene, and the publishers have housed it nobly.

V. S. PRITCHETT.

THE STRICKEN DEER, by David Cecil.
Constable. 15/- net.

AN author's will to write is often a book's best justification, and no doubt this explains the appearance of Lord David Cecil's long and exceedingly careful study of William Cowper, whose life, as he confesses, has been too often written already to leave much that is fresh to be said about him. But Cowper's latest biographer is greatly interested in the eighteenth-century and its spiritual conflicts, especially in that Evangelical movement which concerned Cowper so nearly and which found one of its finest exponents in the Rev. John Newton, Vicar of Olney. The portrait of Newton is one of the best things in the book. But all through the portraiture is good, and the Cowper circle live again in their habits as they lived.

To the story of Cowper's early mental suffering as a child and as a youth, his religious experiences, his recurring religious mania, Lord David Cecil brings sympathetic discernment and a considerable power of analysis. His book is well arranged, well produced and well illustrated, but should not a volume of over 300 pages be provided with an index?

JANET E. COURTNEY.

NEW LIGHT ON THE YOUTH OF DANTE, by Gertrude Leigh. *Faber & Faber. 15/-.*

THE assumption that the greatest poets the world has produced regarded their poetry as nothing better than a vehicle for something more precious will never cease to be made. Seeing how frequently it has been made by commentators on Shakespeare, who affords extraordinarily little pretext for it, it would be astonishing if it were not made by commentators on Dante, who affords a great deal. There is, then, no occasion for surprise when we find Miss Leigh, who tells us that she has closely studied Dante for thirty years, devoting much time and ingenuity to a new symbolical and personal interpretation of cantos III—XIII of the *Inferno*.

We are invited to discover in those cantos the course of Dante's life prior to 1290, and to see in his treatment of hell and the sinners consigned to it by the Church an elaborate ironical statement of the case against the Papacy. Unfortunately, "it came about that no conceivable screen" could have been less efficacious (Miss Leigh says, "more efficacious") for "Dante's purpose of revealing Gospel truths to his generation". On Miss Leigh's own showing, those truths were so well hidden, or so thoroughly inverted, that not one reader in a hundred could suspect their existence, and the minute minority of those who did were silenced by terror of persecution. Consequently—but the consequences may be guessed.

No intelligent commentator can spend a life-time over a great writer without adding something to what the ordinary reader of him knows. But the doctrine that poets value their art as a mere means of making repositories for the truths of the theologian or the philosopher is bound to vitiate any commentary, for it begins in ignorance of the nature of art.

T. EARLE WELBY.

THE LEAGUE COUNCIL IN ACTION.

A Study of the Methods Employed by the Council of the League of Nations to Prevent War and to Settle International Disputes, by T. P. Conwell-Evans. *Oxford University Press, 1929. Price 12/6.*

THE contents of this admirable hand-book are accurately and adequately described—a rare merit—by its title. If I speak of it as a 'handbook', it is no sense of disparagement, but merely to indicate that it is the sort of book I mean to keep at hand for reference. And others will, I suggest, be well-advised to do the same. It was a bit of work well worth doing, and Mr. Conwell-Evans may be congratulated on the success with which he has accomplished it. The method employed is strictly analytical. Here we have a lucid and accurate description of the way in which the Council of the League of Nations has functioned under the terms of the Covenant.

The League of Nations, as he justly says, has now grown out of its infancy and cast aside its swaddling clothes. We can to some extent judge it by results. "During the first decade of its existence it handled no less than twenty-three international disputes in fulfilment of the duties placed upon it by the Articles of the Covenant", and not the least useful pages in Mr. Conwell-Evans's book are those in which he tabulates and summarizes these disputes.

A glance at this table suggests one or two observations. The first is that with the possible exception of the Greco-Italian dispute arising out of the murder of the Italian general Tellini and the subsequent bombardment of Corfu, the League has never had to face a "major crisis". From the Greco-Italian dispute the Council of the League emerged, it must be regretfully admitted, with tarnished prestige. The circumstances of the hour (September 1923) were indeed singularly unpropitious for the assertion of the authority of the League. Relations between the two leading

Powers, France and Great Britain, were very strained owing to the occupation of the Ruhr, and the Ambassadors' Conference were not only in being but actually in session. Nevertheless, when all this is taken into consideration, it is evident that the League came badly out of this matter. Italy, a Great Power, was *vis à vis* a Small Power. The Small Power appealed to the League, and while the appeal was pending the Great Power took the law into its own hands and committed what was palpably an act of war against the Small Power. Mr. Conwell-Evans points out with force and candour just where the Council went wrong and missed its opportunities for effective action. But when all the technical points as to action under this Article of the Covenant, or under that, have been dismissed, the fact remains that at the most dangerous crisis which has arisen since the inception of the League, the machinery failed to function, or perhaps one should rather say, the engineers were too timid to put it into operation. Under the peculiar circumstances of the case and hour, discretion was probably the better part of valour; nevertheless, the episode was an unfortunate one.

Another point obtruded by Mr. Conwell-Evans's table is that in only one of the twenty-three disputes were two Great Powers involved. That was when difficulties arose between Great Britain and France in regard to the Nationality Decrees issued in 1922, in the French Protectorate of Tunis. The British Government protested against decrees, the effect of which was to attach French nationality, with its consequent obligations (including Military Service) to a considerable number of British subjects—chiefly Maltese. France argued that the decrees were of purely French Domestic concern. The Permanent Court held on the contrary, that the dispute was not by international law, solely a matter of domestic jurisdiction. How that decision will affect the question as to the competence of the League Council has not yet been determined (see pp. 214-18).

Space fails me, however, to go into more detailed illustration of the interest and value of this book. To all who are interested—and who is not?—in this great experiment in the organization of Peace this careful analysis may be most cordially commended.

J. A. R. MARRIOTT.

OUR NEW RELIGION, by the Rt. Hon. H. A. L. Fisher, F.R.S. *Ernest Benn Ltd.* 6/- net.

THE Warden of New College has left the thinking world deeply in his debt by offering them in place of Mrs. Eddy's lengthy and confused lucubrations this penetrating and masterly analysis of their drift. It can have been no light task to read through the imposing array of Christian Science publications and other Authorities, which he enumerates, and to compress them into a readable and admirably proportioned study of some 180 pages. But he has done it and done it so definitively that no ordinary reader need in future go behind this volume. He does full justice to the personality of "the interesting widow, something of a poet, something of a bluestocking, something of a spiritualist, something of a politician", who, after her first marriage and sojourn for a time in the slave-owning South, returned to her native New England and there established the Church of Christ Scientist. The very name of the new religion, as Mr. Fisher points out, was a stroke of genius. "In two words it combined the deepest spiritual interests of the American people, Christianity and Science". Mrs. Eddy "with fine business instinct" seized upon that happy title and made it her own. "The Age", she wrote, "is reaching out to the perfect Principle of things" (whatever that may mean), "is pushing towards perfection in art, invention and manufactures. Why, then, should religion be stereotyped?" Why, indeed!

How she saw to it that it should not, whilst at the same time ensuring that it kept to a clearly marked line of development, laid down in successive editions of *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures* (the latest edition being always recommended, even when editions exceeded seventy) Mr. Fisher recounts with a clearness and a sense of humour, touched with sympathy, that make his book delightful reading. From the Founder he passes to the Creed, so admirably suited to a "class of mind, not very profound or intellectual or well-balanced. It asked them to believe . . . not only that matter was bad but that it was unreal; not only that man was capable of improvement, but that, being made in the image of God, he was Divine and immortal. . . It was not required of the believers that they should be clever, or learned, or accomplished. It was sufficient that they should have and live the faith. Miracles would not be lacking to corroborate the Church. The sick would be healed and the dying restored to life."

In a concluding section, which space forbids us to discuss in detail, Mr. Fisher traces the rise and development of the Church into the wealthy, well-organised body which to-day numbers over 2,300 churches and societies throughout the Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic countries—to Latin countries it does not seem to appeal. It runs a great daily paper, the *Christian Science Monitor*, it issues in endless succession immense editions of the Founder's works, it is responsible for several business trusts. "It is housed in grand urban churches, supported by powerful urban newspapers, patronised by the rich and the elegant in every capital. Yet rich a gift from the countryside, perhaps its last gift which that old, unsophisticated Calvinistic society of New England make to the religious experience of mankind."

JANET E. COURTNEY.

A Mem-Sabib in India

THE GARDEN OF FIDELITY, by Flora Annie Steel. *The Autobiography of Flora Annie Steel, 1847-1929.* MacMillan & Co. 12/6 net.

THIS "straightforward account of things I have seen and done in eighty-two years," is quaintly named by Mrs. Steel, *The Garden of Fidelity*, after the garden of that name planted by her hero Baber, poet, painter, musician, soldier, who also left behind him a most faithful and fascinating autobiography. Baber was not only the first Moghul Conqueror of India, 300 years ago, but was perhaps the most human and attractive personality in that splendid sequence of Moghul Emperors, Baber himself, Akbar, Jahangir, and Shah Jahan, whose lives and times Mrs. Steel has so vividly described in her four historical romances, *The King Errant*, *The Prince of Dreamers*, *Mistress of Men*, and *The Builder*. It was, therefore, peculiarly fitting that the last act in the great drama of Moghul conquest, splendour and collapse should have been described by the same pen; and in *On the Face of the Waters*—perhaps her greatest work—Mrs. Steel shows us Imperial Delhi in the grim days of the 1857 Mutiny and the expiring efforts of Baber's degenerate descendants.

Of the hundreds who have written of India within the last half-century, Sir Alfred Lyall stands out as the most subtle interpreter of the complex Hindu mentality, Kipling as the brilliant painter of Anglo-Indian life in its contact with the virile races of Northern India, while Mrs. Steel is pre-eminent for her sympathetic understanding and vivid portrayal of Islamic India. How she gradually acquired those qualities the autobiography shows. Her knowledge was acquired at first-hand by over 20 years' intimate acquaintance with the people of the Punjab—especially the Muslims—with whom, as the wife of a District Officer, whose sphere of duty ranged over most of the province, she had so many opportunities of coming into close contact. Those opportunities, fortunately

for us, she invariably seized, for she had a rare gift of winning confidence and establishing firm friendships. This was all the more remarkable because she was too honest to stoop to that attitude of almost servile deference which so many now think is the only key that will unlock the doors of friendship and understanding with Orientals. Her fearlessness and hatred of injustice sometimes led her to tread boldly on Oriental corns, and occasionally brought her into conflict with authority, and Orientals are generally quick to turn their backs on those reputed to be frowned on by those in power. But Mrs. Steel's dominating personality overcame all such obstacles, and the reviewer who has spent most of his official life in the Punjab can personally testify that no British woman of her time in India, exercised so wide and so wholesome an influence over the Indian peoples among whom she moved. Indeed, if she had never written a line, her capacity for making and keeping friends, her energy, untiring but always practical, her quick observation, a sense of humour that made her tolerant of everything but humbug and wrong-doing, and a range of vision far in advance of her time, would have marked her as an outstanding personality. She did not, in fact, take seriously to literature till at the age of forty she left India, as she then thought, for good. But she had by then accumulated a wealth of knowledge and ideas, which found expression in the books, always interesting, often brilliant and original, which she continued to produce in the next 40 years. Few people knew Northern India better, and perhaps no one, except Kipling, whose father she once collaborated with, has been more successful in arousing the interest in India of those "who only England know."

The autobiography, completed a few months before her death, is a delightful record of a life full of variety, incident, honest work and noble achievement.

M. F. O'DWYER.

Dum Flos Novus et Nova Pubes

MEDIÆVAL LATIN LYRICS, by Helen Waddell. Constable. 21/-.

Two years ago, Miss Waddell produced, in *The Wandering Scholars*, one of those very rare books which are at once pioneer work and virtually final. The mediæval Latin lyric had indeed been examined, at long intervals and under selected aspects, by several who were both competent scholars and capable translators. But Neale was concerned only with hymnology, John Addington Symonds with the strictly Goliardic poems, and others with much smaller fractions of the subject. Miss Waddell, in a book exact enough to satisfy scholars, but enjoyable by the reader with no special knowledge of the period or its poetry, covers the whole matter, distributing emphasis between the various modes of mediæval lyric with sound judgment, and maintaining a nice balance of appreciative temper. To that most remarkable book she has now provided a supplement fully worthy of her critical history of the vagrant scholars who produced the poetry of a premature renaissance.

In much of that poetry, the atmosphere is matudinal, the atmosphere of a false dawn, for the full light, the recovered sun of the antique world, was not to be given mankind for another two centuries. Ausonius, surviving for most people only in the Saint-Emilion, yielded still by his putative vineyard or in the industrious indecency of his jests, managed in his one true poem to strike, in anticipation, the note of the Goliardic thirteenth-century. *Dum flos novus!* They pluck it too eagerly, not as men risen betimes but as men making uncertainly homewards in the small hours from the tavern. But there is a queer charm in their work, and with that a queer pathos, the melancholy of old revels. They have, too, a certain decorum in their rowdiness, coming in part from employment of a classical language, more, perhaps, from our recollection of the sacred

uses to which Latin, taught accentual scansion and rhyme, had so little, earlier, and so exclusively been put. Even the worst of the least reputable Goliardic poetry makes our modern convivial utterances seem vulgar.

It is one of the many merits of Miss Waddell's versions in her present book that, nearly always, she preserves that indefinable something which distinguishes the riotousness of the scholars, Latinate for all that most of the contributors to the *Carmina Burana* were probably Teutonic, from the animalism of boors in the primitive taproom. She may not anywhere have quite equalled particular achievements of theirs; but, having regard to both quality and quantity, Miss Waddell must henceforth have her place with the first of our translators, from Frere and Cary to Rosette and Mr. Arthur Symonds. Her flexibility is extraordinary. Look at her version of the wistful eleventh-century poem in the MS. of St. Augustine:

Tu saltim, Veris gratia,
Exaudi et considera
Frondes, flores et gramina;
Nam ore languet anima.

Be thou, O spring most fair,
Squander thy care
On flower and leaf and grain.
—Leave me alone with pain!

Then look at what she can make, when she chooses to render it, out of the tavern noise or vinous casuistry of those nameless poets.

With this adaptability, with a generous view of the limits of her subject, and with a rare sensitiveness to what in the mediæval Latin lyric tells of its remote classical ancestor, Miss Waddell has given us a book for which scholars and the laity of readers for pleasure will join in thanking her. It is at once a document and a delight.

T. EARLE WELBY.

STUDIES IN LITERATURE: THIRD SERIES, by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch.

Cambridge University Press. 10/6.

THE familiar discourses of Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch have qualities and charms that render irrelevant the question whether or not he has made, or is making, a weighty contribution to English literary criticism. But if the question arises it is one that need not be burked. Were I called as a witness my answer would be twofold: first, that indeed his criticism is, when he chooses to make it so, both learned and acute; second, that critical profundity, and to excite the admiration of scholars, are not the targets he is aiming at. The ordinary professional critic, too, often leaves us wondering why, with other occupations offering, he chooses to spend his time on a subject so evidently uncongenial to him; such a critic will never begin to understand why the rest of us, while having no greater appetite for the obvious than his own, can listen with pleasure to a man who loves literature with a discerning passion and whose chief purpose is to communicate not opinions, and not (primarily) knowledge, but a sense, an intuition, by which we may know literature when we see it. The secret of "Q's" power is stated, rather than revealed, when we say that he has the art—and is unrivalled in it—of making literature in the act of talking about it. The graceful involutions of a highly personal style conjure up that very spirit of intimacy which, were he less completely master of them, they would destroy. The first thing an actor has to learn is how to walk "naturally" on the stage; and the lecturer's problem, which many never solve, is 'ow, by close attention to form, informality may be achieved. It is "Q's" triumph that he has made for himself a style that can assimilate, without discomfort to anyone, facts and theories and quotations and personal allusions. Here, in the new volume, are lectures on the English Elegy, Dorothy Wordsworth, Shakespeare's Comedies, Coventry Patmore, Longinus, and W. S. Gilbert. Merely to

list them, without comment, is to call attention to their author's catholicity.

GERALD BULLETT.

MARGARET DASHWOOD OR INTERFERENCE, by Mrs. Francis Brown. John Lane. 6/-.

THE disadvantage of writing a continuation to a masterpiece is that you inevitably invite comparison with the masterpiece. Here we have *Sense and Sensibility* continued into the love affairs of Margaret, the youngest of the three Dashwood sisters; and a proper degree of interference from our old friends Sir John Middleton, Mrs. Jennings, John Dashwood, Elinor and Marianne, gives the sub-title. Mrs. Francis Brown, who is a great-grand-niece of the incomparable Jane, has other qualifications for her attempt besides mere relationship; she has wit, a certain felicity of style, and a proper appreciation of her great original. When we read of John Dashwood, that "to confer benefits at the expense of his acquaintance was ever before him, as his duty to society", or of Mrs. Palmer, that "if her husband seemed a little tired of his wife's conversation and laughter, it was no more than other people felt with less cause", when above all we read Fanny Dashwood's remarks on the subject of Margaret's fortune, we feel that gifts may sometimes be inherited from great-grand-aunts; but at other times we are not so sure. Mrs. Brown slips inevitably at times into modern and un-Austenish locutions which strike a jarring note, while in the attempt to keep her plot and incidents true to type she has allowed them to become rather thin.

But the chief difference between the model and the copy emerges in the character-drawing. In these pages all the people we knew before are clear and lively; the new characters scarcely exist, except as names. The view we get of Elinor and Marianne from this fresh sisterly angle is amusing, however, tinged as it is with a delicate malice. But are these experiments

ever really justified? What would Jane Austen think of these after-careers for her beloved characters? Her own plans for them were probably very different. This is perhaps treating a pleasant joke too seriously; but on the whole, if *Margaret Dashwood* is to be enjoyed, it is better not to re-read *Sense and Sensibility* just before.

PHYLLIS BENTLEY.

ALBANIA: THE RISE OF A KINGDOM, by J. Swire, F.R.G.S. *Williams & Norgate Limited.* 30/- net.

THE long and eventful history of Albania has been responsible for a limited number of books or parts of books and for a larger collection of articles in the more serious Reviews. Some have been well informed, but in the great majority these publications have been either summaries or accounts of only parts of the subject under discussion. It is these conditions, which I think fully justify the production of Mr. Swire's large, lengthy, and extremely heavy volume dealing with a country possessed of a population of only just over 800,000 souls. Moreover, in the opinion of the present Reviewer, the Author, though clumsy in some of his methods, has been right in boldly facing the probable criticism that his work is too serious and stodgy, for, in accepting this risk, he has certainly produced a book which will be useful to the student who takes the trouble to peruse it carefully.

Albania and its people are much more important than their size or their number infer because of the geographical position of the country and because of the warlike, determined and independent nature of its inhabitants. For at least fifty years, the period principally covered by the book, this part of the Balkan Peninsula has been making history. In pre-war days the Eastern Shore of the Adriatic was the scene of competition between Austria-Hungary and Italy, the attitudes of the Albanians forced Abdul Hamid to promulgate the Constitution in 1908 and made ready for the Balkan Wars of 1912-1913, and the

problem of Northern Albania nearly brought about a world war in the last mentioned year. During the world war the country was over-run by almost countless forces. Since the Armistice the rivalry between Italy and Yugoslavia has formed one of the most critical features of the European diplomatic situation. One may or may not agree with everything which Mr. Swire has to say upon these subjects. Equally well the reader may consider the Author's heart contains too soft a place for the people, whose case he describes, that he (Mr. Swire) fails to grasp the difficulties of Yugoslavia and that he looks with too much favour upon the aspirations and policy of Italy. But, however, this may be, one cannot fail to be grateful for the mass of material collected in the 560 pages of which the volume is composed.

It is impossible here to review such a book in detail. Sufficient, therefore, be it to say that the Author provides a brief history of the people, whom he has grown to know and love, that he tells us a good deal about their earlier independence, that is about the period between 1912 and the establishment of a Republic five years ago, and that he describes the events, which have occurred since that time, including King Zogu's proclamation of himself as King of the Albanians in the late summer of 1928. Interwoven with all this are accounts of the relations with Italy and with Yugoslavia, and references to the rôle of the League of Nations, upon which organisation Mr. Swire throws a certain amount of blame for what he seems to consider its weakness upon various occasions.

In one sense the book is pretentious and in another extremely modest. The pretension consists in the attempt to deal with matters concerning which, in the main, the Author can have only second or third hand knowledge. The modesty lies in the acceptance of this fact and in the constant, I think, too constant reference to, and quotation of authorities, including newspapers published at home and abroad.

H. C. W.

The DUBLIN REVIEW

*Founded nearly a century ago by Dr. Wiseman,
first Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.*

Important Announcement to present Subscribers and an appeal to New Readers

TO bring the Review within the reach of a wider Public the management have decided upon a substantial increase in bulk, and a considerable reduction in price. In future the Review will be issued at 3/6 quarterly, and 15/- per annum, post-free to subscribers.

As in the past it will continue to criticize from the Catholic point of view the varying manifestations of the mind of the age, more particularly in their bearings on the problems, intellectual, moral and social which Catholics have to face, and it will aim at the removal of misunderstandings, and the sober presentation of the values of the Catholic religion.

*Amongst the contributors for JANUARY are Sheila
Kaye-Smith, Christopher Hollis, Christopher Dawson,
etc.*

Burns Oates & Washbourne (1929) Ltd.

43 NEWGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.1

For the Sportsman's Library

STABLE AND SADDLE, by Lt.-Col. M. F. McTaggart, D.S.O. Methuen. 18/- net.

THE STORY OF BRITISH SPORTING PRINTS, by Captain Frank Siltzer. Halton, Truscott & Smith. £2/2/0 net.

COLONEL McTaggart has the peculiar quality of being able to start a first-class row about anything to do with horses. He strongly deplores the use of furze or hedgehog skins in training a horse to extend itself over a jump, but he does not extend the same principle to the horse-master. He has in fact written a book of sixty-eight specially prickly "points of view", secure in the knowledge that some people will object to the whole sixty-eight, and few will tolerate more than twenty-four of them. He produces a formidable tackpole of argument, and says reflectively, "I expect to be frightfully unpopular—but get over this, ye devils!"

Many people are deceived by this attractive array of cock-shies and are inclined to overlook the fact that the whole of the gallant colonel's case is based on the fact that horses cannot talk and mankind is certain to. He is one of those elegant reformers who are so convinced of the importance of their views that they become oblivious of the normal. On the whole, riders are neither as bad nor horses as unintelligent as Colonel McTaggart would have us believe, and though he is a kindly man and quite clean about the stable, he puts up this brickwall of "don'ts"—and very few intelligent alternatives, which can be applied by the hunting man of moderate means. The dancing master and the professor of equitation are both prone to overlook the normal in their search for their own standard of perfection. The dancing master deplores the crudities of the ballroom and McTaggart is pained by the rough-and-ready traditional horsemanship of the hunting field. It upsets theory, but many horsemen who tentatively

adopted his forward seat have been abruptly brought into contact with unyielding reality. Nevertheless, if we do not take his views as gospel, they are worth reading, and some deserve a trial. The book is distinctly a stimulus to unusual ideas, but whether these are improvements on existing practice is a matter for personal trial and experiment. The illustrations by the Austrian artist, Ludwig Koch, are capable but enhance the feeling that the book is a little remote from our English actualities.

British Sporting Prints gives us a record of a century-and-a-half of real sporting tradition. The late Captain Siltzer's book is recognised as the standard work on the subject from the collector's point of view. This second edition has been very much improved and amplified and includes many prints omitted in the original. There is, perhaps, no more definitely national form of popular art than the sporting print. It began in the later years of the eighteenth-century and continues in unabated popularity to-day. Morland, Herring, Alken and Pollard are the predecessors of Mr. Munnings, Lionel Edwards, and Cecil Aldin. The man whose grandfather subscribed a few guineas for a set of hunting prints may congratulate himself that he has now several hundreds of guineas hanging on his walls. May they never reach the dealers.

Apart from the collector's value these prints are of enormous sporting interest. We can trace in them all the changes in style which have occurred in our field sports in a century, yet in essence in the portrayal of the actual sporting spirit there is no real change. They also chronicle for us things we shall never see again. The great mailcoaches have gone and with them the actioned hackneys and the high-wheeled curricles and gigs, and all that beauty of animal life our fathers

loved and knew. You may look at a smart car in the Park, but eye and heart never follow it like they follow a fine turnout, and our children will only see these things in these pictures of the past. The book is beautifully produced and the coloured plates adequately convey the charm of these old aquatints and hand-coloured etchings. Many country houses still contain galleries and portfolios of prints. This book will enable their owners to date them with certainty and will tell them far more about the painters of these subjects than is generally known.

HUGH POLLARD.

THE MEMOIRS OF GENERAL WRANGEL, translated by Sophie Goulston. Williams and Norgate. 21/- net.

It is more than nine years since the remnants of the last "white" Russian army were bundled out of the Crimea on French ships; and it is no longer possible for any sane man to regard the campaigns of Kolchak, Yudenich, Denikin and Wrangel otherwise than as tragic blunders of colossal dimensions. They were monuments of folly in conception and of incompetence in execution; they cost, directly and indirectly, hundreds of thousands of lives; and, except in so far as they may have increased the bitterness of the Soviet rulers against the "white" Russians and the Allies who half-heartedly supported them, they did not deflect the course of history by a single hair's breadth. Yet such is the fascination of a forlorn hope that the publication of General Wrangel's memoirs in a third language (they have already appeared in Russian and French) will doubtless be justified by the response of the reading public.

Wrangel served in the Russian Army as a cavalry commander, and had a narrow escape from death at the hands of the Bolsheviks on the outbreak of the revolution. Having spent some tranquil months under the German occupation, he joined Denikin's forces early in 1919. In command of one of Denikin's armies, he took an

HEATH CRANTON, LTD.

NEO-HEGELIANISM

By HIRALAL HILDAR M.A., F.H.D.
Professor of Philosophy in the University of Calcutta.
25s. net.

"A very valuable contribution to the history of thought in the New Century. Admirable in point of style and accuracy of statement. The book supplies a want which has been apparent to students of modern philosophy."—The late VISCOUNT HALDANE.
"So far as citation and comparison can take us, the present work leaves unsaid little that is essential, and the constructive metaphysical contributions of Stirling, T. H. Green, the two Cairds, Wallace Ritchie, Bradley and Bosanquet could scarcely have received a more thorough and complete exegesis within so relatively small a compass."—The Times Literary Supplement.

"The book is one of very real value and has a colour and worth all its own. The style is excellent. A very interesting, well informed and scholarly work."—Principal DAVID S. CAIRNS in the *British Weekly*.
"A full and accurate history of the movement and supplies a felt need of students of philosophy."—*Journal of Education*.
"Considering the complexity of the subject, he writes with a really wonderful clearness of style and no metaphysical student could ask for a better guide."—*Sunday Times*.

ADVENTURES IN LITERATURE

By J. C. WORDSWORTH, M.A.
Author of "Adventures in Philosophy."
12s. 6d. net.

The essays in this book deal with two Greek and two Italian poets, and contain renderings into verse of many of the most notable passages in their works.

CONTENTS.
DANTE'S *Paradiso*. THE *Argonautica* OF APOLLONIUS RHODIUS. BOIARDO'S *Orlando Innamorato*. EURIPIDES *Scotsman*.—"Well founded in its learning."
T.P.'s *Weekly*.—"Brilliant."

Ready in the Spring of 1930:—

AN INTRODUCTION TO MEDIEVAL ROMANCE

By A. B. TAYLOR, M.A.
Professor of English Language and Literature in the University of Tasmania.
12s. 6d. net.

CONTENTS.	
Chap.	Chap.
Preface.	VIII. Miscellaneous themes in Romance.
I. Introduction.	IX. The Characteristics of English Romance.
II. The Charlemagne Romances.	X. The influence of Religion on Romance.
III. Origins of the Arthurian Legend.	XI. Chivalry, Romance and the Supernatural in Romance.
IV. General survey of Arthurian Romance.	XII. The Sensational & Supernatural in Romance.
V. The Chief Characters and Topics of Arthurian Romance.	XIII. The Love Element.
VI. The Grail Quest.	XIV. Conclusion.
VII. Classical themes in Romance.	Select Bibliography.
	Index.

The Publishers are always pleased to consider suitable MSS. with a view to their publication in Book form.

6 FLEET LANE, LONDON, E.C.4

active part in the advance towards Moscow and the subsequent disastrous retreat. His criticisms of his chief, and indeed of most of his colleagues, are unsparing; and after forwarding an official despatch in which he ascribed the fiasco to "a strategy diametrically opposed to the rudiments of the art of warfare" and to "complete disorganisation behind the lines", he sent in his resignation. In virtue of this act, he found himself (perhaps, as he maintains, unwillingly) a rallying-point for the malcontents who were intriguing against Denikin; and when the latter resigned, he was chosen in March 1920 to take his place as commander of the "last Russian national army".

The story of the summer of 1920 resembles, on a much smaller scale, that of the preceding summer—an offensive, a reverse, a collapse. And once more intrigues and jealousies appear, not now on the spot, but in Paris, where Wrangel refused to have anything to do with the representative committee of former Russian politicians, and the latter replied by advising their compatriots against participation in the Crimean venture. But this time the real centre of interest lay elsewhere. So long as the Soviet forces were engaged with Poland, things went well with Wrangel, and the French Government in August went so far as to "recognise" Wrangel's so-called South Russian Government. But when Poland made peace at the end of September, all was over; and the French Commissioner arrived in Sebastopol only in time to witness the débâcle and superintend the evacuation. The vacillating character of British policy, which Wrangel severely criticises, was mainly due to domestic issues, which he could not be expected to understand. It was not the only occasion on which Mr. Lloyd George himself judged rightly, but had not the courage of his convictions. He had no faith in these Russian adventures; but, in order to please a section of his supporters, he momentarily surrendered the reins to the most dangerous member of his team, Mr. Churchill; and

he afterwards showed unnecessary relish in liquidating the unhappy consequences of his colleague's policy.

Miss Goulston has produced a readable translation, but the illustrations are dull and the sketch-maps rather poor. It is a pity that the publishers describe the book on the dust-cover as the "only first-hand account yet published of the White Counter-revolution." The *Memoirs of General Denikin* appeared in English six or seven years ago.

JOHN HALLETT.

THE THIRD MARY STUART, by Marjorie Bowen. *John Lane*. 18/- net. Miss Bowen, in choosing for her special province the history of the House of Orange and the sordid intrigues of the later Stuart sovereigns, has set herself a hard task. No doubt we ought to see in William III a defender of our country's liberties, but even Macaulay failed to give him heroic proportions. No doubt also we ought to feel an interest in the young girl, who was made a pawn in Charles II's game of diplomatic deception and used to secure the Prince of Orange's neutrality; but the period is an ugly period; the intrigues are base intrigues; and the young girl's silly and ill-spelt letters to her friend and 'husband,' Frances Apsley, are no more interesting than any other school-girl correspondence of any period. These letters, signed 'Mary Clorine' occupy about a fifth of the book. When Mary becomes Princess of Orange, their place is taken by her own diaries, and after she becomes Queen of England by her letters to her husband, absent on the Irish Campaign or in Flanders. These are of more intrinsic interest and show that the rather silly girl-princess grew into an adoring wife and a woman 'not without sense and political capacity. Miss Bowen has performed her task well. If she has failed to produce a very readable book, the fault is more in the matter than in the author. She has at least produced a well-documented story, and has provided it with excellent illustrations.

JANET E. COURTNEY.

SEVEN TALES AND ALEXANDER, by H. E. Bates. *Scholartis Press*. 7s. 6d. THE LACQUER LADY, by F. Tennyson Jesse. *Heinemann*. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Bates is a short-story writer of achievement as well as of abundant promise. He has an eye not only for the effective but for the significant. He shows us states of mind, leads us into the heart of a golden moment, without, however, making the mistake, on the one hand, of presenting life in terms of psychological analysis, or, on the other, of losing himself and us, and therefore his story too, in the contemplation of abstract beauty. He is, indeed, within sight of this last danger in one of his *Seven Tales*, the charmingly written but too allegorical fantasy called *The Peach Tree*; but this lapse is solitary. And if there are slight things here, one or two pieces almost too slight to have been worth inclusion, at least it may be said that this author never fails to convince us of his own sincerity. What he says may sometimes be more important to him than to us, but he says what he wants to say, what he must say: he writes under an inward compulsion. In short he is an artist, and for that fact alone, in a world where clever writers are too numerous and artists all too dismally rare, he would be worth cherishing.

But Mr. Bates is important for what he has done, as well as for what he is going to do. Half his present volume is occupied, happily, by the best of the stories, *Alexander*, which opens in this fashion:

Early one August morning a curious black cart on low springs, drawn by a little shaggy pony with a tail that swept about its legs like a skirt, jogged steadily off from a narrow street bordering the river, climbed in a leisurely manner through the town, and began travelling slowly and almost sleepily eastward, towards open country. In the cart, half-concealed by piles of creaking baskets, sat a small, fair-headed boy of eleven or twelve, with drowsy blue eyes; and by his side a fat, sunburnt man with white hair, attired in breeches and black

leggings and a red waistcoat evidently put on with special care and worn with special pride.

Nothing, I think, could be more reassuring than that beginning: its honesty and unselfconscious skill fill me, at any rate, with the highest expectations. And these expectations are not disappointed. Seeing everything through the mind of the child, we ride through the golden August day, buy and gather fruit from the orchards, meet two or three queer characters, bathe in the enchantment of first love, and in the evening come unwillingly home again. "He could only sit silent, in wonder. The day had passed, the journey was at an end. When would another begin?" In its essentials this story has been told again and again. Nor, since the heart of it is poetry, can it ever be told too often. In Mr. Bates's hands it is a lovely and memorable thing.

In *The Lacquer Lady* Miss Tennyson

SIR CECIL SPRING RICE

A Record Edited by
STEPHEN GWYNN

J. A. R. Marriott in The Fortnightly Review:—"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. These volumes will live as literature."

Manchester Guardian:—"Brilliantly edited by Mr. Stephen Gwynn, whose explanatory passages between the letters are excellent précis of history in themselves."

Second Impression
Two volumes
30s. net.

10-12 Orange Street WC 2.

CONSTABLE

Jesse has combined a romantic tale, a study of two contrasted feminine types, and, I am tempted to add, a travel book. "Nothing stranger and lovelier than the Gem City of Mandalay could be found upon the earth," she tells us; and continues:

The high rose-red walls, crowned at intervals by soaring spires with up-curving pagoda-like roofs, stretched all along the moat, which shone in limpid patches between outflung masses of pink lotus. And moored all along the gleaming leafy mile of water were golden barges with high prows, decked with golden dragons that sparkled and glittered in the sunlight till they were mere twinkling points of lights in the far distance, points that gleamed like flame against the soft blue of the Shan mountains. Beside the moat the turf was a vivid strip of green, dappled with shade from the dark clumps of mango trees that hung their heavy pointed leaves in the still air. Further down the moat a bridge, washed a dazzling snow-white, spanned the lily-strewn water. As Fanny gazed the deep notes of a gong sounded from beyond the rose-red walls.

So dazzling is the scene, so lavishly spangled with oriental colour, that I sometimes find myself wishing that Fanny and Agatha had stayed at Brighton, where, in the prologue, we first made their acquaintance; but in that I express not a criticism but a personal idiosyncrasy. Miss Tennyson Jesse is very far from being a mere romancer; whenever she can spare attention from her palaces and pagodas, rose-red battlements and golden spires, she is able to send an illuminating ray into the mind of her Lacquer Lady. This, however, is not her prime purpose. She has an exciting story to tell us, of intrigue and violence in the Golden Palace of Mandalay in the days of King Thibaw (a fiction firmly based, we are assured, on historical fact), and she tells it with her customary skill and with copious circumstantial detail.

GERALD BULLETT.

THE FORBIDDEN ZONE, by Mary Borden. William Heinemann Ltd. 6/- net.

THE author, already well-known as a novelist of distinction, pleads in her preface that, if her war impressions seem confused, "they are fragments of a great confusion," and that any attempt on her part to reduce them to order "would require artifice on my part and would falsify them." But 'artifice' is the business of a literary artist, simplification, selection, so as to make the reader see what the artist saw and is trying to set down. It is just in this selection that Mrs. Borden so often fails, both in her novels and in her present volume of sketches. Her fault is not confusion but exuberance, a multiplication of detail where economy of line is clearly called for. It is so often not what a writer puts in that matters, it is what he decides to leave out. If Mrs. Borden had left out quite half the 25 pages of *L'Enfant du Malheur*, she might have made of the remaining twelve as unforgettable a portrait of the efficient hospital-orderly-priest fighting for the soul of the dying Apache as she has made in a couple of pages only of the Rabbi on the battlefield replacing the dead priest and holding up the crucifix before the eyes of the dying Catholic. Why, when she is capable of such a clear-cut etching, need she cover a canvas with irrelevant detail?

The same criticism applies to her 'prose poems', or are they studies in *vers libre*? In either case they owe much to Walt Whitman:

"From the top of the hill I looked down on the beautiful, the gorgeous, the superhuman and monstrous landscape of the superb exulting war"—

Has not that the very rhythm of his Hymn to Death? But let her go over the poems with a blue pencil, striking out every weak or unnecessary stanza or clause, or whatever name one gives to a section of *vers libre*, and she will be amazed at the improvement she has effected.

JANET E. COURTNEY.

HAUNTING EDINBURGH, by Flora Grierson. Illustrated by Katherine Cameron. John Lane. 20/-.

THE BLACK FOREST, by Christopher Marlowe. Illustrated. John Lane. 8/6.

A DETECTIVE IN KENT, by Donald Maxwell. Illustrated. John Lane. 6/-.

In a century the nation of shopkeepers has been transformed into a nation of tourists. We were not ordinary shopkeepers, and we are not, of course, ordinary tourists. We thank Thee, Lord, we are not as other tourists are, who stand at the street corners, in the manner of the Pharisees, reading the Collect for the occasion out of our Baedekers. We have become more refined. The kind of guide book we favour is one just too big for the pocket, one that cannot conveniently be carried, if the temptation offer; that can be left in the hotel and be consulted privily, furtively and thoroughly before, exalted by a kind of "quick one" of secret knowledge, we walk serenely into the street. We are tourists no longer. We are not even visitors. We have become members of that bizarre freemasonry of 'wanderers', 'vagabonds', 'haunters', 'glamour seekers'; our streets become 'highways and byways', urban districts become 'quaint corners', and the towns we enter find it is more remunerative to be old-fashioned than modern. Our attitude to travel has become as literary as the attitude to painting was in the nineteenth-century.

The "every-picture-tells-a-story" school of guide book writing is therefore flourishing. Woe to the writer who knows the present facts and forgets the past of his region. But how often is the buyer of this kind of book disillusioned. So very few writers have anything more than a faked feeling for the past, and their historical information floats about in thick, indigestible lumps on the surface. Good books, like these two by Mr. Maxwell and Miss Grierson respectively, are rare. The first is inspired by an alert, detective interest whose aim is to reconstruct an

ancient sea from old landmarks; and the second is moved by something much stronger than a merely literary passion for the past. Edinburgh is a strange city to no one who has read Scott and Miss Grierson's book weaves past and present so evenly and cunningly together, that one who has never set eyes on the city can read the book with excitement and pleasure. Knox and the reformers, Mary and the quarrelling earls are here in anecdote and episode. Mobs are in the street and intrigues are spinning in Holyrood. As for the present, there is the excellent story of the old sick lady who was found in a tenement and who, when asked if she had any relatives, replied, "Miss! I have only Christ and ma cat."

Mr. Maxwell's object is to open our eyes to the numerous clues to past scenes which the names of farms, towns, bridges and rivers in a given piece of country will offer

ALBANIA

The Rise of a Kingdom

By
J. SWIRE, F.R.G.S.

THE *Daily Telegraph* says that this, the only complete history of Albania, "must at once take rank as the leading authority on its subject, both on account of its fulness of detail and Mr. Swire's personal knowledge of this country."

30s. net.

Williams & Norgate
38 Great Ormond Street
London, W.C. 1.

us. His immediate business is to trace the ancient coastline of Thanet, which now runs through mile after mile of meadow land, and to unravel the old delta of the River Rother in Romney Marsh. His method is most fascinating. His hypothesis leads him to believe, for instance, that in this stretch of marsh, which was once sea, there was an island, and a glance at the map reveals the name Belle Isle Farm! He is searching for evidence of an old quay, miles inland, and under a steep bank comes across a farm called Puddle Dock; for a beach, and he finds Keel Farm. His reconstruction of the ancient aspect of Sarre becomes in the end something of a treasure hunt, for he has his own theory about the burial place of the famous golden image of Wodin for which so many have dug in vain. The best detective thrillers are not more exciting than those pages which lead up to his stand at the old windmill of Gilton under which, he maintains, the golden image is buried, twenty feet deep. Those who like to see maps brought to life, ought to read this pleasant little book.

The main object of Mr. Christopher Marlowe's volume on the Black Forest is to present this region as an excellent place for winter sports, though it will serve as a general guide also. Without being a particularly inspired piece of work, it is a useful mixture of information, history and legend.

V. S. PRITCHETT.

THE OMNIBUS BOOK. Heinemann. 8/6.

THIS new type of omnibus book takes us through a great variety of country. Its route has not been planned to link up places of similar fame, but rather with a view to diversity in this respect. To drop the omnibus metaphor—which by the way is amusingly sustained on end papers and title pages—the only thing the three novels, two short stories, two essays, five articles and nine poems which compose this book, have in common is their original publisher,

who has had the happy idea of binding together these different items, each good in its own way, to make a book which shall thus cater for all.

There is certainly something here for many tastes. There is, for instance, that sound specimen of the *genus* detective story, Frances Noyes Hart's *The Bellamy Trial*, with its novel and realistic setting. When this crime story first appeared I thought its solution irritating, and I think it irritating still; but it is good detection for all that. If you prefer something more sentimental than crime for a subject, there is *Greenery Street*, Denis Mackail's charming if rather sugary study of young married life in London. If you want humour, you are catered for by A. P. Herbert's delicious *Man About Town* sketches. If you yearn for adventure, there is F. Tennyson Jesse's strong sea yarn *The Two Helens*, with its inevitably tragic ending; and there are also two characteristic Tomlinson essays, to teach us that "adventure is never anywhere unless we make it." The remaining three items are perhaps the pick of the list: Clemence Dane's fine and moving literary tour de force *Legend*, some of Siegfried Sassoon's powerful and biting poems, and Max Beerbohm's delicious *A. V. Laidler*—a story which for sheer perfection of technique must be the admiration and despair of all young writers. Altogether, it is a choice and pleasing collection; for the invalid, for the holiday-maker, for the traveller, for all, indeed, who like a great variety of reading in a handy form, *The Omnibus Book* is an ideal purchase.

PHYLLIS BENTLEY.

OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED.

PEACE TACTICS OF NAPOLEON, 1806-1808, by H. Butterfield, M.A. (Cambridge University Press).

CALVERLY AND SOME CAMBRIDGE WITS OF THE XIX CENTURY, by Richard B. Ince. (Grant Richards & Humphrey Toulmin).

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

FEBRUARY 1, 1930.

ITALIA! ITALIA!

BY RICHARD SICKERT, A.R.A.

WE are wont to speak of tempting providence. So we must assume that providence has been known to succumb to temptation. If providence had elected to sink the good ship Leonardo da Vinci in the gale instead of, as it did the other day, a cargo of modern paintings, Society would certainly have said, "Oh! Hard lines!" and passed on to more congenial pre-occupations.

That the Royal Academy should have succumbed to a sporting stunt is disappointing. The English adoration for taking risks, for the fun of risks, sometimes our own, and always somebody else's, is ineradicable. But the Academy surely exists, one might hope, to say the becoming and scholarly word at the right moment. Private owners will always send their property, properly insured, trapesing over the universe, because their property is of the nature of investment, and because it gains, when authentic, in value in proportion as it is advertised. But national property should be treated differently. Degas used to say, "*Il faut qu'un tableau ait sa place.*" And in its place it should, in a civilised state, remain, with all tremulous precautions, as long as the world holds together.

It is terrifying to think of the amount for which actions might lie against us for any damage done to the inadequately protected lower line of pictures.

Gestures of courtesy between governments are lovely, and of good omen; but the successive deposits of the geology of the spirit are sacred, as sacred, or more, as is the hallowed dust of Dr. Valpy, or that of Mr. Sheepshanks's Mr. Mulready in Kensal Green. Let us by all means send our glad stones to Hellas freely. They enjoy the trips, for which flesh and blood is duly strutted, but not age-old miracles of coloured dust, held

together with a breath of perishing glue, on heavy warped and morticed panels.

I have no doubt that experts who are "on" in this *Revue*, will be found like sporting barristers to jump up, bold as brass, and say, "Not a bit of it. As a matter of fact masterpieces of painting must, like beds, be broken up and aired from time to time. It does them good. Then, what about our brand-new native industry of post-war picture-restoring? Unemployment must be countered in that, as in other industries. On what are our diverted *beau sabreurs* to wield their unapprenticed scalpels? Then again, if we strive too officiously to keep alive the works of our old masters, how are our beginners, patiently awaiting promotion at the Café Royal, to get a hearing at all? It is what we call in trade unfair competition." There is the brief.

The needs of experts for facilities of study have been invoked. This is bunkum. The experts I have the honour of knowing are, like travelling clocks, always on board of steamer or Pullman, when they are not at the club where no dealers are allowed to enter, (only to leave) unless they are members.

The serious work of expertise, as every one knows, is now done mainly by photography, and the scientific extensions of photography. It is unnecessary for the sake of the livings of experts to risk the loss of the *raison d'être* for experts themselves. It cannot be necessary to vibro-massage an arch-known Titian from Trafalgar Square to Piccadilly for fear it should have escaped Mr. Fry's notice.

Pleasure, and pleasure alone is the proper purpose of art. Speaking as a convinced hedonist I am inclined to think that the concentration of an enormous rush of Society on one spot at one moment detracts from, rather than adds to the pleasures that art can afford. We were of late congratulated on the fact that there were four, or was it five, simultaneous circuses at Wembley. But five circuses is less, and not more, than one circus. There was a classic, half a century ago which ran up and down the King's Road:—

There's only one girl in this world for me!

If I want to see a Reynolds, little Lady Caroline Montagu Scott is enough at a time. And I want to see her in Edinburgh. As I do by the unofficial Turner, the country seat, and the visit of George IV to St. Giles's, and the same Monarch's

banquet, with the enfeebled vassal, on one knee, presenting the equivalent of a peppercorn rent to H.M.G.M., in the Kilt with fleshings, as Royal holder of the succession to the Royal Gaberlunzie man. But in Edinburgh. Not in London. Every town should keep its attractions at home, and follow the principle of the Christy Minstrels, who never performed out of London.

When Hogarth, a poor man, gave the proceeds of his sublime art, it was for the benefit of our foundlings. What is the exact reason why the proceeds of this magnificent exhibition, which is a business, showing profits, should go to the National Art Collections Fund, a body which may be said to be a luxury Society, relatively wealthy and concerned with accumulating superfluities with which we are already cluttered, instead of to the Veterinary College in Camden Town. The Veterinary College desperately needs the money. It is a centre of beneficent activity and holds scientifically the place of parent to all human hospitals. A grand new building in Dickens's Camden Town would show the world that painting was a humane and loveable knack.

The most enchanting cook in St. James's used to say that the late Lord Ribblesdale would find no fault with any housemaid so long as she had "Trishan" hair. And the world's knowledge of Titian is about on a par with this judicious opinion. We may ask, as the stencils on the pavement of Oxford Street used to ask in 1870, "who's Griffith?" But we cannot alas reply, with the stencils a month or so later, "The safe man". Lord Melchett's little Titian certainly contains some 1870 or later painting, and, probably, with as great certainty, no sixteenth-century colourman's goods, any more than does the Copenhagen Marriage at Cana attributed to Tintoretto. As these two little slips are practically admitted as such in the catalogue it needs no ghost to tell us that. What is certain is that Titian on a small scale was an exquisite painter. We may begin our acquaintance with the National Gallery Magdalen and the risen Christ. Into the same class falls the Holy Family of the Marquess of Bath. Titian on a small scale painted not quite as well as Cima on a small scale.

I may, perhaps, say that I do not aspire to the heights of Mr. Fry as a critic. I can only comment on paintings as they are.

I cannot, like Mr. Fry, venture to say how the great masters should have painted their pictures. It is extremely heartening to have, still living in our midst, a critic who has the authority to biff three apostles at one go in the *Daily Telegraph*. It suggests Whistler's, or rather Freshfield's famous American story:—"Why not give up the George Washington idea altogether? Then you can turn the axe into—" I forget what.

Urged as I was for many months by my dear friend Giorgio Franchetti, to consider the famous Titian Ascension in the Accademia in Venice a supreme work, I couldn't, with the best will in the world, though I succumb proprio motu to the long horizontal canvas of the Presentation of the little Virgin. But then I come upon the thunderplump of the portrait of Pope Paul III from a hand so altogether different, a hand robust beyond compare, the like of which we can almost see, it may be, in Lord Spencer's supposed portrait of Loyola with the obviously impudent modern inscription in the top left hand corner. Though the Ancona Madonna is injured by the candles of the faithful, and repaintings of hot colours, including some bitumen, that is not why the design is awkward, and not in the same street as the breathless and dancing rhythm of any Tintoretto.

Three-hundred years leaves room for some perjury and much stupidity. Does anyone at the present date know the truth about such a simple matter as whether Protestant or Catholic divines bear the palm in mutual tearing out of hearts and disembowelings and roastings under Mary and Elizabeth? Are we even now quite sure of the rights in the matter of Roger Charles Doughty Tichborne, in spite of a special act of Parliament which drowned the young man posthumously in the Bella? Are we sure that history has done justice to Captain Lebrun Renault? It is better to use our eyes and our instincts than to swear into the words of any expert. Paintings by living men are daily turning up with false signatures. If these things can happen now under the outraged noses of living victims would not owners in plenty have been found in three centuries to attribute a Tintoretto or two to the, for the moment, more fashionable name? There was every inducement. Lies are so prolific and so profitable. It has taken about 300 years to place Titian in a juster relation to Tintoretto. Titian is essentially,

like Nollekins, and Rodin an assembler of disparate chunks. Heads, busts, full lengths of saints, Bishop's half-lengths, donors, trees, hills are stuck, without roots as it were, in juxtaposition in pots, and have to do. They do not grow in logical, enchanting and enchained order out of a single conception as do the designs of Tintoretto. Of course, we are comparing a swell with a swell. Titian has the taste in colour of a Guglielmian glazier. Raspberry, azure and saffron which we still love in our libraries and greenhouses in Canonbury. Tintoretto the force of a sculptor and draughtsman. And the sculptor is, of course, a nobler beast than the painter, and the draughtsman than either.

There is no sense in saying again, less well, what has already been said to perfection. Hear, therefore, Professor Dugald Stewart:—

GRACEFULNESS.—The beauty of motion has a charm peculiar to itself, more particularly when exhibited by an animated being, above all when exhibited by an individual of our own species. In these cases it produces that peculiar effect, to the unknown cause of which we give the name of grace; an effect which seems to depend, in no inconsiderable degree, on the additional interest which the pleasing form derives from its fugitive and evanescent existence, the memory dwelling fondly on the charm which has fled, while the eye is fascinated with the expectation of what is to follow. A fascination somewhat analogous to this is experienced when we look at the undulations of a flag streaming to the wind; at the wreathings and convolutions of a column of smoke; or at the momentary beauties and splendours of fireworks, amid the darkness of night. In the human figure, however, the enchanting power of graceful motion is probably owing chiefly to the living expression which it exhibits; an expression ever renewed and ever varied, of taste and of mental elegance.—*Professor Dugald Stewart.*

These things are illustrated in the famous Birth of Venus by Botticelli, in the Pieta of Bellini, in the Virgin and Child of Mantegna, in the portrait of the plump and grumpy Madelena Doni (with broken and dirty nails. Hot water was not so conveniently laid on as it is now.) In the Judith of Mantegna (186) with the business-like expression of a duty done. "That's that!" And the dead foot sticking up. Carrion! In Botticelli's Feast in the House of Levi (188, b.) Judas covering his mouth to hide a smile. "I should smile." And Peter craning across the table to see what on earth the inconvenient woman with her head under the tablecloth was about. Pictures these by believers, to whose imagination the scenes were real. The expression of Hercules (196, b.) by Pollaiuolo. "Now then, town-

dweller, ask Mama!" The Piero Cosimo belonging to Ricketts and Shannon (234) Occupat os saxo. But it is the Centaur's Sunday face. In Signorelli's Nativity, (249) the neighbour's lady rushing in and receiving the somewhat absent-minded welcome of the nurses, busy with the bath, while the old Evangelist sits on the step of the bed and posts up his diary. The Bartolommeo di Giovanni (257) which shows how a bishop in a restaurant may be saved by the intervention of a nousey old Scottish colleague. The thief on the O.P. side of the Crucifixion by Antonello da Messina, (276), dangling sublime and elastic, like carcase on a butcher's back at Smithfield, dead as mutton. The Deposition (339) of Tintoretto, the greatest *tableau de parade* in the world. The Queen of the Adriatic (360) by Tintoretto. The long lagoon green as it is in Sirocco. Lord Crawford's St. Mark, the Star in the East of the universe of art. (Why talk we of petrol pumps?)

Note the crooked mouth of the Dancing Maiden (712) (School of Mantegna). I like to see my Guido Reni whose Car of Apollo is the first picture I remember, and perhaps the best-known picture in the world. But Poynter found a better pose for Atalanta on these walls. In the Bronzino (742) Ugolino is reading the ΙΑΙΙΑΔΟΣ ΠΑΥΩΔΙΑ upside down, accents and all. Carlo Dolci (753) possibly pushed skill of painting in oils to the highest perfection it has yet attained. Salome is saying to her mother, "Here is the horrid thing, Mama, but I don't like it." In Cavallino's Tobias (758) we can see Italian painting declining towards Le Sueur, in the country that was to produce the same subject, Tobias, this time the Return, by Millet, as the masterpiece of modern art.

Let us conclude with two morals. My colleagues in the Academy have, no doubt, noted that good painters painted from drawings, and not from what is called "nature". And that good painting pays. *Il y du fiaff-fiaff autour.* We might proceed, as a thank-offering, to the appointment of a professor of painting. And I have to thank Lady Chamberlain for a delicious ten days, which I never thought to do when her father-in-law told me at Boughton's that he was sharpening his tomahawk for the session, or when Mrs. Williamson took me to hear him at the recurring Fair Trade Jamboree in the Albert Hall.

THE PARADOX OF POLITICS

BY SIR JOHN MARRIOTT

IN the realm of Ethics paradox reigns supreme. The most authoritative teachers have regularly employed that medium: "he that will save his soul shall lose it"; "the first shall be last and the last first";—and so on. The "law of indirectness", as Bishop Boyd Carpenter once phrased it, is widely prevalent in Ethics.

Is paradox similarly supreme in the sphere of Politics? The outstanding events of 1929, and the forecasts for 1930, would seem to suggest an affirmative answer; and in that answer we may perhaps discover the surest corrective to the pessimism so markedly prevailing in the 'Retrospects and Prospects' which the advent of a new year seems inevitably to inspire. How hard some of us worked last May to save our seats! But already the more optimistic profess to discern indications that the loss of our political seats may prove to be the salvation of our political souls. The uses of adversity may be salutary if not sweet. Except for the few bracing months of 1924, we Tories had not been in opposition for fifteen years. Some of our leaders had been almost continuously in office for fourteen, and the leaders were jaded, the party as a whole was stale, while many of the younger men who only came into the House of Commons in 1924, were demoralised by the enervating influence of a top-heavy majority, and were disillusioned by the monotony of the least interesting (though not least useful) Parliament of recent years.

Consequently, from the narrower standpoint of Party, the reverse of May, 1929, may possibly prove to be a blessing in disguise; but that is not the standpoint which I propose in this paper to adopt.

Have National interests been equally well served by the Conservative débâcle?

It is already manifest that, whatever ill effects have ensued on that defeat, the re-distribution of party strength at Westminster led to a remarkable revival of interest in Parliamentary proceedings. It had become almost a commonplace, in recent

years, that Parliamentary Government was "played out"; that the world was moving either in the direction of personal dictatorship, or in that of syndicalism. There were those, even in England, who believed that Fascismo held the secret of the immediate future; others argued that if the principle of representative government were to survive at all, an omnipotent centralized legislature must needs be superseded by specialized, vocational, and localized representative bodies. Cynics there were who, *mutatis mutandis* reached Bismarck's well-known description of his colleagues in the Prussian *Landtag* of 1849: "Three hundred and fifty persons are deciding the fate of our Fatherland, though hardly fifty of them know what they are doing; and, even among these fifty, thirty are ambitious and conscienceless rogues, or comedians puffed out with vanity." Those who are disposed to cynicism may be invited to remember that it was on the eve of a most fruitful period in our Parliamentary history, on the eve of a wonderful expansion of the Empire, that Thomas Carlyle wrote of "Six hundred talking asses, set to make laws and to administer the concerns of the greatest Empire the world had ever seen."

Personally, I have never imagined or suggested that Parliamentary institutions were a panacea, to be prescribed for the ills of all peoples, at every stage of their political development. Goldwin Smith was perhaps near the truth when he said, "The Teuton loves laws and parliaments, the Celt loves a King." Said primarily in reference to the Irish, the aphorism applies undoubtedly to certain Latin peoples who have never mastered the difficult art of Parliamentary Government as we English folk have understood it; still more does it apply to those Oriental peoples who lack the long apprenticeship in local self-government, without which Parliamentary Government is doomed to certain failure.

England, however, is not yet confronted with the alternatives of Fascism or Bolshevism; though it is one of the many paradoxes of the present situation that the defeat of the historic parties, and the emergence of a party that has carried on a serious and prolonged flirtation with the principle of Sovietism* should have revived interest in Parliamentary proceedings.

* C.f.—Articles by the present writer in the *Fortnightly Review* August, October and November, 1920.

have recalled the country to faith in the Parliamentary type of Democracy. But, perhaps, these results are attributable to the fact that no Party can, for the moment, command a Parliamentary majority. Be that as it may, the fact remains that the destruction of the Conservative majority has given a fresh impulse to the waning authority of the House of Commons.

Even more paradoxical is it that the House of Lords should also have been basking in the sun of publicity, if not of power. One of the gravest sins of omission of which the Conservative Government was guilty in the late Parliament was its neglect to solve the problem of the Second Chamber. The responsibility lay wholly with the Government and a section of its followers in the House of Commons. The Party as a whole does not share it; nor does the House of Lords. The Party, in its annual conference, year after year, placed a reform of the Second Chamber in the forefront of the resolutions urged upon the attention of its leaders. The House of Lords has, notably in 1927, affirmed unmistakably its willingness to adopt reforms which for many of its members meant the acceptance of a self-denying ordinance and the surrender of cherished privileges. But for the second time in its recent history, a great Unionist majority has proved itself unable or unwilling to tackle a problem, admittedly thorny but not on that account the less urgent. In July, 1927, I propounded, not for the first time, in the pages of this *Review*, a question: "Is there to be, in the relatively calm atmosphere of to-day, a serious attempt to restore the equilibrium of a Constitution more delicately poised perhaps, than any other in the world; or shall we continue to acquiesce in the provisions of the Parliament Act of 1911, admitted by its authors to be a temporary makeshift, a mere *torso*, until we are compelled to face the problem in the heated atmosphere of an incipient revolution?" That question remains unanswered.

We have now had from a Secretary of State an assertion that by "Parliament" as used in an important diplomatic document was to be understood the House of Commons. Such carelessness or ignorance might perhaps be condoned in the case of Mr. Henderson; it cannot be forgiven to one who like the Attorney General has been trained to think and speak with precision.

Yet, with all this, the present situation may place in the hands of the House of Lords an unexpected opportunity. Much

legislation is at the moment pending, in regard to which there is acute division of opinion among the three parties in the House of Commons. More than once that House has involved itself in a tangle which the House of Lords is, by its composition, by its methods of procedure, not least by its relative leisure, pre-eminently qualified to unravel. Well considered amendments, particularly if proposed by some of the industrialists or lawyers who adorn the Liberal benches in the House of Lords, would have an excellent chance of acceptance at the hands of a House of Commons, in which no Party commands an absolute majority, and which is evidently seeking, in almost pathetic perplexity, a means of escape from the entanglements in which it has involved itself. That the House of Lords should regain, during a Socialist régime, something of the legislative prestige which it was steadily losing under the rule of the Conservatives, would be, in truth, the crown of political irony: but not, on that account, is it unthinkable.

An even wider vista is opened up, by these reflections, to the eye of political imagination. We have lately had among us one who has played a great part in Imperial politics and is destined, I trust, to play an even greater one. General Smuts has been taking notes in England, and has been speaking from them in Canada. The result of his recent inspection of us would seem, on the whole, to have been satisfactory. Speaking to a great gathering at Ottawa on January 3rd, he is reported to have said: "While the Empire was having its troubles all was well with it, and in Great Britain, its heart, the situation was sound. There was no sign of decadence, but a general determination to surmount difficulties and maintain the country's unique position in the world." That is encouraging; but it is to the following significant words that I wish to direct attention: "He felt, however, that the British people might demand *a more national government in which all parties would co-operate to cope with the present economic stress.*" (The Italics are mine).

The Conservatives were turned out of office in May, partly by the votes of inexperienced electors, but mainly because they had failed to make any palpable impression on the problem of unemployment. I myself believe that the "De-Rating" Act will gradually reveal itself as the most important single contribution which any party has yet made towards the solution of

the industrial problem. Had the Conservative Government devoted its first session instead of its last to the enactment of that great measure, the results would be still more apparent than they are to-day; and even to-day the north-east coast and South Wales are palpably exhibiting its beneficent effects. But it cannot by itself solve the problem.

No fair minded person will blame the Socialist Government for failing to solve it in six months; but the character of their legislative proposals and the speeches of Mr. Thomas have already proved to demonstration that the cupboard is bare. They have no positive remedy for unemployment; and they can no longer conceal the truth from their deluded followers. From some of the more ignorant among them, it is difficult to withhold sympathy. Men of the type of Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Kirkwood, were, perhaps, genuinely deluded. The disappointment of the Wheatleys and Maxtons is more calculated. With sarcastic humour Mr. Maxton, speaking in the House of Commons on November 4th, exclaimed: "One of my enthusiastic colleagues on these benches said that Labour was in for 20 years. Well, I hope so. God knows that at the rate of progress indicated in his [Mr. Thomas's] speech they will need every minute of it!" Less subtle but equally characteristic was Mr. Kirkwood's outburst at Shettleston on November 17: "The Socialist Government has done nothing for the working classes. Macdonald has done nothing to ease the situation. Snowden has done nothing, and Henderson has done nothing, while Jimmy Thomas's bluff has gone. He has taken on a job he cannot do, and no other man can do and the sooner we make them realise that the better." Mr. Wheatley (as might be expected) is markedly less kind to Mr. Thomas even than Mr. Kirkwood. "There was no evidence," he said at Glasgow (October 6), "that Mr. Thomas had even an elementary knowledge of the problem of unemployment. . . It was a pathetic spectacle to see the future of a great party being toyed with in such a manner." I have

* listened to a good many of Mr. Wheatley's speeches but as far as I can recollect the only "positive remedy" that he himself has for unemployment is a supertax of 20/- in the £ on all incomes in excess of £2,000 a year—a remedy which would infallibly and very quickly intensify the disease.

The internal jealousies and quarrels of the Socialist party may

provoke the laughter of the gods, and may be a cause of genuine satisfaction to political opponents. But from utterances such as these (and they might be indefinitely multiplied) I draw a serious moral. The Clyde-siders are only giving expression, in their own characteristically rough way, to the truth already perceived and proclaimed by the more thoughtful members of their own party. In speech after speech Mr. Thomas during the last four months has declared, as we Conservatives have been saying for the last four years, that the only permanent cure or unemployment is a return to industrial prosperity and, in particular, a revival of our export trade. "There are," as Mr. Snowden truly said, "no short cuts to prosperity."

Had six months of office done no more than teach the Socialists this elementary lesson it might be worth the price which we shall unquestionably have to pay for giving them the opportunity of learning it.

But the mere repetition of a truism is of little use by itself. What action can we take to drive home the lesson? The experience of the last six months has evidently convinced the Minister for Unemployment that the further application of palliatives is useless, and worse than useless. To ladle out public money in doles can only prolong the agony and intensify the disease: and that in two ways. On the one hand it weakens the capacity of the employers to employ, and on the other, it renders the unemployed unemployable. "Loafing," Mr. Macdonald has truly said, "is a canker that can devour a nation."

If the words used by the Socialist leaders express their honest conviction I begin to discern in the paradoxical situation which has arisen in Politics a ray of hope. It is unfortunately the case that parliamentary pressure has already induced them to give legislative sanction to principles entirely contradictory to their courageous words; and the opposition parties have been only less blameworthy than the Ministerialists. Absenteeism on the part of Conservative members has not been due wholly to slackness. It has been due partly to cowardice and partly to calculation, and the calculation has, I am convinced, been faulty. "Tactics" may temporarily ease a parliamentary situation. But they are little understood and almost invariably resented in the constituencies. There has been, in recent months, too much resort, in my judgment, to tactics, and too little reliance on principles.

Here also paradox is playing its puckish part. Both the Opposition parties are afraid to push opposition to the supreme test of the division lobby lest it should be successful. Criticism of Socialist Bills has too often taken the form of girding the Socialists for running away from their election pledges and promises. That may be good debating dialectic: but it is far more important to decide whether it is desirable in the national interest that these pledges should be fulfilled? Ought we not to help the Socialists, now brought face to face with inexorable facts, to learn the bitter lessons of experience, rather than deride their efforts to square administrative action with election promises? Criticism of the type to which I refer cuts no ice whatever with the electors, and can only encourage in ill-doing the ministers who may temporarily writhe under it. On the other hand, criticism directed against false doctrine, as applied in administrative action or translated into legislative projects, may encourage ministers who are fighting with beasts at Ephesus,—or crazy communists in Glasgow,—and may enlighten the electorate to whom the appeal, whatever Fabian tactics the Oppositions may pursue, must before long, be made.

I can well understand the reluctance of the opposition Parties to force that appeal. Mr. Lloyd George is enjoying himself vastly in this Parliament. His boast, uttered shortly after the election, that the final word in all controversial issues between the other parties would rest with the Liberals has already been proved to be no vain and empty one. The situation has combined with his own rare talents, necessarily hidden in a napkin in the last Parliament, to give him an easy pre-eminence in the present House. And if the lying jade is not at her usual work there is only one Conservative leader who has accurately gauged the realities of a situation which may be merely temporary; but may not.

Anyhow, there is something much more important than the situation and the fortunes of Parties: and that is what was known to our grandfathers as 'the Condition of England question'. We are confronted once more with a crisis at least as acute as that which led to the recrudescence of Chartism in the years which followed Waterloo. The 'hungry 'forties' were thought to threaten revolution. Speaking generally, revolutions are not made by starving people: but by people whose discontent is fed

with malnutritious food. The danger to-day is not an immediate loss of daily bread; it is prolonged and pernicious anæmia.

For that physical disease no remedy has, I understand, yet been discovered by medical science. Can we discover a remedy or remedies for the economic disease? One thing is unmistakably clear: all the Party prescriptions have failed. The alternatives are exhausted. "Jimmy Thomas's bluff has gone." So Mr. Kirkwood crudely put it. "The assumption," said Mr. Thomas himself, "that mere spending of money would solve unemployment was a delusion and a snare." "There is," he said on another occasion, "only one solution, which is to find consumers for the goods we have to supply. I believe that it is only in that direction that a solution can be found." And once again: "This country's prosperity was built on our ability to sell our goods to the world. Any artificial attempt to solve the unemployment problem must fail unless they kept that fact in mind."

Indisputably ^{long} true. But what follows? Competition among parties in the provision of *panem et circenses* can lead only to the same irretrievable disaster here in which the original policy involved Rome. What is the alternative? There is no other, I believe, than that which "Augur", in a brilliant article contributed to the last number of this *Review*, suggested. We must evolve if not a National Party, as suggested by General Smuts, at least a National policy, and the first step to a National policy is plainly a round-table three-party conference.

Is *Augur's* suggestion impracticable? Evidently there are formidable obstacles: personal jealousies and suspicions; traditional party antagonisms—strongest, I am afraid, between Tories and Radicals; and hoary shibboleths. A small number of representatives, three or four from each party, with one nominee of the Trade Union Congress, and one of the Federation of British Industries, sitting under the chairmanship of a great industrialist like Lord Weir, or a man like Lord Reading who has played a great part outside party politics, might conceivably reach a large measure of agreement. The movement towards industrial co-operation initiated by the Mond-Turner negotiations has made notable progress, and has reached a stage from which hopeful results may be anticipated. It is unfortunately the case that at a recent conference of the University

Labour Federation at Oxford, presided over by the Minister of Health, Mr. Cole, who is understood to be high in the counsels of the Socialist Party, is reported (*The Times*, January 6, 1930) to have spoken in contemptuous terms of the idea of a national industrial council, and to have expressed the hope that "these discussions with the employers' bodies would break down." But doctrinaires would be rigidly excluded, it is hoped, from a Round-Table Conference.

It might be well, at any rate in the first instance, to limit the agenda to the discussion of the single problem of unemployment; but that problem has so many ramifications that a discussion of it would necessarily involve a reconsideration of the trade policy and the fiscal policy of the country, if not of other collateral questions.

These matters cannot, however, be determined, they can hardly be approached, from the standpoint of insular Britain alone. Nor, indeed, is it possible for us to solve our economic problems in isolation.

We are on the eve of another Imperial Conference. When the organization of the Conference was last discussed in the House of Commons (29 June, 1927), a suggestion came from the Liberal Benches that representation at the Conference should not be confined to members of the respective Governments. Mr. Amery, as Secretary of State, made it clear that the idea of non-official representation did not commend itself to the Dominion Governments, though he admitted that in a grave national emergency, such as that which arose in 1914, the objections generally entertained against the idea could not weigh in the scales against the advantage of getting general consent.

Has not a grave national emergency again arisen? Can anyone who looks around, who compares the economic conditions of this country with those of other European belligerents, to say nothing of the U.S.A., doubt that the economic situation of this country is unspeakably grave? I have long held the view, and have expressed it in these pages and elsewhere, that no permanent solution of the unemployment problem can be found save in the redistribution of the white population of the Empire. But that solution is (at any rate for the moment) blocked by the increasing reluctance of an insured population to abandon such measures of security as insurance guarantees to those who remain at home, and the still more formidable reluctance of the Dominions

to receive them. That being so, other avenues must be explored.

Most serious consideration should, I submit, be given to the suggestions of Lord Beaverbrook and Lord Rothermere. I do not enjoy the personal acquaintance of either of those noble lords. Nor, to be perfectly frank, can I be surprised that suggestions emanating from the Journals which they respectively control should meet with rather a cool reception from the leaders of the party to which I belong. But Mr. Baldwin made a generous gesture, in his Albert Hall speech, towards Lord Beaverbrook, and that portion of his speech was the only one which aroused any great enthusiasm in his audience. Apart, however, from that, I hold that the circumstances of the hour are far too grave to permit personal considerations to weigh for a moment against national necessities.

The removal of all tariff barriers to inter-imperial trade is, I fear, for the moment an impracticable ideal, but it is none the less a splendid vision, and it suggests, I am profoundly convinced, by far the most hopeful line of advance, even if we cannot immediately attain the goal. I have never myself doubted that the fiscal reforms of Sir Robert Peel gave this country the pre-eminence in industry, in trade, in finance and transport which, for several generations, we enjoyed. But those great benefits were purchased at a high price: the ruin of agriculture, the upsetting of the salutary balance between urban and rural life, the destruction of our bargaining power, and much else. But the twentieth century has wrought a revolution in the conditions of world-trade, as of world politics. Such a revolution must needs involve a reconsideration of cherished beliefs and perhaps a reformulation of political creeds. Those industrialists who discern most clearly the signs of the times foresee and foretell the formation of vast economic *blocs*, embraced in a series of *zollvereins*. One such *bloc* is already constituted by the United States of America. It is a vast free trade area, comprising forty-eight States, without a single tariff barrier to separate them, with every facility for communication and transport and almost entirely self-sufficing in an economic sense. Only less sufficing, indeed, than the British Empire. Great Britain is herself conspicuously lacking in self-sufficiency; she is more dependent on external trade for her very existence than has ever been the case

with any great nation in the world's history. But this is true only of insular Britain. Britain is to-day a unit in a congeries of related communities bound together by ties of sentiment, and of common loyalty to the Crown; in some cases by instincts of self-defence; in possession of incomparably valuable resources,—but wholly unprovided with any organisation for co-ordinating those resources.*

Can we furnish the Empire with that organisation? Can we afford, under the circumstances of to-day, not even to attempt to furnish it? These are the questions which the *Empire Crusade* initiated by Lord Beaverbrook is, to his credit and our advantage, forcing upon the attention of the country.

We politicians are mostly (with the possible exception of Mr. Lloyd George, and even his exuberance may be more assumed than real) in chastened mood. The Conservatives were defeated by the new electors; the Socialists have already been defeated by the logic of inexorable facts. To escape from that logic is impossible: the new electors may in time learn better. For the moment, however, the two main parties are chastened in spirit. This then is surely the acceptable time for accommodation: for an effort to work out an agreed policy in regard to trade. Co-operation may, if desired, be limited to that single and specific question. There would still remain plenty of issues to keep party spirit alive. It would be a national misfortune if differences in regard to India were to follow party lines; or in regard to Egypt, though that is more likely to provoke a party issue. As to naval disarmament I sincerely trust there may be unanimity; but the agitation which has arisen among the "Republican Isolationists" in the U.S.A. in reference to the White Paper (Card 3452) issued by the English Foreign office is somewhat disquieting. I frankly confess that a hasty perusal of the White Paper had conduced to a misunderstanding in my own mind identical with that which has fluttered some of the doves in Washington. Like the Isolationists I had neglected the limiting words "as between members of the League" and had assumed that no question of neutral rights could arise in any future war because, among the great nations, there could be no neutrals. But to dispel the apprehensions of his own Isolationists Mr. Stimson has made it clear (as it should have been

* C.f.—Lord Melchett: *Industry and Politics*, pp. 12, 27, and passim.

clear to a close reader all along) that the extrusion of neutrality applies only to the signatories of the Covenant, not to the signatories of the Briand-Kellogg Pact. But what follows? That being so, the United States may still enjoy all the rights and reap all the advantages of neutrality in a future war. We cannot. Nor can France or Germany. This would seem to create a dilemma from which there is only one way of escape. Will the U.S.A. take it? The omens are not too favourable; but to discuss them would carry me too far from the central theme of this paper.

I may be permitted to conclude with a summary of the conclusions which the preceding argument has sought to establish.

The political situation is replete with paradox:

(i) Six months of Socialist administration has sufficed to prove that the Socialists have no weapons wherewith to attack the demon of unemployment save those which they found in the Conservative armoury, and some of those they propose to fling away;

(ii) Unemployment, instead of diminishing, increases, and is likely to be further intensified by the legislative and administrative policy of the Government;

(iii) In view of the admitted exhaustion of alternatives, a round table, three party, conference on trade and fiscal policy would seem to be called for; and, failing agreement between parties, is likely to be imposed upon them by the nation;

(iv) Such a conference, though essential to preliminary agreement among ourselves, could reach no final conclusion until after consultation with the Dominions; and the opportunity for such consultation is at hand;

(v) Unless, therefore, we face and solve those problems, not in isolation, but as a more closely united Empire, we shall deservedly sink back into the position from which we emerged less than four centuries ago—"a third-rate isle half lost among her seas."

GOD BLESS VICTORIA!

BY HUGH WALPOLE

THREE times lately I have encountered her, charming, stubborn, divinely-appointed little ghost, in her bonnet, shawl, pony chaise waiting decorously under John Brown's guardianship, and the Indian servant, his arms folded, his eyes fixed sternly on his tawny-coloured East. . .

The first occasion was at a dinner-party in the house of Elias Thompson, the world-famous novelist. Paintings by Bracque and Segonzac were on the walls, but in the centre of the table under glass reposed with a ghastly pallid complacency, a pile of wax fruit. Over this little mausoleum hovered the adorable stout little ghost. "I have come back, you see. And this is only a beginning. . ." It did not seem odd at all to me that before the end of dinner a well-known (and exceedingly modern poetess) said to me: "Do you like Tennyson? I adore him!"

A week or so later I was privileged to have tea in the house of a young woman who, some months ago, permitted the famous Mrs. Devazy-Watson to decorate her mansion in the very latest style from top to toe.

"How do you like it?" my hostess asked me when she had taken me up and down and in and out. I didn't like it. It was not that I objected to the slabs of green and orange, the ceilings swimming in nude women, very fat and muscular, the angular shiny furniture and the beds like planks in a condemned cell. I disliked it only because it was all so dusty and trying to the eyes.

She saw my doubt. "I hate it," she fiercely whispered. "I would like a feather-bed, candles and a tin bath-tub." She was of course exaggerating, but once again the stout little figure and the pony-chaise hovered triumphantly near.

Then, this week, I have been staying with what the daily press calls: "One of our youngest and smartest married women"—my friend, Mrs. Rattle, who only three years ago was a leading member of the band known as The Bright Young Things.

Mrs. Rattle is greatly improved by marriage. When she was a B.Y.T. she was a little too deeply enamoured of Pyjama Parties, privately printed masterpieces from Florence and the deadliest and greenest kind of cocktail.

She has an enchanting infant of two. This child is all that it should be in the way of obedience and pretty manners but I had not been in Mrs. Rattle's house twenty-four hours before I realized that the poor little thing was suffering a discipline that put Mussolini entirely into the shade.

"You are bringing this child up rather strictly, aren't you?" I asked Mrs. Rattle.

"Strictly!" she replied. "Look at the sort of upbringing I had! Why my parents let me do anything I liked. Not so with *this* child I can assure you!" and once again the little ghost. . .

Well, after all, life is only one damned exaggeration after another and I am not writing this article to prove that we have all, with one whisk of the skirt and the trouser-blade flung ourselves fifty years backwards! If one thing is at all certain in this very uncertain world it is that we never go back. No, we never return, but what we do is to make new patterns—and the pattern that this Year of Grace 1930 seems to me to be beginning to contrive, both in Europe and America is, I think, worth examining.

The Great War, assisted by Professors Freud and Yung, taught the ordinary simple man and the ordinary not quite so simple woman that they ought first to be ashamed of themselves, and secondly to be much more ashamed of the God who made them (or didn't make them, according to the latest discoveries).

This sense of shame is, when he is conscious of it, the very first thing that Man tries to get rid of. And quite rightly too. It was easy in this present instance to shift all the responsibility upon a Deity who couldn't answer back and (again according to the latest discoveries) had been for thousands of years putting up a bluff, pretending to a fine piece of work that He hadn't really had anything to do with!

Here then was this humbugging Deity and here was this or
oaf Man who (according to the latest discoveries) ~~pon't~~
responsible for a single one of his stupid actions.

And here, of course, was found to be the great irrefutable difference between those whiskered peg-topped gentlemen, those crinolined locket-wearing ladies and ourselves, namely—that they not only shouldered the responsibility of their acts but definitely expected a message of thanks for them, while we admit no responsibility and would fling the thanks scornfully into the dust-bin even if we received it.

Look for a moment! Behind every Victorian act, lurking in the railway-bridges, the alms-houses, the protection of crossing-sweepers, the benedictions of Florence Nightingale, the poems of Tennyson, the elopement of the Brownings, the curses of Lady Lytton, the Crystal Palace, the Italian opera, the County of Barchester, the immoralities of Covent Garden, the romances of Kew, the saintliness of Wilberforce, the 'Origin of Species' and the jokes of Theodore Hook, the Highland Cattle of Balmoral and the indiscretions of Prince Edward—in all these and more than these lurked always the Noble Purpose, and the only question that this paper, influenced as it must be by that bonnetted figure, that pony-chaise and that Indian servant, is going to ask is—simply—whether that same Noble Purpose (disguised of course) is about to return!

The Noble Purpose of the Victorian Age was one-third Noble, one-third Ignorant and one-third Courageous. The Nobility in it produced sentiment, the Ignorance conceit and the Courage fortitude. We are to-day in 1930 neither so sentimental nor so courageous. We are certainly more conceited. But a word as to this sentiment. There is nothing to-day whether in Europe or America that we fear so completely as sentiment. We call it sentimental to believe in any kind of God, to believe in Home Life, in Business Integrity, in morality in Art, in morality in marriage, in conduct from unselfish motives, in romantic friendship, in happy endings.

And, in one sense of the word sentiment, we are perfectly right. The Victorians set up a standardized Morality in which they never believed for a single moment. They pretended that the instant two people were married their lives were consecrated to one another; they pretended that parents because of their superior wisdom had every kind of right over the children; they pretended that the human body was an unpleasant object decent only in darkness; they pretended that all British business was

immaculate; they pretended that God's Eye was never closed and that Sunday observance covered a multitude of sins.

All this has been said so often before that it was platitude long before Lytton Strachey made it a public monument, but there is one point about it that has not I think been sufficiently emphasised—namely that at the heart of this apparent hypocrisy there was a perfectly genuine and real belief. This belief was neither dogmatic nor ethical; it was a belief of blood and bone, of sound health and a pursuing inquisitive vitality—it was a belief in the absolute worth-whileness of human life.

It was easy enough to refuse to drop conventions when the blood was coursing so warmly through the body. So long as life was an adventure the clothing of life could be as absurd as you please.

An even wider vista is opened up, by these reflections, to the eye of political imagination. We have lately had among us one who has played a great part in Imperial politics and is destined, I trust, to play an even greater one. General Smuts has been taking notes in England, and has been speaking from them in Canada. The result of his recent inspection of us would seem, on the whole, to have been satisfactory. Speaking to a great gathering at Ottawa on January 3rd, he is reported to have said: "While the Empire was having its troubles all was well with it, and in Great Britain, its heart, the situation was sound. There was no sign of decadence, but a general determination to surmount difficulties and maintain the country's unique position in the world." That is encouraging; but it is to the following significant words that I wish to direct attention: "He felt, however, that the British people might demand *a more national government in which all parties would co-operate to cope with the present economic stress.*" (The Italics are mine).

The Conservatives were turned out of office in May, partly by the votes of inexperienced electors, but mainly because they had failed to make any palpable impression on the problem of unemployment. I myself believe that the "De-Rating" Act will gradually reveal itself as the most important single contribution which any party has yet made towards the solution of

And at the word Science the pony leaps into the air, the Indian servant springs to attention and John Brown prepares for the enemy. It is surely here that we are conscious of the great change, although possibly there is no change at all for we have simply erected one conceit in place of another—nobility of conduct has been succeeded by pride of knowledge.

Everyone must be aware that our literature of the last ten years has had pride of knowledge for its motive just as Dickens, Thackeray and Trollope depended upon nobility of conduct for theirs. Our novels from *Ulysses* to Aldous Huxley's *Point Counter Point* have been the most conceited works of fiction English Literature has ever seen. Exulting in every possible gibe at that poor fish of a fish, the Son of Man, exaggerating every sexual and physical act until the air is dark with Phallic symbols and the floor befouled with excrement, they have yet been as nobly moral, as coldly chaste as the stories of Charlotte Mary Young. They have done a great service for us in the clearing away of humbug, a great disservice in their constant teaching that Man has an ignominious beginning, a worthless conclusion and an intermediate biological frustration. Teaching yes, for these novels, poems and philosophies of our post-war world are intensely moral. There at least we may shake hands with our Victorian aunts and uncles. Just as Thackeray complained that the conventions of his time forbade him to tell the sexual truth so we may say that the conventions of *our* time forbid us to tell anything else, and the hypocrisy of the one is quite as blinding as the hypocrisy of the other.

In our eager desire to tell the truth at last, we miss it as completely as the architects of the Albert Memorial ever did. Our new and chilly Individualism has led us to a perfect flood of sterilized autobiography. The Victorian poets, novelists and painters were driven to creation. They were seized with a kind of ecstasy of making things, so that Browning must paint when he was not writing poetry and Trollope must garden, and fantastic figures of an almost demoniac energy like Henry Kingsley and Lawrence Oliphant are to be found on every side.

And then after the roaring tempest of that extravagant creativeness comes the still small voice of our own period trying to tell the truth. Trying to tell the truth about ourselves because Science which has extended the Planetary system at one end to a

quite blasphemous distance has plunged its fingers into the bowels of the Electron at the other and told us that after all its exertions, it isn't really very sure of anything. So nobility of conduct and motive being forbidden and the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth being the only duty of the artist, autobiography is the only wear.

And autobiography of how depressing a kind! Instead of the glorious vigour of Mrs. Gamp, Pendennis Major or the savage Heathcliffe we have the consequences of a siedletz powder and the obstinacy of a nauseating chill. Nor is this to say that our own Period is drab or in any way less picturesque than the Victorian. It is gayer, brighter, more adventurous. Victoria knew nothing lovelier than a silver aeroplane flying against the sun, nothing so marvellous as the strains of the Philadelphia Orchestra challenging the air for a thousand miles or more, nothing more eloquent than the tombs of the Unknown Warriors. We are alive to-day I have no doubt in the most thrilling and adventurous period that Man has yet passed upon earth. "Ah yes. Here is exactly the old Victorian conceit back again. They thought that they were the most marvellous of possible beings, and from that belief spread all their sentimentalities, hypocrisies and the rest!" But there is exactly the difference!

They found their splendour in their immortal destiny—we are finding ours in the courage of men who, hopelessly wrecked, are clinging cynically to the bare rock. We have no destinies at all. We have no nobility because we have no souls, no individuality because we are but chemical formulæ. We have no hopes because we have nothing to which we may look forward.

Grand then our courage, splendid our haughty independence, magnificent our cynical indifference! And out of this very courage, independence and indifference is to be born this new nobility, new sense of spiritual individuality, new belief in a purpose and a goal?

It may be. It may be that there is the Old Lady's gate of re-entrance. For as Space and Time are no more so nobility of conduct and the assurance of a grand personal destiny may have been with us all this while although we did not know it.

The Round Table of King Arthur was hidden for a moment by the shining dust-bin of *Ulysses* and that green-breasted

faced female of Matisse's hanging on that wall over there is closely related to the electrically-illuminated wax-fruit at the table centre.

Creative zest is returning; romance is returning; once again men will look forward to an incredibly romantic destiny.

The wheel turns full circle and the new sentiment is after all the old, the new knowledge only a confirmation of ancient proverbs and runes, the new man of science the ancient prophet, the coming Christ the friend of the children of Nazareth.

THE DILEMMA OF A DICTATOR

THE OUTLOOK IN SPAIN

BY W. HORSFALL CARTER

WHEN the Spanish Dictator was asked by a representative of the fashionable Madrid weekly, *Estampa*, what he thought of the year 1929, his reply, freely translated, was "To Hell with 1929!" Certainly no head of State has ever had to navigate his ship in such a sea of troubles as General Primo de Rivera in the year recently ended. He has surmounted the waves of opposition, or more accurately, non-co-operation, but so far from landing King and country, as he had hoped, on to the constitutional shore by the end of 1930, it looks very much as if the vessel will founder in the mud from which it was being laboriously extricated. General Primo de Rivera is, of course, himself a typical representative of the old Spain, and it is all the more to his credit that he has not been content with restoring law and order through the Army, but has striven his hardest to find a cure for the deep-rooted political malady which rendered necessary "a brief parenthesis in Spain's constitutional march." One ominous sign is the re-emergence of military *juntas* (officers' committees) among those sections of the Army that for personal or professional reasons are opposed to any scheme of "constitutional normality" which would deprive them of their real power in the wings, masked by the procession of lay figures on the political stage. As Señor de Madariaga has reminded us, it is the ambition of every Spanish General, and there are over 800 of them,—to save his country; no wonder then, that the Dictator's worst blows have come from the ranks of his own profession.

There was first the abortive Army rising on behalf of aggrieved artillery officers on the last day of January, 1929, in which the General Castro y Girona, the Captain General of Valencia, was reputed to have been involved. Here at last was the much-talked-of combination of disaffected Army group

políticos, (one member of the plot at least was an old party leader, Señor Sanchez Guerra, the highly respected Conservative ex-Prime Minister), which the Dictator's adversaries had constantly predicted. Thanks to smart work by a telegraph operator in Barcelona, however, who intercepted 19 out of 20 messages, which were sent from France, postponing operations two days, the Government, duly forewarned, took measures for dealing with the local rebellion in the artillery garrison at Ciudad Real, without it being necessary to disturb in any way the many thousands who had come from the neighbouring province to watch the annual football match between Valencia and Barcelona. Señor Guerra, coming from France, put himself at the head of the revolt, and found that he had simply walked into a trap. He was arrested and detained at Valencia, more as an honoured guest, living in a gunboat in the harbour, than as a political prisoner.

This was in February, and when in September no trial had yet taken place, this violation of the Habeas Corpus aroused no little ill-feeling in Spain and outside. The critics conveniently ignored the fact that in addition to the questionable legal propriety of proceeding against an ex-Prime Minister, who was conspiring *on behalf of the Constitution* (of 1876), Sanchez Guerra's personal friendship with the King compelled the Dictator to be wary. It was whispered in fact that the Government more than once let it be known that they would be only too pleased for the prisoner to make his escape back to France, where since the Royal Decree of 1927, convoking the National Consultative Assembly, he had been a voluntary exile. At last in October, the court-martial took place, it being generally understood that Señor Guerra would be pronounced guilty, along with the artillery officers who had been in confinement since February, and that the Marques de Estella with his wonted magnanimity would then grant an amnesty, thus closing the incident. What happened, however, was that the seven general officers, constituting the court-martial, acquitted him, in despite of the plain evidence of the facts and his own confession. This unexpected challenge from the Army was the last straw, coming as it did after the Dictator's complete discomfiture at the hands of the academic world, and the failure of his every attempt to confer on the National Consultative Assembly, his own creation, sufficient

The simple life faddist grounds his case, for the supposed immunity to cancer of natives who live primitive lives, on evidence that he declares to be overwhelming. A brief examination of such evidence shows that it is largely *ex parte* statement that cannot be controlled and tested. All that can be alleged at present, on the available data, is that cancer statistics show that the disease is less frequently given as the cause of death among aboriginal natives. That does not carry us very far. Fifty years ago cancer was less readily diagnosed in Europe than it is to-day; even now it is probably underestimated as a cause of death. It is a matter of academic discussion whether the increase in cancer cases in a hospital community, such as London, is due to a real increase in the incidence of the disease or to better and more early diagnosis. Admittedly a practitioner in a native area has at his disposal none of the elaborate diagnostic apparatus that a London practitioner may rely upon. He rarely gets an opportunity to verify his diagnosis by a post mortem examination. The scarcity of records of intestinal, intra-thoracic, and, generally, visceral cancers among native patients may thus be easily accounted for. When we have a detailed account of several thousand post mortem examinations of natives who have died in their aboriginal environment, we may speak with some degree of knowledge about the presence or absence of cancer among aboriginal natives. At present we are groping in the dark, and we certainly do not possess "overwhelming evidence" that goes to prove that cancer is relatively less frequent among uncivilised peoples than it is among civilised Europeans.

Whatever evidence there is, points to directions whither we have so far failed to track the cancer problem. It seems reasonable to suppose that there exist correlations between cancer and certain types of endemic disease, of which malaria is one. But we know far too little to express any opinion upon the subject. All we can do is patiently to collect facts and record cases, and not until we have an ample store of such data can we presume to give the simple life and diet faddist that evidence that will warrant him in supposing that cancer is essentially a disease of civilisation.

1916, the Arab Revolt started on the Allied guarantee, given to ex-King Hussein of the Hejaz, recognising and supporting, in the event of Allied victory, the independence of all the Arab Provinces of the Turkish Empire with the exception of that portion of the Mediterranean littoral-lying west of a line, Aleppo-Homs-Damascus. Palestine was not specifically mentioned, nor was the Aleppo-Damascus line prolonged south by mention of the River Jordan boundary. In 1916, the Sykes-Picot agreement, to which King Hussein was not a party, stipulated that not only that portion of Syria lying west of the Aleppo-Damascus line, but also Palestine west of the Jordan should in a post-war settlement receive special treatment under French and British control. Finally in 1918, after the fall of Damascus, a further Allied communication announced to the Arabs that Lord Allenby's forces had overrun the country not as a conquering, but as a liberating army and that the Arab peoples would be invited to pronounce for themselves as to the form of Government which should be set up in the liberated territories. The Emir Feisal represented the Arab cause at the Peace Conference. According to Arab information, which I have been unable to verify, there is a further item of evidence which merits notice. In the summer of 1918 the Central Powers on their side made striking overtures to ex-King Hussein. In the name of the Kaiser and the Austrian Emperor, they offered complete independence to all Arab countries within the Turkish Empire if they would break away from the Allies. King Hussein sent the communication unanswered to the British Government who, speaking in the name of the Allies, is stated to have confirmed in full the original promises made in 1915.

Zionism which enjoys the support of a part, but not of all Jewry, was initiated thirty-five years ago by Doctor Theodor Herzl, who, after many disappointments, obtained recognition among the Chanceries of Europe of the aims of the movement as a scheme to ensure the establishment "of an autonomous Jewish state in some suitable territory (not necessarily Palestine)". In 1903, the British Government, who had shown great sympathy with Doctor Herzl's ideals, offered him a large sector of Uganda for colonisation as a Jewish National Home. The offer was refused by the Zionists in conference. As was natural, Zionist hopes were greatly encouraged, when, in 1917, the British Army

It is perhaps not altogether fanciful to compare Pasternak, both in the character of his verse and in his position in contemporary literature, with T. S. Eliot. His admirers are enthusiastic; but his popularity is not widespread.

The poets whom we have hitherto considered, whether political like Mayakovsky or aloof from politics like Pasternak, have all been definitely identified with Futurism. They have, moreover, all been drawn from the intelligentsia of the towns. For two or three years after the revolution the claim of the Futurists to the monopoly of "proletarian literature", fundamentally absurd though it was, went virtually unchallenged. But soon new voices began to be heard, and the country was brought in to redress the balance. Side by side with the futurist bards of the urban proletariat, there had grown up (it was not entirely a development of the revolution) a small band of peasant poets. Incomparably the greatest of them is Sergey Esenin, who has been widely read in Russia during the last few years. Esenin was twenty-two when the revolution occurred, and he died at the age of thirty; yet he seems to be in the revolution rather than of it. He was the son of peasants and was reared entirely in the country; it was only an accident which gave him a better education than the majority of the class from which he sprang. He owed to the revolution opportunities and fame which he would not otherwise have enjoyed; and in this sense the revolution may claim him for its own product. He thought himself, doubtless, a good communist; but, except that it gave him freedom of utterance, the revolution meant nothing to him. There is nothing in Esenin of the political rebel or the political enthusiast. He cannot even be called an orthodox atheist.

"It is shame to me that I once believed in God,
Grief to me that I can believe no longer"

he wrote towards the end of his life. It is not altogether surprising that one Soviet critic describes him as "neither new, nor 'left', nor independent."

We can trace three periods in Esenin's poetic development. The first derives its inspiration entirely from the country, and is not without a tinge of the half-religious half-patriotic mysticism which so readily found its way into Russian poetry before the revolution. A poem called *Autumn* written in 1914 may serve as an example of his earliest work:

The result, however, of the Dictator's *beau geste* and appeal for collaboration was a succession of snubs. The Academy of Jurisprudence (Madrid) refused to make any nomination to the Assembly, whereupon the Dictator remarked, with his usual good humour, that it was an ironic commentary on the august body, that on the first occasion they had an opportunity of doing something of real political value in their own particular sphere they preferred to remain merely academic! Subsequently a decree was issued reorganizing the Academy on the ground that it had violated its own Constitution. One University Senate (Valladolid) elected Miguel de Unamuno, whose liberalism and outspokenness cost him his professorial Chair, some five years ago; his candidature was, of course, invalidated. Then there was the College of Lawyers in Madrid which amused itself by voting by a $\frac{2}{3}$ majority a list containing the names of Sanchez Guerra, Santiago Alba (Foreign Minister in the Cabinet which the Directory overthrew) and Eduardo Ortega y Gasset, probably the three bitterest of all the Dictator's opponents, at which General Primo de Rivera jokingly suggested that, having rallied 40 per cent. of the "Intellectuals" to his side he need only prolong his Dictatorship for another six years or so, and nearly all of them would come round. Not one of the ex-Ministers has yet accepted the offer of a seat in the Assembly—which incidentally did not re-open in the autumn according to plan, but is to resume its sessions at the end of January—and at the moment of writing the Dictator has given them one more week to make up their minds, after which he will give the seats to someone else. It is hardly necessary to say that the Labour-Socialist organization maintains its attitude of passive resistance. In August it published a long Manifesto which, after the customary palaver about "a Republican state of liberty and democracy" went on. . . . "the Draft Constitution closes to us all legal doors, because under it all democratic laws are destined to be wrecked against the wall of uncontrolled regal power whenever they clash with the privileges which the draft gives to the King, and his associates, the great oligarchies. Therefore we will oppose this Constitution as a draft, and also later if, to the misfortune of Spain, it should go forward."

In December it became known that General Primo de Rivera saw no useful purpose in trying to force a Constitution on a

country which, to all appearances, did not want—or did not deserve—it. At once there was a mushroom crop of rumours, agreeing only in the assertion that the Marques de Estella was, this time, really retiring. He himself complained feelingly of sheer physical exhaustion,—though I must say that when I saw him in October he conveyed still an extraordinary impression of alertness,—and he admitted that the emergency Government was showing signs of wear and tear. Nevertheless the political programme submitted to King Alfonso on the last day of the year, and approved by him, shows that the Dictator still believes in the inevitability of gradualness in proceeding towards “normality”. The Assembly is to continue until June and then the King and the Government will determine whether its three-years term shall be prolonged or some other Chamber be created. On the other hand, the Draft Constitution is not mentioned, but there is to be in May and June an election of one quarter of the members of Municipal and Provincial Councils, all the members of which, at present, are Government nominees. The Government’s organ, *La Nacion*, holds out the prospect of Parliamentary elections to take place next September.

In this way, then, the country may expect sooner or later those “barbarically sincere elections” for which one old party leader has been pressing. This gentleman, Don Angel Ossorio Gallardo, calls for an Assembly to make a thorough investigation of Spain’s constitutional and political problem, “even if this means endangering the whole structure of the nation . . . this investigation should not stop short of the fundamental régime of the State (i.e. the monarchy) . . . let Spain have the régime which Spaniards want”. To speak plainly, even though the old system of patronage and party bosses might have no say in the forthcoming elections, there is every chance that those who call themselves republicans would win a handsome victory over other parties. From an enquiry opened by *El Sol* as to “what the youth of the nation thinks”, it would appear that almost all the younger generation is in favour of a Republican régime. Many of those who have replied call for the suppression of the existing Spanish Army, and its reorganisation on the basis of a democratic national militia. Republicanism has no doubt benefited by reaction from the prolonged Dictatorship but it is as well to remember that Spanish Liberalism remains “a mediocre trans-

lation of French Radicalism”, and bears very little relation to the fundamentals of the national life.

General Primo de Rivera through the draft constitution has made a last desperate effort to safeguard the Spanish monarchy, and he has done a great deal already towards extirpating the corrupt political methods and habits of the past. It would be a thousand pities if he should, from sheer exhaustion, have to throw up the sponge now, and a period of confusion should set in to undo the good which has accrued to Spain through her patriarchal Dictatorship. And this remains true, in spite of an economic policy which is reminiscent of the eighteenth-century mercantile Protectionism; the effect of which is shown in the continued fall in the value of the peseta which at 39 to the £ is the lowest rate since the Cuban disaster.

THE TRUE CONSERVATISM

BY T. EARLE WELBY

IN an article in the December issue of this *Review*, I ventured to appeal to political Conservatism to seek out its non-political allies. Conservatism, I said, is not an attitude towards this Bill or that, but an attitude towards life; and in Mr. Baldwin, I pointed out, it has a leader with genius for the larger and more imaginative Conservatism combined with singular incapacity for the task which the narrow and opportunist conception of Conservatism has forced on him. Whether we looked to the true nature of Conservatism or to the special qualities and limitations of Mr. Baldwin, we would find, I said in effect, an immensely strong argument for making our Conservatism a way of life rather than an affair of voting this way or that on "momentarily momentous" measures.

To elaborate and supplement what I wrote then, I do not think I can do better than begin by re-quoting Bagehot's definition of Conservatism as enjoyment. Conservatism conceives of society, not as an organization for the minimization of hardships, but as an organization for the increase of individual and collective enjoyment. It is a comparatively small matter that it is not kill-joy, and is reluctant to regulate the pleasures of all citizens because some amuse themselves foolishly or to suicidal result. And, indeed, its antinomianism can easily be exaggerated, for, if it relies little on restrictive legislation, its appeal to the individual conscience is persistent. Where all the advanced democratic systems, and some dictatorships, all the collective and some of the personal tyrannies, tend to act as if virtue were the result of the comprehensive denial of opportunities for vice, Conservatism assumes that virtue is the achievement of individuals, each braced to the solution of his or her own problem. Thus, true Conservatism can never have any part in the futile and degrading business of "making men moral by Act of Parliament". When political Conservatism lends itself to that, it loses its natural

allies, the Conservatives of life and letters, without being able to satisfy the raging fanaticism of reformers.

True Conservatism is wary of moral crusades, because it knows that men may easily be made not worth saving in the effort to save them. It is well, it feels, that the Augean stables be cleansed, but not at the price of turning us into a nation of scavengers. Lustration with fluid from the sewer does not seem to it of eventual benefit to the individual or the nation. It is aware that hostile preoccupation with vice is itself vicious, and that no drunkard or lecher thinks quite so much of liquor or venery as the prohibitionist and the purity-mongers.

But it is not in this negative way, this unwillingness, without very grave cause and very careful choice of methods, to restrict personal freedom, that true Conservatism chiefly distinguishes itself from rivals engaged in perfecting the nation by dragooning it. The genuine, the temperamental Conservative derives a positive pleasure from that spectacle of variety in mode of life. He knows that, with the enormous complexity of what that world has come to be, not one of us can directly experience more than an infinitesimal fraction of what it affords, and that thus all of us are dependent for a certain mental satisfaction on observation and report of lives far other than our own. He is refreshed by the assurance of the admirable variety of conduct possible to men and women of his own race.

He, likely enough, for it is the lot of all but a very few of us in any society, is in the fell clutch of economic circumstances. Well, all the more does he applaud the spectacle of lives in which a quite individual and untampered purpose has been worked out. He knows that the spectacle will not be vouchsafed him unless those with such purposes, "characters", as they used to be called, are allowed their earned or inherited freedom of action, in other words their wealth. Inequality does not trouble him when there is an aristocratic tradition. What does trouble him is that, with the narrowing of Conservatism to a merely political creed, wealth is liberated from obligations, so that it is not "characters" with which it presents us but freak actions by persons in whom the nation can feel no interest. "Sardanapulus!" cried Balzac's frail woman, relenting to her ruined lover because he had ruined himself so thoroughly; and there may well be national exhilaration, outweighing the harm to particular persons, in the

sight of a distinguished being who has gone the pace. But what proportion of even what the British public has been made by its popular papers was thrilled to learn lately that a young woman, after having her adenoids removed, gave a party at which the adenoids were exhibited in a glass jar? Trimalchio, male or female, is not a novel phenomenon; now, however, of one sex or the other, or more commonly epicene, that phenomenon is presented to us without Petronius Arbiter. But it is not by taking the rich out of existence that true Conservatism would deal with the incarnate provocations to Bolshevism: it is by reviving social pressure. Certainly it would not acknowledge as Conservatives persons who, while voting with Conservatives on this or that measure, are embodied negations of Conservatism. The process of finding its natural allies to which, had I influence, I would incite Conservatism involves the losing of its unnatural, its temporary and merely political allies.

And clearly it must not seek to buy support from the masses by means of what may compendiously be called doles. Not that Conservatism, with its long tradition of concern for the people, its sense of feudal ties, is unmoved by the lot of the unfortunate. But it knows that robbing the rich will not permanently benefit the poor. It knows, too, that the doubling or trebling of wages will add nothing to the happiness of the working classes unless the additional money is expended judiciously, and unless the general condition of the country permits of happiness. A vulgarized country, with squalor in urban areas and desecration in the countryside, cannot permit of it. Nor can the nation be happy when the members composing the mass of it are deprived of a wide field of choice in regard to objects of expenditure by standardized production, where material objects are in question, and by dreary uniformity in most of the recreation purveyed to it.

We were the most individualistic people on earth, a nation of "characters". But the whole tendency of recent legislation has been towards planing off the knots of character, bleaching out the colour, reducing us to a smooth and drab uniformity. There is no wilder paradox than that British Socialism should be identified with British Labour. Take any ten British workmen in the first "four ale" bar, and you will be unlucky if half of them are not men of pronounced personality, agreed only in the thirst which is the reward of toil and in the belief that the

one chromatic adjective is universally applicable. That they and their kind, so admirably gnarled, humorous, in love with life, should have been manœuvred into supporting a theory which, if worked out to its logical conclusion, would produce a world in which they could not breathe!

But it is not legislation alone that is making the English un-English: it is not only against such legislation that Conservatism should protest. Indeed, my main contention is that Conservatism should be most active outside the sphere of legislation. It should be made plain to Conservatives—and there is no man in this country so fitted for the task as Mr. Baldwin—that to be a Conservative is to be more than a voter in favour of some measures (probably differing in little but details from the measures introduced or contemplated by other parties) which the Central Office happens to have blessed.

Conservatism, I must repeat unto tediousness, is a way of life. It cannot, in consistency with its principles, be content merely with votes, on particular measures, but must draw its strength from the fact that it is a way of life and one peculiarly congenial to this nation. Political Conservatives should endeavour to see themselves, then, as the agents of the general Conservatism of this people. When they do so see themselves, they will find no difficulty in framing policies. It will then be manifest to them that there are some things which must be conserved at all costs because on the conservation of them depends the preservation of the national character. For example, it will be plain that we simply cannot afford to let agriculture deteriorate since the more urban our population becomes the less British it will be in character. That wholeness of character which is our pride was created by the life of the countryside. Empty the countryside, or urbanize and suburbanize it; kill the activities by which our people lived on the land; and whatever you may have in this country, you will not have a distinctively British population. Then, in regard to certain trades menaced by foreign competition. It will not be enough for an enlarged and imaginative Conservatism to consider the money value of them. For we might conceivably have a great measure of industrial prosperity in this country and yet know that our workers were more and more engaged on tasks which gave little or no scope for individuality, initiative, and which herded workers into urban areas and forced them into a

morally poorer way of life. Unemployment may well seem a lesser evil than base or dulling employment. We cannot with equanimity contemplate a Great Britain "flourishing" on the tedium of man-production or the degradation of shoddy trades. There are trades calling for high technical skill and favouring development of character which must be protected, not merely for the well-paid employment they are capable of giving our workers, but because employment in them adds to the number of interested, alert, characterful persons in our population.

Then, turning to education, the amplified Conservatism of which I write cannot glory in multiplying the number of those who have been taught to read. It is moved to ask what they do read. The educational policy favoured by successive Governments for fifty years has not been Conservative; it has been a policy proper to extreme democracies, and inspired by the belief that the technique of our national life can be mastered by direct intellectual attack on it. Now, as I pointed out in my previous article, our institutions, political and other, are not rational; our country, in the phrase from Disraeli I then quoted, is "governed not by logic but by Parliament"; our secret is one to be divined, not to be learned. Unlike such a nation as the French, we cannot hope for a fairly general grasp of the technique of the national life as the result of mere teaching. What wasteful folly it is, therefore, to pursue the unattainable? The ladder freely supplied, to every individual child capable of climbing by it: that is a genuine Conservative ideal. But the mass-production of readers for the basest papers and audiences for political and other charlatans should not be any part of a Conservative programme.

If here, or in regard to what are called social-services because they weaken the foundations of society, the Conservative be taunted with being a reactionary, let him accept the taunt. We have been made by our past. It is only in study of our past that we can truly apprehend ourselves. All fine national living, like all fine individual living, is the result of a dramatic endeavour to keep in character, or, as we say, to be true to one's self. Individually, we know that it involves rebuke of the momentary or impulse self by the permanent and whole self. Why should it be otherwise nationally? Why should we hesitate to refer the national impulses of the moment to the whole part of the nation?

Some nations have to a certain extent embodied the permanent self in logical and therefore universally apprehensible institutions. In particular, they have written political constitutions. We have no written Constitution, no defined institutions whatsoever. Whether this or that line of conduct be truly British cannot be settled by consulting a specific document or appealing to any constituted body. Why, in the very matter of language, "Is this English?" is matter for interminable debate; and in the matter of religion, it is hard to find out what Anglicanism is. More than any other nation we live by instinct and by interpretation, not by reason and authority. With us, therefore, it is peculiarly important to preserve the national character. With our anomalous technique of life, and divination needed at every turn, the whole social machinery becomes unworkable if the character presupposed in those working it be lost. The British way of life is possible only to the British in heart and mind. But it is the supreme duty of Conservatism to keep us British. It cannot be done by merely political effort. Political Conservatism must ally itself with what I have called the Conservatism of life and letters; and it ought to do so while it still has, in Mr. Baldwin, a man uniquely qualified to preside over the alliance. So long as it conceives of itself narrowly, it will find Mr. Baldwin a great deal more of a liability than an asset; but as soon as it becomes the search for a national way of life, it will discover in him an incomparable leader.

"DUMB-ANIMAL"

BY OSBERT SITWELL

RAILWAY carriages provide a perfect, neutral ground for conversation. There is enough grinding and rumbling to enforce the voice being a little uplifted, and this in itself gives confidence, sureness of aim. If, for example, a public speaker begins his exordium in too quiet and diffident a key, his speech will hold no ear, brings no conviction; is doomed to failure. A competitive noise, however, will remedy such a weakness. As a rule, too, the Englishman only talks of impersonal things that neither interest him nor the person to whom he is speaking: for we are a shy, silent, and especially a polite race, wherefore it is our convention that the talk must be adapted to the intelligence of the stupidest person present, and, if we are unaware of the mental calibre of anyone in the room, we must, out of good manners, presume that he is fatuous. But the anonymity of the railway carriage, once conversation is started, gives us release, makes confession, personal confession, quite easy. It is the under-the-rose intercourse of disembodied, nameless spirits floating swiftly through the air, inspired by the same ear-behind-the-grating anonymity, that makes the confessing of their sins possible to Catholics. And subjects which require both thought and feeling are there approached as continental nations approach them, without embarrassment.

From York onward the train was certainly a slow one, and the afternoon dark, for all the shimmering reflectors into which the planes of the countryside had been transmuted. There had been a heavy fall of snow, and trees and telegraph-poles were hung with festoons and cobwebs in white and silver. But the windows were frosted with our breathing, and if you wiped them to look out, left a track of dribbling dirt on glove or newspaper: and all this combined with such details as the heavy, tin foot-warmers, resembling milkcans that angry porters had hammered flat, the cigarette-smoke, the faint but nauseating smell of tunnels that never quite cleared away, the rattling of windows and doors,

all tended to focus the attention on the human elements rather than their surroundings. Up in the roof a star of yellow gaslight blossomed like a cherished plant beneath an inverted and sweating bellglass. To this star our eyes every now and again rolled upward in despair. In every station the red-nosed porters shouted to keep themselves warm, threw their loads heavily, and then, still cold, threshed their arms together.

After a time, however, a pleasant conversation sprang up. The cheerful young doctor at my elbow took off his *pince-nez*, rattled a paper by his side, lit a cigarette, and began to talk. Soon we were all of us exchanging intimate memories of childhood. The direction veered from time to time, toward a semi-scientific discussion of the dawn of memory, or the difference between the animal-mind and the child-mind. The glum, yellow-faced man, with the trembling red fingers, opposite me, turned out to be a famous, now fever-stricken big-game hunter, though I have now forgotten his name. He told us of the pygmy-race he had discovered, and of its primitive beliefs. Perhaps the need to worship differentiated man from the other animals. Once, he told us, he had lived for several years in Central Africa, inhabiting a two-storeyed house of whitened mud, built round a large central courtyard. All the little iron-barred windows, high up in the walls, gave on to the enclosure, for it was not safe to have them facing outward. One evening a huge and ferocious man-ape was captured and brought in from the great forest many miles away. The span of its hideous, hairy arms was something that even he had not been prepared for, accustomed as he was to these forest-giants. It was, I do not remember why, impracticable to kill the creature that night, and accordingly it was let loose in the courtyard, for there it could do no harm. At first it grimaced horribly, and drummed in a martial way upon its chest—vain summons to its distant wives—though when darkness fell, it became quiet. But in the middle of the night, the hunter was woken up. He did not know what had wakened him, but he experienced a sensation that something was happening, something curious and a little disturbing. He had been dreaming of an enormous cathedral, where people were praying for salvation under vast arches, sprinkled over with little lights, and had woken suddenly. He looked round his room. Green, tropical moonlight was

splashing the floor, lay on it in pools, like water. He crept to the window, for an odd, low monotonous sound—did it remind him of chanting, he wondered?—was wafted therefrom.

He looked through the thick bars. The moon was round and high in the heavens, and just under him, in the brilliant jade-green arena of the moonlit courtyard was the gigantic, shaggy, heavy-shouldered form of the ape, engaged in a sad, most moving ritual, bowing low to the moon, walking backward before it, prostrating himself on hands and feet, and making the deep but quiet, never-ending rhythmic mumble that had woken him. . . . And so this dull, shaking little man opposite, one realised, had witnessed an unique spectacle, the very dawn of religion.

* * *

Skating lightly over that quicksand for conservation, the wisdom and long-remembered gratitude of elephants, once more we reverted to children. At what age, we wondered, does the child begin to surround the central facts of being, of existing, with little clusters of things felt and seen, pleasant and unpleasant? The nose, of course, rather than eye or ear, is guide to the past. Memories of each long summer and winter come back borne on a stream of smell, of flowers in a garden, warm scents of box and rosemary, stocks, carnations or wallflowers, of bread being baked or jams being made, of bonfires blazing in the dull, late autumn air, of paint and varnish and a thousand other things. My first memory, I thought, was of my nurse and sister under a tree covered with golden apricots—but where it was has always baffled me. But at what age do emotions first remain within our consciousness, somebody enquired? I certainly remember, I said, the inability to express my thoughts in words, a very early memory that must be: yet there are those who maintain that no thought is possible without the appropriate words to clothe it, that no colour is seen by us for which we have not a name! There had been some paltry, infantile crime of which I had been accused falsely, and could not, for want of words, make clear my innocence. Only the blind faith of children in their elders made me feel secure. Of course they would understand: and their failure to do so overturned my whole childish world, shook my being to its foundation. God had tumbled out of the star-spangled heaven in which I had placed him.

The young doctor snapped his *pince-nez* into a case, and said

he would tell us a childish experience of his own. He was getting on now, he was thankful to say, quite well, had a satisfactory practice (This kind of weather, he added, laughing, helps us a lot, you know), but in the past his dislike—no, his horror—of animals, especially dogs, had hindered him. There were a great many old ladies, bath-chair and arm-chair old ladies, in the seaside town from which he was travelling (indeed, they were the chief source of local medical income there), and they all owned two or more dogs. Naturally, if they saw him wince at the advances of their pets, they classified him at once as an "odd sort of man." It did not matter so much with cats, but every man should love dogs. Well, latterly he had contrived to simulate a liking for them, and he hoped his lapses had been forgotten. But the horror, actually, still remained. It had been during his whole life a source of pain and injury to him, and was founded on a particular incident that had occurred in childhood.

It was impossible to be sure at what age it had taken place, three or four, though, he supposed: between the ages of three and four. He knew that he looked strong enough now, but we must imagine a delicate, small boy, left in charge of a nurse in a small seaside village, a collection of a few square, red-brick houses with blue-slate roofs, on the East Coast. His parents had bought a cottage there, in which to spend the summer months; had bought it, probably, for his sake, since he was weakly and an only child, and they were nervous about his health. Yet this, of course, he was too young at the time to understand. During the winter, then, he was left alone: quite alone there with his Nurse who, though of rustic origin, was a very reliable, highly-trained young woman. She cooked all his food herself, so frightened was she of its possible contamination, and had a real hospital horror—quite rightly—of dirt and germs. In consequence she would never allow him to play with the other children of the village, who were rather squalid and unkempt. He supposed really that his Nurse had been very fond of him, but she was a very sensible woman, and believed in her modern, educated way, that it was wrong to show sentiment, dangerous to show affection, to children. Moreover, his parents, in their kindness and concern for him, exercised a similar control. It is likely that it pained them very much to leave him, and not to be

able to see him more often. But this again was beyond his comprehension. To beings as young as he was then, life appears in its most simplified form: if people wanted you to be with them, you were with them. And they never allowed themselves to show any sorrow at parting from him, for the Nurse said that one ought to be very careful not to upset children, and as a child he had been very easily upset.

His first impression, thus, was one of loneliness, and, much worse, of being unwanted; a feeling that undermines existence, and, with the feeble, in the very old or very young, can make for death. The background, against which these sensations were to be placed, was eroded, grey, high, gloomy cliffs, and a winter sea. The cliffs were not high enough to be imposing, but only to be forbidding, and their erosion was a matter of feeling. You knew instinctively that they were stricken and retiring bulwarks. The sea, on the other hand, imparted an overwhelming and savage sense of power, as the long grey, battering rams rolled on towards you, breaking on the nearer rocks into explosions of white, dying wings.

We must picture, too, a stretch of tawny sand, along which two figures promenade; the pale, nervous little boy, the Nurse, straight, tall and unsentimental as a young tree. And, to finish off the scene, we must conjure up the image of a few stray dogs, their barks and howlings lost in the muffled thunder of the sea, and the feel of an intensely cold wind that tears the flesh of face and neck with its numbing, iron beak. Sea air was good for him.

Here was the dawning of his memory, the first certain thing he could draw out of the universal darkness that had preceded him. He could not be absolutely certain of his age. . . but he could see the dogs now. They seemed an Ishmael race, ownerless and outcast. And among them, especially, he remembered his first friend. He had loved it, but regarded from an unprejudiced angle, doubtless it would have appeared a horrible, cringing, dirty little cur of a dog, very dirty and uncared-for. He could see it now though, spinning round after its tail like a whiting, curled up. Searching its tail, he imagined now, for fleas. A toffee-coloured dog, with long, sharp ears, and deep yellow-brown eyes. Its stomach was fawn-coloured, and it rather resembled an ill-bred fox-hound. In spite of its ugliness, however, it had the alluring grace of all young animals.

Actually, he had not taken to this dog in the first place. But it had been so patient in its show of affection for him, had so obviously adopted him, that he had grown to love it. It waited for him every morning on the sands, jumped up and kissed his face, played with him, and, in fact, was a companion. Indeed his daily meeting with this mongrel became, secretly, the event of the day for him, and if, by any chance it was too wet for him to be taken out, he was most unhappy, as he thought of the dog, soaked through, waiting by the sea-shore. But this he kept to himself, for grown-up people, he had already discovered, were intent on killing every pleasure.

This state of affairs lasted for some time, and the Nurse paid little attention. But one day, quite suddenly, she realised how dirty, how filthily dirty, the dog was. Perhaps she had not noticed it attentively before, for she would often stand gazing at the sea, while her ward ran and played near at hand behind her on the beach. Of what use were all her care and cleanliness, her sterilisings and boilings and washings, if the child behaved in this way behind her back? A strange, mangy cur, of course, harboured innumerable germs, was no fit companion for a delicate child. Having driven the dog off with the threat of a stick she seized the boy by the hand, shook him, and dragged him home.

"Master Humphrey," she cried, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself in your nice clean suit, playing with that little wretch, so dirty and unhealthy-like. If you let him jump up at you like that to-morrow, I'll kill the little beast, I will."

He wondered how his Nurse, whom he knew to be fond of animals, could be so suddenly cruel. And yet he knew that she was direct, a woman of her word. He believed her. What was he to do? If the dog came near him, she would kill it, then.

A deep sense of gloom and tragedy enveloped the small boy. If only it would rain to-morrow, so that he might put off his decision. . . . For at any cost, he must save his friend from this fate, steel himself to be brutal if necessary. All night long in his dreams, the dreadful situation presented itself: and his courage failed him.

The next morning dawned, a clear winter's morning, with a thin, false blue canopy spread over all this bareness. In this

clean, very ordinary light, he was confident that so terrible a thing could not be true; this vast cloud of sorrow which had blown up over him. He dreaded the beach, cried a little as he approached it. The Nurse wondered to herself whether he was not well—he had seemed restless all night—and promised aloud to give him a dose that evening.

There, sure enough, was the dog, waiting for him, very alert and joyful, for it was sufficiently inured to rebuffs not to have taken the Nurse's threat with her stick very seriously the previous morning. Now, the boy realised, before his Nurse saw him, was his chance to save his loved friend: and taking up pebble after pebble, he threw it with all his strength at the dog.

At first the mongrel thought this was only in play, and skipped and leapt gaily to one side: at the third or fourth stone, it stopped, cringed away, making itself small. Then it gave a howl of pain, and was sure: slunk away into pariahdom, its tail between its legs, ever and again looking round, the orange-brown eyes full of a mute but immeasurable reproach, at this friend who had encouraged and then denied it. The pebbles still followed the cur, as it crept and cringed away, pleading: for the boy stood there, intent on saving this only friend, throwing stone after stone, while tears streamed down his face.

The Nurse, who had been watching the fierce play of the waves, had completely forgotten about the dog of yesterday. All at once, she looked round and saw what was happening. "Oh you horrid little boy, you," she exclaimed, smacking his hand very hard, "oh, you horrid cruel little monkey, torturing dumb animals," and took him home.

He had been afraid of animals ever since. He was sure that was what it was.

The train roared through a tunnel, gave a bump. We collected our coats and papers, called for porters, and were lost, disembodied again under the vast arches of foggy darkness, lit up as it seemed by the tinsel splinters of circus lamps.

WHAT OF ENGLAND?

(PART II.)

BY AUGUR

TO do a thing, not because we wish it, but because it is necessary, is not pleasant. Especially in politics. For this reason the Entente with France always has bitter opponents in Great Britain. The Socialists in this country, following the lead of Mr. Lloyd George, whose dislike of the French connection is well-known, accused Sir Austen Chamberlain, when he was the Conservative Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, of being subservient to M. Briand. When Mr. Macdonald and his party came into power last year, it was taken for granted that the co-operation with the French Government for the settlement of the affairs of Europe would cease. Such indeed was the case and in the first months of its existence the Macdonald Cabinet acted, as if with the retirement from Downing Street of Sir Austen, Paris and Berlin should be placed on a footing of equality, with a tendency even to give preferential treatment to the latter. The climax was reached at the time of Mr. Snowden's spectacular anti-French attitude at The Hague in August last.

The intellectuals who try to guide Mr. Macdonald in his foreign policy, and who share Mr. Lloyd George's dislike of France and his German affinities, rejoiced at the change. They found themselves in agreement with those Imperialists who believe that the future of Great Britain lies in an absolute detachment from the affairs of Europe. The resulting composite frame of mind is expressed in a statement which appeared in an article on the conference on naval disarmament, published in December by a leading British quarterly review. This we quote:

From the point of view of Europe the London Conference is important, because it marks the end of the period when Great Britain—under Sir Austen Chamberlain's leadership—thought that the peace

and stability of the continent could best be preserved by supporting, while at the same time moderating, the French hegemony, and the beginning of a period when Great Britain and the United States will press for an all-round reduction of armaments and the fulfilment of the more liberal promises of the Treaty of Versailles, the Covenant of the League and the Pact of Paris. This is naturally not unwelcome to Germany who wishes to escape from her present "imprisonment" and to see a real prospect of revising her eastern frontiers in due time. But it has caused unconcealed anxiety in France. . .

The above quotation is an accurate reflection of the mentality we have described. Incidentally it is also an illustration of the danger of writing for a quarterly review, when events are travelling as fast as they do now. An answer to the view quoted was given a few days after the publication of the article by no less a person than Mr. Henderson, the Socialist Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. On December 12, speaking at the banquet of the United Associations of Great Britain and France and addressing himself to the French Ambassador, Mr. Henderson declared, and his words were broadcast to the English-speaking world:

The friendship between Great Britain and France had to-day a deeper meaning than it could have, when the Entente was made. Then, in a sense, it was a friendship of the Governments of the day; now it had become a friendship of the peoples. Neither nation would forget the anxieties, the sacrifices and the sufferings which they shared in common during the War. They were friends who had proved that they could work together. . . . If there were differences of opinion, they made no difference to the fundamental co-operation with which France and Great Britain worked. . . . Irresponsible persons had said that they (the tasks of the Naval Conference) would be more difficult, because of what they called the "deterioration" of Anglo-French relations since the present British Government came into power. But that was loose and dangerous talk. He rated Britain's friendship with France higher than to think that questions discussed with frankness could affect it.

Mr. Henderson then quoted Mr. Macdonald's letter to M. Poincaré, written on February 21, 1924, when the first Socialist Government had just been formed:

The condition of Europe can only, I feel convinced, be remedied by joint action between France and England undertaken with full sympathy for their respective requirements and with wise regard for the interests of the world at large. For such co-operation I am fully prepared.

Mr. Henderson insisted that he was now prepared for such co-operation as had existed with France in 1924. The sense of

these words becomes important, if we remember that it was Mr. Macdonald's offer of an Entente to M. Poincaré which ushered in the successful London Conference in the same year. The Dawes Plan for reparation payments, the Locarno Treaties of Sir Austen Chamberlain, and Germany's entry into the League followed in an easy sequence. That Mr. Henderson's words were not meant as an empty compliment is proved by the far-reaching agreement between Mr. Snowden and the French, an agreement definitely intended to form an Allied front before meeting the Germans again at The Hague in January. We are acquainted too with Mr. Macdonald's endeavour to achieve an Entente with M. Tardieu in view of the debates at the Conference on Naval Disarmament, now meeting in London. The world of diplomacy knows to-day that Mr. Macdonald is as strong a backer of the Anglo-French Entente as his Conservative predecessor ever was. In fact the peculiarities of the democratic regime in Great Britain make it easier for a Socialist Government to be on friendly terms with France than it is for a Conservative one. In carrying out the inevitable policy of co-operation with France, Sir Austen was embarrassed all the time by his critics in the Liberal and Socialist camps. Mr. Macdonald labours under no such difficulty.

Mr. Macdonald's and Mr. Henderson's return, after a few months of attempts in the opposite sense, to the policy of the Anglo-French Entente as the keystone of the arch of constructive work for peace in Europe, shows that once again the forceful argument of facts has overcome the influence of an intellectual clique, which suffers from delusions about its providential mission to advise the British people. Political parties are infested with these advisers and the Socialists more than any other party, because, as they owe their power to the common sense of Trade Unionism, they are impressed—such is the law of attraction by contrast—by the glitter of crystallized phrases. The intellectual guides of the British Socialists have solid connections with the Liberal mentality. This explains their preference for German culture. But their colleagues in the bourgeois camp are no better. If they do not devote themselves to foreign affairs, they turn their attention to the Empire. Full of missionary faith they settle the problem of India one day and on

the next start drafting Arab treaties. The Conservatives watch these destructive tactics tolerantly. Only, when losses are painful, they faintly murmur: "which part of the Empire next?" In Imperial affairs Mr. Macdonald and his colleagues tread the path taken by Mr. Baldwin and his friends. If at the Imperial Conference this year disruption proceeds apace, let us not forget that the seeds of disunion were sown in 1926 at the preceding meeting with the Dominions under a Conservative Government. It may be all to the good, perhaps, that the ties which at present link up the Empire, should be loosened, or even abolished. But the way in which British politicians of all parties allow the situation to drift beyond their active control is certainly, to say the least, dangerous. Unfortunately they are just politicians and not statesmen. A statesman knows and lets other people know the exact limit up to which he may go in making concessions, whilst a politician knows no limit to the concessions he is ready to make to obtain a personal success.

We pass now to a topical matter; the Conference on Naval Disarmament, at present sitting in London. The reason for holding this Conference—apart from the wish of Mr. Macdonald to satisfy his messianic urge to save humanity—is the legitimate desire to find a lever for lifting Anglo-American relations on to a plane of better understanding. The United States of North America severed their connection with Great Britain too early to be able to share in the building up of the present Empire. Instead of developing with the British commonwealth of nations and becoming, perhaps, its dominant partner, the American English-speaking unit grew up independently and to-day stands as its most powerful competitor. To understand what has taken place it is necessary to consider the great change which has come into the world and which in the near future promises to dominate the political situation. We mean the re-grouping of the White Race around the shores of the Atlantic as the axis of world power.

Maps are misleading things and traditional geography is the mother of dangerous preconceived notions. The standard atlas in the hands of the public does not make it easy to grasp the principle of race distribution. Out of one hundred maps ninety-nine are details of the one which represents the continents

together on the surface of the earth. Looking at this usually neglected planisphere we discover that the lands peopled by the White Race, or dominated by it, are grouped on both sides of the Atlantic. On one hand is Europe with Africa; on the other, America, North and South. In the West we find Australia as a powerful, racial outpost in the Pacific, whilst in the East are the territories in Asia exploited by the Whites for their material advantage. We see a racial dominion of which the United States are an integral part, not because they are European—for they are anything but that—but because they are White. Once visualised, this vast Dominion of the White Race cannot be lost sight of again. It reduces our notions about geography to their logical proportions. It establishes the fact that Europe and the United States belong to a mighty partnership within which they may quarrel, but the interests of which they must accept as a first moral charge on any international policy they may wish to set in motion.

We know of no historian or political writer who holds the view that if the American Revolution had been defeated, Great Britain would have been better off to-day. On the contrary, if the link between the Mother country and the American colony had been preserved, the British Empire, as it exists to-day, with its splendid resources, its vitality and unrivalled possibilities, would not have been created. North America would have drained the live force of the United Kingdom, leaving nothing over for enterprise in other parts of the world. Not only that, but if the link had remained, the colony would have eventually overshadowed the homeland and London would have sunk to the position of an appendix to New York. Alternatively, the vastness of North America would have remained undeveloped—a loss to the White Race. But relations between the Americans and ourselves would be easier if we discarded preconceived notions. The proprietor of a great American newspaper has said: "I have an idea that our historians have overplayed the stamp taxes and tea parties. With an ocean between them, the classes which came to America could not be held down by the descendants of the Conqueror's generals."

In Great Britain there are no bitter memories about the American Revolution. The shade even of a desire does not exist for a return to a system of political dependence now pre-

historic. If relations between the two peoples are not all that should be desired, the reason for this has to be sought in the present, not in the past. The fact that both belong to the Dominion of the White Race ensures that, however much they quarrel, they cannot get away in the end from the need of co-ordinating their policies according to essential racial interests. This highly desirable co-operation is retarded by political friction, the existence of which it would be useless to deny, because it breaks out time and again, often quite unexpectedly. The cause of this friction is the competition between the two peoples for naval supremacy, or rather the desire of the United States to get rid of the supremacy on sea so long enjoyed by Great Britain. The struggle has begun, a friendly struggle if you like, between Great Britain and the United States for the leadership in the Dominion of the White Race. The Conference on Naval Disarmament, at present meeting in London, is an incident in this struggle, which must last a long time. The Atlantic is the Mediterranean Ocean of the White Race, the habitations and colonies of which surround it on all sides. In this racial commonwealth the United States are the most powerful single unit. They ask for the first place not as a compliment, but through the force of hard facts. To keep up its end Great Britain cannot neglect a single element adding to her force. The European background is necessary to us in our resistance to the American invasion.

THE GOLD QUESTION

By A. J. LIVERSEDGE

THE first purpose of this article is to set out the essential facts of a remarkable economic situation with which this country is now faced. The situation is of a kind from which a crisis may develop. Its gravity is officially recognised in the recent appointment by the Government of a Committee to consider the best method of meeting it.

In the simplest terms the situation amounts to this:—We are short of gold, a commodity of which this country stands in vital need for the necessary purposes of its high finance. We do not produce any appreciable amount of gold in this country, and, therefore, have to obtain what we require from abroad; and, of course, have to pay for it. As will be shown presently, we have now exhausted the free stocks of gold which, till recently, this country possessed. Those stocks have gone abroad to pay the instalments of our War Debt to the United States of America; and to support the ultimate balances of our international trade. The consequence has been that when, in the second half of last year, there came a demand upon this country for gold, due to the state of our foreign exchange and to high money rates elsewhere, the demand had to be met out of the stock held by the Bank of England, which was drawn upon heavily. From 1920 until July of last year, the stock of gold held by the Bank of England and the British Treasury together had never been less than £150,000,000, except for a short time towards the end of 1925. In June of last year it was no less than £163,500,000, a total which, according to the published records, has been exceeded only on one or two occasions. By October 2nd, the stock had fallen to a little over £130,000,000. The Bank thus lost to other countries more than £33,000,000 in less than four months. Not that this large amount of gold went directly to pay our debts abroad, whether of War or of trade;

though some of it will, no doubt, be used indirectly in the settlement of such debts. It was simply bought and sold like any other goods. Its loss might have been avoided, or at any rate the greater part of it; but our chief financial authorities—the Bank of England, that is to say—considered it better, in all the circumstances, to let it go. The drain had to be checked in the end, and was done in the usual way, by raising the Bank Rate. That action on the part of the Bank appeared to many people to be something in the nature of a “last straw” laid upon the backs of trade and industry; and was the immediate occasion of the appointment of the new committee. A considerable portion of that gold has now been brought back—at a price, of course; and the Bank of England closed its year with a stock of gold only £7,000,000 lower than that held at the beginning of 1929, though £17,000,000 lower than the stock in June of that year. Notwithstanding this recovery, however, the stock of gold coin and bullion in this country, at this moment, is less than it has been at any time since the beginning of this century, and possibly even for a longer period. That is the situation; and there are two questions in connexion with it which immediately present themselves; firstly, when the stock of gold at the Bank of England dropped from £163,500,000 in June of last year to £130,000,000 in October, was it necessary to replenish that stock? In other words, is it necessary to maintain a stock of gold at the Bank of £150,000,000 or more? It is true that the Cunliffe Committee recommended that that amount at least should be held by the Bank. We have closely followed the recommendations of that Committee; but even British Government Committees are not infallible. Secondly, if it is necessary to keep such a stock of gold at the bank for the purpose, say, of maintaining London as the first financial centre of the world, can it be done without imposing any appreciable burden on British trade and industry, as for instance, by restricting credit, or making the cost of borrowed money in this country higher than, for instance, in the United States of America, now our most active competitor for world trade?

The Bank Rate, or, by implication, the stock of gold held by the Bank of England, concerns every man of business who has occasion to borrow money; it concerns, indeed, practically every one who buys or sells anything. Government

borrowers for its daily needs between £40,000,000 and £50,000,000 every week on “Treasury Bills”. The rate of discount which it has to pay for the use of that money, varies, approximately, with the Bank Rate. An increase of a shilling in the rate means between £20,000 and £25,000 a year to the country; an advance from 4 per cent. to 5 per cent. means an extra cost to the country of between £400,000 and £500,000 a year; and the range of the rate of discount is much greater than that. These, of course, are not large amounts as national expenditure goes to-day; but every taxpayer, every consumer of tea, sugar, tobacco, beer or wine, every one who buys a postage stamp, has to pay a bit of all such extras, which may be determined by the amount of gold held, at a particular moment, by the Bank of England.

An advance in the Bank Rate, say, from 4 per cent. to 5 per cent. may not seem a very formidable business; but it appears to be often overlooked that it is an advance, not of one per cent., but of 25 per cent. On £100,000 it means an extra of £1,000, sufficient alone to pay a dividend of one per cent. on a capital of that amount. Such an increase may easily defer the starting of a new business or the extension of an existing business, or a contract for a new steamship which would provide occupation for a thousand workers. Naturally, a manufacturer, or a merchant, who has to pay an extra charge for the use of money will try and pass that extra on to his customers; but when “things are cut fine”, as they are in so many industries in this country to-day, it may be difficult or impossible to do that. Where the charge can be passed on and a commodity has to go through a number of hands before it reaches the consumer, there will be the well known “snowball” action; at each step the extra will become a little bigger; and may ultimately mean, say, an extra farthing added to the price of the loaf. It is, no doubt, a fanciful suggestion that there is a relation between the gold in the vaults of the Bank of England and the price of apples on a coster’s barrow in the Strand, but it is nevertheless a fact.

Nor is the mode of operation of finance, so far at any rate as the question here being considered is concerned, essentially involved. The gold of the world—the gold of finance that is to say—may be regarded as of two kinds, the movable and the immovable. The latter is made up of amounts held by Governments, and certain proportions of the amounts held by

great financial institutions. This gold is very firmly held and would only be moved in some serious emergency. The other part is, more or less, mobile-liquid. This gold will always tend to flow to those places where it can be employed to the best advantage; where, assuming proper security, the rates paid for the use of money are highest. Hence, when the financial authorities of this country, the Bank of England, wish to attract gold here or to check an efflux of gold from this country, they raise the Bank Rate; that is to say, they increase the charge which they make for the use of money. Other lenders of money will, almost necessarily, have to raise their rates also, and the net result is that the profit earning power of gold in this country will rise. It may increase only sufficiently to check an outflow of gold; if it increases more than that, then the mobile gold of the world will, almost automatically begin to move here. The gold will continue to come so long as the earning power of gold is higher here than it is elsewhere; but as the gold was brought here by the raising of the Bank Rate, the movement may be immediately checked by lowering the rate, thus making it no longer worth while to move gold here. This process has never failed; there is always gold ready to come if the conditions are sufficiently favourable; but it is important to observe that this operation must cost somebody something. Trade and industry in this country, as in most others, are carried on chiefly with borrowed money, and they pay the cost of all such operations—the cost of bringing the gold to this country. They pay through the increased charges which are made upon them for the use of money, consequent upon the raising of the Bank Rate. It seems an extraordinary thing, and is an extraordinary thing, that for the purpose of adding a few million pounds to the stock of gold held by the Bank of England a sort of fine should be imposed upon the trade and industry of the country, a fine that may amount to anything from £10,000,000 to £35,000,000 a year. Here, of course, we touch the riddle of the moment:—How to bring the gold we need without imposing this fine on trade and industry? Occasionally gold comes to this country without our having made any special effort to attract it. It is said, for instance, that in 1924 certain American financiers became aware that the Gold Standard would be restored in this country early in 1925. They accordingly sent

gold here and bought "sterling" with it, that is to say, they exchanged it for English pounds at a time when the pound was worth only \$4.50, instead of its par value of \$4.866. When, in 1925 the pound sterling did become worth its par value, on the restoration of the Gold Standard, these financiers had made substantial profits. That, of course, was an exceptional instance; but for many years prior to 1914 we never had any difficulty in obtaining all the gold we needed in this country. There were changes then, of course, in the Bank Rate, made for the purpose of holding or attracting gold, but they were rarely of so drastic a character as to constitute a serious impost on trade and industry. Indeed, it is probable that before the War, the Bank Rate was lowered to favour the export of gold more frequently than it was raised to attract it. Nevertheless, as will be seen shortly, we were for a long period, right up to 1914, importing more gold than we exported, the excess being considerably more than was required for use in our arts and industry.

The essential purposes in our financial system for which we require gold are two. In the first place, we need it as a material backing to our paper currency. By the law of the land only the Bank of England may now issue bank notes or currency notes in this country. The Bank may issue notes up to a certain amount against "securities"; but beyond that amount it must hold gold equal in value to the face value of all the notes it issues. In June last, when the Bank held £163,500,000 in gold, its notes in circulation totalled £360,300,000. The ratio of the gold to the notes was, therefore, rather more than 45 per cent. The bank rate was then $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. At the end of September, when the Bank's stock of gold had fallen to £130,343,000, the notes in circulation were £363,347,000; the proportion of gold to notes being thus reduced to a little under 36 per cent. The Bank Rate was then raised from $5\frac{1}{2}$ to $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. In pre-War days one could present a £5 or a £1,000 Bank of England note at the Bank and receive sovereigns for it as a matter of course and of right, without question or demur. That right which endured as a legal right all through the War and on to 1925, no longer exists. The public, at the beginning of the War, were begged by the Government not to exercise the right, but to make notes answer their

purposes instead. The public loyally responded; and have been rewarded by having the right taken from them. The Bank will still give you sovereigns for notes, if you ask nicely, and can give good reasons why you want sovereigns; but it is optional with the Bank to do it. Nevertheless, holders of notes still have the right to have the notes exchanged for gold; but it will be gold in the form of bars, and not less than 400 ozs. involving a payment of £1,700 at a time.

The theory of our pre-War note currency, our paper money, was this:—All holders of notes were equally entitled to have their notes changed into gold coin. Obviously, if it was likely that all the note holders would present their notes for exchange into gold at the same moment, the banker would have to keep in hand a stock of gold equal to the value of his notes outstanding. Such an occurrence, however, was recognised as practically impossible; only a certain proportion of the note holders would ever want notes changed into gold at the same moment, that is to say in normal times; and the Banker was, therefore, considered to be justified in keeping in hand only some reasonable proportion of gold in reference to the total face value of his notes outstanding. Under a gold currency system, where everyone could change his note for gold when he wished to do so, it would be necessary for the proportion of gold kept in hand to be fairly large. To-day, however, we are not under a gold currency system; the public of this country could not get gold sovereigns for their notes if they wanted; they have no use for gold bars in the ordinary way of business. Hence a "run on the bank" for gold seems impossible. It is true that gold can be withdrawn from the Bank by other means besides the presentation of notes. It can be withdrawn by cheque; but it will only be goldsmiths' and bullion dealers who will ever take gold from the Bank in parcels of 400 ozs. at a time, and in bars. The general public is not going to combine to do it. If they got the bars they could not get them converted into coin. The right to the free coinage of gold, which the public of this country held for so long a time, has also gone; only the Bank of England has the right to get gold converted into coin. Hence, the question presents itself:—Why trouble about holding any large amount of gold to provide against a demand that cannot arise? It can only be necessary to keep in hand, under existing conditions, sufficient gold to

provide for demands on foreign account; no serious internal demand is possible.

It has been proposed to dispense with gold as the basis of internal credit and to substitute for the existing system what is called a "managed currency", the essence of which is that the amount of money in circulation shall be regulated by some authority according to the state of trade as indicated by prices of commodities. A system of this kind has been strongly advocated by one of the members of the new Committee, Professor J. M. Keynes. Another system is associated with the name of Professor Irving Fisher. It is possible that some such system will one day be adopted; when the millenium arrives and the nations are free from the fear of war.

The second purpose for which we require gold is to meet our obligations abroad; to pay, for instance, the instalments of our War Debt to the United States of America as they fall due; and to pay for our excesses of imports over the value of our exports of all kinds, visible and invisible, commodities and services. We are supposed to receive from the Continent sufficient to pay the debt instalments; but up to the present we have had to pay to America much more than we have received from Europe. No one, of course, will assist us to pay for our excess of imports. Here we touch the most important aspect of the whole question, the vital factor of the situation, for which the careful consideration of the reader will be invited in a moment.

A Gold Question presented itself in this country, and in many others, the moment that the World War broke out, indeed, before a shot had been fired. On the 28th of July, 1914, Austria-Hungary declared war on Serbia. On the following Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the Bank of England paid away £10,509,475 in gold; the largest amount of gold ever paid out by any institution in so short a time. Of that total £2,298,000 went to the Continent, but the balance of £8,211,475 was paid out to nervous, selfish, or unpatriotic people at home.

The Question persisted all through the War; the nations of the world, neutral as well as belligerent, engaged in a struggle for gold. Thus the Bank of Spain, which, when the War broke out, held about £21,000,000 of gold never rested till it had acquired more than £100,000,000.

The Question presented itself in an acute form in this country

shortly before the armistice in 1918, when the gold producers of South Africa intimated that it might be necessary for them to stop producing in certain classes of mines. Their case was certainly a hard one; a committee, with Lord Inchcape as chairman, was appointed by Government to examine it. A little later a larger committee, with much wider terms of reference, and the late Lord Cunliffe as chairman, was appointed to consider the whole question. We are still carrying out the recommendations and working in accordance with the recommendations of that committee.

Later again, as the time approached when it seemed likely that this country could return to a Gold Standard, another special committee to consider how that return could best be managed was set up by the first Labour Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Snowden. That committee consisted of Lord Bradbury, Sir Austin Chamberlain, Mr. Gaspard Farrar, Professor Pigou and the Controller of Finance of the Treasury.

The Question presented itself in the British House of Commons on the 28th of April, 1925, when, at four o'clock in the afternoon, Mr. Winston Churchill, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, spoke the following words, while everyone who heard him felt the dramatic character of the event: "We thus resume our international position as a gold standard country from the moment of this declaration."

The country was reminded of the Question in the spring of last year when that Conference of Employers and Trade Union Representatives which had been formed chiefly by the exertions of Lord Melchett, addressed a Memorial to the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Mr. Churchill) in which the fears and uneasiness of the Conference were expressed as to the possible results to trade and industry of our financial policy, and particularly of any further tightening of the links which bind trade and industry to gold. The pronouncement never received the consideration to which it was entitled. It was remarkable not only for its character, but also for the juxtaposition of the two names by which it was signed on behalf of the Conference. The names were those of Mr. Ben Turner, weaver and labour leader, and Sir Alfred Mond, (now Lord Melchett) Baronet, M.P., privy councillor, barrister, manufacturer, coal owner, financier, in the

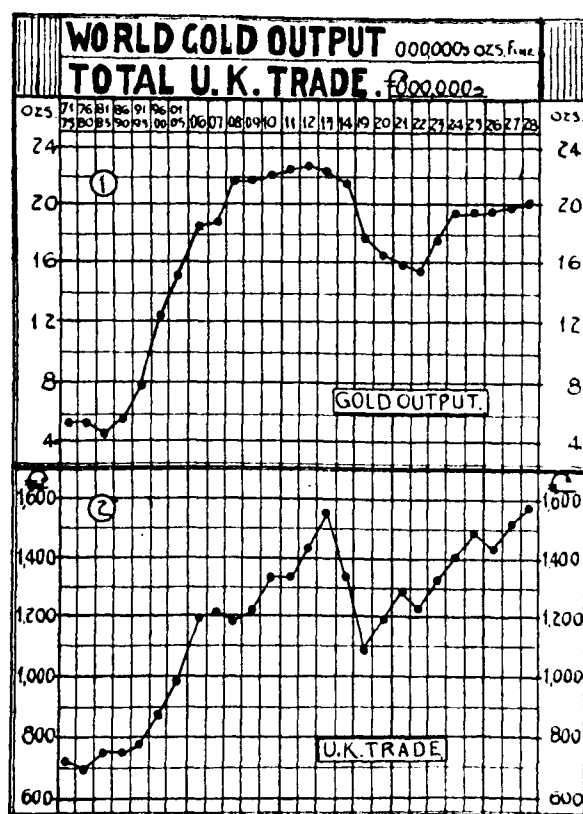
best sense *homme d'affaires*. The Memorial recommended the appointment of a special committee to consider the relations of trade and industry to finance. That recommendation has now been adopted by the appointment of the new Committee to which reference has already been made, over which Mr. H. P. Macmillan presides.

About the same time the whole world was reminded of the Question by a formal appeal by the League of Nations to all countries to economise in the use of gold. While, finally, an eminent economist, Professor Gustav Cassel of Sweden, admittedly an authority, has warned the world, on more than one recent occasion, that if the present conditions are allowed to continue, something in the way of a "gold famine" must result, with consequences that cannot fail to be disastrous to trade and industry.

The first fact which we have to grasp is that the annual gold production of the world is not what it was. Now, the nature of the relation between gold and trade is a difficult topic which cannot be pursued here; but that there is a very intimate relation in the present economic conditions of the world, is certain. The accompanying chart, No. 1, (*see overleaf*) shows the course of the world's production of gold since 1870 to the end of 1928, and the course of the overseas' trade of this United Kingdom over the same period. Making allowances for accidental circumstances, there is an extraordinary parallelism between these two curves. There is no branch of human thought in which the *post hoc, ergo propter hoc*, the Tenterden Steeple, line of reasoning is more dangerous than it is in Economics. The parallelism of these two curves may be only a coincidence; it would be possible, no doubt, to find another product the curve of which would also be approximately parallel with the curve of our trade; but there is no other commodity that is the standard of value among the trading nations of the world, or that is used as a basis of credit as gold is used to-day by practically all the industrial communities of the world. The chart shows that, in reasonably normal times, as the world's production of gold has increased so has the trade of this country grown; and that, necessarily, means that the trade of other countries has grown also. It should be said here that the figures of our trade since the War, on which the curve is based, are not the declared values but are those values corrected

by means of the Board of Trade Index Numbers of Wholesale Prices in order that they may compare with the values of 1913.

It will be seen from Chart No. 1 that the world's output of gold annually, while it has increased since 1922, is still much lower than it was for some years before the War. What has happened since the beginning of this century is shown in Chart No. 2. It will be noted that the maximum output occurred in 1915, and that all through the War the output declined till the



No 1.

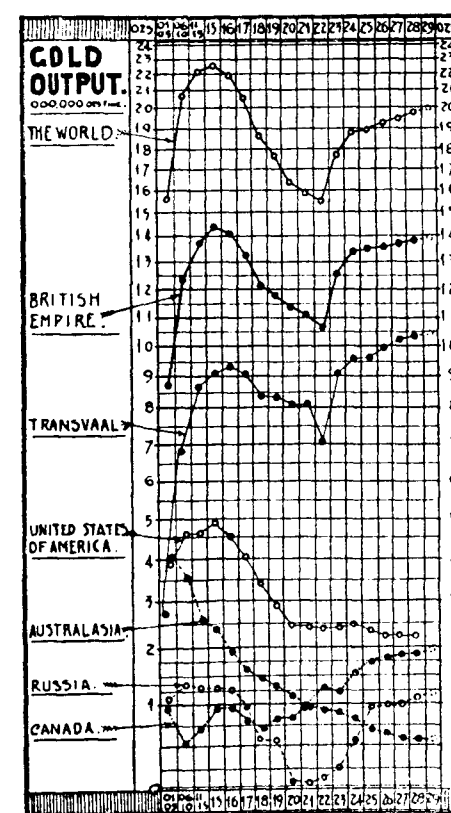
production of 1922 was less than the average production of the first years of the century. Meanwhile, the population of the world has increased, notwithstanding the losses of the Great War; its demand for commodities has enlarged; and its requirements, in the way of credit accommodation, have expanded.

The chart is important as showing, perhaps, the second fact that we need to realise, that there is no indication of any immediate

and considerable increase in the output of gold. The Canadian curve tends steadily upwards and represents a real gain on the century. There is no doubt that Canada has enormous undeveloped gold resources. The Russian curve also keeps on the upgrade, and it is claimed that the Russian output now equals what it was immediately before the War. We have behind this Russian curve an extraordinary tragi-comedy. At first, the new Russian powers tabooed gold; it was the chief instrument of the Capitalist. Presently,

however, they found that they needed gold very much; they turned back feverishly to their abandoned mines. They are now making every effort to increase their production of gold, importing for this purpose new machinery from the United States. Moreover, Russia, which was the third largest producer of gold for years, has, like Canada, enormous undeveloped resources and might well become the second largest producer of gold in the near future. It is said that one of the ancient goldfields of Eastern Siberia has been recently examined

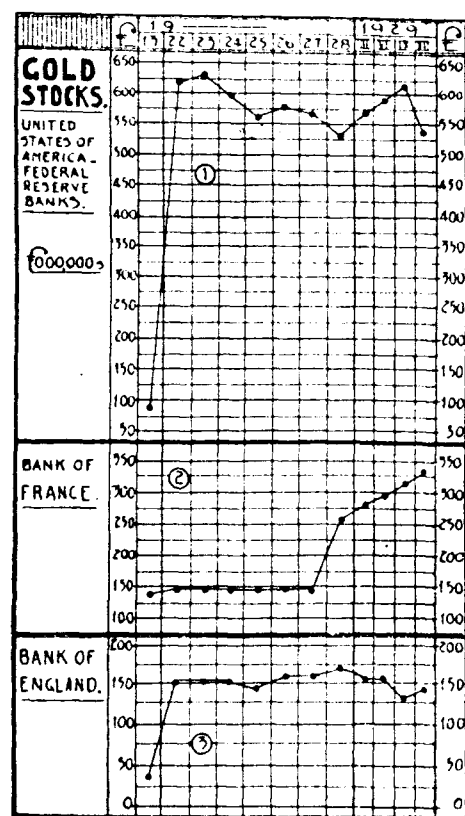
and found to contain immense and rich deposits which have never been touched. Our own wonderful field of the Transvaal continues to increase its yield and may do so for some little time yet; but the end of many of its mines is in sight. No important increase is to be expected in the United States, unless means should be found to develop the immense frozen deposits of Alaska; while the output of Australasia continues stationary. There are other regions—China and Mexico, for instance—which might



No. 2.

produce considerable quantities of gold if their political conditions were more satisfactory; but, for the present, we need not look for any relief of the gold situation from any appreciable increase in the world's production of gold.

The question may be asked, What is becoming of the gold? who gets it? It is not in the hands of the people; there is no gold in circulation in Europe, and not much anywhere else. The answer to this question is to be found on Chart No. 3. The



No. 3.

marks the occasion of the restoration of the gold standard in France. That operation was undoubtedly one of the most remarkable in the history of finance. When the gold standard was restored in this country we made definite arrangements with financial authorities in the United States, (for which we had to pay something) for assistance in maintaining that standard over a short course of years if we should require it. As it happened we did not need any direct assistance.

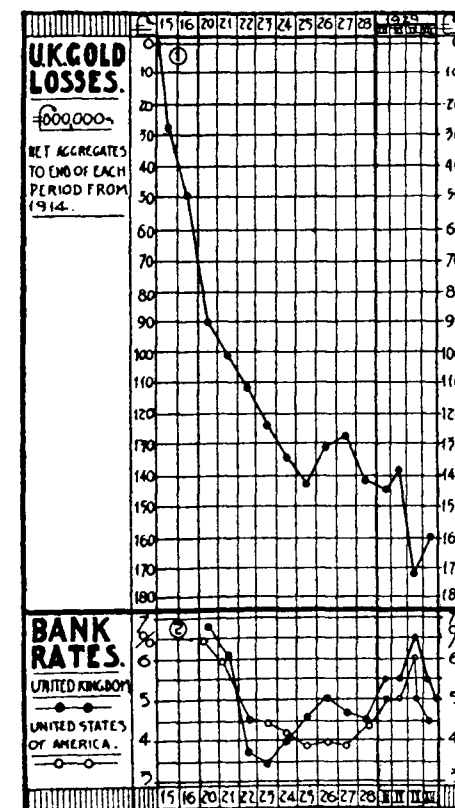
gold is mostly in the vaults of the National or State Banks of the world; Chart No. 3 shows what has happened so far as the three biggest gold holders of the world are concerned. On June 30, 1914, the Bank of England held £40,000,000 of gold; it held on the first of January of this year £146,000,000; it has recently held more than £160,000,000. Also, on June 30, 1914, the Bank of France held £162,300,000; on the 27th December last it held something over £333,000,000. The sudden leap upwards of the French curve in 1928

France succeeded in carrying through her restoration without providing for any outside assistance whatever. The Bank of France closed its doors on Saturday, June 23, 1928, with £147,000,000 in gold coin and bullion "in hand"; it opened them again on the following Monday with £233,000,000 "in hand". The Bank has continued to increase its stock ever since. The purpose of this immense accumulation of gold in France is not clear. It is hardly credible that France really contemplates an early restoration of a

gold currency though the possibility was suggested by M. Poincaré himself, when the gold standard was restored; and with the remarkable artistic sense which characterises the French people, a new French gold coin has been devised.

The French accumulation, however, large as it is, is completely overshadowed by the American, by far the greatest accumulation ever made, exceeding even the legendary hoards of the conquerors of the past. On June 30, 1914, the Associated Banks of New York held £95,155,000 of

gold; their successors, the United States Federal Reserve Banks, on January 3rd of this year, held £533,000,000; in November last they held £620,000,000. The explanation of this enormous accumulation of gold in the States is obvious. During the War, and since, the rest of the world has had to buy largely from the United States. Owing, however, to the high duties which America lays upon imports into the States, other countries have only been able to pay for



No. 4.

their purchases from the States by the natural method of the exchange of goods (or services), to a very limited extent; the balance has had to be paid in gold. What we have had to do in this way is shown, approximately, in Chart No. 4.

In 1914 we imported Gold Coin and Bullion (apart from plate or jewellery) to the amount of £58,600,000 and exported £30,600,000, thus leaving a net gain of £28,000,000. In 1915 we imported gold coin and bullion to the amount of £10,800,000 and exported £39,200,000; thus sustaining a net loss of £28,400,000. The records of three years, 1917, 18 and 19, are not available, though it is known that in those years we exported more gold than we imported. In every year since 1914, with the exception of 1926 (the year following the restoration of the gold standard) and 1927, we have exported more gold than we imported. The aggregate loss, to the end of 1929 as shown by the chart No. 4. amounts to no less than £160,500,000. The greater part of this large sum went to the United States of America. It is remarkable that during a considerable part of this period the Bank Rate here, as shown by Graph No. 2 of this chart, was higher than the corresponding rate in the United States. It is even still more remarkable that through all this period, during which the country was losing gold, the stock of gold at the Bank of England increased until, in 1920, that stock, with the amount then held by the Treasury as "cover" for the currency note, passed £150,000,000. The latter amount was recommended by the Cunliffe Committee as the amount that should be maintained by the Bank; and it was maintained until last year except for the short time in 1925 to which reference has already been made.

Here, the significance of Graph No. 2 of this chart may be indicated. It means simply, that since 1924, in order that the gold standard might be successfully restored in this country, trade and industry here have had to pay from 10 per cent. to 30 per cent. more for the use of money than trade and industry have had to pay in the United States of America. Incidentally, we note from this graph the effectiveness of the increased rate in checking the outflow of gold, and in bringing the gold back.

Whence came the enormous amount of gold which, apparently, we have sent abroad since 1914? In the period from 1855 to the end

of 1914 we imported gold coin and bullion to the value of £1,470,000,000. Our corresponding exports amounted to £1,217,000,000, thus leaving a balance to the good of £253,000,000. The whole of this excess, of course, did not remain available; some of it was used up in the arts and industry; and some disappeared to make good the loss by wear and tear of gold coins in circulation; but a considerable portion remained, and enabled us to stand that drain of gold which set in immediately the Great War had started. It is frequently supposed that the export of gold from this country was prohibited after the War broke out. The free export of gold was prohibited; export was only permitted under government license; but the licenses were given and the gold left the country. We may, therefore, be certain that it would not have gone if it had not been absolutely necessary to export it. It is an amazing record that is here revealed, for we have to remember that not only have we sent, on balance, £160,000,000 of gold abroad since the War but, in the same period, the gold stock of the Bank of England has been raised from £40,000,000 to £150,000,000. We thus see where the gold has gone that was in circulation in this country when the Great War burst upon us.

And now, the crux of the whole matter; why have we had to send that gold away? It has had to go, firstly, to pay for our excess of imports of merchandise over our exports, of all kinds, visible and invisible. Up to a certain point it had to go solely for that purpose; but since the conclusion of our arrangements in connexion with our war debt to the United States we have had to provide also for the quarterly instalments of the repayment of that debt, principal and interest. Let us put the matter in a concrete form. In 1928 the declared value of our imports of merchandise totalled £1,196,940,354; the corresponding value of our exports was £843,779,946, leaving a so-called adverse balance (most unfortunate term) amounting to £353,160,408. To this must be added a net balance of at least £25,000,000 on account of our debt repayments to the United States, making a total of £378,160,408. Did our invisible exports, the services in connexion with shipping, finance and so on, which we rendered to the rest of the world in 1928, suffice to pay off that large balance? Before the War our total exports, commodities and

services, more than sufficed to pay for all our imports; they left a balance, which was paid to us in gold; for, as we have seen, in those days we imported more gold than we exported. To-day, the case is otherwise; in no year since the War have our total exports sufficed to pay for our imports, and, in recent years, our imports plus our debt obligations, with the result that we have exported more gold than we have imported, and thus find ourselves to-day, hard up against the "Gold Question". We have had real; and not merely apparent, adverse balances to meet.

The obvious remedy, of course, is to reduce that "adverse" balance. A reduction could be effected in two ways; by reducing imports and by enlarging exports, particularly of home products and manufactures. Everyone would like to see it done by an increase in our exports, particularly Mr. J. H. Thomas, who now goes about making appeals to the country to increase our sales of home products abroad, and thus to help him with his gigantic unemployment problem; but there is no reason why it should not be done in both ways. The policy of checking imports by duties is a tricky business; and no wise Chancellor of the Exchequer would enter upon such a policy lightly. It will be remembered that, originally, the "McKenna Duties" were imposed, not to protect an industry, not even to raise a revenue, but to reduce our adverse trade balance by checking the importation of unnecessary commodities—luxuries: and it is possible that something might be done by a rigorous application of that Spartan policy. There are, however, two much more important directions where we might look for substantial relief, without needing to impose any new import duties whatever. We imported in 1928 commodities "wholly or mainly manufactured" to the amount of £318,016,520, and there is not the least doubt that a large proportion of those manufactured goods could and would have been produced in this country if our own domestic conditions, particularly in connexion with labour, had not become so difficult since the War. Again, we imported in 1928 food materials to the amount of £406,000,000; while it is a conservative estimate which says that we could increase our home production of food products by £50,000,000 a year, if we applied ourselves properly to the task. The French or the Germans would produce a great deal more from our agricultural land if they had it. Admittedly the condition of our national agriculture

is something of a national discredit; and £50,000,000, or anything like that amount, knocked off our imports by increased home production, would completely solve our problem. After all, it is not a large amount that we need to adjust that real adverse balance; there are those, indeed, who suggest that we have no real adverse balance; but Graph No. 1 of Chart No. 4 is conclusive on this point. Anyway, £20,000,000 knocked off our imports and an equal amount added to our exports of home products, and any serious "Gold Question", so far as this country is concerned, would disappear. Gold would begin once more to accumulate here.

The remedies just suggested lie in our own hands and are the only remedies that do. We may cast envious eyes on the great stock of gold accumulated in the United States, "buried" there as a shrewd member of the House of Commons suggested in one of the recent finance debates; we may hope that something useful may result from the establishment of the proposed International Bank; but the only sure way we have of avoiding trouble and difficulty for ourselves is to reduce that adverse balance by our own unaided efforts in the directions just suggested. If we cannot do that our only alternative is to carry on as we are doing, buying gold abroad at a price, and at some cost and inconvenience to trade and industry already overloaded with burdens of one kind and another, in order to send it abroad again for the final adjustment of our international balances.

If we add another to our queries and ask why we have become so dependent upon gold; why we have permitted that metal, even with all its noble qualities, to become the master, the dictator, of trade and industry, instead of keeping it as their servant we are at once in the realm of the psychological. The answer then can be summed up in a phrase—the grip of gold on the imagination of mankind.

CANCER AND THE NATURAL LIFE

By C. LOUIS LEIPOLDT, F.R.C.S.

IN popular expositions of the cancer problem, such as have been published in book form and in the lay press, much stress is sometimes laid on the supposition that cancer is essentially "a disease of civilisation". While it is a sound rule for medical men to abstain from controversy on matters upon which opinions may reasonably differ, the reiteration of presumptions that when unduly stressed tend to obscure much more important issues may justify a review of the facts upon whose final value no one can as yet afford to dogmatise.

The view that the increase in the incidence of cancer is due to the developments of modern civilisation has been seriously advanced not only by theorising laymen but by experienced clinical observers. Cancer, unfortunately, is a disease that presents itself with many facets, some sharply cut and clearly defined, and others indescribably blurred, like far off things seen through misty glasses. In discussing it, we are apt to lose sight of these imperfectly appreciated aspects, and to concentrate our attention upon what appears to be more obvious. That, indeed, has been the case from the time when the specificity of cancer was generally recognised. Lay writers, not wholly familiar with the nomenclature, sometimes stumble over the differentiation between *carcinoma* (cancer) and *sarcoma* (tumour), hinting that there exists no casual or familial relation between these two types of malignant disease, and that, for purposes of discussion, attention should only be paid to the *carcinomata* (cancers). Why? The pathologist rightly speaks of malignant tissue, and regards as such new formations which infiltrate surrounding structures, infect lymph glands, become disseminated in distant organs, and inevitably destroy life unless arrested or removed. Such tissue may originate in the connective or mesoblastic tissues, when they are known as sarcomatous tumours, or may spring from a single centre of epi- or mesoblastic tissue in which case they are called *carcinomata* or *epitheliomata*, or from a single centre of

endothelial cells lining a blood or lymph vessel, when they are known as *endotheliomata*. A discussion of their pathology would be entirely out of place here and would serve no useful purpose, but it may be remarked that "cancer statistics" do not accept the rather circumscribed interpretation of cancer that some popular writers give to the term "cancer". Nor is it desirable or helpful that such a limited interpretation should be made. All malignant tumours, so far as our present knowledge goes, are due to disturbances of cell-grouping. Our cancer problem, so far as it touches causation, is the problem of explaining why a normal cell suddenly loses its normality and runs amuck, as previously the embryonic cells threatened to run amuck before they were restrained by some power or influence of the true nature of which we are as yet ignorant. We cannot glibly postulate causes of dis-synergisation for one group of tissue cells and, for purposes of our argument, deny identical causes for aberrant action in other tissue cell groups. If cell disturbance of such a malignant nature is, in civilised people, limited in its action to epiblastic tissue cells—which is by no means an established fact—and in uncivilised natives, as some lay writers imply, limited in its action to connective tissue cells, the cancer problem bristles indeed with horrible and unforeseen difficulties. Fortunately for those who are patiently struggling to investigate that problem, these added difficulties exist largely in the imagination, and we prefer to call cancer a malignant tumour, whether it originates in epiblastic, mesoblastic, or hypoblastic cells.

The diet faddist's view of cancer, like the "simple life" faddist's view, so far as one is able to understand both from a perusal of popular expositions, is briefly as follows. Cancer, it is postulated, is a disease that increases in incidence with our deviation from aboriginal and primitive hygienic customs and usage. This deviation necessarily implies an increased torpidity of the intestinal tract, leading to constipation, with a resultant reabsorption of endogenous toxins. This reabsorption of poisons by the body results in a disturbance of the normal behaviour of the epiblastic tissue cells, and such disturbance, again, leads to cancer (*carcinoma*). This is not an unfair summary of the faddist's views. The theory is a working hypothesis, no better, perhaps, but certainly not much worse than the hundred odd

other theories of the causation of cancer. But a theory, no matter how secure it seems, must be buttressed by facts and supported by cogent reasoning, and this one seems to lack both. A close study of the literature, for instance, reveals no overwhelming evidence in favour of the supposition that cancer is essentially a "disease of civilisation" and there does not seem to be a shred of reliable evidence to support the suggestion that cancer, even when the word is limited so as to apply only to carcinomata, is more frequent among constipated than among non-constipated members of any community.

A reasonable hypothesis of the causation of any disease must explain all its vagaries. In the case of cancer it must explain why cancer of the genital organs, essentially a type that develops late in life, occurs also, though admittedly rarely, among children; why cancers of the liver seem to be relatively more common in certain races of mankind; why the site incidence of the disease appears to differ in different countries; why the age incidence varies so greatly even among neighbouring races, and why under certain conditions typical cancers rapidly degenerate and spontaneously disappear without treatment. No existing theory satisfactorily explains these vagaries; none has even attempted to explain them. The "simple life" faddist's theory is merely a corybantic excursion into the unknown, and to accept it seriously as a working hypothesis is to close one's eyes to the many facts that have been patiently accumulated during the past twenty years, all of which have tended to make us realise that much of our data is unreliable. We know next to nothing as yet about the epidemic nature of cancer; probably useful data might be gathered from a more intensive study of this aspect of the problem. We do, however, know something about the vital and social characteristics of the problem, and what we know should make us exercise caution in drawing conclusions from the statistics.

Whether cancer occurs more frequently among civilised nations than among aboriginal natives is a question that no one can, as yet, answer with a definite affirmative or negative. There is no need, in support of this statement, to excerpt from the many papers on this subject that have appeared in the medical press since 1918, for the simple reason that these contributions are so technical that extracts, especially when divorced of their context,

will carry little conviction either way. But for those who wish to examine the subject in some detail, an excellent summary of the literature and a well-considered conclusion—necessarily tentative, for the scientific cancer research student does not jump to conclusions but prefers to step warily—can be found in Snyders and Straub's *Contribution to the Cancer Problem in the Tropics*, published in the Transactions of the Far Eastern Congress of Preventive Medicine, 1923. Therein will be found a Roland for every Oliver quoted by the simple life faddist which will show the impartial reader that there is at least a wide difference of opinion on a matter which the faddist takes for granted has been decided in favour of his contention. At the International Cancer Conference held in London in 1928, the fringe of this question was touched by Niceforo of Naples in an interesting paper on *Ten Errors frequently committed in the study of cancer mortality by means of demographic statistics*. Niceforo, whose association with Pittard in the study of cancer incidence among various races has made him one of the foremost authorities on this aspect of the cancer problem, concluded his paper with the following grave warning:

Neither must we forget . . . the purely logical error into which one is inclined to fall, and which consists, after having found that there exists a definite statistical correlation between cancer and any given fact, in affirming that this fact is the "cause" or one of the "causes" of cancer. Correlation is not the same thing as causation In spite of this, many works on the etiology of cancer are full of these sorts of errors. For example, there sometimes exists a correlation between the density of the population and cancer, the latter being more frequent where the density is greater. But is the density the cause of the rise in the rate of cancerosity or may it not be that the greater density has a connection with a higher level of the type of modern civilisation, and is it this type of civilisation which has an influence on the rate of cancerosity? (Cancer Conference Report, 1928. Page 545.)

Clinical observers who have reported their experience of cancer in aboriginal natives have sometimes fallen into this logical error, but those who have simply stated facts have considerably enriched our knowledge of cancer incidence among aboriginal tribes. My own experience of cancer among South African aborigines, living an aboriginal life and subsisting upon aboriginal diet, has not convinced me that the disease is less common than among white settlers, although its age and site incidence may be different from

that found in civilised countries. Most doctors who have had experience of such aboriginal natives will agree that the whole fabric of the hypothesis of reabsorption of internal toxins by a constipated intestinal tract tumbles to the ground when it is found that constipation is quite common among such primitive folk. The civilised native has learned to use laxatives; the uncivilised native eats his fill of hard boiled mealie meal—about the most constipating diet that can be imagined—tucks, when he has a chance to do so, a load of meat on top of it, and defecates when he feels the need to do so. In my examination of native children I have repeatedly found that constipation was as common as, if not more common than, in white children attending the London schools.

It is this question of a primitive diet that bulks largely in the faddist's hypothesis. Let us examine it for a moment.

Our civilised communities, it is alleged, subsist to a large extent upon de-vitalised, de-mineralised, and de-vitaminised food. What proof is there of the truth of this startling assertion? If it is true, to any extent that can have a bearing upon the development of the race, surely there must be evidence sufficiently strong to convince any unprejudiced person, of the malnutrition and inanition resulting from a process of virtual starvation. The effects of starvation upon the individual and upon the race are well known, and the vast literature on the subject has been indexed, incompletely, in Jackson's monograph on *Inanition and Malnutrition*. Our knowledge of the effects of deprivation of various vital constituents on the different types of tissue cells is fairly definite and yet we have no evidence to justify our belief that de-vitalised, de-mineralised, and de-vitaminised diets have the slightest effect upon the actual existence of the epiblastic cells. Indeed, one may carry the attack into the opponent's territory by drawing attention to the very marked insufficiency in the diets of uncivilised races. The protein deficiency in the staple diet of the aboriginal Bantu native, living in his kraal in an environment as truly primitive as any that the faddist can conceive, far exceeds that of the labourer in England, in whom cancer is fairly frequent. Malnutrition among kraal children is as well marked as it was years ago among slum children in Salford or Berlin. The low calcium content in the diet of the Transkei native, and the almost exclusively carbo-hydrate diet of the Shangaans are certainly

factors to be reckoned with in calculating their metabolism, and if there is anything in this "civilisation-diet" theory, both the southern and the northern Bantu groups should show a high percentage of cancer. Students of the culinary methods of the ancient Romans as described by Apicius will probably agree that the terms "devitalised, demineralised, and devitaminised" might with propriety be used in describing the rations of the legions. But the faddist, who starts from the premiss—by no means proved—that cancer has enormously increased in incidence, would be the first to deny that the ancient Romans had a heavy cancer mortality. Nor can he get out of the difficulties he has raised by postulating that aboriginal races, among whom cancer is known to be relatively frequent, like the Chinese and Japanese, are civilised in such a manner that their epiblastic tissue cells have lost that immunity to cancer which he imagines exists in the Bushman or the Australian aborigine. There is little difference, in vitamin content or food value, between the diet of the Chinese peasant and that of the aboriginal Bushman. In point of primitive simplicity their diets are more "civilised"—that is to say more varied, less monotonous, and less primitive—than that of the Trappist. Indeed, a short study of diets will convince the faddist, if he is open to conviction, that a consideration of diet alone will not help him to prove his theory.

Nor will it help us to declare that "cancer is a disease of civilisation" while we lack a definition of the term "civilisation" as used in this connexion. It is obviously a comparative term. I have known white settlers, among whom the incidence of cancer is admittedly high, living in an environment that by no stretch of the imagination could be called "civilised". Everyone acquainted with natives knows that some of them exist among conditions that, from a hygienic point of view, may be termed civilised, inasmuch as they make full use of all the benefits that white civilisation offers. Where is the line of demarcation to be drawn? Is it to be in water-borne sewerage, with "unnatural" closet seats? Is the squatting position in defecation to be the test? In my student days it was fashionable in the medical world to attach some importance to far fetched and entirely unproven assertions about these attitudes, but to-day we are not so credulous. We are chary of postulating from disconnected, or seemingly disconnected data, and we should be

more chary of drawing conclusions from data collected mainly to support a presupposition that cannot be defined in scientific terms.

The simple life faddist grounds his case, for the supposed immunity to cancer of natives who live primitive lives, on evidence that he declares to be overwhelming. A brief examination of such evidence shows that it is largely *ex parte* statement that cannot be controlled and tested. All that can be alleged at present, on the available data, is that cancer statistics show that the disease is less frequently given as the cause of death among aboriginal natives. That does not carry us very far. Fifty years ago cancer was less readily diagnosed in Europe than it is to-day; even now it is probably underestimated as a cause of death. It is a matter of academic discussion whether the increase in cancer cases in a hospital community, such as London, is due to a real increase in the incidence of the disease or to better and more early diagnosis. Admittedly a practitioner in a native area has at his disposal none of the elaborate diagnostic apparatus that a London practitioner may rely upon. He rarely gets an opportunity to verify his diagnosis by a post mortem examination. The scarcity of records of intestinal, intra-thoracic, and, generally, visceral cancers among native patients may thus be easily accounted for. When we have a detailed account of several thousand post mortem examinations of natives who have died in their aboriginal environment, we may speak with some degree of knowledge about the presence or absence of cancer among aboriginal natives. At present we are groping in the dark, and we certainly do not possess "overwhelming evidence" that goes to prove that cancer is relatively less frequent among uncivilised peoples than it is among civilised Europeans.

Whatever evidence there is, points to directions whither we have so far failed to track the cancer problem. It seems reasonable to suppose that there exist correlations between cancer and certain types of endemic disease, of which malaria is one. But we know far too little to express any opinion upon the subject. All we can do is patiently to collect facts and record cases, and not until we have an ample store of such data can we presume to give the simple life and diet faddist that evidence that will warrant him in supposing that cancer is essentially a disease of civilisation.

THE ENGLISH SOCIALIST EXPERIMENT

A GERMAN VIEW

BY EGON WERTHEIMER

AS a consequence of a sojourn in Germany a few weeks ago, I was able to witness within the space of thirty-six hours both an exceedingly critical political situation in the Reichstag and the excited second reading of the Coal Mines Bill in the House of Commons. The swift sequence of impressions made evident to me with startling clarity the contrast in the political atmosphere, the political methods, the reactions of the press and of public opinion in the two countries.

In Germany the situation was characterised by a weariness with politics, amounting almost to despair, which was mirrored even in the private utterances of leading politicians. In England, on the other hand, I was struck by that admirable confidence in the ultimate victory of common sense, that love of a political contest, that indifference to the opportunity of bringing about a crisis, which found expression in the final debate on the second reading of the Coal Mines Bill.

The most significant difference between Berlin and London on the eve of a critical situation and on the actual day is to be seen in the undiminished confidence of the British public in parliamentary institutions, in the playful spirit which the Englishman finds such a natural accompaniment of a serious political struggle, in the blind confidence that Parliament, without having to rely upon outside help, will succeed in discovering the best possible solution of a coming crisis.

The situation in Germany was dominated by the amazing attempt on the part of Dr. Schacht, the President of the Reichsbank, to determine the policy of the Government. With the exception of the Socialist press,—which, however, comprises about two hundred daily papers—and a small section of the Republican papers of the Left, nobody seemed to grasp the tremendous importance of such intervention in the sovereignty

of Parliament. This feebleness of Parliament, its practical subjection to outside economic and financial forces, seemed to be regarded as natural. It was only a minority of the nation which appeared to feel that it was, in this case, wholly unimportant whether Dr. Schacht was materially in the right or in the wrong, and that the President of the Reichsbank, by his method of procedure, had thrown away all claim to objective consideration of his point of view. Such an attempt to bring the Government to its knees and compel the resignation of the Chancellor of the Exchequer would, in England, have called forth a general protest, a storm of indignation, that would almost certainly have brought about the fall, not of the minister but of his opponent—and it would not have mattered whether the Chancellor was a Winston Churchill or a Philip Snowden.

Under these circumstances a German observer must find it strange to read in English newspapers and periodicals, particularly in recent years, continual laments that the authority of Parliament is on the decline and that the public is losing interest in it. He is, on the contrary, impressed by the fact that at a time when self-governing democracies in nearly all the European countries are involved in psychological and, in most cases, also external crises, Great Britain is a lucky democratic island and the only first-class European power which retains its unbroken faith in the capacity of Parliament to solve the great political problems of the age.

The greater respect for democratic institutions which is innate in the people of Great Britain more than in those of any other country in the world, and their sustained confidence in the omnipotence of Parliament, must certainly be due to a series of causes which are embedded in the history and psychology of the nation. That Great Britain is not experiencing a "democratic crisis" seems to me, however, to be traceable to *one* direct factor, although the political situation to-day contains all those elements which, as experience shows us, are wont to produce such crises in other countries. I am thinking of her capacity to send to Parliament her best political talents.

Germany has been prevented by her autocratic past, which denied all power to her Parliament, from developing the type of leading politician who comes to the front, as a matter of course,

in England. Even to-day the Reichstag does not attract the best political minds of the nation to the same degree as does the House of Commons. In great part this is due to the introduction of proportional representation in its most accentuated form which destroyed much that would have led to a more promising development. This electoral system accorded the party machines absolute power in the choice of candidates, a condition which was bound to jeopardise the nascent political life of any nation, and much more that of a country which was in the transitional stage towards becoming a democracy. The consequence is that though—generally speaking—the path is clear for talent in all the other spheres of German life, in science and art, industry and finance, yet Parliament does not possess a representative share of the best political minds in the country.

England has been fortunate enough to solve such fundamental problems of her political life. They have been settled as a matter of course by a deep-rooted instinct. The idea of a "choice of leaders", which emerges with weary repetition in every German political discussion, is merely an academic question in England. How great a blessing this is for the political life of the nation, how inviolable this renders British democracy, can perhaps only be realised by a foreigner, who sees some of the best political minds of his own nation either holding aloof from active participation in politics or else wearing themselves out in an almost superhuman struggle against a defective political machine. The British nation is *the* political nation of the world *par excellence*, not in consequence of its higher intellectual gifts, or even of a greater capacity for constructive thinking, but as a result of its instinct for choosing the right man.

The British public regards it as perfectly natural that the rise of the Labour Party has not brought about any change in this respect, although a problem of gigantic proportions posed itself. Here was a party which was recruited to the extent of ninety-eight per cent. from the workers. Supposing this party had insisted on sending to the House of Commons, not its most talented members, but the most active local workers, officials who had done most for the party machine? Supposing it had, like a number of other Socialist parties, chosen as its leaders the safest party officials instead of men of political gifts? The danger

existed but never became actual, because the Labour Party, with a lack of sentimentality which was in part tragic, set aside its local organisers and agitators and selected its candidates, to a very great extent, independently of their party services.

The question "Can Labour govern?" was from the beginning merely rhetorical. The first Labour government not only proved that Labour could govern, but showed that the third great party that has arisen in England in recent times has attracted sufficient talent from the great reservoir of the nation to carry on the unbroken political tradition of Great Britain. The second Labour government has probably silenced the last doubters. Whatever may be thought of its actual achievements, Mr. MacDonald's second government has made it evident that Labour possesses at least a proportional share of the best political minds of the nation, and is able also to allow the talent in its ranks to come to the top. The German Social Democratic party, when it was suddenly called to power in November, 1918, as a result of the collapse of the old régime, also had at its disposal an almost unlimited reserve of first-rate minds from the middle-classes. It could not utilise them, however, since the party machine and the party hierarchy proved to be more powerful than the party's ability to adapt itself to its altered position in the nation and the State.

It is not yet possible to draw up a balance sheet for the British Labour Government, and no attempt will be made to do so in this article. A few marginal reflections will, however, mirror a foreigner's impressions.

The Labour Government has come off best in its handling of foreign affairs and worst in its attempts to combat unemployment. Both these matters are intimately bound up with its position as a minority in the House of Commons. The Government has the greatest freedom of action in its foreign policy, but the least scope for independent action in its plans for a positive unemployment policy.

In this question of combating unemployment there have been put forth, it seems to me, the most half-thought-out suggestions and trains of thought. The continual agitation for a solution which shall "transcend party strife", for example. It is odd that in a country like England, with its instinctive understanding

of political problems, that this catch phrase, which has caused so much confusion among the unpolitically minded in all other countries, should have found such a considerable echo in connection with the unemployment problem. In my opinion the combating of unemployment never was, is not, and never will be anything but a party problem. It is a political matter of the first order. The conception of a solution which shall transcend parties is one of greatest illusions of the age. The sooner it is interred the better, for it helps to prevent a solution.

Under present day conditions the combating of unemployment involves the putting into force of measures which will have a direct effect, *i.e.* neither a reconstruction of British industry by means of a protracted process of rationalisation nor by the no less lengthy process of nationalisation on a socialistic basis. Both procedures are possible and both would have chances of success, but they would take too long to have any immediate effect on the unemployment problem. Whatever may be done along either of these lines can never contribute to any considerable extent towards the diminution of the unemployment figures for 1931.

The only possible way appears to me to be the initiation of a gigantic and productive unemployment policy. Mr. Lloyd George made the nearest approach to an understanding of the real nature of the problem in the plan put forward by the Liberal Party. But this, in spite of the brilliant and convincing way in which it was expounded, combined a maximum of effort with a minimum of real increase in production. In my opinion, it is Mr. G. D. H. Cole who has made the most effective and constructive contribution in this direction in his important book *The Next Ten Years*, and in a series of articles in *The New Leader*, wherein he has developed his ideas in a clearer and more concise form.

The initiation of measures which are to be immediately effective will cost enormous sums of money. The rejection by the Conservatives of the whole idea of productive provision for the unemployed, and the way in which the Liberals find refuge in loans to procure the funds for carrying their plan into effect, are evidence that neither of the opposition parties is prepared, or is in the psychological position to risk, the enormous increase in the Budget that would be involved. In the Labour Party alone are to be found the factors which would enable them to contem-

plate such a risk. The Conservatives would never consent to the sacrifices which would be demanded for such a national effort, and the Liberals are too deeply absorbed in their own plan to smooth the path by voting the necessary means. The question has thus become a party one, and the possibility of solution stands or falls with a Labour majority in Parliament.

It almost seems as though the Labour Party fails to recognise the prospect which is here opened out to it; that is, of the winning of a majority and the execution of a great national task. This, at least, is the impression which is received from the speeches of the Lord Privy Seal, which combine the Conservative arguments concerning the need for a general recuperation of industry with a hesitating policy for creating work that is entirely lacking in vision. And yet Labour has within its reach its greatest political chance to fire the imagination of the country.

For the rest the Labour Party, even within the limited scope imposed by its lack of a majority, is faced with possibilities of action such as no Socialist party in the world has been presented with on its rise to power. The State has continued to be deprived of a number of functions which had been transferred to it in other countries such as the far-reaching intervention in the rights of individuals in so far as these were in conflict with the interests of the majority; and the considerable measures for the furtherance of the cultural welfare of the citizens which found expression in the cheapening of University education and the subsidising of art and science. In this respect Labour has to deal with a vacuum, or nearly a vacuum, and it could produce happy results without finding any serious opposition. Nobody expects Labour to increase taxation for cultural purposes, for this would be in contradiction to the deep-seated religious and other traditions of the British people. Neither would the Labour members follow the example of their continental Socialist colleagues and subsidise art so long as the demands of the unemployed remained unsatisfied. There are, however, many intermediate stages and possibilities between the maintenance of national theatres and the present vacuum. Mr. Morrison's plan for the unification of the London transport services is one example of the kind of schemes I have in mind, and Mr. Lansbury's attempts to render a number of public institutions available for the people represent another. The

response to Mr. Lansbury's humane efforts shows what perspectives are opened up in this direction for the existing and future Labour Governments in Great Britain. It has an almost unlimited field of activity owing to the fact that England lags so far behind the other European states, including those in the Balkans, in cultural matters. The Labour Party is provided with the possibility of future successes which must make it the envy of all the Socialist parties in the world. Its existence depends not only on the fulfilment of the social political demands of the Trade Unions, but also partly on whether it will be able to make accessible to the millions a share of the cultural blessings which are at present only available to the wealthier classes in Great Britain, though on the Continent they have long since been a recognised privilege of the poor as well.

Although there are still prospects of an exceedingly fruitful activity, both in foreign and cultural affairs, which is not likely to meet with opposition from either of the opposition parties, yet these questions played only a subordinate rôle in the consciousness of Parliament and the electorate. The Labour Party must make fruitful progress in these fields if it is to win success, but it can only do so if it is able, at the same time, to show positive achievements in the social political sphere and in the reduction of the unemployment figures.

This, however, indicates the limits of Labour's future activity in the present Parliament. Every step in this direction appears to lead more and more deeply into those regions in which the conflict of interests, not to say of classes, between Labour on the one hand and Conservatives and Liberals on the other must be fought out.

It is part of the ordinary course of things that the Labour Party is bound to proceed from non-party measures to controversial ones. The number of measures which will not arouse the opposition of the Conservatives is already almost exhausted—apart from foreign affairs, and certain decisions and resolutions touching upon Colonial politics. Theoretically it can go some way yet with the Liberals but, quite apart from the difficulty of co-operation with a party which is led by Mr. Lloyd George, even here ways and means must diverge if the Labour Party is not to abandon principles which lie at the basis of its existence and are the cause of its success.

The Socialist character of the Labour Party's policy must, from inner necessity, become clearer from month to month, and it will lead to a growing co-operation not of the Liberal and Socialist Parliamentary Parties but of Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Lloyd George.

As far as the foreign observer can see, this will, with a certain logic, result eventually in the two sections of the Opposition sending their last man into the lobby in the desire to bring about the fall of the Government. Indications of this have already appeared, and the second reading of the Coal Mines Bill was the first significant warning. The electorate will then have to decide whether it wishes to authorise a fuller Socialist programme or prefers that the Conservatives should resume the course that was interrupted in 1929—a course that was undisturbed by any venturesome experiment but equally uninspired by any bold idea.

RHODES, THE OUTPOST OF ROME.

BY PIERRE CRABITÈS

FOR more than two centuries, Rhodes was the outpost of Christendom in its struggle with Islam. It was the sentinel of Europe in its war with Asia. It was there that the Knights Hospitalers of Saint John stood on the ramparts of the Occident from 1308 to 1522. Four centuries have passed since Philippe Villiers de l'Isle-Adam and his heroic followers evacuated their stronghold with all of the honours of war. But history has such a faculty of repeating itself that to-day Rhodes and the isles of the Dodecanese again stand as symbols of the attitude of the West towards the East. They now represent something more than an Italian colony stretched across the Aegean sea. They vibrate with outward evidence of the Italian military and naval preparation to seize Asia Minor whenever fate, in her inscrutable wisdom, will decree that Turkey must henceforth be nought but a memory.

This does not mean that Modern Rome is imperialistic. All that it suggests is that Fascism is alive to the necessity of finding an adequate outlet for the surplus population of Italy and that, without seeking to precipitate events, it is imitating the Knights of Rhodes and is converting that island into an observation post. This implies that the improvements which are now making the "Isle of Roses" one of the beauty spots of the world have a far more important objective than that of catering to tourist travel.

It took Italy some years to orient her policy in this direction. When Italian troops landed in the bay of Callithea at dawn on May 4, 1912, Rome had no such aspirations as are now imputed to her. Rhodes and the neighbouring islands appear to have been occupied in order to force Turkey to sue for peace in the war then going on between the Quirinale and Sublime Porte. The proclamation issued by General Ameglio to the inhabitants of the captured territory spoke of "the provisional occupation of these islands by Italy". And this reference to "provisional

occupation" was stressed in the various official pronouncements made by the naval and military authorities. The Treaty of Peace signed at Ouchy in October, 1912, emphasized this attitude, for it was therein stipulated that Italy was to evacuate the Dodecanese as soon as the Turks retired from Libya.

Rome thus held Rhodes not in ownership but in pawn. Signor Giolitti, when Prime Minister, repudiated the idea of "annexing territory of Greek nationality". Nevertheless, the Secret Treaty of London of 1915, which preceded Italy's entry into the war, gave her full sovereignty over the islands. In other words, the Allies converted a pawn ticket into a bill of sale.

It by no means follows that because Baron Sonnino took title to lands occupied by a race which was not Italian he envisaged subjecting Greeks to Italian overlordship. The Knights of Saint John had not occupied Rhodes as an end but as a means. They remained there in order to defend the interests of Christendom. Baron Sonnino did the same.

So thoroughly was this policy of using Rhodes as a stepping stone to something better ingrained in the Italian soul that when the Delegates to the Peace Conference were hammering the Treaties of Paris into shape, Sonnino's successor, Tittoni, and King Constantine's rival, Venizelos, together worked out what is known as the Tittoni-Venizelos agreement of July 29, 1919.

By this accord, Greece agreed to support Italy's claim to Valona and to the hinterland of Valona and to help Italy to obtain an important portion of Asia Minor, more or less minutely defined in article IV of this agreement. In return for all of this, Rome offered to cede to Greece the Aegean islands occupied by Italy, reserving, however, Italian sovereignty over Rhodes but guaranteeing to the inhabitants of that isle "*une large autonomie locale*".

An Italo-Greek treaty of August 10, 1920, amplified and confirmed this agreement. Article II, after providing for the maintenance of Italian sovereignty over Rhodes and the grant of autonomy to its inhabitants, goes on to provide that:

"Italy binds herself to allow the population of Rhodes to decide freely as to its fate the day that England may give the island of Cyprus to Greece". The future of the King's pawn was thus inseparably linked to that of the Queen's pawn.

The Treaty of Sèvres validated all of these arrangements by

providing for the definitive cession to Italy of all of the Dodecanese. But, unfortunately for all concerned, Mustafa Kamal refused to accept the terms of that accord. Turkey took up arms. Before they would consent to put them down Italy had retired from Adalia, and the Greeks were driven out of Asia Minor. In a word, the Hellenic rout ruined all the careful plans of Tittoni and Venizelos. The result was that Italy, being unable to get adequate compensation in Asia Minor for the Rhodes and her eleven sisters, decided to emulate the old Knights and to make of the Dodecanese a point of concentration dedicated to the motto *semper paratus*.

The Treaty of Lausanne of January 29, 1923, put an end to the early realization of Greek aspirations in Anatolia. Shortly after the signature of that Pact, Britain, by converting her High Commissioner of Cyprus into a Governor, announced to the world that the Isle of Aphrodite would not be handed over to Greece. And just about this time Fascism awakened in Italy a new consciousness of vitality and optimism.

These three factors, all converging towards the same point, turned the "provisional Italian occupation" of Rhodes from something desultory, hesitant, without programme into a constructive, bold and resolute policy. And the *Duce* named as his Governor General, Mario Lago, an administrator of great driving power, broad vision and unrelenting tenacity.

Emphasis need not be laid upon the military and naval buildings that have been constructed. Suffice it to say that the change in outward conditions, which has been carried through within the last six years, is staggering in its immensity. Before 1923, Italy did practically nothing to the Dodecanese. The Museum was created and some necessary cleaning up effected in the towns and villages, but nothing outstanding was accomplished.

To-day all of this has changed. Splendid roads have been built, competent archaeologists are carrying out genuine reconstruction work, magnificent schools have been established, large and well equipped hospitals have been opened, modern government offices have been erected in architectural harmony with mediæval surroundings, and an up-to-date hotel has been put up to cater for exigent tourists. No other colonial power has ever accomplished in a like space of time what Italy has done for

Rhodes. This is more than Fascist efficiency. It is intelligent advertising, well directed propaganda and good politics.

All of this good work, which has to be seen to be appreciated at its true value, does not appear to have won the Greek inhabitants to the cause of Italy. They are still Greek at heart. But their attitude does not ruffle the equanimity of the Mario Lago administration. Italy is not in Rhodes for the benefit of the Rhodians or for the sake of Rhodes. She would as willingly get out to-morrow, as she would have done in 1919 or 1920, if the Greeks could but deliver Asia Minor to Rome. They cannot. There lies the rub.

The islands of the Dodecanese are of themselves of no value to Italy. She does not need beauty spots, archaeological gems and tourist resorts. She does not require ports. She longs for an outlet for her surplus population. She requires broad plains where the honest toil of her sons may add to the national wealth. And above all she must have minerals. Her 45,000,000 inhabitants can get absolutely nothing out of Rhodes other than a duplication of advantages now possessed by them. Anatolia, on the other hand, offers the very things which Providence has withheld from Italy. And, from an economic point of view, Asia Minor needs Italy as much as Rome requires Anatolia.

Mussolini is, however, too wise a statesman to think of provoking a war with Turkey. Such a step would be as hazardous as it would be immoral. He prefers to play a waiting game, to play it honestly but patiently.

He is using the old outpost of Christendom as a watch tower. The Knights held guard there for two hundred years. Will Angora be able to offer passive resistance for two centuries? Will Rome be prepared to wait for so many decades? Those who may know dare not speak. Those who speak do not know.

THE RISE OF MODERN JOURNALISM

By B. IFOR EVANS

LATE in November, 1879, John Delane was buried in the churchyard at Easthampstead; the man who under the Walter family had ruled the *Times* for forty years and made it the first newspaper in the world was dead. Less than thirty years later Mr. Kennedy Jones, the new joint proprietor of the *Times* with Lord Northcliffe, dined with the fourth John Walter in the large lofty chamber of the Strangers' Room at the Travellers' Club; the man of the new journalism watched in quiet triumph the exit of the old journalistic world. Within those thirty years the whole character of English journalism had been changed. In the last decades of the nineteenth century madcap, impossible adventure, adorned finally and dignified with success had entered the staid province of daily journalism. The age of Defoe returned, but the men who brought back his restless, innovating spirit passed not into the debtor's prison but to affluence and to the purchase of the most influential journal in the world.

Delane passed out of life quietly; no dark plumes or black scarves followed his funeral, but the plain hearse devoid of all undertakers' trappings that bore him to his grave took out from English life a man who marked a journalistic epoch. He had made the *Times* what it was and the rest of the press, even the penny press, had followed him. Delane understood his world and mastered it, but it was a small, circumscribed world. The circulation of the *Times* when he became editor was 10,000 copies, and even in 1863, two years after the abolition of the paper duty it could touch 112,000 copies only for such a special event as the marriage of King Edward. The small world which Delane penetrated was an important world, the sphere of the men who governed. With his genial social manners, he had been admitted into the charmed circle, a Christian-name world of men and women of the right breed, with a small leavening of artists who did not count for much and of financiers who counted a great deal. Meanwhile outside those well-lighted windows

behind which Delane gossiped and dined and extracted authoritative information there stood a vast mass of men and women whom the Education Acts had endowed with a power to read but who could find nothing in contemporary journalism that they could understand. They wanted food but food of a new sort. They had not been taught classics in the Board School nor could they extract the elusive irony of a sophisticated paragraph. The papers that held to the *Times* tradition and printed nine closely-typed columns of a speech by Mr. Gladstone had nothing to offer them. They waited until the men of the new journalism discovered them, eager for reading matter that could be simply consumed.

Delane died and the strength of the tradition for which he stood passed with him. The "Thunderer" had gone; Olympus remained; but there were no gods. The gentlemen in the editorial departments were as suave as ever, frock-coated and aloof from reporters, but manners remained without mind. Delane had always respected news; he had a sound instinct for separating news from gossip. Only eight years after his death the *Times* began to publish a series of articles on *Parnellism and Crime* and in April, 1887, it issued Pigott's forgery, the fatal Parnell letter. It was an error of judgment that could hardly be excused in the editor of a provincial newsheet. The incident served to show how empty were the citadels of the old journalism once Delane had gone. Meanwhile the men who were creating the new journalism were already at work though it is essential to remember, if one is to understand their attack, that they began not in daily journalism but in popular magazines. The origin of the movement can be traced to a railway carriage travelling between two dirty midland towns. Inside a third class carriage was an alert young man who had bought a Manchester evening paper to read on his homeward journey. Amid the arid columns of political debate he found one short news item that attracted him, an account of a railway accident in which two children in a runaway waggon had been saved by the intelligence of a stationmaster and a passenger. The young man who extracted that paragraph was George Newnes and he came to realize that others like himself might be interested in these trivial human anecdotes.

In October, 1881, he published in Manchester his paper

Tit-bits "from all the most interesting books, periodicals, and newspapers in the world". The programme set out by the proprietors in the first number was an ambitious one; they might have been a society for universal research rather than the salesmen of a popular magazine. Newnes later entered the field of daily journalism but the importance of his influence lies rather in the young men who were his assistants. Supreme among these was a young man of twenty, the son of a barrister, Alfred Harmsworth. In 1888 Alfred Harmsworth and his brother decided that they would venture for themselves, and with a minute capital they launched *Answers to Correspondents on Every Subject under the Sun, Interesting, Extraordinary, Amusing*. All that had been learnt in Newnes's office was applied except that the new journal was, if possible, even wider in its appeal. Newnes paper had possessed something of a literary flavour; extracts from Sir Richard Steele, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and Charlotte Brontë had been given. Alfred Harmsworth relied more completely on anecdote. His titles were vigorous; his format titulating and his whole venture an amazing financial success. Later, Charles Pearson, another young assistant in Newnes's office, experimented successfully with a journal of the same type.

This popular literature may seem unworthy at first sight of historical treatment. Yet it has the importance that the men who made fortunes almost over night in purveying it, turned to daily journalism with the pattern of the popular magazine in their minds. They had one outstanding example in the more ambitious field to which they now turned their attentions, the evening *Star*, which had commenced circulation at a halfpenny a copy under the able editorship of T. P. O'Connor in 1888. The *Star* was to serve the interests of one political group; its policy was radical, its tone, democratic, but it was above all to make a wider popular appeal than any other paper of the time. *The Confession of Faith* written by the editor in the first number established its attitude. "The *Star*," Mr. O'Connor wrote, "will be a radical journal. . . In our view then, the effect of every policy must first be regarded from the standpoint of the workers of the nation, of the poorest and most helpless among them. The charwoman that lives in St. Giles, the seamstress that is sweated in Whitechapel, the labourer that stands begging

for work outside the dockyard gate in St. Georges-in-the-East—these are the persons by whose condition we shall judge the policy of the different political parties.” The charwoman of St. Giles was asked to support the policy that would put two lumps of sugar in her tea instead of one. Charwomen and others had responded, for the sales of the first number were not far from 150,000 copies. The paper had from the first a brisk popular appeal; the leaders were brief and sprightly; crime was realistically purveyed and gossip columns and magazine features were introduced. The *Star* realized that the popular audience of that day could not be fed with politics alone and the editor introduced regular concessions to the desire for gossip. The vision of the charwoman of St. Giles, that secular madonna of the new democracy, was kept well in the centre and her tastes in reading were estimated to have been very much the same as those of Mrs. Gamp. At the same time the *Star* did contrive to retain literary and artistic features which the young men of the new journalism were a little later to dispense with altogether. Richard Le Gallienne was given a whole column on the front page to notice Mr. A. E. Housman's *Shropshire Lad*; William Archer attended to drama, and in a column headed “By the *Star*'s own captious critic” Mr. G. B. Shaw discussed music and as many other topics as his versatile mind chose to light on.

The lead given by the *Star* was not followed for some years. It was four years later that the *Morning Leader* appeared as a morning halfpenny radical newspaper. In the same year George Newnes made his first venture in daily journalism. This intrusion was due rather to Newnes's political enthusiasm than to any definite ambition to depart from the magazine field in which he had been so successful. The most spectacular development was the purchase by Alfred Harmsworth and his associates of the then derelict *Evening News* in 1894. That paper began circulation just in time for the Jameson Raid and its success was unprecedented. In May, 1896, the *Daily Mail* followed, an independent halfpenny morning paper. Charles Pearson was the last of Newnes's assistants to move into the more ambitious field but in 1900 he began *The Daily Express*, though during the early years of publication this was a penny journal. The success of the new press can be seen by the collapse of the penny papers; they had to change their methods and their price.

By 1906, the *Express*, the *Chronicle* and the *Daily News* were all halfpenny journals. The *Daily Telegraph* alone stood out among the important daily penny journals.

It remains to examine the precise influence that this new press had upon English journalism. It is well to remember that the “new” journalism of the 'nineties is not completely identical with the popular journalism of to-day. The domination of the advertiser had not then been realised. Alfred Harmsworth asserted in relationship to both *Answers* and the *Daily Mail* that advertisers did not matter and that they could, if necessary, be dispensed with. Further the popular newspapers in their early years depended for their selling value entirely on the reading matter that they contained. They had no extrinsic inducements to offer in the form of competitions or of insurance policies. They were mainly eight page journals but their eight pages often offered to the reader as many words of reading matter as the newspaper which has double the pages to-day, pages swollen with advertisement and headlines. They succeeded in capturing a wide uncultured public through mere efficiency. In the first place they modified both the type and the format. The closely printed page of an old nineteenth-century newspaper is so cramped and crowded that it looks rather like a disease on paper. The new halfpenny papers had a well-spaced, clear type that is comparatively a pleasure to read. These new men realized, too, the dead tradition that lay behind the old papers. It is difficult to believe that politics and crime were the two main features of news that the old newspapers carried into Victorian homes. There is a popular misconception that the ‘yellow press’ made crime its dominant feature. After statistical work on the newspapers of the period it can be seen that in reality their effect was to reduce the attention given to crime. Above all they attacked the tradition of the long political leader and of the still longer reports of political speeches. When the new halfpenny papers began circulation the main tradition in daily journalism was to devote from ten to fifteen columns of minute, closely packed type to politics. Whatever may be said of the new matter that they introduced, it must be admitted that the tradition which they opposed was effete.

The new elements in the popular halfpenny journals were diverse, and though some of them were bad they are not all open

to the contempt with which they were greeted by the cultured public of the time. The proprietors were conscious, perhaps too conscious that the public they were addressing were broadly literate but uneducated. "We know that we write for the meanest intelligence," Mr. Kennedy Jones once said to Lord Morley. It was a recognition of the gibe that the new journalism was written by office boys for office boys. The gibe was only half true, for though the new papers were the literature of those who had had the meanest training in the three R's they were produced by men of keen intelligence aiming consciously at a wide and untrained audience. In retrospect one can realize that the decade in which the new journalism appeared was one fraught with enormous possibilities; the opportunity of turning a merely literate democracy into an enquiring and cultured democracy lay before the country. We still suffer from the tragedy that it was never accomplished, but the blame must at least be shared equally by those who did not see that there was a new public there at all, and those who "turned journalism from a profession into a commercial undertaking" in order to give the new public the easy morsels that it could digest without pain.

The freshness of the new papers can be seen in a comparison of their leaders with those of the older journals. In 1896 the penny papers had usually some four columns of closely printed leaders; the themes were, to a dominating extent, political. The leaders in the first number of the *Daily Mail*, for example, occupy less than half a column. Nor were politics allowed to intrude into this limited and important space. The most interesting leader both in style and matter was a comment on the future of the motor-car, a theme which had from the first attracted the imagination of Alfred Harmsworth. "The motor carriage," the leader announced, "will never displace the smart trotting pony or the high stepping team, but it will end the cruel labours of the poor equine drudges that strain from omnibus and dray and save the poor broken down favourite of the Turf from the bondage of the nocturnal cab." The prophecy was wedged in between a comment on the London tramway scheme and a note on Mrs. Dyer, the Reading baby farmer. It was a leader page that admitted of a more extended interest than the older papers possessed, and even if that interest included Mrs. Dyer she did not occupy a third of the space.

The choice before the new newspapers was to trust that the new public would be satisfied with a bright paper that gave a far wider selection of news than the older papers had given, or to fall back on a tradition of merely entertaining the public. In all the early manifestoes there is a suggestion that the earlier plan was to be followed. We are promised more telegrams with home news, more cables with foreign intelligence. The intentions were there; there are signs that an attempt was made to follow them. It is at this stage that we are reminded most forcibly that these men of the new newspapers had had their training in popular periodicals. Whatever may have been their intentions, their training and success in the field of popular anecdote was too much for them. The new papers won their success as daily magazines. They brought in short stories and serials to occupy the space that they had promised should be devoted to news. They discovered that women read newspapers as well as men, and that they had interests of their own. Those who will turn up the old files can still see the cookery recipes, and the fashion illustrations of ladies in leg-of-mutton sleeves. Not only did they introduce these distinguishable magazine features, but they allowed the magazine mind to enter into the news columns themselves; the movements and reactions of nations became less important than the most trivial human anecdote that had an unusual or humorous aspect. If Lily Langtry lost her jewels the public were credited with being more interested in that fact than in a five hours' speech made in Parliament. Above all the whole of the news was re-written to titillate the public. The tradition of the older papers was to print telegrams very much as they were received but the men of the new journalism re-dressed every item until it was a tit-bit. Behind the apparently facile paragraphs there was a ruthless efficiency of method, and this contrived to force this new tradition of mere entertainment firmly upon the public. If circulation returns are any guide whatsoever, the public enjoyed it.

These elements introduced into the new halfpenny papers thirty years ago remain in the press of to-day. The gossip and magazine features have increased in importance and the news columns are more than ever filled with trivial though human anecdote. The only new element introduced is the enslavement

of a reader to one particular journal by the bribe of free insurance or other benefits. The old newspapers were attached to a definite political party and could be reckoned upon to follow a consistent policy; the new papers were "independent" which meant that they followed no policy at all except at a moment of crisis or excitement. So they have remained, with the result that the popular press has ceased to have any considerable influence on the political opinions of the new democracy. The working man buys his newspaper to be amused; he does not dream of following the instructions of that journal as to how he should use his vote. The men who changed English journalism at the end of the last century, brought with them mechanical efficiency and a successful method of attack on outdated methods, but they have failed to give to this country a press that is informed upon the multiplicity of domestic and international matters that should interest the centre of an Empire and a country whose industrial existence depends on world conditions. It might be urged that the wide public would have rejected them if they had made any such attempt. Possibly it is true of conditions thirty years ago, but no-one except a cynic would deny that the standard of general information and the width of interest has increased very considerably during these last three decades. The men of the new journalism thirty years ago were successful because they envisioned a new public and catered for its taste. One wonders at times whether their successors to-day are still catering for that old public. They certainly show no signs that they realize how tired even the least instructed of their readers are of their columns of unending gossip. At the moment the proprietors of the popular press have tried to hold the public, not by the quality of their news services but by bribes of insurances or by competition gifts or any something else which has no relationship to news. Such a policy is the confession of their own inefficiency as news purveyors. They may see, unless they study their audience, a new generation of adventurous journalists who realize that the public can now tolerate stronger food than they have been in the habit of giving and they may find themselves belonging to the effete tradition that must in turn be destroyed.

THE POETS OF SOVIET RUSSIA*

BY JOHN HALLETT

IF a successful revolution were to take place in western Europe to-day, it is unlikely that its leaders would be much pre-occupied with questions of art and literature, or that they would consider it one of the tasks of the revolution to evolve new theories of literary and artistic production. At best they would be indifferent; at worst, they might be actively hostile, and, parodying the famous dictum of Marx on religion, brand art and literature as "opium for the people."

The Soviet revolution not only admitted, but welcomed art. It is at first sight somewhat surprising that such was the case, the more so as a hostile attitude towards art had found favour among the early Russian radical writers. One of them, Pisarev by name, roundly declared that a pair of boots had more value for humanity than the Sistine Madonna or all the poems of Pushkin; and the question had been eagerly debated in the "advanced" circles of the 'sixties. But by the end of the century, the trend of advanced opinion had changed. Owing perhaps to the persistent activities of a censorship frequently severe and always capricious, the Russian radical appeared as the champion of literature. It was the aristocratically-minded Tolstoy, not the radicals, who condemned art as an emotional infection which contributed nothing to the cause of humanity.

The Soviet revolution accepted art; but, naturally, proletarian art. What is proletarian art? Curiously enough, neither Marx nor Lenin had answered this question. Lenin's only definition of proletarian art was art that could be "understood of the people"; and as some unkind person pointed out, *Das Kapital* itself certainly did not fulfil this desideratum. It seems that Lenin was, in matters of art, no better than a philistine. When a statue of Marx was under discussion, he is said to have uttered the heresy that the first requisite was that it should resemble

* The translations in this article marked with an asterisk are taken from Deutsch and Yarmolinsky's *Russian Poetry: An Anthology* (Martin Lawrence), which also contains a spirited translation of Blok's *The Twelve*.

Marx, and apropos of another monument, to have protested against a futurist design selected by Lunacharsky. Altogether, in this matter, the faithful had to get on as best they could without Lenin.

What then is proletarian art? The first answer seemed simple and obvious. "Proletarian art must depict proletarian life." But this, on inspection, does not hold water. You cannot pretend that every picture of proletarian life is necessarily and *ipso facto* artistic, or that an inartistic picture of proletarian life is truer art than an artistic picture of bourgeois life. Moreover, how does proletarian art differ in essentials from bourgeois art if its task is merely to depict what it sees in front of it? Tolstoy, who had been brought up as a landowner, described the life of the land-owning classes; Maxim Gorky, who had been a country tramp, wrote of the lives of tramps. If Tolstoy was for that reason a bourgeois artist, and Gorky a proletarian artist, the difference between bourgeois and proletarian art was, after all, accidental rather than essential.

This superficial view was unlikely to satisfy for long the subtle Russian mind. The task of creating a proletarian literature was, as Mayakovsky remarked in hyperbolic verse, "more difficult than the taking of a thousand thousand Bastilles"; but it had to be done; and paradoxically enough it was Futurism that stepped into the breach. It is difficult to see anything fundamentally revolutionary about Futurism. It is true that it begins with an attack on conventional, i.e. bourgeois, morality and art. But Romanticism, under the banner of Theophile Gautier's famous red waistcoat, had an equal or greater claim in its day to be called revolutionary; yet nobody would take Victor Hugo for anything but a bourgeois. The connection of Futurism with the Russian revolution was fortuitous. Imported from Italy, it was the latest literary fashion in advanced circles in Russia when the revolution was brewing; and, when the young intellectuals rallied to the successful *coup d'état* and took charge of the literary side of the revolution, it was the standard of Futurism that they raised. The political leaders, in those early days, had not much time or thought for questions of art; and the strange alliance between Marx and Marinetti, the stolid German professor and the flippant Italian litterateur, was consummated in Moscow almost before any one quite realised what was happening. In retrospect, the

thing looks stranger still; for in 1922, just about the time when Futurism in Russia was making its most extravagant claims to acceptance as the artistic creed of the revolution, Marinetti in Italy published his book *Futurismo e Fascismo*, in which he held out a welcoming hand to the natural ally of Futurism, Fascism. Futurism was the driving-force of the score and more of "schools" of poetry and literature which sprang up from the Russian revolution. There were—to name a few of the more important—the Imaginists and the Constructivists; there was the Forge, the Lef (the word is formed in the usual Soviet fashion from the initial letters of the words "Left Front") and the New Lef, into whose peculiarities and discrepancies it is unnecessary to enter. In Russian literary circles, both before and after the revolution, the affixing of labels has always been a favourite pastime; but the movements to which the labels are attached are often so fluid and undefined that the results of the process are anything but durable. The study of the programmes of these various literary schools is not to be recommended to anyone who has not at his disposal a superabundance of time, patience and humour. It is time for us to turn to the poets themselves.

No poem in Russia since the revolution has attracted more notice than Alexander Blok's *The Twelve*, which was its first product. Blok was perhaps the greatest of the Russian symbolist poets, who were at the height of their fame in the ten years before the war. Like most Russian men of letters, he adopted during the war a pacifist attitude; but, unlike most of the older literary generation, he accepted the revolution and stayed on in the new Russia. *The Twelve* are the rank and file of the revolution, and in the last stanza Christ appears at their head leading them on. It is a poem of transition; or rather it is an heroic but forlorn effort to make a transition, where in reality there was no transition, but a sudden break—an unbridgeable gap. As such, it is unique and will survive in Russian literature. Its present position is somewhat anomalous. It was flattering that the greatest living Russian poet should swear allegiance to the revolution when so many of his colleagues rejected it with contumely; but orthodox Soviet opinion could hardly endorse the attempt to place Christ at the head of the revolutionary forces. Blok was still young (he died at the age of forty in 1921); but his genius belonged to the old order. *The Twelve* is a striking,

perhaps a great, poem; but it is the last cry of the old world rather than the first of the new. Written in the first weeks of the revolution, it scarcely belongs to Soviet literature.

In the vigorous, disjointed stanzas of *The Twelve* we can clearly discern the rising tide of futurist influence. But Blok counted for little with the new generation, and the union of Marxism and Futurism might have remained sterile but for the appearance on the scene of a writer of brilliant talent, Mayakovsky, the greatest literary figure yet produced by Soviet Russia. At the outbreak of the revolution, Mayakovsky was a rising young futurist poet; and it was he, more than anyone else, who was responsible for hitching the Futurist wagon to the ascendant Marxist star. Mayakovsky took the weapons of Futurism—the broken rhythms, the garish vocabulary, the resolute iconoclasm—and bent them to the needs of the revolution.

Silence the orators!
Yours the word,
Comrade Mauser.
Enough of living by the law
Given by Adam and Eve.
Flog on history, the jade.
Left! Left! Left!
On, blue blouses!
Over the seas. (The Left March).

It is, of course, impossible fairly to represent Mayakovsky in translation. The changing rhythms, the capricious rhyming, puns, anagrams, alliterations—all these defy reproduction. The odes of the seventeenth and eighteenth century poets were made to be recited at courts. The odes of Mayakovsky (it is a form to which he is particularly partial) are made to be shouted through megaphones or broadcast to Mars. He calls one of his longer poems "150,000,000"; it is a denunciation in the name of the 150,000,000 inhabitants of Russia ("150 millions speak through my lips") of Woodrow Wilson, the emblem of capitalist civilisation. When he is in a playful lyrical vein, he can write gay nonsense:

"If I were small as the great Ocean"
"If I were poor as a millionaire"
"If I were quiet as thunder"

But Mayakovsky's hyperbolic style of utterance should not be dismissed as mere dilettantist indulgence in paradox for the sake

of paradox. So much that was once fixed and eternal had been unceremoniously tumbled upside down that it seemed to the generation which had made the revolution as if the laws of nature had been abrogated and the foundations of the universe loosened. As for logic, language and literary convention, they were so many ninepins in this game of giants.

If he were merely the greatest exponent of this mood of boisterous, destructive omnipotence, Mayakovsky would deserve to survive. But he is more than that. There are in his poems moments not only of remarkable literary technique, but of real beauty. Here is the charming opening of a poem called *A Dandy's Jacket*:

"I will sew myself black breeches
Of the velvet of my voice,
And a yellow jacket of three yards of sunset."

The following picture of a hill-village is an effect of a kind which has been popular in European poetry for twenty years, but which has rarely been achieved with greater economy and restraint:

"The hill called Mount Akula hunched its back
And lifted high
Pushkino's huts and winding streets." *

The lines are taken from a poem entitled *A Most Extraordinary Adventure*, which is typical of the best of Mayakovsky's non-political work. It is an unconventional and altogether pleasing fantasy of an interview between the Poet and the Sun:

"Well, comrade, I declare
We are a pair!
Let's go!
Poet, let's sing
And shout to scare
The drabness of the world.
I'll pour out light,
You'll do no worse
In pouring out your verse!" *

In 1925, Mayakovsky made an American tour which produced a fresh volume of poems. Among the most striking is one called *The Girl at Woolworth's*, which describes a dialogue between the poet and a girl sharpening Gillette razor-blades in a ground-floor shop in the Woolworth Building, described *en passant* as a "corset-box of sixty storeys." The poet shouts at her in Russian through the plate-glass window. The girl, deceived

by an occasional English-sounding word, reconstructs with her limited bourgeois imagination what she supposes him to be saying to her:

'There you sit
Blinked at by the bourgeois.
What makes you do it?
Silly little fool (dur).'
And the girl thinks she hears
'Open, open the door'
I rage 'Come out,
Smash the window!
Use your razor edge
On greasy throats (gorl)'
And the maiden dreams
'My girl, my girl.'

All this is not very subtle; and Mayakovsky's limited knowledge of English did not allow him to pursue the vein far. But there is power in the poem, and considerable ingenuity in its dramatisation of the fundamental incompatibility of the two civilisations represented by the wild Russian revolutionary and the New York shop girl who takes him for a "love-lorn clerk from Wall Street". Mayakovsky's American poems are markedly weaker than their predecessors; and his American tour seems to mark a terminal point, rather than a new stage, in his poetical development.

Among the immediate followers of Mayakovsky, a very young poet, Marienhof, deserves mention. He was only twenty at the outbreak of the revolution, and his assaults on conventional morality and conventional behaviour have all the freshness and vigour of youth and conviction. It is an advantage which the young Russian intellectual of the years of the revolution enjoyed over his *confrère* in western Europe. The crudities of the latter sometimes suggest a desire to *épater le bourgeois*; but when Marienhof writes:

"We trample filial obedience,
We have gone and sat down saucily,
Keeping our hats on,
Our feet on the table." *

we are under no temptation to doubt his sincerity. It is the voice of an age which had pulled down the pillars of society about its ears, and was left standing, bewildered but vociferous, among the ruins. And it is the fact that this defiance of the conventions, this rage for destruction, was a hard reality and not

a mere literary drawing-room exercise, which lends to the Russian futurist school of poetry a force and a sincerity generally absent from the purely artificial Futurism of western Europe.

While Mayakovsky was successfully adapting the practices of Futurism to the needs of mass-appeal, arm-chair poets and critics were less happy in pursuing futurist canons to their logical conclusion. For Futurism, if it meant anything, meant that method was more important than theme, the word more vital than the idea which it expressed; and, above all, it was essentially subjective—the poet was a law unto himself. These principles were carried into practice by the short-lived school of *Za-um*, or *Beyond Sense*, which, taking literally the assertion that style was the sole determining factor of a work of art, reduced poetry to the arrangement in patterns of words arbitrarily selected or even created for the purpose. It was a perfectly logical development of Futurism; had not Marinetti himself called one of his books *Zang-tumb-tuum*? Now *Zang-tumb-tuum*, or any other collection of sounds, may form an artistic pattern; it may even conceivably express a state of mind or of absence of mind. But it can scarcely express a political conviction; and it is the oddest of paradoxes that *Za-um* should have been the legitimate offspring of a school which was endeavouring, not without a large measure of success, to assert its position as the literary representative of the proletarian revolution.

The collapse of *Za-um* came very early; indeed the movement may almost be described as still-born. But the non-political wing of Russian futurism, which refused to follow the propaganda activities of Mayakovsky, has produced one writer whom some fastidious critics rank first among all the poets of the revolution, Boris Pasternak. Difficult even for the Russian, he is well-nigh inaccessible to the foreigner; and no translation of him has been attempted. His poems are for the most part purely subjective; the best and most characteristic of them take no account of contemporary events and are filled with a mood of wilful and rather pessimistic introspection:

"I know not which fills me with more loathing—
A leaf falling from the stable roof,
Or to think that everything is swathed in a muffler,
Swathed in snow—and in the past!" (*A Winter Morning*).

It is perhaps not altogether fanciful to compare Pasternak, both in the character of his verse and in his position in contemporary literature, with T. S. Eliot. His admirers are enthusiastic; but his popularity is not widespread.

The poets whom we have hitherto considered, whether political like Mayakovsky or aloof from politics like Pasternak, have all been definitely identified with Futurism. They have, moreover, all been drawn from the intelligentsia of the towns. For two or three years after the revolution the claim of the Futurists to the monopoly of "proletarian literature", fundamentally absurd though it was, went virtually unchallenged. But soon new voices began to be heard, and the country was brought in to redress the balance. Side by side with the futurist bards of the urban proletariat, there had grown up (it was not entirely a development of the revolution) a small band of peasant poets. Incomparably the greatest of them is Sergey Esenin, who has been widely read in Russia during the last few years. Esenin was twenty-two when the revolution occurred, and he died at the age of thirty; yet he seems to be in the revolution rather than of it. He was the son of peasants and was reared entirely in the country; it was only an accident which gave him a better education than the majority of the class from which he sprang. He owed to the revolution opportunities and fame which he would not otherwise have enjoyed; and in this sense the revolution may claim him for its own product. He thought himself, doubtless, a good communist; but, except that it gave him freedom of utterance, the revolution meant nothing to him. There is nothing in Esenin of the political rebel or the political enthusiast. He cannot even be called an orthodox atheist.

"It is shame to me that I once believed in God,
Grief to me that I can believe no longer"

he wrote towards the end of his life. It is not altogether surprising that one Soviet critic describes him as "neither new, nor 'left', nor independent."

We can trace three periods in Esenin's poetic development. The first derives its inspiration entirely from the country, and is not without a tinge of the half-religious half-patriotic mysticism which so readily found its way into Russian poetry before the revolution. A poem called *Autumn* written in 1914 may serve as an example of his earliest work:

"Upon the junipers hush drops like rain.
Autumn A chestnut mare cleans her rough mane:

Her hooves' blue clatter sounds above the bank
Of the still river where the leaves are rank.

The monkish wind steps lightly, and retrieves
With idle fingers handfuls of dry leaves.

And where a rowan blooms, he stoops to lean
And kiss the red wounds of a Christ unseen." *

There followed in the first years of the revolution a period of spiritual upheaval, of self-conscious defiance of the past and no less self-conscious drunkenness and debauch. In this period occurred his grotesque marriage with Isadora Duncan and his journey with her to America, which made his name more familiar outside Russia than that of any other contemporary Russian poet. He calls one volume of his poems by a title which may be translated *Verses of a Man who Paints the Town Red*. He had helped to form a group of young poets calling themselves "Imaginists", and rather laboriously experimented with the new verse forms proper to the new political order. But he had no more spontaneous inclination for Futurism in any of its myriad forms than he had for political theories; and left to himself he always falls back into the lilting rhythms which were his native speech.

In a semi-futurist poem, called *The Confession of a Hooligan*, he cries:

"So sweet is it for me to remember
The overgrown pond and the hoarse rustling of the alder-tree,
And to think that somewhere my father and mother still live,
Who can spit on all my verses,
Who love me as they love field and flesh
And the spring rain that looses the verdure."

The note of sentimental regret becomes the *leitmotif* of the poems of the last two years of his life. The tired and wayworn reveller returns in spirit to the scenes of his childhood and innocence, and reveals himself in essence as a nineteenth century romantic. Except for a relaxation in the strictness of his rhymes, Esenin's last poems are, in form, as orthodox as his first. The "little low house" of his parents, the mother looking down the road in the evening light for the son who never comes back, the girl in the white shawl whom he kissed at the garden

gate when he was sixteen—such are the ageless themes, untouched by revolution, which fed his inspiration in the last months of his life. At the age of thirty years and three months he killed himself in Leningrad.

If we look back over the twelve years which now separate us from the revolution, we cannot deny that its achievements in the sphere of poetry have, for so short a period, been remarkable. Of the Futurists, Mayakovsky and perhaps Pasternak, and of the so-called peasant poets, Esenin, will surely survive. In the realm of theory, on the other hand, we are further than ever from an answer to the question which we discussed at the beginning of this article "What is proletarian art?" The illusion that Futurism could supply an answer has long been dispelled. Soviet critics now refer guardedly to the services rendered by Futurism to proletarian literature; but it is no longer the fashion to identify Futurism with Proletarianism or to pretend that the literary prospects of the new regime depend on their identification. Much verse is still being written in Soviet Russia, but no new poet of distinction has appeared since the death of Esenin. The impetus of the revolution seems to have petered out. Futurism in all its various ramifications is now so much dead wood. Mayakovsky's influence on poetry is a thing of the past, and he himself has turned to drama. The influence of Pasternak and Esenin tends rather to "decadence", and their imitators have as yet displayed nothing more than very moderate promise. The years of the revolution, years of storm and stress, of destructive fury and constructive idealism, were years of poetical inspiration; in the history of Russian prose they were almost a blank. But about 1922, prose, mainly in the form of fiction, re-asserted itself, and two or three years later the balance had swung over to its side. The main interest of Soviet literature since the death of Esenin has centred round the novel and the short story. Meanwhile poetry awaits a new inspiration and, perhaps, new forms.

THE CORSICAN INN

By V. S. PRITCHETT

I HAD walked an odd twenty miles out of the heated gulf of Ajaccio and climbed into the ranges of the interior. I suppose that when I started out I was singing or whistling or humming to myself or gritting my teeth together, pretending they were drums and drum sticks. I was, no doubt, an exultant army marching to war and even when I had begun to climb my head must have been full of these noises. But there came a time when they all ceased and I went up mile after mile mechanically, scarcely aware of anyone or anything that I passed; the invisible army had vanished into silence. Now I was mounting not only from ridge to ridge wondering how it was possible for mortal road to go higher, but from silence to silence too; just as when one walks in a cathedral dead anthems of deepening stillness seem to come down from the walls to numb body and mind. These mountains were like cathedrals. At first they had seemed tumultuous in their confusion; then, as the road disposed valley and massif on either side, the summits were established with the majesty of towers. There were naves and aisles of granite, and a transept of fine magnitude appeared upon which the rain gleamed like windows. There were buttresses of out-flying spurs, and round green hills were put at their feet like chapels. Then I entered the silence of a dark moonless night.

After some hours I came upon what I supposed to be a scattered mountain village. The few houses that I could see were dark and shut up. They were made of huge loose stones and were boarded up at the doors and windows. I groped up the road past the silent stone houses and there was not a light anywhere, not the bark of a dog, not the sound of a step. Everything seemed to stand in isolation as though there were no audible communication between one thing and another, not even a thin, intermediary wind. I stopped at one of the houses and walked all round it, then at another and another. At last I saw a glimmer of light through a boarded door and I knocked. There was no

answer; I knocked again. That old stillness. Once more. This time my heart began to thump for a small living man appeared. I asked him to direct me to the inn.

I could not see his face, but his voice was discreet and courteous and without feeling. Nothing could dissuade him from conducting me to the inn. He walked tepidly beside me in the cold; up alleys cut in the rock, down wet lanes and we did not meet a soul. We came to a small piazza and in it were three trees and a tall white thing that seemed to fill the piazza with ice.

"The War Memorial," said my guide. "And there is the church and there the inn. Together. It is convenient."

Gripping me by the arm he led to a bulging wall rimed with mist. I looked up and saw a building which could have accommodated five storeys but which, in the Corsican fashion, had only three. There was no light in any of the four small windows. We felt our way to a cavernous door and there entered, first into a kind of cellar or stable, and then to a ladder up which we climbed, he leading and shouting the way. At this a door opened above and a square of yellow light came upon the wall. A woman's voice spoke and we heard her trudging towards us. A woman's head, an enormous head tied up in something, looked over the bannisters. She greeted us softly and absently, and held up a lamp which shone on her face. It was big and fair and old, with a hanging, downy chin. A black silk scarf was tied about her head and under her chin like a bonnet. She smiled in a meek, wondering way. Her sheepish eyes only half looked at us. Her heavy body stood there as though the mind had gone from it. She said nothing until a door at the end of the passage blew open and let out a clangour of oaths and a current of smoke. This startled her into motion and she trapsed before us into the room whence the oaths had come. She said,

"Enter into the salon. Sit down. Rest yourself. Enter, monsieur."

I stood aside to let the little guide pass.

"I beg of you," he said, standing back. So I went in. The woman said:

"Sit down. Rest yourself. Ah, you came on foot."

She stood looking at me with her slow eyes. Again, as if it were a prayer for herself as well as for me, she repeated:

"Rest yourself."

I walked across the room to a chair by an empty fireplace. It was a large room with two beds in it, two iron tables, a wardrobe and a dresser. It was as though I had brought all the silences of the day into the room with me, for everyone stopped talking.

There were two men eating their dinner at one of the tables and they held their knives and forks in the air as they stared. So as not to meet their stare I looked hurriedly about the room. . . I cricked my neck to study a photograph on the wall beside me. It was an enlargement, foggy, cocoa-coloured, the portrait of a glum young soldier with frightened sheepish eyes. But below was a certificate for the Croix de Guerre; and another, signed by the President of the Republic, on which I read the words, "Mort pour la France."

As I turned in my chair I saw the stooping woman watching me; those were her eyes that had looked at me from the photograph and the soldier's eyes that looked at me from her.

Suddenly, as when music breaks out, everything in the room became alive and significant. All things and persons were bound by the invisible signals of life. We all watched one another and read one another's eyes. We were caught in a web. The two men who were dining began to fidget and talk until one bawled out,

"Teresa, bring me some bread! Name of God!"

We all started. I saw a red faced, burly man, dressed in wrinkled black velvet, with his legs sprawled like great roots under the table. He ate loudly with every bit of his body moving, feeding, breathing, gulping, getting down to it. He was a shaggy haired fellow and had a ragged bush of moustache under a solid, humid nose. His foody teeth shone. He had a cindery beard of two or three days' growth, and he lolled there crushing walnuts in his teeth and swearing, blaspheming, guffawing and drinking.

"Holy Virgin!" he suddenly called out and banged the table till the plates jumped. For no reason.

This woke up the woman. She had been staring at me with her son's frightened eyes. Her mouth had hung limply down agape. She winced at the oath like a struck animal, and scraped out of the room into the kitchen beyond.

I looked over at the rowdy table and caught the man staring at me again. He had a walnut between his jaws and in his confusion he unthinkingly crushed the nut, swore and spluttered bits of shell out of his mouth. His companion, a young man who had finished his meal and was silently adding up bills on bits of paper, looked up and said, nervously,

"A bad one?"

and laughed in a high forced way as though trying to keep the man in a good humour.

Then I saw my guide almost for the first time. He sat with thin legs crossed, staring with his little black button eyes. He was very short and his head was too large for his body, and he wagged his head from side to side casually, as much as he could. But he was obliged to hold his chin very high, and an air of polite indifference had been screwed into his face by the fact that he wore a vivid red, yellow and blue scarf pulled tightly round his neck and puffed out well beyond his ears like a poodle's bow. His curly black hair stood up on end. At any moment his eyes might have dropped out or he might have broken into tears, because of the pressure of his politeness upon his consternation.

"Brandy, Teresa! Holy Virgin, bring the bottle. Stingy woman, bring the whole dirty bottle!" shouted the rowdy man. "And water for his holiness! Holy water for the blessed babe!" giving his young companion a gay punch. The young man laughed a half filled laugh, with no heart in it. In his confusion he began counting his bills aloud.

"Twenty, twenty-five sixty, twenty-six thirty. . . ."

He had a sickly sort of handsomeness. The guide wagged his head twice and affected a nervous tolerant smile.

The woman had come in and was standing at the door. She shuddered and glanced helplessly at the rowdy man and looked vaguely about the room for something she could not remember, a refuge in some little object. Wisps of her fair hair fell from her scarf. Her bowed neck was freckled like buttery milk.

"Water, bread and wine!" roared the man, banging the table as the woman came over to me to set the table, the oaths falling on her weak back. Her clothes flopped listlessly about her. She repeated, fingering her blouse,

"Rest yourself. . ."

and half closed her eyes as if she felt another blow coming. It fell.

"Hey, Teresa, I'm a great boy for the church. Am I not—for the church!" And began ludicrously to chant prayers. The woman was in agony and her lips moved. "But I say, to hell with priests and churches. Burn the lot! Burn them all!"

His eyes were bloodshot, and his face swollen with shouting.

The appalled woman stuck her chin out and bitterly stretched her mouth. She could not stop her mouth from pulling and stretching. She trudged out again to the kitchen where fish was being fried. The little guide was watching the rowdy man, listening to his absurd songs. Catching my enquiring glance, the little man smiled, protested another smile, pushed out his lips, raised his eyebrows, shrugged his shoulders.

She came in again through the smoky air. A bit of paper had caught on her sweeping skirt and was squeaking over the floor behind her. It caught on a splinter, let go and was left deserted on the floor. She brought two plates and a knife and fork. She smiled at me and said, looking at me from her slow head,

"That's right. You came from Ajaccio, on foot!"

"Yes, on foot."

"From Ajaccio. . ." and nodded her head as though she were counting the miles with a sweet, laborious content.

But seeing the woman talking to me happily the rowdy man remembered another torture. He finished his glass of brandy, taking his time about it, and then filled another one.

"What a price old father Nivaggioni paid for his funeral! He was one of the holy ones! God, he was pious! He might have spent a bit more down below and now the dirty priest's got the money! And you, too, sacred name of God, how many masses have you paid, eh?"

The contented look waned quickly out of the woman's face. Her lips shifted as if she would cry out but her voice was dumb. She went to the dresser to get me a glass. The little pensive guide smoothed his brow, swallowed and, shrugging his shoulders and pulling down the corners of his mouth, appealed to me,

"Qu'est ce que vous voulez?" and he nodded to the rowdy

man, from whom came continuous rumblings of blasphemy which gradually diminished to some minutes of quietness after the storm. The guide and I breathed deeply, sighing together. This tired interval was nearly gay. In came the woman with a dish of trout and I drew my chair to the table. The little guide's mouth moved as I helped myself. His eye followed my hand reaching for the salt. He watched me put it back, saw me take the bread and rolled his eyes as my fork went upwards. But in that room we were all watching one another. Then, just as I was breaking a piece of bread, there was a roar and a crash of glass from the other table. The bread dropped from my hand, the little guide nearly fell off his chair. The woman appeared at the door, looking.

"Blood," sniggered the drunken man, staring stupidly at the floor.

He had knocked over a bottle of red wine.

"Blood of the Lamb!" he cried, and looked defiantly at everyone. Then he saw the woman, and his lips, like two damp red slugs, moved into an artful smile. She had her hand on her heart; unknowingly she made the sign of the Cross. He was to reach his zenith. He kicked the bits of broken glass, set the remains of the bottle rolling and, with a snigger, and a gesture indicating first the photograph of her son and the pool of red wine on the floor, shouted in mock heroic tones:

"Mort pour la France!"
and spat.

The woman stopped. I saw her still eyes. She gathered light and strength into them like the flashing of a hundred spear heads. Into her face a pallid obstinacy set, a loaded gaze that would not move. She went up towards him, head lowered like a bull's, never taking her eyes off him. She dropped her cloth. She stood there. I have never seen anything more terrible than her stillness. Her eyes, like knives, cut through all those silences that I had seemed to bring with me into the room, cut through to this awful silence, to the ultimate bone. We, who had been caught in this web of furtive gazing, were about to be cut apart with violence. She would kill him, I thought.

Dimly, the rowdy man seemed to realise this. His fingers groped along the edge of the table. He pulled the napkin out

of his neck. He looked recklessly round the room, rapidly in a whirl, trying not to see her but he was caught between her eyes and those other eyes of hers in the photograph. There was no safe spot for his gaze to hide in. His bluster had gone like the air out of a pricked balloon.

The son was gripping the side of the table. The little guide was on the edge of his chair, half on his feet. *She* seemed to grow to the stature of a wall, a hill, a mountain.

"Giacomo," at last murmured the rowdy man sullenly, emptily. "Giacomo, I say, its late. And it's dark. I am going. I am going home."

He got up from the table and, fumbling, put on his hat, examining it and pretending he did not know she was still there. He went out heavily through the doorway, and his swollen tongue was wordless. We all stood stiffly listening to the blundering of his feet step by step on the ladder that led to the cellar. We heard him muttering as he groped into the dark street where the Memorial stood like an obelisk of ice. We dared not move because still *she* had not moved. At last, to break the tension my little guide said in a high unnatural voice,

"Madame. . . that's funny, I was just going to ask you and that is why I came with this gentleman. . . My saw. Have you by chance seen my saw, the little one that I left?"

The pupils of his eyes were nearly bursting. She turned very slowly round and went into the kitchen. She came back with the saw in her hand and stood helplessly, not knowing what to do with it. There was no more light in her face.

EBB AND FLOW

A MONTHLY COMMENTARY

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

THE holiday for which Parliament retired was badly needed. It gave the opportunity for a little stocktaking. Not such a cheerful business as it might be. Last summer's mood of optimism has worn off. Now that the nations assemble by their delegations to discuss naval armament, divergencies reveal themselves, and look formidable—not indeed to Great Britain, which does not easily take fright, but to the more nervous organism of the United States. The elephant, we are told, is among the most apprehensive of animals.

What the United States fear, however, is not danger, but being done. "Once bit, twice shy," is the saying, and they feel that in the war they were bitten, financially, by Europe. It sounds odd to us, but that is said to be a fundamental fact. They are anxious, being a humanitarian people, to abolish the possibility of war and to reduce the burden of armaments; they recognise that this can only be done by international agreement; but their idea of an international agreement is one which shall leave entire freedom to the parties, and shall have no sanction but each nation's sense of honour. Further, they feel that, being the richest power, their dignity demands that the armament which they maintain—that is, their naval armament—shall be equal to that of the strongest power, namely England. But since the commitments of the British navy are vastly more extensive than those of the American, there is a probability that if some kind of international police force existed, America might be asked to do a great deal of its work. This, as they know, would be a onesided obligation for nobody is going to attack the United States. They would be bitten again. And so the *sacro egoismo*, which has been the leading characteristic of American action since 1919, decides them to declare that they will allow no sort of moral claim to be established (even by the remotest implication) on the

forces which they maintain. Their armament is intended to secure perfect freedom for United States commerce in the event of war between other nations. If there is peace, well and good; the United States is free to trade. If there is war, neither the British nor any other navy shall lessen the freedom of the commerce of the United States.

That is a perfectly intelligible attitude, for it is dictated by the simplest rules of self-interest. On the other hand, there is the attitude of France, which has been set out by public memorandum with a frankness that some considered indecent. Armaments are for security, the French say in effect; we do not pretend to be without apprehension. We are invited to a conference to consider the all-round reduction of armaments; but what has made that possible? The Kellogg Pact? We should prefer to have this treated through the League of Nations, which is an organisation that implies reciprocal obligations. Thereupon many voices in America (and some in England) cry that France is wrecking the Conference in advance because it is trying to guide the United States into the corral of the League—where freedom disappears; and America may shy off. Yet it is assumed that no combined action for reduction of fleets can be taken unless the combination includes America. Over and above this difficulty is the claim of Italy to have parity with France at sea, as being the two Mediterranean naval powers—a claim not easy for France to admit, since France is on the Atlantic and Channel also, and has far off dependencies. Yet if America is to have parity with England because dignity demands it, why not Italy with France? The Italians urge, with justice, that it is vital to them, and very difficult, to keep their sea-routes to America open.

Still, the British, born negotiators and perfectly willing to accept an arrangement indefensible in logic because it is better than no arrangement, go hopefully on; and they back their faith in the value of the Kellogg Pact by reducing their estimate of the cruisers needed from 70 to 50—a courageous step.

It is to be hoped that American opinion will remember that European armaments must be judged by European necessities. As between the two Anglo-Saxon powers the matter is settled; no question of principle remains unsolved. But France, for instance, needs to protect not only France but Poland. That

need may lessen and no doubt will; yet but for France, and in especial but for General Weygand, who has now become the Chief of Staff in France, little if anything would have been left of Poland's newly recovered national existence in 1920. Poland, indeed, is not defended by a fleet; but France needs a fleet to enable her—amongst other things—to protect Poland. That is done, no doubt, in the interest of France, and of France's security; but it is none the less a service to Europe and to the world. So long as this is left to France to discharge, it is right that those who decline a share in the duty should remember that it exists. Responsibility could be better distributed than it is in Europe, and in the civilised world, but only by an organisation which would increase collective responsibility. America is free to stand outside of such burdens; but if it is to be regarded as an affront or injury to America that the question of dividing responsibility for general security should be raised in discussions where America takes part, then America's presence, however well-intentioned, cannot be a help. *Sacro egoismo* must endure to hear mention of enlightened altruism.

In domestic affairs, the important Coal Mines Bill—which the Labour party cannot pass unaided—is under review by the Liberals, who are said to be preparing drastic amendments. Nobody questions the right of this party to collaborate, since the Second Reading debates, in which that right was not meekly asserted. Sir Herbert Samuel showed a mastery of detail that was not new in his record; but his exposition had a new note of authority. The period of personal administration spent in Jerusalem evidently gave this very able politician the self-confidence which he needed. Then came Mr. Lloyd George, in a speech that was perhaps too hard hitting; but who that has ever been in the House of Commons would not have wished to be there when his thrust at Sir William Jowitt flashed across the floor, and the whole place was instantly in a storm of laughter, cheers and angry counter cheers? Anyhow Mr. Lloyd George, by general consent, reasserted his command of the House. The result is to be, we are told—co-operation. But the result will not be and cannot be, two parties. If matters are ever pushed to that, in a modern state, with all-in voting, the

only two parties possible are the Haves and the Have Nots; and on a division the Have Nots will always have it.

Meanwhile, it is significant that Mr. Thomas, speaking at Manchester on unemployment, looks for co-operation—to the City. "All that any Government can do," he said, "is infinitesimal compared with what business can do for itself." He went on to say that owing to the long continued trade depression, manufacturers were at the end of their capital and their credit. Then came an announcement. The City is convinced that "a number of our important industries must be fundamentally reorganised and modernised in order to be able to produce at prices which will enable them to compete with the world." Financial support will be forthcoming to those industries and those individual undertakings which can convince the City's advisers that their plans for reorganisation deserve support. This, said Mr. Thomas, was "an open invitation" given with the authority and knowledge of the City of London. "For the first time the whole forces of British finance were prepared to stand behind industry." So spoke the Minister dealing with Unemployment on behalf of a Socialist Government. It is odd, but not the less encouraging, to find him used as the mouthpiece of the great banking interests.

Mr. Thomas's further message of comfort was a reminder that other people have their share of trouble. The United States has three million unemployed as against our million and a half. Germany is in a similar position—France, the exception. Yet, if we are taking stock, it is well to realise what Mr. Thomas omitted to say, that France also is not content. They have not unemployment, but they complain just as bitterly of the lack of labour—especially on the land. Vineyards are going out of cultivation, even where the wine has repute. Young men will not stay on the land. It gives them food; it gives them an occupation about which much idyllic poetry has been written, and by men who felt what they were writing; but it does not give them what we in Ireland call "dry money". There is in all countries a growing distaste for manual labour. An old farmer writes to me, from Ireland: "Motoring is the only thing thought of by the rising generation,

**The Government:
Finance and
Industry.**

**The Unemployment
Problem.**

and typewriting by the young women. Where the manual workers are to come from is a problem, nor can we wonder, as prospects are." In other words, the spread of machinery has bred a kind of contempt for whatever is not done by a machine; and no man is prepared to treat his manual occupation as an interest in itself. If the work has to be done, it is only for the sake of the money to spend. Mr. Boden, the poet bred as a working miner, gives us to understand by his poems that every hour spent in the pit is an hour of purgatory—or worse. If manual toil is a servitude, no wonder that men should accept any alternative to servitude. Yet if manual work were felt to be anything more, there should be some trace of rejoicing over the close of last year; for it was bountiful, on the whole, here and on the Continent. Yet what happens? The British Broadcasting Corporation proclaims that there is a glut of potatoes, and calls on good citizens to eat more of them. If there were any diffused feeling for the work of the land, if people thought of the country as a farm and their farm, it would be natural for the owners of the farm to turn to and use up what else might go to waste; but what proportion of the listeners to that message will feel the facts come home to them? At the most, they will be sorry for the unlucky farmers who have grown too much food. In France, things are a little better, for there was at least a touch of general rejoicing over a vintage that would make wine once more a commodity generally thrown in with your meals. But over here, I cannot see any indication that the poor man's lot is bettered by the fact that earth has been induced to yield in 1929 more than her usual measure. Nobody, it would seem, is going to have more money to spend on the cinemas or dance halls.

It is useless to say that the same complaint has been heard in all ages. There is a definite change—whether we attribute it to the war period when money was flung about so lavishly, or to the rapid spread of mechanical power, disparaging everything else by comparison. The change is not only, and perhaps not mainly, among the manual workers. Army and navy are finding a difficulty in procuring officers. Forty years ago, there were ten candidates for every vacancy at Sandhurst or Woolwich; now the authorities have to lure them in, and the report from the public schools is definitely and clearly that their boys in the first place dislike the idea of living under discipline, and in the

second, want the chance of earning a good income; so they head for the City, or some department of the vague province which is called "business". Whether the first thing considered is how free a lad will be to amuse himself, or whether boys ask first what is the relation of the pay to the work, they do not so readily as before go into the work because it is honourable. Farmers' sons used to go into farming for that reason—and don't; professional men's sons used to go into army, navy and church for that reason—and don't. Causes, no doubt similar causes, whatever they are, are producing similar results in all classes. The results are a dislike of hard work and a desire for strictly cash payment, to be spent at the earner's discretion, free from control.

Meantime the Indian problem has developed rapidly—as was inevitable; but thanks to the mercy of Providence, not badly—so far as I can judge. Yet I hesitate the less to make judgments about India, because the party which has declared for independence as its goal has also made plain to the world that it is basing itself on the Irish precedent. "The Wearing of the Green" has been adopted as their anthem. Well, it's a long way to Tipperary from Lahore—and a longer way from the case of four million people speaking one language to that of three hundred millions with no common tongue at all—except in so far as Indian politicians all know English. Nevertheless, since Ireland is to be the model, let us consider the bearings of it. The measure of thankfulness for Lord Irwin's escape is double; for his death, had it been compassed, would have hardened the heart of England against whatever is honourable and justifiable in India's claim—and there is much in it not only natural but profoundly honourable. Yet even more would have been the personal loss; for Lord Irwin is evidently an Englishman who has won the respect, trust and affection of much that is most purely native in India. We had no man in Ireland sent us from England who achieved that. Lord French (we never thought of him as Lord Ypres) might have; but he lacked initiative in politics, and at the end of 1918, when he had made up his mind to act, pneumonia caught him and almost killed him. After that, he never got into the saddle. Besides, before he came to Ireland,

India, and
the Irish
Model.

things were worse bedevilled than Lord Irwin has found them in India. It seems clear that the Viceroy's declaration has brought the moderates out into the open; it has given them an aim they can avow. The native princes have not been slow to declare their preference for Dominion Status; and other influential Indians have spoken out. Further, Mr. Gandhi, who appears to be not only a holy man but a good man, has been forced to split his following by a declaration against the attack on the Viceroy; and though the section which believes in violence (on the Irish model) is numerous, it has not found—as happened in Ireland—the ball thrown at its foot.

There is no use in reasoning with such people. It is true that violence succeeded in Ireland, and that is all they see. But the success came without any joy of victory. Indians, and those who have to handle this matter, should read a book called *The Victory of Sinn Fein*, by Mr. P. S. O. O'Hegarty, who was for many years a leading man in the Irish Republican Brotherhood. They will find stated there the price that Ireland paid for victory; the price in demoralisation, in bitterness of spirit, in blackening of its own name. "There are some things that must not be done even for freedom," is a saying that he quotes from an old Fenian leader, John O'Leary. These are the things that Mr. Gandhi wants to stop his associates from doing. He will not be able to, if a campaign is started to break down the framework of government which exists in India. He may, however, possibly prevent a secret society that carries out its mandates by assassination from getting its grip on the whole of India—which is the necessary condition of success, if a campaign of violence is to succeed. But he is now irretrievably committed against helping the Government. What the Government can do, and is preparing to do, is to get India trying to work out in concert with England, within the limits of Dominion status, a system of government which will satisfy the mind of India. The needs of India, paradoxical as this may sound, are a secondary consideration at such a stage. They can be seen to later. The essence of the problem is to devise some scheme which shall be workable and which shall give to India the sense that within the Empire she has, to use Mr. Baldwin's word—equality.

The real trouble in Ireland was one of pride. Catholics, the

main body of the people, were faced with the fact that their Protestant neighbours held them unfit to rule. They have been ruling now for seven years, and after starting with every imaginable disability, they have made good. There is a government that does govern. There is law and order. Unluckily, a large party still chooses to regard the Dominion government as a cat's paw of the British; indeed, its extreme adherents do not find any difficulty in believing that Mr. Kevin O'Higgins, the ablest man whom Ireland has produced in this century, was murdered by Government agents in order to bring odium on the Republicans. It is still thought justifiable by a party to hold secret store of arms, for a revolutionary coup. All this is done in the sacred name of Ireland. Yet meantime, without so much clamour of patriotism, useful work has been done, and notably the great experiment of harnessing the Shannon has been completed. However the results work out, Ireland has something that it is proud of; and one fact is significant. When the project was adopted six years ago, it was seriously argued that, assuming all favourable in the engineering sense, yet it was a public danger to create such a ganglion of the national economic life, since a revolutionary band could by a simple act of destruction annihilate millions of expense, and could paralyse the country. To-day, though perhaps half-a-dozen times last year dumps of arms have been discovered, and persons concerned have bombastically declared themselves, "soldiers of the Irish Republic", yet not a soul shows a sign of fearing any attempt to wreck the Shannon works. The reason is plain. Mr. de Valera and his whole party would be swept out of political existence by any such attempt. It would be regarded as unpardonable treason against Ireland—because in it Ireland has got something of which to be proud.

After this review of politics, I note the publication of a book which students of politics should have in their hands and then on their bookshelves. It is called *The Endless Adventure*, by Mr. F. S. Oliver, whose first book, *the Life of Alexander Hamilton*, appeared some five and twenty years ago, and is still constantly read and quoted. His *Ordeal by Battle*, published during the war, was no doubt a pamphlet, but a pamphlet on the grand scale and of extraordinary influence. Now, after another long interval, this student of

politics again offers his meditations to our attention—widening their scope. In this new book he has attached general reflections on the art of politics to a study of Sir Robert Walpole's career. We have here only the first instalment, concluding with the reign of George I. But how wide its observations range may be inferred from the fact that the introductory essay on Politics and Politicians devotes over twenty pages to Lenin, while the volume concludes with an eloquent eulogy of Queen Elizabeth's gift for ruling. If the book was really designed to stand alone, I might kick at this final divagation; but, taking it as part of a work, accidentally divided, I accept this as one of the longer *obiter dicta* in a singularly rich mine of such detachables.

Briefly speaking, we have here the accumulated reflections of a man trained as a barrister who (as hundreds of people know) went into successful commerce, but always kept in touch with political affairs. The book carries on its face the marks of having been slowly written, rewritten and polished, to express the thoughts and humours of a mind delighting in the antics no less than the energies of other minds. While the main text runs along, we meet such notes as this, etched in the margin.

"The semi-official appropriation of the King's affections was at this time divided—though unequally, as their titles imply—between the Duchess of Kendal and the Countess of Darlington. The dullness and greed of these two ladies stood on a par, but the Duchess had the inestimable advantage of a superior bulk. Walpole with his accustomed shrewdness had secured through Townshend the goodwill of the fatter favourite, and Carteret had to make the best he could of her less ample, though younger, rival."

A man who has proved himself to possess a sense of humour is tolerated in affirmations which, failing this assurance, might be greeted with less respect; for instance:

"With all the temptations, dangers and degradations that beset it, politics is still, I think, the noblest career that any man can choose."

Not least of the dangers is "Loss of his own soul." But, Mr. Oliver adds, "It is possible to be too much concerned over one's own salvation. There will not be much hope left for humanity when men are no longer willing to risk their immortal as well as their mortal parts."

The Endless Adventure will be read, as it was written, with a double mind; we shall all find ourselves applying its generalisations to modern instances—if, indeed the application is not readymade for us, as, for example, when we are reminded that the Balance of Power, which politicians have often risked so much to maintain, is the necessary condition of sovereign independence, and that if we resign the possibility of making war to maintain it, we, perhaps rightly but inevitably, bid good-bye also to what we have meant by full national freedom.

For a specimen of observations which have one bearing in the book, yet may be applied in another, let us consider the controversy raised by Lord Grey concerning Mr. Lloyd George's leadership of the Liberal party in the light of the following:

"It is a hard saying, but a true one, that gratitude is not a sentiment that a nation can safely entertain towards its servants. Moral obligations of this sort are a matter for historians, on whose recommendation posterity will sometimes discharge them very handsomely to the memories of victims long since dead."

"We have no objections to a politician being a man of fortune; but we have an exceedingly strong prejudice against all those whom we suspect of seeking to make their fortunes directly or indirectly out of politics. For all our gibes and jeers, we pay the politician an unconscious homage in assuming that as a matter of course he will make a renunciation which we ourselves would never dream of practising."

Nobody shows any sign of endangering the nation by gratitude to Mr. Lloyd George for his past services. But also is it not clear that if Mr. Lloyd George had never acquired the sum which has provided the Liberal party's fund, he would not to-day be questioned in his leadership? When the money was put at his disposal, he accepted it as a means to power, which is the politician's natural and legitimate end. Yet, because of the austere code exacted from politicians, the gift has defeated its intention.

To review this opening volume strictly as a historical essay would be premature; but one thing may be said at once. It is not about names, but about men. Personages are realised—even when they make so slight an appearance in the picture as Dubois and Alberoni, those strange Dioscuri of the political Cardinalate. About the secondary English actors, I should note the pages on

the Duke of Newcastle, who "coveted not the power to govern but the power to confer favours" and who made up for his blunders by fulsomeness. "Fulsomeness from a duke is a sovereign remedy for many of the minor disappointments of life." But to see Mr. Oliver's work at its best, take the description of Bolingbroke's meeting with Walpole, his school-fellow at Eton, when Bolingbroke wanted to get back to political life, and Walpole was determined to prevent it.

The book has not, and by the nature of it, cannot have, speed; but what has the essay to do with speed? It lacks directness of exposition, it is not the 'Macaulayese' historical essay, it is divagatory—but its divagations make room for the humour. It is the writing of a man who has read intensively rather than discursively, who is curious of literature, as many an odd, unexpected word testifies; but above all, it is the ripened expression of a mind fed by wide experience in practical concerns, a spectator, yet never a detached spectator, of the business of life. Attention is concentrated on the political aspect of that business, but we are never asked to believe that politicians had no other sides to their existence. Yet the chapter "In Praise of Politicians", for all its inflection of mockery, says faithfully and generously what requires to be said for those whose business it is "to get power, to keep power, and to govern"; who want to get things done, and not infrequently succeed, and who at the worst, stave off anarchy. The cult of anarchy is a common literary affectation to which this philosopher extends no tolerance. Government, in his view, is evidently not a necessary evil but a necessary good. Walpole governed well, and since the condition of this was that he should not only get power but keep it, we may not blame him for being less than generous to Bolingbroke, or less than fair to Carteret. In either case, public interest demanded that the rigour of the game should be applied.

The rules of the game have varied from age to age; Mr. Oliver does not blink the fact that (as he puts it) Walpole's "solicitude for his children, whether lawfully, or unlawfully begotten, was equalled by his resourcefulness in providing for them at the public expense"; but in that age this was no just matter for reproach. The spirit of the game remains, however, the same and the essential to be considered is whether the player of the game desired to use for the advantage of his country the power which

he sought, and whether his effort was successful. When the study is completed (and it is good to learn that the second volume, carrying the commentary down to the death of Queen Caroline, Walpole's ally in 1737, may be soon be looked for) we shall have a surprising gallery of politicians set before us. Mr. Oliver's survey is always touched with humour, yet remains careful to avoid the exaggerated emphasis which produces distortion, and to present,—whether for liking or disliking,—the human truth. Mr. Oliver would probably agree that there is always something to like, or at least to admire, about any politician who after a lapse of two hundred years remains distinct enough to be remembered.

The Royal Wedding in Italy has been watched from here with much public sympathy—in part, because affectionate respect towards the King of the Belgians has not lessened since he earned it in the war, and the public likes to rejoice with him; in part because it gives satisfaction to think of all Rome,—Pope, King, Duce and people,—free to take part together in that wonderful welcome to the Prince's bride. Besides, Italy's generosity has brought Italy near to the heart of thousands who crowd to see the pictures at Burlington House. These are written of elsewhere in this *Review* by a famous artist: but a word may be said here from the standpoint of the unlearned. It was of extraordinary interest to have the chance to trace that development not only to its zenith, but beyond. It made one feel how much less far apart the Mediterranean peoples are from the Nordic than they were even five centuries ago. Modern Italian art speaks the common language of European painting—no doubt with a vehement Southern accent,—but before Titian Italian art stands apart from us. He seems to have been the first Italian from whom the Northerners could really assimilate. I had never realised in the least Rembrandt's debt to him till I saw this exhibition. It is not a long way from the superb portrait of Titian's doctor (in the great room) to Rembrandt at his best; nor from his group of the Cornaro family to Vandyck. Of course one saw with difficulty in the crowd, and the show must have sent many to the National Gallery, where (more than ever since Sir Joseph Duveen's noble gift of a new room), the splendours of Italian genius can be seen as they should be, with

ample space about them. Yet, even there, one asks if these things can ever be really seen in any northern clime. English taste with its traditional preference for the Dutch masters was justified, if Englishmen were buying pictures to live with in England. These southern masterpieces imply a different way of life; they are not for comfortable domestic interiors; any house that can give them their due must be a palace—and at times rather a chilly palace. It is a public art, with none of the intimacy which is in the best work of Holland or Flanders. A Vermeer might fit naturally into the smallest and homeliest room; but it would be a cruelty to bring into any such quarters even so adorable a small picture as for instance Gian Batista Cima's representation of David and Jonathan (if it is Jonathan) walking home airily with the head of Goliath. In England at the best, Italian pictures look like glorious hothouse flowers; I could imagine that in Italy they would be like crocuses in grass.

F E B R U A R Y

1 9 3 0

THE
FORTNIGHTLY
LIBRARY

BOOK REVIEWS

and

PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS

INDEX TO BOOKS REVIEWED IN THIS ISSUE

VILE BODIES, by Evelyn Waugh. (<i>Chapman & Hall</i>) 273	CHINA TO CHELSEA, by Capt. D. McCallum, M.C. (<i>Benn</i>) 280
ALL OUR YESTERDAYS, by H. M. Tomlinson. (<i>Heinemann</i>) 275	TURKEY AND SYRIA RE-BORN, by Capt. Harold Armstrong. (<i>Lane</i>) ... 280
RETREAT, A STORY OF 1918, by C. R. Benstead. (<i>Methuen</i>) 275	GOOD-BYE TO ALL THAT, by Robert Graves. (<i>Cape</i>) 281
THREE PERSONAL RECORDS OF THE WAR, by R. H. Mottram, John Easton and Eric Partridge. (<i>Scholartis Press</i>) ... 276	THE CAMBRIDGE MEDIEVAL HISTORY, Vol. VI. (<i>Cambridge University Press</i>) 282
AN INTRODUCTION TO ITALIAN PAINTING, by Sir Charles Holmes. (<i>Cassell</i>) ... 277	PREFACES TO SHAKESPEARE, by Harley Granville-Barker. (<i>Sidgwick & Jackson</i>) 284
ART TREASURES OF THE NATION, by Sir Cecil Harcourt-Smith. (<i>Hutchinson</i>) ... 277	A HISTORY OF IBERIAN CIVILIZATION, by J. P. de Oliveira Martins, trans. by Aubrey F. G. Bell. (<i>Oxford University Press</i>) 284
CALVERLEY AND SOME CAMBRIDGE WITS OF THE NINETEENTH-CENTURY, by Richard B. Ince. (<i>Cayme Press, Ltd.</i>) ... 278	THE PEACE TACTICS OF NAPOLEON, 1806-1808, by H. Butterfield. (<i>Cambridge University Press</i>) 286
THE SOLITARY WARRIOR: New Letters by Ruskin, Edited by J. Howard Whitehouse. (<i>Allen & Unwin</i>) 278	HUDSON RIVER BRACKETED, by Edith Wharton. (<i>Appleton</i>) 287
ON BOARD THE EMMA, by Alexandre Dumas, trans. and edited by R. S. Garnett. (<i>Benn</i>) 279	THE LOST CHILD, by Rahel Sanzara. (<i>Gollancz</i>) 287
THE COLOURED COUNTRIES, by Alec Waugh. (<i>Chapman & Hall</i>) 279	DON JUAN'S DAUGHTERS, by Irene Forbes-Moss. (<i>Lane</i>) 287
AND BEYOND PALESTINE, by C. E. 279	HIGH SEAS OVER, by F. J. Butler. (<i>Putnam</i>) 287

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

A Study in Disillusionment

by REBECCA WEST.

VILE BODIES. by Evelyn Waugh. *Chapman & Hall*. 7s. 6d.

It is not necessary, since such a short time has elapsed since the publication of *Decline and Fall*, to say that *Vile Bodies* is an extremely funny book. It may not contain any such endearing character as Grimes, but it deals out situation after situation that is authentically comic. Deals out is the right expression; for there is in Mr. Waugh's apparently casual but actually intricate technique some analogy to a card game. The smooth glossy pieces of paste-board with their conventional design fall before one: the scenes, some of them only a few lines long, by which Mr. Waugh can evoke the atmosphere of a party drearily held by the Bright Young People in a captive dirigible, or an evening at the Rectory when the Colonel has fused the electric light by showing, unasked, his home-made film, and the Rector and his wife find themselves faced by the prospect of spending Christmas week-end in darkness, or any other focus of human passion. These sort themselves out into suits. There are the spades, the souls sad, however gay, doomed to destruction, however much they wriggle with excess of vitality, such as the gossip-writers ("At Archie Schwert's party the fifteenth Marquess of Vanburgh, Earl Vanburgh de Brendon, Baron Brendon, Lord of the Five Isles and Hereditary Grand Falconer to the Kingdom of Connaught, said to the eighth Earl of Balcairn, Viscount Erdinge, Baron Cairn of Balcairn, Red Knight of Lancaster, Count of the Holy Roman Empire and Chenonceaux Herald to the Duchy of Aquitaine, 'Hullo,' he said. 'Isn't this a repulsive party? What are you going to say about it?' for they were both of them, as it happened, gossip-writers for the daily papers") and the deplorable Miss Runcible, who spins like a top at parties, at the motor-race (quite a marvellous piece of

reporting here) in the nursing-home till she topples over into dementia and death. There are the clubs, not so fatal as the spades, but still low-priced and fatuous, such as the wastrels who sit and drink with Lottie Crump in her frowsty Shephard's Hotel, and the drunken major whose appearances on occasions of public rejoicing give such a dreadful rhythm to the book. There are the diamonds: nobody writing in English has more vividly recorded the horrible magnificence of those whose success stands for nothing honourable or valid than Mr. Waugh when he writes of Lord Metroland, the Circumferences, Mr. Outrage, Lord Monomark. There are the hearts, Adam and Nina, in any other age than this inevitably the raw material for romance. In the monosyllabic conversations of these two, brief as canary cheep, Mr. Waugh has done something as technically astonishing as the dialogues in Mr. Ernest Hemingway's *Farewell to Arms*, so cunningly does he persuade the barest formula to carry a weight of intense emotion. There is a game played between these suits, and in the game it is no use declaring hearts. The spades and the clubs and the diamonds score all over them. The book ends with the outbreak of another war, which the author plainly welcomes as the only way of sweeping the cards off the table and beginning a fresh game, an extremity of desperation which makes his work as touching as it is amusing. *Vile Bodies* has, indeed, apart from its success in being really funny, a very considerable value as a further stage in the contemporary literature of disillusionment. That may be said to have started with T. S. Eliot's *The Waste Lands*. Although that work had a supreme emotional effect it was not easy to guess what Mr. Eliot was disillusioned with, and why. He specifically referred his disillusionment to a contemporary state of

discontent but did nothing to establish the connection, and a scrutiny of his work suggested that what he was suffering from was an eternally recurrent condition, to which he was attaching undue importance because of a false identification. He had mistaken the malaise that comes on most artists before they create for the whole of his creative experience, and had restricted both his subject material and his treatment to its limitations. This mistake was able to survive and even put on intellectual airs, because Mr. Eliot pointed for evidence that his was a mood of universal importance to this generation's distaste for life. Then came Mr. Aldous Huxley, whose contribution to the literature of disillusionment left no doubt whatsoever as to what he was disillusioned with, and why. Human beings were, it seemed, equally apelike in their lives and their excretions; highest and lowest were remarkably alike. A scrutiny of his work suggested that Mr. Huxley was a person of acute insight who (inspired by the researches of certain psychologists) had looked into the human mind and had been shocked by certain regressive forces therein; and had, in the artist's desire to share his experiences, been tempted into fabricating a universe in which these forces were represented as being much more dominant and less censored than they are. But for this vision of the universe he too gained credence by pointing to this generation's distaste for life, and claiming that they felt it because they saw with his eyes. Now Mr. Evelyn Waugh comes along to define this distaste, and it rather knocks on the head these attempts to capitalize it. Young people, he tells us, are disgusted with the world because it is full of those who drink too much and think too little. One is willing to concede that the world is full of such, and that their proceedings are loathsome; but one must argue against the assumption that this is anything new.

The world that is described by Arthur Binstead in *Gals Gossip* and *The Pink 'Un and the Pelican* is every whit as unpleasing as anything Mr. Waugh can find in his surroundings. The only new thing about the overdrinking and underthinking world is that clever young people insist on establishing a connection with it; that Adam, as well as the drunken major, are to be found with Lottie Crump in Shepherd's Hotel. And this itself admits of an easy explanation. After the war the world of ideas was in a state of unsightly ruin for a time. The overdrinking and underthinking world, ruin being its *status quo*, was unaltered, and therefore had the cheerfulness of use and wont. It was natural that the younger generation should for a time prefer the latter to the former. The exuberance of Mr. Waugh's work, its indomitable creativeness, is the best proof that the movement is over.

DON JUAN'S DAUGHTERS

By IRENE FORBES-MOSSE.

Translated from the German by OAKLEY WILLIAMS. With an Introduction by VERNON LEE. 7s. 6d. net.

"This original and altogether captivating book has qualities of wit and fancy and feeling which are only rarely to be found in combination. Vernon Lee's name at the end of the preface should fan the curiosity of the more discerning, but a book as lovely as this deserves to be known for its own sake. Each of the three novellen it contains is a thing of beauty and a joy to read; the swiftness, the imagery, the illusive and sparkling colour of the language are like very little else in contemporary German fiction. It is impossible to summarize in a few words the fascination of the book. It has both a fund of enjoyment and a deep seriousness of its own."—*The Times*.

JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD LTD.

The Storm of Battle

by EDMUND BLUNDEN.

ALL OUR YESTERDAYS, by H. M.

Tomlinson. Heinemann. 8s. 6d. net.

RETREAT, A STORY OF 1918, by C. R.

Benstead. Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.

THAT angry sky and copper glare before the thunderstorm were due to something and somebody; and the prognostics had not been denied to those with eyes and ears. If anyone could say what the beginnings of the disturbance looked like, it is Mr. H. M. Tomlinson. His war did not begin, as that of many of the interpreters began, in 1914. The signs in the European sky at the opening of the century met his mind's eye—what could escape him, indeed, that bears a message of human destiny and achievement? He remembered how the wind changed its note, how the clouds worked and smouldered; he can transform even this present year into those slowly darkening yesterdays by his perfect impressions of what the world was doing, saying, singing, praying then. I shall not turn aside into a classification of Mr. Tomlinson's prose characteristics. He writes—and men and things arise, exist in their rich variety, and with the light on them that attends some lucky super-conscious moments of the reader's course. Mr. Tomlinson has that light more often. I do not remember when he appeared without it. He is that fortunate being, a man of genius; and comprised in that fortune, too, he has the inheritance of a strong constancy of vision.

I see already that I am reviewing his book as though it were an autobiography. It is nearer that than what we usually call a novel. It is probably a great feat of invention. There may never have been a vicar called Talbot who called at Jones' the tobacconist's for his "Review of Mycology," a frolicsome young Radical named Langham, or a naval officer named Jackson who was arrested in Brittany for suspected espionage, to wit, digging in the sands for bait. But these forms only serve

the principal theme, and real history. It was not necessary for Mr. Tomlinson to invent that. He watched, and it rolled on; and he records its course and depth and rocks and rapids until it rages in all its perplexed whirling self-torment. Autobiography, annals, fiction? Mr. Tomlinson needs none of our formalities. He directs a spectacle, and develops a significance, with the pervading sense of the actual that we know in a not wholly dissimilar retrospection—*The Dynasts*.

We blame others, if we can, for the war; and what is more natural than the oath of the frozen sentry, ducking and dodging in the trench mortar bombardment, against the responsible parties who are blending gin and vermouth in some distant lounge. But even that sentry, viewed historically, has some cause to curse himself. Mr. Tomlinson's book opens with scenes that commence the transition from the popular comedian with the parrot called Kruger to a struggling human bundle in a burnt tank. Even generals are treated with the same quiet reflection; quiet in style, rare in explicit terms, profound in potency. It is not that they failed so much; it is that they were instrumental in making their failure inevitable before a trench was dug. Didactic? Not as the gaudy literature of "war," a programme of brothels, cowardice, imbecility and massacre is. That teaches little enough, though mouthing its denunciations.

Mr. Tomlinson's war chapters are the work of a prose artist to whose genius fate added opportunity; he had seen the harbingers, the omens, the world as it was far and wide; he came to the Western Front a wise man, and could compare and read it at many posts of observation. Few others with a tithe of his experience before had a tithe of his experience then. In the icy pools of shelled forms, in châteaux and places where they sing, or in the streets of London, he moved with the passion of his

nature and understanding. These strange and frenzied events found him ready, and he has perpetuated them with imagery drawn from a thousand sources; his inferno really burns with death-fires, his battlefield is the unmistakable valley of the shadow. His book will be the test of literature itself; what can convey the War to the new generation if this does not?

Lt.-Commander Benstead, beginning almost where Mr. Tomlinson ends, makes a difficult and wearisome character the uniting element in his book. That phantom is a pity, for the rest is often of a daring and convincing reality, dramatically pouring forth its terrors and heroisms in the battlefield before our minds. In March, 1918, things happened at a pace and with a tidal force that demand a remarkable intensity from their re-creator. He has not fallen short of it, and out of his pages come the explosive cataracts and irony of situations and wild sleeplessness and shouting voices of those unparalleled days.

It would be difficult to represent either Mr. Tomlinson's sustained and deep-drawn history, or Lieut.-Commander Benstead's episode, by quotations. Mr. Tomlinson, as in his earlier books, creates great harmonies, or urges and compels with laconic phrase and question. There is an admirable reference in his details to the whole work. In an adjective or a verb he brings into view a wide expanse of feeling and possibility. You are, in his prose, at the mercy of a fabled magician; you looked with him at a howitzer, and suddenly, "Giant automata hammered ponderously on the old horizon breaking it up. The earth sparked and flashed under their poundings. They hammered with a violence so rapid that you knew only soulless bodies of steel could be so powerful and tireless, so blind to ruin, so unheeding of the dismay of listeners. You had a dread that evil had been freed. It was beyond control now, leaping huge, malignant, rapine, over cornlands, orchards, and altars, turning the ancient establishment of prudent peace into dust and corruption."

THREE PERSONAL RECORDS OF THE WAR, by R. H. Mottram, John Easton, and Eric Partridge. *Scholartis Press*. 15/-.

THIS well-conceived and admirably produced book sums up, rather than increases, our knowledge of what sensitive men who took part in it felt about the War. To some of us it comes with a shock of surprise to find that Mr. Mottram, who has already written so copiously upon this subject, has been induced to trouble the waters of his memory once more; and, indeed, the result is not altogether happy, for the tiresomeness of having to woo the truth of biographical fact, instead of the truth of imagination, has played ducks and drakes with his literary style. Mr. Mottram the novelist is in no danger of being excelled by Mr. Mottram the personal record writer.

Nevertheless, there is much meat in his contribution, and the moral to which he points us in his last paragraph is one that cannot be advertised too much. "Modern nations," he says, "can only be stampeded or deluded for short and decreasing periods. When they discover for what they have sacrificed their high standards of comfort and liberty, they become ominously resentful. It might be as well not to give them reason to be so."

One cannot doubt that Mr. John Easton and Mr. Eric Partridge would cry Amen to this. Mr. Easton embraces the freedom and the discipline of an artistic form, presenting his personal experience in the third person, as fiction; and the freshness and clarity of his narrative justify the method. Mr. Partridge takes us (from Australia) to Egypt and to France with Private "Frank Honeywood".

G. B.

AN INTRODUCTION TO ITALIAN PAINTING, by Sir Charles Holmes. *Cassell*. 10s. 6d.

ART TREASURES OF THE NATION, by Sir Cecil Harcourt-Smith, C.V.O. (Oxon), D.Litt. *Hutchinson*. 21s. net.

It is possible to doubt, without cynicism, whether half the contestants at Burlington House know what they are fighting to see. Some fight because the pictures are highly insured; others because they were in danger of shipwreck; others because "it's the thing to do"; others because they obey the Press. The remarks to be overheard in the Gallery are sufficient evidence that the appreciation of art is still in a very low state of development in this country and that the number visiting the Exhibition must not bluff us into any false optimism. Art education—not the teaching of "drawing" but of appreciation—is one of our greatest needs.

Sir Charles Holmes, the late Director of the National Gallery, an art-scholar, a critic and a painter, has presented the untrained public with a great opportunity in his *Introduction to Italian Painting*. It is a popular book, elementary, but sound. It is so rare that men of intelligence and real knowledge do try to help the absolute novice, that we would welcome his work with a pran of uncritical trumpets. Now if only the British Public could be persuaded that the appreciation of art must be learnt: that, odd though the idea may seem to them, it is not the beginning and end of what pictures can give us to recognise, with the aid of the catalogue, that this is a Madonna and Child, that a Nativity.

Let them read this little book and they will begin to find shape in that vast conglomeration at Burlington House. They will begin to see that a School is not merely a fortuitous group of individuals who happened to live in the same place; that there is a reason why the works of one artist are different from those of another;

that Italian art is not simply a number of pictures painted by Italians: they will begin, in brief, to understand that to look at the subject of a picture is not even to begin looking at the picture.

Sir Charles writes well, and even those who have some acquaintance with his subject will profit by the refreshment of his admirable summary. Only those who have tried will fully appreciate how difficult it must have been to compress his material, without an effect of sketchiness, into such definite limitations. Nothing vital is omitted; nothing superfluous is allowed. This book is a masterpiece and example of how the expert should present his subject to the inexpert; and in nothing so much as its dignity, a rare quality in elementary introductions, which are usually unsound, vulgar or condescending.

It is a remarkable coincidence that there should appear at the same time another such book, Sir Cecil Harcourt-Smith's *Art Treasures of the Nation*. Let the novice buy this too and he will have a background for his study of Italian art, a general survey of art in all ages and countries, illustrated by examples which he can readily see in the originals. There is no more important aspect of art for the beginner to grasp than its rich variety: only so can he kill the narrow prejudices which, more than anything else perhaps, prevent the development of that catholicity which is an essential to a real understanding. The man who thinks he can appreciate only one manifestation of art, cannot appreciate even that.

We could wish that Sir Cecil had been a little more careful over details. Teniers and Van Dyck were not Dutch, nor was Rubens, about whom there are at least five mis-statements in two pages. Piero della Francesca can hardly be described as a man who brought "the use of oil paints to perfection" (our italics). But we can forgive much to a book that throws so wide a net and is so admirably illustrated.

ANTHONY BERTRAM.

CALVERLEY AND SOME CAMBRIDGE WITS OF THE NINETEENTH-CENTURY, by Richard B. Ince. *Cayme Press Ltd.* 12s. 6d. net.

MR. Richard B. Ince has a pretty wit of his own, even if, as becomes his age—he has surely not left College days very far behind him—he does exercise it on such subjects as organised games, compulsory chapels, Paley's Evidences and Macaulay's lamentable production of the *Lays of Ancient Rome*. (For ourselves we confess to a lingering, though no doubt distinctly elderly, affection for "brave Horatius" and all the rest of them). But all Cambridge men, and many others, will be grateful to him for reviving the memory of Calverley, King of University Wits, and for his delicate portrait studies of Fitzgerald, Monckton-Milnes, John Sterling and Kinglake of *Eothen*. The essays on Fitzgerald and Calverley stand out specially not only by reason of their subjects but by the distinction of their treatment—Fitzgerald, Thackeray's Warrington, the friend of Spedding and Tennyson and Archdeacon Allen (Thackeray's Dobbin), immortal translator of Omar's *Rubáiyát*, which *Fraser's Magazine* refused and Quaritch printed, but had to reduce from 2/6 a copy to 1/- and then finally relegate to the Penny Box, is inimitably drawn by his latest and youngest biographer, and the story of his ill-fated but well-meant union with the lady he saw no other means of providing for, has seldom been narrated with more humorous sympathy.

The essay, too, on Calverley—of whom surely the gods must have been envious, else why did a creature so gifted and so handsome incur a lingering decay from a mere accident in skating?—is a little gem of understanding. Incidentally, Mr. Ince tells of Dr. Jenkyns, Master of Balliol, a story more often connected with a more famous Master, whom Calverley could not have known. But in any case it is an Oxford classic and well deserving of enshrinement in a chronicle of Cambridge wit. Perhaps Monckton-Milnes, the "Cool

of the Evening," as Sydney Smith called him, is a little less successful, and John Sterling seems to be introduced less as a wit on his own account than to allow his biographer to be witty anent Archdeacon Hare and Carlyle. But the little sketch of Kinglake, which concludes the volume, with its incidental picture of Madame Novikoff and the circle at Claridge's, make us hope that Mr. Ince will turn his attention to other personages of mid-Victorian London and give us some more lively personalia.

JANET E. COURTNEY.

THE SOLITARY WARRIOR: *New Letters by Ruskin*. Edited by J. Howard Whitehouse. *Allen & Unwin.* 7s. 6d. net.

THE portrait of Ruskin by Samuel Laurence, hitherto unpublished, and the six drawings by Ruskin himself, which illustrate this volume are perhaps its best justification. There is not much in the Letters themselves to rivet attention. They add little to what we already knew; they illustrate, indeed, Ruskin's gift for friendship, his love of children, his gratitude for affection and solicitude, and the sympathy with which he could enter into another's sorrow, as instanced in his letter to Mrs. Scott on the death of her husband, whose friendship, and that of all the Scott family, he had won during a lecturing visit to Manchester in 1859. There are some sidelights on that tragedy of Ruskin's later life, his ill-fated devotion to the young Irish girl, Rose La Touche, whom he had watched over from childhood and whom he hoped to make his wife, thereby re-creating for himself a happier domestic environment than had resulted from his earlier marriage. But parental opposition, perhaps the great disparity in age, and his Rose's own mental breakdown shattered his hopes and left him "the solitary warrior" against mammon-worship and ugliness that he calls himself in a letter of 1874 addressed to Mrs. Scott.

JANET E. COURTNEY.

ON BOARD THE EMMA, by Alexandre Dumas. Translated and edited by R. S. Garnett. *Benn.* 21s. *Illustrated.*

THE COLOURED COUNTRIES, by Alec Waugh. *Chapman & Hall.* 18s. *Illustrated.*

ABOVE AND BEYOND PALESTINE, by C. E. Hughes. *Benn.* 10s. 6d. *Illustrated.*

THERE is nothing like the enthusiasm of the newly converted, and this week I have been converted to Dumas, an author who had—with shame, I say it—always bored me. To such a devout Alexandrian as Mr. Garnett, the confession will no doubt seem blasphemous; but let bygones be bygones. *The Emma* is a magnificent book, a mighty discovery that overwhelms the heretic and fills his barren heart with the true faith.

The true Alexandrian—as the sect is apparently called—has long worried about the casual appearance of the yacht "Emma" in the opening pages of *Les Garibaldiens*. There she lay by the quayside of Genoa, while her fantastic owner was anxiously awaiting news of Garibaldi's Sicilian campaign, and wondering if he would abandon his projected and advertised tour of Mediterranean civilisation for a little gun-running and excitement in Palermo. But how the "Emma" got to Genoa, where she came from, what events had led to the presence of Dumas, there was no written record to show. 'What the devil was he doing in that galley?' Mr. Garnett has solved the mystery. He has dug up over one hundred-and-fifty pages of rich and authentic Dumas which the publisher of 1861, with one eye on the topicality of the Italian struggle, had suppressed. *Les Garibaldiens* with its remarkable portrait of Garibaldi, was good enough, and it still is the core of Mr. Garnett's book; but I am not sure that the newly discovered pages are not considerably better.

The "Emma" was a respectable and luxurious boat built in Liverpool. She was not the original, romantic craft of Dumas'

dreams. He had imagined a yacht built in Greece for the cheapness and the romantic fitness of the thing, and he commissioned her. Ludicrous annoyances began immediately. If she was built in Greece she could not fly the French flag. He arranged for a Greek flag and then found he must have a Greek captain. Further annoyances, and he changed to the flag of Jerusalem, and then the Greek captain was illegal. Bled by consulates and workmen, and tangled in red-tape, Dumas, in desperation, cut his loss and bought the "Emma", and on her he sailed.

He was received like royalty wherever he called. There were banquets, freedoms, and even firework displays in his honour. The good-natured giant with, incidentally, a scandal on board, was in a rollicking humour. Good stories spout up from the surface of the narrative like whales. There is Alphonse Karr who refused to sell eggs and strawberries to an Empress because she visited his estate with all her suite without being invited; there is Garibaldi and the parrot, which alone of all creatures, dared to interrupt his broodings; and, most revealing of all, there is Dumas' account of his call at the Château D'If, where the concierge who had no idea who he was, informed him that she had known some of the characters of Monte Cristo personally! Dumas asked her about the Comte de Monte Cristo, and she said mysteriously, that only one person knew about him and that person was M. Dumas himself, who was in constant communication with him! *The Emma* is a magnificent find, flashing with the life of a great personality.

After Dumas, it is inevitable that Mr. Alec Waugh should seem thin and tepid, and Mr. Hughes staid. One misses the vitality of the giants. Mr. Waugh seems to have travelled everywhere in the two Indies and the South Seas. How you live, what you drink, and how you like it, if you are a white man living in these blessed climates is his recurrent pre-occupation. In Tahiti he discusses why the white man will at first vow to "sell out" and go

native, and finally, after weeks of too much happiness, clamour again for civilisation. In succeeding chapters Mr. Waugh returns frequently to another pre-occupation: the Englishman's relationship with native women. Mr. Waugh is the kind of traveller who depends on letters of introduction and the English clubs, and when, as in Ceylon, these fail, he is bored. But then, the life of the average British colony is also appallingly dull. However, the novelist in him has done one or two very good pieces of portraiture as, for instance, that of the old planter whom he visited on an isolated estate in Dominica. Mr. Waugh deploys his facts agreeably, is always full of chat, and if the book seems to suffer from a certain fatigue, it is also very readable.

Mr. Hughes has written the story of his experiences with the R.N.A.S. in the near East during the war. He has done faithful accounts of the various seaplane raids in Palestine, and careful, if uninspired, pictures of the Near Eastern scene. While not very exciting as a whole, the book is a very diligent piece of work; and in some of its detail, as in the account of the loss of the seaplane carrier *Ben my Chree*, or in the story of the lost airman—which Kipling thought good enough to be turned into fiction—the book has a neat and satisfying brightness. As a footnote on the aerial side of the Palestine campaign the book has a special value since it was Mr. Hughes himself who was in charge of the official reports.

V. S. PRITCHETT.

CHINA TO CHELSEA, by Captain D. McCallum, M.C. *Ernest Benn, Ltd.* 21s. net.

TURKEY AND SYRIA RE-BORN, by Captain Harold Armstrong. *John Lane.* 15s. net.

THESE two volumes are somewhat similar. Each deals with travel in the East, and each describes visits to Syria and Turkey. But

they are different in that while Captain McCallum is always cheerful, optimistic and charitable, Captain Armstrong inclines to satire. He does not seem to like many of the people and things he saw and he is certainly not unduly impressed by the depths and lengths to which Mustapha Kemal Pasha has been able to carry his nationalistic régime.

Captain McCallum, accompanied by his wife, left Peking in June, 1927, and reached London at the end of the following May, they motored 15,200 miles, besides travelling certain sections of their journey by sea and train and, among other countries, they passed through Indo China, Siam, India, Persia, Iraq, Syria, Turkey and across Europe from Constantinople to Calais. The reader will feel that he has been through each stage of this eventful journey with the author and his companions, he will be obliged to study every word of the book and he will find something lively, comic or interesting in almost every paragraph. One can only hope, therefore, that Captain and Mrs. McCallum will cross another continent or two and give us their renewed and bright impressions about the conditions with which they come into contact.

Captain Armstrong spent many months travelling in Syria and Turkey as a Delegate of the Commission of Assessment of War Damage. He is a very shrewd observer and he has obviously gained a considerable insight into the merits and the reverse of the two Administrations which he studied. The Author rightly thinks that ten Turks could chase a hundred Arabs as wolves chase sheep; he states openly, what most people already suspected, that the French prevented us from attacking the Baghdad Railway near Alexandretta and thus cutting Turkish communications in 1916; and he found that the Turks have shed their religion like an unpleasant load. In short, this rather out-spoken, sarcastic and modern volume contains a great deal that is useful to the student of present-day Eastern affairs.

H. CHARLES WOODS.

GOOD-BYE TO ALL THAT, *An Autobiography* by Robert Graves. *Cape.* 10s. 6d.

Mr. Graves records how at the end of his first term at Oxford, where (after the War) he read English, he attended the usual college board to give an account of himself. "I understand, Mr. Graves," said the gentleman in authority, "that the essays you write for your English tutor are, shall I say, a trifle temperamental. It appears, indeed, that you prefer some authors to others." Mr. Graves does not in so many words ask us to believe that this remark was made without a smile, without a trace of irony; but that is, I think, his implication, and it suggests that the spirit of candour behind his book is not all-pervading. In that respect the passage is not characteristic, for this is indeed an extraordinarily candid autobiography, a sincere attempt to tell the naked truth, and, so far as war experiences are concerned, an attempt more nearly successful than any other I have seen. Mr. Graves not only prefers some authors to others: he prefers some people to others, and he makes no secret of his preferences. Nor does he make pretence of being a very pleasant fellow. Of him it cannot be said, as Earle said of his generalised "childe": "He kisses and loves all, and when the smart of the rod is past, smiles on his beater." His malice is not excessive, and he has not written this book with the object of shocking his aunties: it is simply that he does not trouble to be polite, does not affect universal benevolence, and has turned his back on the gentlemanly convention that there are some things one does not mention. In this last matter he differs from most other chroniclers of the War, perhaps from all other British chroniclers. The others have not spared us the obvious horrors: mud, slaughter, lice, putrefaction, monotony and despair; but few, if any, have mentioned the (unauthorized) killing

of prisoners and the frequency of executions, though all ex-soldiers have discussed these things freely among themselves. Mr. Graves is not the man to leave any cats in the bag: he spills them all with undisguised relish. Here is a characteristic passage, quoted by him from one of his own letters from France:

There has been a dead man lying on the fire-step waiting to be taken down to the cemetery to-night. He was a sanitary-man, killed last night in the open while burying lavatory stuff between our front and support lines. His arm was stretched out and, when he was got in, it was still stiff, so that when they put him on the fire-step his stiff arm stretched right across the trench. His comrades joke as they push it out of the way to get by. 'Out of the light, you old bastard. Do you own this bloody trench?' Or they shake hands with him familiarly. 'Put it there, Billy Boy.' Of course they're [Welsh] miners and accustomed to death. They have a very limited morality, but they keep to it. They will, for instance, rob anyone, of anything, except a man in their own platoon; they will treat every stranger as an enemy until he is proved their friend, and then there is nothing they won't do for him. They are lecherous, the young ones at least, but without the false shame of the English lecher. I had a letter to censor the other day written by a lance-corporal to his wife. He said that the French girls were nice to sleep with, so she musn't worry on his account, but that he far preferred sleeping with her and missed her a great deal.

Mr. Graves was at Charterhouse, and apparently did not greatly enjoy himself there. He was unpopular, because he was "always short of pocket money"; because his clothes "were all wrong"; because he was "prudishly innocent", knowing nothing about "simple sex, let alone the

many refinements of sex constantly referred to in school conversation"; and, most of all, because his middle name betrayed a German descent. This last inconvenience troubled him not only at school but (at intervals) during the War: more than once he was led to believe himself under suspicion on being a spy. In short, during his thirty-three years he has suffered, rather more frequently than most of us have, the pinpricks of minor persecution; and this fact may very simply account for the somewhat conspicuous absence of geniality in the manner of his narrative. His good-bye to all that is more than a little contemptuous. It is none the less an admirable performance—an important historical document full of amusing, horrifying, sensational, and significant matter.

GERALD BULLETT.

THE CAMBRIDGE MEDIEVAL HISTORY. Vol VI. *The Victory of the Papacy.* 50s. net. Cambridge University Press.

EVERY time one closes another volume of the great series of Cambridge Histories, one is impressed by the possibilities thereby given for the education of our political electorate. For if we are not to reduce the modern universal suffrage to a ridiculous farce, the majority vote must be based on some rational basis of communal knowledge; and the only sound basis for a judgment on our present public affairs is a broad understanding of what has happened in the past. To attempt or propose reforms without a history of the disease is as childish as if a doctor prescribed for a patient he had not examined.

In its three stately series of *Ancient, Medieval and Modern History*, the Cambridge University Press has put this necessary knowledge within the reach of

most people who have any consciousness of their electoral responsibilities. One might add that any political party which had a more lofty object than personal or partizan gains, would have sets of these books distributed to all its local election agents' offices; and, further, would make the teaching of the history of England (and of Europe) those election agents' chief business. Then, and then only, our political system will produce results which are worth the electricity and coal bills at the Houses of Parliament.

This new volume is the sixth of the Medieval series and it covers, in the main, that thirteenth-century which was such a vital period in the history of Europe. From the reader's point of view, put at its lowest, it is an exceedingly picturesque story, and it is an ever increasing wonder that such books do not beat dull fiction out of the market. It opens with Pope Innocent III on its first page; and he is a figure that has most of the qualities of the hero in the film romances. "He was a diplomat and an opportunist, ready to seize the immediate advantage, but never losing sight of the goal. He had no hesitation in playing upon discreditable motives; when he could gain by so doing. He was not above inventing situations that did not exist or even telling deliberate falsehoods." When we realize that this person was one of the greatest heads of the Roman Church, we can the better understand some of the amazing dogmas described by Prof. A. H. Thompson in his learned chapter on medieval doctrine to the Lateran Council of 1215. Prof. Turberville's chapter on the heresies and the Inquisition of the Middle Ages, will put the philosophy of intellectual freedom in its proper proportion. To those who are somewhat weary of following the contortions of the theological mind, Prof. Pirenne's brilliant essay on the northern towns and their commerce will be a relief;

and a suggestive hint of a social organisation which might even now save us from some of the catastrophes of modern industrialism. But it is unfair to pick out portions. Let it be said quite crudely, that the reader who will not go through the whole volume must be content to remain half-educated.

G. R. STIRLING TAYLOR.

PREFACES TO SHAKESPEARE, by
Harley Granville-Barker. *Sidgwick & Jackson.* 9s.

In this second series of his invaluable studies in Shakespeare, Mr. Granville-Barker deals with *Romeo and Juliet*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Cymbeline*. The third of these affords him great opportunities for the exercise of his power of clearing up what may be called the scenic confusion in Shakespeare.

It can hardly be necessary to remind any likely reader of these words that the division of *Antony and Cleopatra* into acts and scenes began only with Rowe's edition. The play abounds in brief, and barely localized scenes, on which Dr. Johnson thought the editor or producer might work his will. Pope took the first scene of Rowe's last act and made it the last of the fourth. Since then there has been general but rather uncritical agreement as to the division of this play. But, as Mr. Granville-Barker points out, there is no *dramatically* intended act division in the play. We may suppose that there were breaks in the early performances, but they must have been for mere convenience. And Mr. Granville-Barker does very useful work, alike in vindicating Shakespeare as craftsman for the stage of his day, and in guidance of the modern producer, when he

WANTED RARE BOOKS



Owners desiring to sell privately should communicate with

Mr. Frank Hollings

who has a large clientele of Colonial, European and American purchasers awaiting for first editions of:

KINGSLEY, "Westward Ho!" 3 vols., 1855.
READE, "Never Too Late to Mend," 3 vols., 1858.
READE, "Cloister and the Hearth," 4 vols., 1861.
ELIOT, "Adam Bede," 3 vols., 1859.
COLLINS, "Woman in White," 3 vols., 1860.
COLLINS, "Moonstone," 3 vols., 1868.
TROLLOPE, "Framley Parsonage," 3 vols., 1861.
MEREDITH, "Harry Richmond," 3 vols., 1871.

Generous prices paid for copies in clean, sound condition, and in the original binding. Catalogue of Wanted Books sent post free on request.

FRANK HOLLINGS BOOK SHOP

7 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.2

Established 1890. Phone: Holborn 8104.

A Stimulating Challenge!

AMERICA CONQUERS BRITAIN

by

LUDWELL DENNY

This first and exciting record, from the American point of view, of a fierce economic struggle may prove a timely warning against what is now only a trade war ever breaking out into armed conflict. It is brilliantly but sanely written and its facts are well authenticated.

Large Demy 8vo, 400 pages, 10s. 6d.

ALFRED A. KNOPF LTD. LONDON

exposes the absurdity of intensely localizing scenes which Shakespeare deliberately did not localize. It was not of the whereabouts of the persons of his tragedy that Shakespeare wished us to think; we were meant but to listen without conjecture to the unfolding of a complicated tale and to see the actors, as Elizabethan audiences were wont to see them, often enough in no defined relation to a just suggested background. The problem of the modern producer, as Mr. Granville-Barker sees, is "somehow to provide a staging free from actuality of place."

Antony and Cleopatra contains few soliloquies, and those mostly unimportant; *Hamlet* abounds in them, but they develop idea rather than story; in *Cymbeline*, the soliloquies are often of an artlessness which Mr. Granville-Barker endeavours to ascribe to sophistication but which it seems more reasonable to call crude. He recognizes, however, that the producer of *Cymbeline* has to choose between trust in the audience's credulity and a deliberate showing of his hand with hope of admiration for his virtuosity. There is great acumen in his remark that though the contents of *Cymbeline* may be mongrel, the play has a specific style, which the staging of it must display.

It is quite impossible in a brief notice to do anything like justice to a volume in which some of the greatest of dramas are discussed minutely from the points of view of the scholar, the dramatist, the actor. It is the sustained and often richly rewarded endeavour to recover Shakespeare's stagecraft that makes this book most notable, but it is not for a moment to be supposed that Mr. Granville-Barker has not many criticisms at once shrewd and delicate on the plays as poetry. Few critics have rendered such various service to Shakespeare as he has here done.

T. EARLE WELBY.

A HISTORY OF IBERIAN CIVILIZATION, by J. P. de Oliveira Martins. Translated by Aubrey F. G. Bell. Oxford University Press. 12s. 6d.

This English translation of one of the most noteworthy examples of modern Portuguese literature comes very happily at a time when we are beginning to understand at last both the meaning of history and how history should be written. We have realised, as Dr. G. P. Gooch pointed out at a recent educational conference, that history is the record and interpretation of the life of humanity, not, as he learned it some forty years ago, a string of more or less unrelated occurrences.

Already in 1879, Oliveira Martins gives us the pattern with this history of Iberian civilization, and it is no mere coincidence that a son of the Peninsula should have pointed the way. For history as an art requires just those qualities of controlled passion and "brilliant intuition" (to which Mr. Aubrey Bell pays tribute in an otherwise somewhat supercilious Introduction) which are the patrimony of the Iberian genius; and, moreover, the baneful influence of political nationalism is absent, Catholic Spain never having fitted in properly with the organization of the modern world into national States.

The author classes the ancient Iberians with the Tuaregs, Berbers, and Kopts as part of the Hamite branch of the Semitic family, allowing that the Basques are in the direct line of descent. In historical times Spain has been the battle-ground in the clash of races coming from Europe and Africa respectively, first the Romans and the Carthaginians, then the Visigoths and the Moors. In this conflict the character of the people was forged, gathering its strength from spontaneous national sources rather than from the fibre of ancient traditions, Roman or Teutonic.

RICHARDS

LEONARDO THE FLORENTINE

By
RACHEL ANNAND TAYLOR

Illustrated, Fcap. 4to. 31s. 6d. net

"No one has ever written a book quite like this . . . we feel dazed by so much splendour . . . the most remarkable reconstruction of the Renaissance we have ever read." *Spectator*

ASPECTS OF THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE

By
RACHEL ANNAND TAYLOR

Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. net

"From first to last it vibrates with emotion—the emotion of a sensitive mind living over again the adventures of the human spirit when it awoke from the dreams of the Middle Ages." *The Times*

90 Newman Street, London, W.1

"The originality of the Iberian civilization," writes Martins, "consists precisely in the fact that it seeks, for a genius which is essentially non-European, forms which belong to the social and historical development of the Aryan races of Europe".

Those forms are: (a) a Monarchy which is no overlordship nor Eastern despotism, but "the burning centre in which throbs the life of the whole body of the nation";

(b) a municipal organisation which, though outwardly resting—like the Roman *municipio*—on a basis of legal guarantees, is really but the social nucleus, the *ayuntamiento* (jímáa) peculiar to the Atlas tribes, where the only privileged person is the Marabout, prototype of the priest in Spain; (N.B.—Authentic political organization in Spain proceeds upwards from below).

(c) an aristocracy founded on merit alone; was not the young Pizarro a swineherd, and Cardinal Ximenes a humble friar?

All this forming not a complicated system of checks and balances as in other countries, but a synthesis of collective energy, a "national united democracy" mirrored in the sovereigns of Spain's golden age. To the Romans, Spain owes the very fact of its existence. Without the Roman occupation she might never have emerged from the tribal state. The Visigoths simply took over the administration of the Romans, as they adopted the Christian religion. The Arab invaders, on the other hand—as a matter of fact, the Arabs were only a handful at the head of a Berber army—remained unassimilable, like the Jews, living their life apart. Not until these alien elements were cast out could the steel be tempered and the national unity be a transcendent fact.

For Martins, the causes of Spain's "decadence" were the same as those which made her great in her hour of

THE SECRET POWERS BEHIND REVOLUTION

By
VICOMTE LEON DE PONCINS

Vicomte de Poncins, in this little book of 247 pages, has accumulated evidence which places certain vital facts in an impregnable position, and all who care for historic truth can now reach a new understanding of the perils that menace civilisation and Christianity. The two forces with which he deals are "Grand Orient Freemasonry and Judaism," and he is able to make clear the inspiration of "the immense revolutionary movement" which since the French Revolution has "spread all over the world," with "a much deeper significance than is generally supposed."

This admirable little book gives in convenient form what every British patriot should know by heart and reflect upon.

PRICE 6/- POST FREE

The BOSWELL PRINTING & PUBLISHING CO., LTD.
10 ESSEX STREET, W.C.2

splendour: (1) individualism, i.e. that *hombria* or manly independence, which without the Roman yeast might well have condemned this people, like its Berber cousin, to a permanent anarchy; (2) the Jesuits, as much by their cult of obedience as by their worldliness; and finally (3) the 16th-century conquests paving the way for that commercial activity and utilitarianism which ensured the predominance—for three centuries at least—of the more *terre-à-terre* qualities of the Protestant nations.

Who knows but that, in this age of mechanisation and material values the rôles may not be reversed; and the "profound religious instinct allied with a keen sense of personal independence," which is still the Iberian treasure, may not prove the salvation of humanity.

W. HORSFALL CARTER.

THE PEACE TACTICS OF
NAPOLEON, 1806-1808, by H.
Butterfield. Cambridge University Press.
16s. net.

THIS interesting book, though Napoleon is its central figure, is not concerned with his "peace tactics" alone, but describes also "the postures and moods of the various Powers of Europe, as these were altered by military events." It is, in short, a detailed history of European diplomacy from the collapse of Prussia at Jena to the time when the fourth Coalition was shattered, and Great Britain, as the result of the agreement between Napoleon and Alexander of Russia at Tilsit, found herself isolated in face of a Continent subservient to Napoleon's will.

The book begins with a vivid account of the terror and confusion which followed the battle of Jena, and the dramatic quality thus displayed at the outset is well sustained throughout. This is the more remarkable as Mr. Butterfield makes no attempt to describe military events, a knowledge of which is assumed in the

reader. But he has the art of breathing life into the dry bones of dead diplomacies. His work is the outcome of much fresh research, but he does not yield to the temptation, which leads so many historical scholars astray, of overloading his narrative with quotations; those he gives are well chosen and just sufficient for the purpose they are intended to serve. He succeeds, too, in bringing out the dramatic quality of the story as a contest of wills; for his *dramatis personæ* are not puppets, but men with strongly marked individual characters, and this applies not only to the stars but to the actors of minor parts as well.

The situation, too, was dramatic enough. After the indecisive and bloody battle of Eylau, Napoleon's troops, hungry and grumbling, were scattered in the frozen marshes of Poland, with Russia threatening from the north and Austria as a potential enemy in the south. It was in these circumstances that Napoleon grasped at diplomacy as a weapon of war; and Austria's offer of mediation gave him his chance. With this he kept his enemies in play till he had re-organized his forces and the victory of Friedland placed the game in his hands. The force of his own personality and the impressionable nature of the Russian Emperor did the rest. Alexander, disgusted by the inactivity of the Whig Government in Great Britain, and weary of the importunity and the impracticability of the Prussians, who alternately cringed and blustered, was in a mood to listen to Napoleon's blandishments when he met him on the barge moored in mid-stream of the Niemen at Tilsit, and there consented to barter his dream of being the liberator of Europe for the shadowy vision of sharing with Napoleon the empire of the world.

It is impossible to give here more than this short appreciation of this book which, though in some ways perhaps open to friendly criticism, is an admirable piece of historical writing, on which Mr. Butterfield is to be heartily congratulated.

W. ALISON PHILLIPS.

THE NEW NOVELS

HUDSON RIVER BRACKETED, by
Edith Wharton. *Appleton*. 7s. 6d.
THE LOST CHILD, by Rahel Sanzara.
Gollancz. 7s. 6d.
DON JUAN'S DAUGHTERS, by Irene
Forbes-Mosse. *John Lane*. 7s. 6d.
HIGH SEAS OVER, by F. J. Butler.
Putnam. 7s. 6d.

It is one of the paradoxes of literature that the subject on which the novelist is presumably best informed—the mind and career of a writer—is the subject usually least convincing when presented in fiction. *Hudson River Bracketed*, however, escapes this paradox, for Vance Weston, the young mid-Westerner who thinks *Half-Hours with the Best Authors* the key to learning, yet has the mind and feelings of a true poet, is completely convincing from the moment of his first tragic disillusionment to the moment when success and happiness seem at last about to open before him. Mrs. Wharton has given us a very long, very full, very interesting and absolutely real account of a young writer's struggles to gain a footing in the New York literary world; although the actual number of her characters is not large, she somehow conveys the effect of a crowded and animated scene. Curiously enough, of the two women who influence Weston's life, it is the pitiful little Laura Lou, rather than the sympathetic and intelligent Halo, who makes the deepest impression. *Hudson River Bracketed*—a title, by the way, which though architecturally symbolic of one phase of Weston's development, seems a mistake because it gives no hint of the real scope of the book—does not reach the poignant heights of *The Reef* or *The Mother's Recompense*, but it is a solid and able piece of work.

Lust and cruelty are strange soils for beauty to flower in, but *The Lost Child*, which tells of the murder of a little girl by a farm lad with inherited sadist tendencies, does achieve beauty. I cannot think quite as highly of the book as the German press appears to do, because the relations between

the father and the mother of poor little Anna seem to me obscure and unreal, and their reactions after the disaster unnatural. Moreover, the book is over-long, and artistic unity would have been better served if Fritz's coming to the family on which he brings such sorrow had been less the result of chance. But the grave simplicity of the style, the rich deep beauty of the country background, and the sustained atmosphere of suspense and terror which broods over the book, deserve high praise. The character of Fritz is an extraordinarily powerful and convincing study of the pathology of a pervert. It is a curious subject to have been chosen by the young German actress "Rahel Sanzara" is said to be.

After this rather morbid dish the graceful, ironic fancies of Mrs. Forbes-Mosse (Irene von Arnim) come as a pleasant



HUMPHREY TOULMIN

The Cayme Press Limited
21 Soho Square, London, W.1.

**CALVERLEY AND SOME CAM-
BRIDGE WITS OF THE NINE-
TEENTH CENTURY**

By Richard B. Ince 12s. 6d.

**THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A
BRITISH YARN MERCHANT**

By W. F. M. Weston Webb 10s. 6d.

COLLECTED POEMS

By Ronald Campbell Macfie 7s. 6d.

GLASS HOUSES

By Theodora Benson 7s. 6d.

Shortly

PARIS IN PROFILE

By George Slacombe 12s. 6d.
Illustrated by Olinda

relief. Her method in the three *novellen* translated here is to create an atmosphere by constant digression into delicately observed detail which at the time seems merely charming, but later is seen to have real significance. The title-story is a delicious fantasy about the later life of the personages of Mozart's opera, in which we see Donna Anna, the virtuous Ottavio, the sour Elvira and the rest as they might have appeared in middle age to an observer endowed with an elfish wit and a subtle sense of character. Don Juan's four daughters are the prettiest, airiest little girls imaginable, and it is small wonder Donna Anna takes such a fancy to them. The last story, *The Burden*, is interesting in other ways as well as for its study of the spiritual poison diffused by a mentally deformed boy, for it gives an admirable picture of life in post-war Germany, and contains a portrait of a *nouveau riche* manufacturer which is no less vigorous than comical. All three tales have definite literary quality, and their fantasy is firmly supported by Mrs. Forbes-Mosse's ironic perception of the tragi-comedies of life.

High Seas Over has a world earthquake, of such magnitude as to sink most of the known continents beneath the sea and throw up new land in the middle of the Atlantic, as the basis of its plot; and the amours, fights and curses of its hero are to scale. The six people who are marooned on the summit of Scafell by the rising waters undergo hardships which make them glad to be rescued by Captain Jan; but once aboard his lugger (it is really a brig) and they are his, and they find his discipline very severe. Jan for his part has visions of world power; and two-liners conveniently grounded, one full of starving people, the other of nicely refrigerated stores, give scope to his imperial designs. But alas! under his rule might is to be right just as much as, if not rather more than, before the flood. Mr. Butler's nautical gusto and obvious enjoyment of his own tale, though unable to cover the multitude of his crudities, are in themselves agreeable.

PHYLLIS BENTLEY.

OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE HARDMAN PAPERS, by S. M. Ellis.
(Constable)

THE CARDINAL AND OTHERS, by ffida Wolfe.
(Benn)

MEMORIALS OF GALILEO GALILEI, by J. J. Fahie. (Courier Press)

SORROWS OF YOUNG WERTHER, by Goethe,
trans. by Dr. W. Rose. (Scholartis Press)

THE WORLD CRISIS, by Eli Halevy.
(Clarendon Press)

THE JADE MOUNTAIN, trans. by Witten
Bynner and Kiang Kang Hu. (Knopf)

THE EVOLUTION OF MODERN MARRIAGE,
by F. Muller-Tyler, trans. by I. C.
Wigglesworth. (Allen & Unwin)

JU-JU AND JUSTICE IN NIGERIA, by Frank
Hives. (Lane)

CANADA WEST, by Frederick Niven. (Dent)

MEMORIES OF NINETY YEARS, by H. Munroe
Rogers. (Houghton Mifflin)

MERELY PLAYERS, by Claud Bragdon.
(Knopf)

TWO PLAYS, by Arthur Pinero. (Heinemann)

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF LLOYD GEORGE, by
Sir Charles Mallet. (Benn)

FICTION

CHERI, by Colette. (Gollancz)

THE BROKEN MAGNET, by Brenda Muir
Mackenzie. (Lane)

BEYOND THE SWAMPS, by Robert Tarnacre.
(Lane)

FROZEN SLIPPERS, by C. N. Williamson.
(Chapman & Hall)

THE BRIDGE IS LOVE, by C. A. Nicholson.
(Chapman & Hall)

THE VOYAGE HOME, by Storm Jameson.
(Heinemann)

THE COAT OF MANY COLOURS, by
"Ephesian." (Lane)

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

MARCH 1, 1930.

THE NAVAL CONFERENCE

THE BASIS OF DISCUSSION

BY REAR-ADMIRAL D. ARNOLD-FORSTER, C.M.G.

DURING periods of peace, different schools of thought on technical matters spring up in every navy. So, with the best will in the world, the delegates at the Naval Conference will require considerable time to flog out thoroughly these different points of view.

This article touches upon some such problems that are being discussed, in private if not in public, by the naval delegates, concerning types and standards of various units comprised in modern fleets. Questions concerning the relative strength of these fleets to be maintained in peace, though technical in essence, must be, now as always, largely influenced by political considerations. They will be entered into in another article in this number of the *Fortnightly Review*.

One of the difficulties is that in spite of the experiences of the late war, which was fought under peculiar strategical and political conditions, the real value to-day of several important units of a modern fleet as elements of sea power is not definitely established. Many problems of 1918 were left unsolved by the test of battle. And since that time technical advance in many directions, especially in the air, has modified the practical value of much that was learnt in the war.

In considering what limitations in types might be applied now, it is interesting to note those imposed on Germany by the Treaty of Versailles. The preamble of the Military, Naval and Air Clauses says:—

"In order to render possible the initiation of a general limitation of armaments of all nations, Germany undertakes strictly to observe the military, naval and air clauses which follow."

Naval clauses, *Article 181*, reduced her navy at the time to six battleships of her old *Preussen* type, ships of 13,000 tons, armed with four 11 inch and fourteen 6.7 inch guns; six light cruisers of about 3,000 tons armed with ten 4.1 inch guns; twelve destroyers of about 600 tons; twelve torpedo boats; no submarines.

Article 190 fixed the life of these battleships and cruisers at 20 years, the destroyers and torpedo boats at 15 years, and permits replacement, when due, by armoured ships of 10,000 tons, light cruisers of 6,000 tons, destroyers of 800 tons, and torpedo boats of 200 tons. The construction or acquisition of submarines was forbidden.

The tonnage allowed by the naval experts of the Allies indicated sizes they considered suitable for what might be called purely defensive or sea police duties. And this was done at a time when they had no reason to expect that there would be many years of delay before a drastic general reduction of naval and military armaments would be undertaken.

Germany, left to her own devices, is now replacing her light cruisers by very up-to-date 32 knot vessels of 6,000 tons, armed with nine 6 inch guns in triple turrets. Her old battleships are being replaced by the *Ersatz Preussen* type. These are lightly armoured 10,000 ton light draught 26 knot ships, armed with six 11 inch guns in triple turrets, and costing, it is said, £4,000,000 each. Instead of building small heavily armoured coast defence battleships of moderate speed, Germany has preferred what is really a small battle cruiser type.

Many people have taken for granted that the appearance of these ships upset the standard set for the Washington 10,000 ton cruiser with 8 inch guns. But since they are armed with 11 inch guns, they should for classification purposes count, not as cruisers, but as capital ships, as all existing battle cruisers do. They should eventually come under any agreement made for that class.

The necessity of regarding these miniature battle cruisers as in a higher category than existing Washington cruisers of similar tonnage points to the wisdom of including "size of gun" limiting factors, as well as "tonnage" factors, in any method of classification intended as a basis for international naval limitation. Tonnage, applied to individual units, may be used to influence speed, radius of action, seaworthiness; but gun calibre, within

limits, determines the range at which effective hits can be obtained, and there are occasions when it overshadows all other factors.

It is often said that the size of other weapons—the torpedo, the mine and the bomb, also influences offensive power, and that limits should be applied to them also. If it could be done it would undoubtedly tend to stabilisation in construction and lead to great economies, but unfortunately it is not believed to be practicable as yet. The principle of gun calibre limitation has already been accepted, international limitation of the other weapons has never been discussed.

It may be noticed here that there is great difference of opinion as to the value of battle cruisers. To combine the speed of a big cruiser with the big guns of a battleship means a very expensive ship indeed for her size, and the question is whether the money spent on her is justified. Our own battle cruisers seemed to justify their existence at the Falklands battle, but the United States, France and Italy have never built any. Let loose on the trade routes, a battle cruiser would not necessarily effect more damage than a light cruiser in the same period of time. But since nothing but ships of her own type could bring her to action on the high seas, the period she would be at liberty to raid commerce is likely to be longer, unless, indeed, her career were brought to an early close through the difficulty of replenishing the enormous quantity of fuel she requires to keep at sea.

By piling more armour on to a battle cruiser, she becomes a species of fast battleship. It is not easy to say exactly where one begins or the other ends. So in practice it would be difficult to limit or abolish one without the other.

With regard to cruisers proper, though the numbers required for security is a thorny international question, their technical requirements are comparatively simple. At the close of the eighteenth century, the standard cruising vessel employed on lines of communication in every ocean was the sailing frigate, armed with about 38 guns. Her size was fixed on a standard comparable with the larger trading ships of the day, the armament on a scale sufficient to ensure superiority over any privately owned armed vessels likely to be met with on the high seas. The standard for frigates, evolved through long periods of actual warfare, and which enabled them to fulfil their function of

protecting trade, is equally suitable in determining the standard for modern cruisers employed on similar work.

Having regard to the size of contemporary fast ocean liners and their ability to keep their speed in heavy weather, the Washington standard of 10,000 tons does not seem unduly large for some of the ocean going cruisers of to-day. But actually there are only about 40 merchant ships in the whole world at present with a speed of over 20 knots; ninety per cent. of the world's oversea trade is borne in vessels of under 16 knots, and these ships carry the bulk of the cargoes on the safety of which all maritime nations depend to a greater or less extent. So, as far as seagoing qualities are concerned, most of the defensive patrol and convoy work in connection with ocean trade protection could be carried out by cheaper cruisers of from 6,000 to 8,000 tons, for which a sea speed of 24 to 28 knots should suffice. Still smaller cruisers are needed for service in inland seas and constricted areas, for use with destroyer flotillas, and for submarine hunting.

Experience has shown that even with extra stiffening, 6 inch guns are the largest that can safely be mounted in merchant ships without practically rebuilding them. So, to give the required superiority, an armament of 6 inch guns should suffice for any cruiser; being built for fighting she would outclass any armed merchant ship. However, since many 10,000 ton Washington standard cruisers with 8 inch guns are already in existence, this gun must now be accepted as the biggest cruiser gun, but cruisers armed with it, whether of 10,000 tons or less, must be placed in a higher category than cruisers of similar sizes armed with 6 inch guns. The more heavily gunned cruisers would be employed at important focal points of trade routes where concentrated attack might be expected, also in any areas likely to be raided by similarly armed ships.

A reason suggested in some quarters for the need for 8 inch gun cruisers, is that any great maritime powers could arm a number of big ocean liners with these guns, or even larger ones. But, as pointed out above, this would involve big constructional alterations, and it seems worth considering whether the inclusion of such design in the structure of mercantile ships in peace time could be prohibited by international agreement.

The real technical requirements of the battleship, by which is

implied a heavily armoured ship intended to fight in concentrated squadrons, are more difficult to determine. Some believe their day is over, and that they should have been abolished when the German battle fleet scuppered itself at Scapa; others believe them to be essential, at any rate for some navies, but that their size and power should be reduced by agreement. Very few believe that the standard fixed at Washington for such ships—35,000 tons with 16 inch guns—or anything approaching it—can be justified.

These huge ships are the direct descendants of the sailing line-of-battle ships. Amongst the latter were a few three decked ships with 90 to 100 guns, intended to reinforce critical points in a fleet action, a perfectly feasible idea in those days of short ranges. But the great majority of line-of-battle ships in every navy were the two deckers, mounting about 74 guns. Thus, after long periods of war experience, the normal line-of-battle ship standard of offensive power, measured by weight of metal thrown, remained fixed at roughly double to treble that of the normal frigate. Her size was about 1,800 tons compared to the frigate's 1,000 tons. Their great reputation as units of sea power rested not on their individual strength, but on their employment in highly trained squadrons, by which means the principle of mutual support was applied to the best advantage.

The disparity in offensive power between the modern 35,000 ton battleship with her 16 inch gun, and the 10,000 ton cruiser with 8 inch guns, is infinitely greater than our fighting forefathers considered necessary between their capital and their cruising ships. The fact is the present battleship standard has been reached, not through any assessment of their true function as units of sea power, but through competitive building in the battleship class, regardless of any other.

With the introduction of steam and iron, after a period of freaks of doubtful fighting value, a seaworthy type was evolved which established a new standard to the world for first-class ships. Besides a secondary battery of small calibre guns she carried four big guns of about 12 inch calibre, giving her a reasonable superiority over then existing cruisers. Her displacement of 12,000 to 15,000 tons was great enough to carry the armament and weight of armour considered necessary to make

her fit to lie in a line of battle. No marked competition in raising the standard strength of battleships then existed.

During the early years of this century, improvement in methods of gun control led to the possibility of accurate shooting from the big guns of a battleship at much greater ranges than was possible before—ranges which were far beyond the effective limit of her secondary guns. These ideas were first incorporated in the Dreadnought. She was armed with ten 12 inch guns, the biggest gun at that time; displaced about 18,000 tons, and cost about £2,000,000. She was, and was intended to be, crushingly superior in offensive power to all then existing battleships. In the Dreadnought type all old sound working standards connecting the relative strength of battleships and cruising ships for the first time lost their meaning.

Within a few years 58 ton 12 inch guns were followed by 13.5 inch, 15 inch, then 16 inch 100 ton guns. Projectiles rose from 850 lbs. to 2,000 lbs. weight. Bigger guns meant bigger tonnage. Successive increases led to 35,000 ton ships costing £7,000,000 to build, and about £400,000 per annum to keep in commission. They offer a huge target to bombs and torpedoes, and few dry docks in the world can accommodate them if damaged.

If under modern conditions the true battleship is required at all, she must obviously be armed with a bigger gun than the 8 inch; she must be heavily armoured, so that the power of squadron fighting may be exercised to the utmost; and, to justify her existence, a very much greater proportion of weight than hitherto must be devoted to deck protection against bombs, and to underwater protection against bombs and torpedoes. Taking the pre-Dreadnought 15,000 ton standard as a datum point, and allowing for technical improvements both in material and in propelling machinery for reducing weight, it is reasonable to believe that a seaworthy armoured ship with the necessary qualities, and with big guns restricted to 11 inch calibre, could be designed within a limit of 15,000 tons displacement.

The selection of the 11 inch gun as the maximum is not an arbitrary one. It is known to be an effective heavy gun up to the highest decisive fighting ranges, is big enough to ensure superiority over cruisers armed with 8 inch guns, and is equal to that in the new German ships. Moreover it is questionable whether the provision of heavier modern guns has not already

introduced problems of battleship tactics that are incapable of human solution, and whether their full potential power could ever be utilised in squadron fighting. Anyhow, the smaller the big gun, the greater the economy all round, but whatever standard is chosen, every navy will have it sooner or later.

A tonnage limit for battleships as low as 10,000 tons has been suggested. But if heavily armoured ships, able to go anywhere, with big guns for squadron fighting, are wanted, they must be seaworthy, and, judging by early pre-war types, and the weights to be carried, nothing much smaller than 15,000 tons would do. 10,000 ton heavily armoured ships with big guns might, however, be useful individually for coastal operations, and for stiffening the mobile defences in focal trade route areas in restricted zones.

So long as any hostile power maintains an efficient seagoing battle fleet, no great maritime State that is liable to certain and quick starvation or ruin if outside supplies are cut off, or that feels itself to be specially inviting, by reason of geographical and military conditions, to powerful oversea invasion, at home or abroad, can neglect to provide itself with a reasonable force of battleships of equivalent type; unless indeed, its naval experts are confident that submarines and aircraft can take their place.

But what would be the position for such navies supposing *all* seagoing battleships of over 10,000 tons were abolished by agreement? One result would be that a certain number of cruisers and small craft permanently attached to the battle fleets would be released for other purposes. Where security in home waters has hitherto been ensured by a seagoing battle fleet, additional cruisers must perhaps be called in for the purpose, thereby partly denuding the oversea patrols and convoys. In the event of concentrated attack by cruisers and light craft, with a view either to military invasion, or to holding up vital seagoing trade near its home ports, the question for each naval power is—Could 10,000 ton warships, well supported by submarines and aircraft, provide strong and reliable enough backing to their own small cruisers and light craft to ensure security?

With regard to submarines, many suspect that the case for their abolition rests solely on a desire to add to the value of surface warships. But the torpedo-carrying aircraft is now as serious a menace as the submarine to all surface vessels, and its abolition would not affect the need for improved underwater

protection against torpedoes. The case for abolition rests much more on the decreasing effectiveness of submarines as fighting units. They have continued to develop since the war, but owing to improved methods of detecting them under water they have to a great degree lost their original power of surprise. The art of hunting submarines is becoming one of the most interesting peacetime practices, and is likely to become more effective with the increasing efficiency of aircraft.

In recent years big submarines of 2,000 to 3,000 tons, carrying many torpedoes, and with guns like small cruisers, have been built for various navies. But these submarine monsters have naval critics even in countries most committed to them. It is asked whether the qualities of a mediocre cruiser on the surface have not been obtained at the expense of the special virtue of earlier submarines—invisibility under water,—especially in clear water like the Mediterranean, where aircraft can often see well below the surface.

In most navies the submarine is relied upon to play an important part in the control of narrow waters. And in the absence of a fleet it is regarded as a valuable contribution to the problem of naval defence in overseas territories. If nothing could take its place for local defence the case for abolition would be weak. But with the certain improvement of aircraft during the next few years, it is reasonable to expect that bomb-carrying and torpedo-carrying aircraft, working from shore bases and co-operating with fast surface vessels, could take over much of this work, do it more economically, and possibly more efficiently.

Though warships are less vulnerable than they were to under-water attack, merchant ships are as vulnerable as ever, and this is a point that concerns every maritime nation. It seems probable that if the rules included in the annex to the Washington Treaty, regulating the conduct of submarines with regard to their operations against shipping, were generally agreed to and strictly enforced as International Law, one of the chief incentives, to some nations, for the employment of submarines would disappear. At any rate submarines would then be confined more strictly to their original rôle against warships. But for many reasons, seamen of most nations would like to see them abolished altogether, provided security can be attained without them.

Naval aircraft carriers have generally been regarded as auxiliaries to a fleet, for aerial attack, defence, and reconnaissance work. But the possibility of using them at focal points of trade routes for air attack on merchant shipping cannot be disregarded at the Conference. And the fact that there is a tendency for ocean liners to carry aircraft for mail purposes points to the need for attention to this new possible air menace in war to floating trade. There is perhaps a tendency to adopt the policy of the ostrich in this direction.

Thus, sound technical limiting factors can be found both for cruisers and battleships, based on their respective functions. Smaller, but reasonably bomb- and torpedo-proof battleships, though economical to maintain, would be expensive vessels for their size to build, and the process of changing from one type to the other would have to be gradual. If battleships are abolished altogether great economies would ultimately result, even if additional cruisers are allowed to replace them. Submarines, though still useful weapons of war, are becoming less effective in relation to other units. Ton for ton, they are the most expensive vessels in the world, their cost of upkeep is high, and their effective life short. Their abolition would result in corresponding economies in the expensive anti-submarine organisations now so essential. If battleships go, any reason for the retention of submarines by small navies seems to disappear.

Traditional national policy must colour their points of view. But the fact that any decisions made now will be reviewed again in six years time should relieve the experts at the Conference of much anxiety when committing themselves to reductions in existing naval standards.

THE NAVAL CONFERENCE

THE POLITICAL BYWAYS

BY NAUTICUS

WRITING before the end of February, it is difficult to make any review of what the Naval Conference has so far accomplished, for decisions are still wanting. But the direction in which affairs are moving can be noted, and can be regarded only with feelings of profound uneasiness. Security, or a "feeling of security", and the alleviation of that burden of armaments which had been supposed to be the chief objects of this great assemblage, seem as far as ever from attainment.

For in spite of the unimpeachable sentiments expressed by the leading delegates at the opening ceremonies of the Conference, of their unanimous desire for a bettering of the world's condition; in practice, working towards that end, the delegations have not been actuated by a common aim. As to the most important of all the factors affecting their problem—by what is the national strength at sea of a country governed?—they hold no common view. According to one group of powers—France, Italy and Japan—naval strength is governed by the need for security: each with perfect logic, desires to obtain such sea armaments as will give it what it considers a reasonable degree of security against that danger to which it believes its national interests may be exposed.

The United States, on the other hand, bases its needs upon a totally different conception. Her geographical and political situation is different. America asserts her needs in terms of the size of the Navy of the British Empire, wholly irrespective of whether her needs and those of the British Empire have any resemblance to each other, or whether the British Empire constitutes any danger, in the highly improbable circumstances of a dispute that could not be settled without resort to force, to her or her interests.

THE POLITICAL BYWAYS

299

Finally, to conclude this tale of differences, the present Government of Great Britain takes a third and, a very original, view. It frankly abandons any intention of furnishing naval forces adequate to give it security if the need for such security should arise. It deliberately proposes a force below that which it knows would be needed. As a writer in the *Times* recently said, its action is like that of a man who, accepting the possibility of his house being on fire, builds a fire escape; but thinking the fire improbable, does not make it long enough to reach the ground: and in so doing believes that he is avoiding a waste of money.

There then, to begin with, we find causes for apprehension, reasons for slow progress, and for a process of approach to the problem which is as unlike that normally observed in an investigation as anything can be. For here are three totally distinct and vitally different standpoints as to the final aim of those armaments whose size is the subject for solution. There is a group which thinks armaments should be adequate, and no more than adequate, for security: another which thinks its armaments must be more than adequate; and a third which thinks inadequacy is sufficient. How can any bodies or delegates come to an agreement when their aims are so radically different?

The result is seen in the working. The first group stands resolutely upon the possession of certain quantities and forms of force. Anxious as each is—and of this anxiety on their part there can be no question—to obtain the security it desires at the least cost; neither can, in conformity with logic, make reductions below a certain assigned level as regards numbers. But there are not wanting indications that they would be agreeable to reductions in size. Here, however, it would appear that they come into conflict with the views of at least a large and influential body of opinion both in the United States and in England: though more particularly in the former, by whom the size of the greater ships is not regarded as a subject coming within the scope of the Conference's terms of reference. In a recent broadcast one representative is reported* to have asserted that the problems recognised for discussion were confined to parity, the limitation of the number of cruisers, destroyers and submarines, the reduction of replacement programmes, and delay in construction. Limitation is to be confined to those categories—in

* *Le Figaro*, February 8th.

the new vocabulary of terms—not included in the Washington Treaty of 1922: that is, cruisers, submarines and destroyers. If this attitude be maintained we have a grievous obstacle to economy. Any discussion of reduction in the size of the battleship, the cruiser, and the aircraft carrier, whose cost contributes most of all to the expenditure, is ruled out. Yet the necessity for ships of the size of which these ships now are, since the Washington Conference, has never yet been demonstrated. The needs, it will be seen, of the United States are dictated solely by the one word "parity", not by security. And these terms are not, as some would have us believe, synonymous.

To return to the British view—or, to put it with greater accuracy, the view of the British Government of to-day. It is not easy to distinguish, in the fog of phrases and sentiments, any clear guiding principle. The Prime Minister has stated* that reduction is rendered possible owing to the improbability of war since the signature of the Pact of Paris. But we are still left in the air as to what governs that eventual strength which in spite of the Pact of Paris, it is still intended to maintain. To all appearances the strength of that remaining force is determined by the wish for agreement with the United States, since it has been with the United States that the discussions as to cruiser forces have been conducted. We, indeed, told that the reduction to the figure of fifty cruisers, is dependent upon agreement being reached in the limitation of other Powers. But when we see the proposals made by those Powers, and recollect that the basis of their policy is security, the prospects of a limitation being reached which would furnish the Empire with security are very remote.

The limitations are to extend only for the duration of the Treaty: at its conclusion the case can therefore presumably be reviewed. But what, in practical politics, are the probabilities, even if the forces then should be incontrovertibly proved to be inadequate, and the political horizon less clear than it is to-day, that an increase would become possible? Should we not immediately be met with protests from the Power which makes parity its policy? Perfectly satisfied with a strength which makes it secure, nothing but resentment would result from being obliged, in the name of parity, to increase its forces. It is idle to think that we shall be able to return to a position of security. What

* *Times*, February 14th.

is signed to-day will bind us, whatever qualifications may be introduced to gild the pill and make it acceptable to the people.

The proposition that in a time of prospective peace, armaments may justifiably be reduced is true to a point. This qualification, however, must not be lost sight of: that if conditions change, such armaments must be capable of being brought into use, *in time* to be of use. Navies cannot spring into being in obedience to a wave of a wand.

No reasoned method of approach to the study of the problems involved is possible while those differences of outlook exist. Since no one is in agreement as to whether the principle governing the strength of navies is security, the improbability of war, or parity, it is impossible to discuss whether the size of fleets should be measured by the inclusive (called usually by the French word *global*) tonnage or by categories.

No one can have failed to observe a marked and important discrepancy in opinions concerning the size of the battleships. The United States are anxious to retain the figure at 35,000 tons, even to replace some existing, and still perfectly serviceable ships by new vessels of that size. The British Government has proposed to reduce the tonnage to 25,000 tons, although ten years ago we were assured that nothing less than 35,000 tons was sufficient. The French Government speaks of "between 20,000 and 25,000 tons". We have yet to learn whether any serious discussions of the need for ships of any of these sizes has taken place. That there are other views is shown by the remarks in another article in this number of the *Fortnightly Review* in which a British Admiral advances the opinion that 15,000 tons is sufficient: and, as he shows, there is also a body of opinion which estimates that a lower figure still could be adopted. This last indeed seems to receive some confirmation from the existence of the *Ersatz Preussen* to which Admiral Arnold-Forster refers—a ship of 10,000 tons. In what manner, one asks, is that ship incapable of performing the duties which fall to a battleship? Has she not guns as large as many ships which fought in the war? and ability to keep the sea which distinguishes her from a mere coast defence vessel? If there be a true desire for, and a determination to obtain, economy in armaments, investigation of this question, which so deeply affects the cost of navies, should form one of the first labours of a Conference.

In a similar manner it appears to have been accepted as a law of nature, that there must be cruisers of 10,000 tons; and the British Government proposes to equip itself with a certain number of vessels of about half that tonnage. Yet if these smaller vessels are, as we are bound to presume them to be, large enough to make those voyages and perform those duties which fall to cruisers, why is it necessary to have these larger ships? Do they make longer voyages? We are given to understand that some Powers require ships of greater endurance than Britain, whose territories, scattered about the world, afford harbours, like stepping stones for their progress. But is all this discrepant 4,000 tons or so necessary for the provision of fuel or food for these longer voyages? And are, in reality, these voyages so much longer than those which British cruisers may have to make in war? It is as far from the Argentine to the nearest defended British fuelling port as it is from Vancouver to Hong Kong. These thoughts make one ask, whether the size of these ships, like that of their larger brethren, is going to form a subject for discussion: and to feel that a settlement of tonnage categories is premature, if not supererogatory, in the absence of this obvious preliminary.

The manner in which the numerical strength appears to be in process of determination is no less disconcerting. It would appear that the British quota of cruisers has been calculated purely upon the basis of that novel doctrine, the One Power Standard with the United States. Weighty as are the reasons given by Admiral Sir Reginald Custance, whose authority is acknowledged by all who have studied these great questions, they are rendered weightier still by the results which follow from the application of that Standard. The Conversations between the British and American chiefs appear to have materialised into an understanding that the former shall have some fifteen, the latter some eighteen, of the large cruiser class: irrespective altogether of what the other maritime Powers, who, as we have seen, base their demands upon their estimate of security, may desire. We cannot imagine that it is seriously contemplated to attempt to dictate to those nations, though a French paper remarked lately "*La domination anglo-saxonne se fait durement sentir*". But if their demands are to be met, each of these powers will have within a small margin of the strength of this Empire in this

important class of ship. It calls for no special nautical knowledge or science to perceive the impossibility of protecting a scattered mass of shipping passing through comparatively restricted areas of ocean and sea, on the littoral of which are the bases of other Powers, with a body of fifteen ships against a force of approximately the same number which has nothing to defend. Each convoy, if convoy is the system employed, needs defence: and if trade and other movements are to continue, those convoys must be numerous. This stream of clusters of ships will be passing continually across the sea, and arriving at, or passing through at frequent and short intervals, several danger areas. While in those areas, the ships are in need of defence against attack in whatever strength or form it may be delivered. It is not difficult to visualise where "danger areas" would exist when heavy cruisers instead of submarines are the attackers; ships capable of steaming at high speeds for distances measured in several thousand miles. The smaller cruisers would afford no defence against these powerful ships: we should suffer only a succession of Coronels if they should meet those "defensive" vessels.

Such, it can only be concluded, is the direct result of estimating British needs upon the basis of the needs of the United States; of the One Power Standard in its present interpretation. Thus Admiral Custance's opinion receives the fullest confirmation when tested in the light of the translations of the policy into its practical results. It is indeed difficult to discover the logic of a policy which consists in measuring strength by the strength of a Power, war with whom it is declared with a wealth of emphasis, is not within the region of practical possibility.

The British Government remarks in its Memorandum that in determining its naval strength, the chances of war breaking out must be estimated "because unless this is done fleets will be built which will never be of any use . . . and will at best be a waste of national resources." This, however, while it may furnish a reason for having a fleet at all, or having none, affords no guidance whatever as to what the size the fleet, if one there is to be, shall be. The fact of the existence of a fleet presupposes the possibility of war or nothing else. The possibility being thus by hypothesis admitted, it follows that if that deplorable catastrophe should occur, the fleet which, in the Government's

THE NAVAL CONFERENCE AND AFTER

By AUGUR

PART Five of the Treaty of Peace, signed at Versailles, deals with the restrictions accepted by Germany for her naval, military and air armaments. The preamble to this important Part is in one sentence :

In order to render possible the initiation of a general limitation of the armaments of all nations, Germany undertakes strictly to observe the military, naval and air clauses which follow.

This means that the reduction of armaments by Germany is prescribed not only as a punitive measure, but also, and chiefly, as a step towards the general disarmament to which the signatories of the Treaty are committed. The present activities of the League of Nations are the outcome of this moral commitment and have for their object the bringing about at Geneva of an international Congress for disarming the world. The British Government on several occasions has declared that the Five-Power Conference in London is but an auxiliary of the Preparatory Commission of the League. Mr. Henderson stated this in his speech at the Anglo-French banquet on December 12th, and practically the identical statement was repeated by Mr. Macdonald in the House of Commons this year. It is known that Mr. Macdonald recognises the existence of a close interdependence between the questions of armaments on sea and on land. With reason, therefore, the present assembly in St. James's Palace can be looked upon as a link in a chain of events, the end of which is still out of sight.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Macdonald, as the chief convener of the Conference, has not known how to build it up around an idea, large enough to grip public attention. The relatively small space allotted by the press to the proceedings at the Conference is symptomatic. Even the revelation of the American proposal to establish parity with Great Britain by building a new giant ship did not break through the indifference of the British people. It is true that the nation is busy with important

domestic problems, such as unemployment at home and relations within the Empire. Also, so far as Great Britain is concerned, Mr. Snowden has knocked the bottom out of Mr. Macdonald's bargaining by his declaration that—Conference or no Conference—rigid economy would have to be practised in respect of the building of ships. It is also true that many people look upon the calling of the meeting in London as a bid by the Government to win in the field of foreign politics a success which has been denied to them at home by the economic crisis. News about difficulties at the Conference fails to impress those who hold the cynical view that a satisfactory result is assured, because, first—Mr. Macdonald needs a personal success very badly; second—Mr. Hoover needs it too; and third—France, provided that her essential interests do not suffer, is willing to give the advantage they crave to the President and to the Prime-Minister. Some sceptics go further and say that anyway the Conference will not break down, because nowadays it is easier to compromise than to depart. They pin their faith to M. Briand's well-known talent for devising a formula which leaves every member of an international assembly with the tingling sensation of having achieved a personal triumph. Still it would be a mistake not to watch the Conference closely, especially in its bearing upon future developments at Geneva in respect of the problem of disarmament.

We use the word "disarmament". It would be better to use the word "armament", because it is clear that the London Conference cannot effect a real reduction of the national fleets. On the contrary, these latter, as a result of its deliberations, may become stronger. The Washington Conference in 1922 brought into being the large cruiser of ten thousand tons with its heavy guns. It looks as if the London Conference in 1930 will give us a battleship of twenty-five thousand tons, superior in speed and gun-power to the present type of thirty-five thousand tons. The new German "pocket" battleship has revealed wonderful possibilities to the Admiralties of the great Naval Powers, possibilities which the latter are anxious to experiment with for themselves. Mr. Macdonald's original intention—his words were certainly sincere—was to bring about a real reduction of the battle fleets, not only to scrap old vessels. In this

he was frustrated, first by the French, who did not share his views on the submarine, and then by the Americans who prevented him from opening the Conference with a plea for the drastic reduction of capital ships. Disturbed in his stride, Mr. Macdonald was unable to regain his composure. He committed the mistake of letting the Conference come together without the preparation of a definite agenda of questions to be submitted to its consideration. The first weeks in London were employed solely with the establishment of an agenda of sorts which would permit of orderly discussion. Deprived of an ideal, the Conference has merely meandered along. The question of reductions has been allowed to recede into the background. Great Britain and the United States demand a tonnage of one million two hundred thousand tons each, Japan is barely content with seventy per cent. of this figure, France puts her needs as high as nearly seven hundred and fifty thousand tons, and Italy claims the right in principle to build up to the French level. Ways and means are being patiently sought to allow the Powers to get rid of their useless ships, and to avoid building ships of a type too expensive or obsolete. At the best the Conference will result in an agreement for a suspension of further building of capital ships. But care will be taken not to close the door against technical improvements in the future. If the Americans, for example, have a new 6 in. gun, better than the present 8 in. one, they must have every facility for using it in all classes of vessels.

A horse ridden to death is the parity issue: parity between Great Britain and the United States; parity between France and Italy. Surely in practice the thing cannot be accomplished, if, for no other reason, than because seamanship and man power cannot be measured out in equal doses. Between Great Britain and the United States parity is a word which stands for the desire of the Americans to deprive the British of a long-established supremacy. In the case of France and Italy, the Italian demand for parity, apart from its being a question of national dignity, is a clever move for a better position before claiming political advantage elsewhere. Generally speaking the demand for parity is a polite way of asking a stronger nation to step down to the level of a weaker one. Indirectly, of course, the cause of disarmament may profit by these tactics, but it would be a delusion to think that they are necessarily and always prompted

by the sheer love of peace. To serve the cause of the latter it would be useful to reduce considerably the amount of hypocrisy, floating about in international relations. Even more desirable is it for governments and peoples to cease practising hypocrisy towards themselves. The time has come to give things their true name, for in the near future the problem of disarmament will be raised in its entirety, when Germany, as is her right under the Versailles Treaty, will ask that steps should be taken to carry out the promised limitation of armed forces by all nations. True, Germany may be told that Europe cannot disarm fully, so long as in Berlin there is hesitation in recognising implicitly the frontier with Poland, and, especially, so long as the menace of the Red armies of Moscow overhangs the peace of the continent. Nevertheless it is well for the Allies in the Great War to be prepared by having an agreement among themselves as to the course they will follow at Geneva this autumn.

Deprived of the frills of hypocrisy the British position, bluntly, is as follows. Great Britain and the United States of North America compete for the leadership. Recourse to war, as a method of deciding the issue, has been recognised as impracticable, but there are other means of carrying on competition between nations whilst fraternal protestations of unending friendship are being exchanged on both sides. The British Empire is going through a period of reconstruction, and Great Britain, weakened by her temporary difficulties, cannot afford the luxury of neglecting any factor, likely to add to her strength. The background—perhaps we should say the *hinterland*—furnished by Europe cannot, therefore, be refused. But experience shows that the surest, and certainly the most practical, way of securing the backing of Europe is by an agreement with the French. So the Entente with France becomes a question of commonsense, not of sentiment. For this reason, and against his personal inclination, Mr. Macdonald is obliged to count with the French request for the recognition of the interdependence of armaments on land and on sea. That is to say, he cannot go to Geneva free from commitments in respect of military disarmament. The tonnage demanded in the French Memorandum, presented to the Conference, cannot be materially reduced unless Mr. Macdonald formally acknowledges the interdependence mentioned, or gives favourable consideration to the

French alternative of a Mediterranean Pact. The idea of such a Pact, rejected before the Conference met, remains a live issue still. It would be surprising if it did not come up for discussion, even if only in private conversation among the principal delegates. It should be remembered that Great Britain's chief difficulty at the Conference is not at all the need of getting over a possible divergence of views with France on the question of tonnage, but the more urgent need of avoiding being used as a screen, or as a confederate by either side in the contrast which exists between the Americans and the Japanese. A slight acquaintance with the mentality of the Americans reveals the fact that the question of parity with Great Britain is to them secondary to the need of forestalling an alleged Japanese menace in the Pacific. In 1920, to please the Americans, Great Britain antagonised Japan by renouncing an old alliance. In 1930 it is a British interest to avoid taking sides in any Japanese-American controversy about the strength of battlefleets.

One point more is worth mentioning. The Italian demand for parity with France as a question of national dignity has been shelved, but it will come up before the Conference can complete its work. The Italian delegation takes part in the discussion of technical points with the reservation that its final assent to the resolution passed will be conditional on the recognition of the principle of parity. The indications are that the Italians will persist in this attitude until the end, so that they still may be at liberty to withdraw from the Conference without subscribing to its decisions. Knowing the extent to which Signor Mussolini has committed himself on this point, the possibility of such an event has to be admitted. Not that it would prevent the other Powers from completing their agreement in regard to a naval holiday, or in the determination of new types of ships of war. In any case, whatever the final outcome, it is well to remember the fact that the present Conference is but an intermediate step towards the final goal of disarmament, a goal which can be attained only in a Congress held under the auspices of the League of Nations.

THE TASK OF THE PUBLISHER'S READER

BY FRANK SWINNERTON

MOST men and women for some reason regard themselves as good judges of what they read. They are not content with the justifiable expression of personal preference; they say, instead, dogmatically, "Such-and-such a book is GOOD" or "Such-and-such a book is BAD". The habit is almost universal; and the only distinction between readers less and more literate is that the more literate are apt to give entirely specious quasi-æsthetic reasons for their likings and dislikings. Literateness is thus a snare. It leads some of the more ardent spirits into that mess which is known as book-reviewing; while for those in whom self-confidence has yet to be tempered by any experience at all it offers the lure of the publishing trade itself.

Ever since the War, accordingly, when publishing became a genteel profession, publishers have received innumerable applications from young men and young women who have sought leave to advise them as to the kind of books they should publish. The applicants have all claimed a wide knowledge of modern literature. They have all claimed to have a great interest in books and authors. They have not felt any doubt as to their advisory faculty. But not one of them, as far as my information goes, has professed to know anything whatever about publishing. Fatal error! For it shows extreme ignorance, and even unconscious impudence, upon the part of any applicant, to offer to decide, without practical experience of sales, costs, and the many considerations which must influence a publisher, what books should or should not be marketed. A love of books is by no means a sufficient preparation for the "reader's" task. Nor is an unlimited self-confidence.

The really good professional "reader" is a rare type. He

"may not as unvalu'd persons do,
Carve for himself, for on his choice depends
The safety and the health of the whole state;
And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding of that body
Whereof he is the head."

THE TASK OF THE PUBLISHER'S READER 311

Even the celebrated Doctor Johnson himself, after discussing with Boswell "the uncertainty of profit with which authours and booksellers engage in the publication of literary works", was forced by candour to add: "My judgement I have found is no certain rule as to the sale of a book."

That is to say, publishing is a business in which, from the publisher's point of view, the most important feature is the efficient selling of books to diverse and incalculable sections of the general public. As a consequence the professional reader's task is very different from that of the reviewer, and much less simple than that of the reviewer. The reviewer (in theory at least) is unaffected by any consideration but that of his responsibility for an impartial judgment. Some reviewers, it is true, are propagandists; and others are less scrupulous than they should be. They cannot always choose the books about which they are to write, and it occasionally happens that they take a dislike to an author from the first page of his book, or that they take a liking to him at a dinner-party, and in either case are thereafter unable to judge his work with moderation. This sort of thing is called "human nature", and one cannot deny, after experience, that the reviewer's attitude to what may be called the raw material of his craft is often very human indeed. Hence the vagaries of printed criticism.

But the publishers' reader must have no vagaries. His prejudices must all be sunk when he takes up a manuscript. A dislike of the author must not influence him. Neither may he allow himself the satisfaction of refusing a book which attacks his idols. He must not have idols, in fact. He must combine enthusiasm with calm; caution with boldness. He must be patient, wary, shrewd; he must know something upon every subject; he must be acquainted with all literatures, and, preferably, with several languages. He must understand the book trade, must have a very easy familiarity with the work of all living authors, so that he knows how they are "ranked" by critics and how they are "rated" by the libraries. He must himself be a critic able to appreciate both the unfamiliar and the conventional. And he must never make a mistake.

He is expected to mark down a best-seller at sight, and to distinguish between work that is immature through excess of genius and work that is crude through congenital incapacity.

He is to be a hack and an explorer, the brains of a publishing business and the anonymous and frequently ill-paid servant of his employers. At all times, in all circumstances, he should have his stethoscope pressed close to the heart of the public, so as to know when that heart jumps a beat. If it jumps a beat, or if the beat quickens or slackens, a change in literary fashion is imminent, and the professional reader must be ready to anticipate any change of fashion, and ready to discount mere fluctuations of pulse.

He must have the power to submit a clear and accurate *précis* of the book he has just read, and the skill to make his verdict upon that book convincing to any mind, however acute, however wandering. If his employer is a good publisher, the report must be such—supposing the book to have any quality at all—as to catch the publisher's attention; if his employer is a bad publisher, even greater finesse is required. The reader does not authoritatively decide; he suggests a decision. The responsibility for a rejection is usually his: the responsibility for an acceptance will depend upon the ultimate success or failure of the book. The publisher takes all credit for a success; in the case of a failure he often calls for the reperusal of the report upon which acceptance was based. The report is likewise reperused if a rejected book achieves success in other hands. For any of these events the publishers' reader must be prepared. He must be the true philosopher.

Of course, I am speaking of the ideal publisher's reader. But the ordinary, average publisher's reader, however young he may be, and however naturally impatient of all that does not conform to the views of his set, must possess a number of the qualifications I have indicated. In the course of his day's work he will have to deal with a great variety of manuscripts. They will probably be presented to him in a morning pile, of which the topmost item may be a crime story, translated, from Austria, while the second is an essay upon the life and times of Clovis. There may follow a domestic novel by somebody who has not gone to the expense of having her work typed, and whose preference is for green ink and green ribbons. Manuscript four, perhaps, is another novel, but this time by a writer whose name is familiar. No. 5 is a poetic drama; No. 6 a particularly grimy-looking typescript (again fiction); No. 7 a very smart affair, fresh from the

typist (still fiction). A book of travel, some poems, a half-dozen more novels—the pile quickly mounts, for the proportion of authors and would-be authors to the mass of population is in this country very high.

It will be seen at once that the *number* of typescripts is in itself formidable. It is. At the outside, the reader will find about five per cent. of the unsolicited books worth a second opinion; not more than one per cent. will be accepted for publication by his firm. Why? Let us take that short list of the books which I mentioned just now as possibly arriving simultaneously. The Austrian crime novel, for example: is it of any use? No matter whether the reader abhors crime novels or loves them. He has not to spend his day in relishing the intricacies of a plot; and he must refrain from flinging the book aside with a sneer. His reading is applied reading. He must be the natural man, the critic, and the commercial gentleman, one by one and all together. The book, let us say, is written in a manner not altogether easy for English minds to follow. The police system described is peculiar. The author's attitude to various matters is Continental. But the crime is thorough-going; the mystery does at first attract the reader's mind. He is not excited, but he can imagine that those who are less sophisticated than himself might be excited. Is the book good enough, bad enough, too good, too slow, too improbable? Has the translator rendered essential terms accurately? Has he, as translators generally do, skipped the difficult passages? The book presents a dozen problems. It may take a morning to solve them all; it should take not more than an hour, reading included. In addition to his other characteristics, the reader should be swift of eye and judgment; but he must know all about a book he reports upon.

The Life and Times of Clovis is the next typescript he finds in his pile. It is a long work. Just how original is it? Who is the author? What has he done before? The reader takes the script in his hand. It has a mouldy smell; parts of it are in handwriting; the rest has been typed at different times by different kinds of typewriting machines. The first impression, therefore, is bad. The book is probably a compilation. The author's preface, very spidery in handwriting, is difficult to read. Perhaps the whole thing has been written at the British Museum by somebody in red mittens? No, the spideriness of the writing

is no guide at all. The author has a style. He refers to his study of such authorities as there are. The book is better than it looks at first sight. It must be examined with some care. If, after consideration, the reader thinks there may be a chance for such a book, he may suggest that the typescript should be submitted to a scholar. He will have to know what scholar. On the other hand, as he reads, his instinct may tell him that the book will not do. He will read on a little farther; he will glance through the remaining pages; he may continue reading for a time with slow patience. Although no expert upon this period of history, he has those essentials of good judgment—taste and experience—to guide him. Typescript No. 2 will be dealt with.

The green manuscript of the domestic novel will not long detain the reader. He will study it for a time, will observe its naïvetés, smile, flick through the pages, recognise the aged plot and situations; and will then write his brief report, doing thereby no injustice at all to the author, who, nevertheless, would be indignant if she could see how her script is treated.

The fourth manuscript, it will be remembered, is the work of a writer whose name is familiar. This book is a test of the reader's experience. At a glance, he will know whether the writer's previous work has had any value. He will recall the name of the publishers of the earlier books. He will note that the typescript has a slightly travelled appearance. In fact, failure will be written upon the typescript. The bad reader will take in all these obvious details, and will be prejudiced; the good reader, while knowing all that is to be known about the externals of the script, will treat the book as virgin. He will know that on the whole a publisher will rather risk money upon an entirely new author than upon one who has tried and failed. He will bear in mind all the possibilities which may have led to a parting between author and previous publisher—a quarrel, a failure, some "difficulty" in the theme of the book, the author's discontent with advertisement, sales, format, or stupidity on the part of the earlier publisher's reader, any one of which reasons might account for the presence of the book upon his own desk. And, while bearing these matters in mind, he will read the book without thinking of the name upon the title-page. Having read it, he will again reassemble all his intuitions regarding the author

and his past. It may be an anxious moment for both author and publishers' reader. On the other hand, the reader's brow may be quite clear, and his determination to refuse the typescript quite cold; for authors have a way of going to pieces about the third or fourth book—if they have not gone to pieces earlier—and if an author has gone to pieces no change of publisher will benefit him. What we used, in War-time, to call "a change of heart" is needed. Sometimes only a change of air, or a change of theme.

So the day passes. So pass at least five days in every week. Interesting work, it may be said. True. But not work for the inexpert. That next typescript, for example. It opens well. The first half of it is excellent. Then, at first slowly, but with gathering swiftness, the book becomes ridiculous. The author, a beginner, has lost patience, or has deserted the personal history which she has set out to tell (perhaps with the object of relieving her over-loaded heart), and has stepped into absurdity. What is to be done? The reader knows that he can suggest revisions; but he knows that in nine cases out of ten a book revised by the author at the suggestion of the publisher returns to the reader worse than it was at first. Is the first half good enough to warrant the expense of so much time and trouble? If the time and trouble are taken—and they are more often taken by publishers than the public could ever realise—will there be any result? Probably not; and yet quite a number of books have actually been re-written by publishers' readers, and a few of them have become best-sellers.

Bad spelling and bad grammar at one time used to bring about the rejection of manuscripts. That is not the case nowadays. But there are other defects for which the professional reader keeps a wary eye. Libel is one of them. He cannot be sure, in many cases, but he can suspect that the novelist has portrayed his or her enemies in a manner which might justify legal action. Plagiarism is another. The old *Athenaeum* once drew attention to the fact that about half of a new novel had been taken bodily from a novel by Grant Allen; and it is for this sort of thing upon a smaller scale that the reader must be alert. Some authors cannot resist the temptation to appropriate scenes from favourite books. Errors of detail must be watched for, such as the names of termini, the numbers of omnibus routes, and all

those other unimportant matters which to some readers are fatal defects in a novel (vide periodical correspondences in the newspapers on "the mistakes of novelists"). Those of us who write novels know the many pitfalls; the beginner, who supplies the greatest number of typescripts to every publisher, is often quite reckless.

Typescripts arrive daily in the last stages of filth and decay. Breadcrumbs, bootlaces, long hairs, tobacco ash, and all sorts of other refuse will appear between the pages. Some pages will not open at all. Others will be out of order. Authors are fond, at times, of inserting loose leaves in a kind of cover which at a touch allows the pages to gush out over the floor in disarray. Other authors will bind their books elaborately in pigskin or morocco leather so that it is impossible to hold them in any comfort. Others, with pathetic care, will trim each page with scissors to hide the ravages of frequent readings and packings. They will enclose appealing letters, dealing with their domestic circumstances. Afterwards, they will become abusive, declaring that their books must have been rejected unread. They will try to see the reader—if they are women—in order to exercise their dubious charm upon him. To the publisher's reader authors are a rather depressing class of people.

They are depressing, no doubt, to the reviewer also; but the reviewer sees only the finished products, whereas the reader sees the typescripts. He sees many thousands of typescripts—some of them appalling—which are not published. He cannot afford to be as inaccurate as reviewers frequently are. Nor as summary. His nose must never be in the air, for it is upon his advice that a publisher will build his list from year to year. And although it has been said that no publisher ever failed on account of the books he rejected, there are flourishing publishers to-day who owe a considerable part of their prosperity to the *flair* of the readers they have employed. These readers have known the best when they saw it—so much is easy to the real critic. They have known, or thought they knew, a best-seller when they saw it—that is not so easy, even to the born publisher. And they have known and backed with their recommendation and encouragement every variety of literary promise; and this is the greatest service which they could possibly render either to the publisher or to the cause of modern literature. Such service

could only be given by minds trained, patient, and extraordinarily perceptive. It calls for a special sort of courage, possessed by few men.

I am constrained to dwell upon this point because I have found that some members of the general public, having read a popular book, are ready to assert that they would have advised publication of that book. In all probability they would have done no such thing. They have read it as a success; but the publisher's reader has read it as one manuscript in a pile of manuscripts. A very different thing. He has backed, not a certified winner, but his own judgment. By that judgment he must stand or fall.

How does he do this? By guesswork? I say, by his unique variety of genius. He has had, as a rule, a lengthy experience of the publishing trade. He has observed the sales of books published over the whole of the period of his experience. He has read widely, and has been alert to the form and pressure of the time. Being an extremely shrewd person, he has learned to disregard reviews and publishers' advertisements, except insofar as they communicate to his private understanding messages which he could never transmit to other and amateur observers. Taste, experience, and a subtle enjoyment of drudgery for the sake of its occasional rewards (purely spiritual, since he rarely experiences gratitude), go to form the publisher's reader. It is he who has "discovered" all our leading writers, and he who is "discovering" all those who are to be the leading writers of to-morrow. But he himself remains perpetually "undiscovered", for he is generally anonymous, unseen, secret, a hidden god, who, so far from receiving acts of homage from us all, is forgotten in our rejoicings and remembered only as an object of rebuke in our hours of dismay and disappointment.

THE PALESTINE CONUNDRUM

BY OWEN TWEEDY

I WAS in touch with Palestine politics as soon as I left Egypt. Two Germans in the sleeping compartment next to me talked loudly from one bunk to another: the dividing wall was thin: I heard every word. "I suppose some English politicians do understand British policy in Palestine. I don't. The Mandate seems a mass of contradictions. How can any High Commissioner hope to please both Arab and Jew? The only chance of getting them to agree, is when he offends both. I don't believe that even if the League of Nations appointed the Almighty Himself to carry out the policy of the present mandate, He would survive a week without an Arab and a Jew presenting themselves at the Gates of Heaven to lodge protests against His actions from both the Supreme Moslem Council and the Zionist executive." Such words coming from a neutral source filled me with gloom and the somewhat dour certainty that whatever I would be bold enough to write, would inevitably label me for all time as either anti-Arab or anti-Jew. And I had had it in my mind to try and write pro-Palestine. That, it seems to me, would at least have been original: for from all that I knew of Palestine, the idea of thinking "Palestinianly" (if such a word may be coined), had a certain freshness as compared with normal Arab and Jewish propaganda.

A study of the present Palestinian situation should embrace both history and psychology. The Arab movement, which dates from some forty years ago and was not a product of the Great War, was at first sporadic and unorganised; but after the overthrow of Abdul Hamid by the young Turks, it obtained a considerable measure of recognition and in the first Turkish Parliament eighty seats were allotted to the Arab Provinces of the Empire. At the outbreak of war the movement was already very much a factor in the Middle-East political equation, and from 1915 onwards Great Britain in her struggle against the Turks energetically sought Arab adhesion to the Allied cause. In

1916, the Arab Revolt started on the Allied guarantee, given to ex-King Hussein of the Hejaz, recognising and supporting, in the event of Allied victory, the independence of all the Arab Provinces of the Turkish Empire with the exception of that portion of the Mediterranean littoral lying west of a line, Aleppo-Homs-Damascus. Palestine was not specifically mentioned, nor was the Aleppo-Damascus line prolonged south by mention of the River Jordan boundary. In 1916, the Sykes-Picot agreement, to which King Hussein was not a party, stipulated that not only that portion of Syria lying west of the Aleppo-Damascus line, but also Palestine west of the Jordan should in a post-war settlement receive special treatment under French and British control. Finally in 1918, after the fall of Damascus, a further Allied communication announced to the Arabs that Lord Allenby's forces had overrun the country not as a conquering, but as a liberating army and that the Arab peoples would be invited to pronounce for themselves as to the form of Government which should be set up in the liberated territories. The Emir Feisal represented the Arab cause at the Peace Conference. According to Arab information, which I have been unable to verify, there is a further item of evidence which merits notice. In the summer of 1918 the Central Powers on their side made striking overtures to ex-King Hussein. In the name of the Kaiser and the Austrian Emperor, they offered complete independence to all Arab countries within the Turkish Empire if they would break away from the Allies. King Hussein sent the communication unanswered to the British Government who, speaking in the name of the Allies, is stated to have confirmed in full the original promises made in 1915.

Zionism which enjoys the support of a part, but not of all Jewry, was initiated thirty-five years ago by Doctor Theodor Herzl, who, after many disappointments, obtained recognition among the Chanceries of Europe of the aims of the movement as a scheme to ensure the establishment "of an autonomous Jewish state in some suitable territory (not necessarily Palestine)". In 1903, the British Government, who had shown great sympathy with Doctor Herzl's ideals, offered him a large sector of Uganda for colonisation as a Jewish National Home. The offer was refused by the Zionists in conference. As was natural, Zionist hopes were greatly encouraged, when, in 1917, the British Army

entered Palestine; and in November of that year, negotiations between Lord Balfour and Dr. Weizmann, the head of the Zionist organisation, culminated in the Balfour Declaration, by which the British Government and subsequently the governments of the other greater Allies declared that they "viewed with favour the establishment in Palestine of a National Home for the Jewish people and would use their best endeavours to facilitate the achievement of that object, it being understood that nothing should be done which might prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine." At the Versailles Conference, Zionism was officially represented.

Thus as far as Palestine was concerned, the war ended leaving the country bi-national with the Arabs adhering to the British promises made in 1915, which did not exclude Palestine from the sphere of future Arab independence, and Jewry building great hopes for the establishment of the Jewish National Home in the same territory. On paper two National Homes had been set up in the same house. The next historical event was the international conclusion of the Covenant of the League of Nations. It pronounced for a scheme of mandates within certain Arab territories detached from the Turkish Empire, including Palestine: it enjoined the cancellation of all previously made secret treaties which ran counter to the Mandate principle: and it did not mention the Balfour Declaration. A year later at San Remo, the terms of the Mandate for Palestine became public. They embodied the Balfour Declaration; and in explaining its application within the mandate itself, recognised the Zionist organisation as being a body appropriate to fulfil the functions of the Jewish Agency which was to be set up in Palestine to "take steps in consultation with His Britannic Majesty's government to advise and co-operate with the administration of Palestine in such economic, social and other matters as might affect the establishment of the Jewish National Home and the interests of the Jewish population in Palestine; and, subject always to the control of the Administration, to take part in the development of the country."

The Balfour Declaration had naturally been unpopular with the Arabs who read into it an infringement of the Allied promises of 1915: but its generally sentimental and extremely vague terms, which Field Marshall von Hindenburg described

as "the neatest piece of war propaganda which the British ever evolved", at first produced but vague protests from the Arabs. When, however, the terms of the Mandate became known, this first apathy crystallised into definite hostility. An invitation to co-operate in the first civil government, which was set up in 1920, was refused and there were Arab-Jew riots and bloodshed in Jerusalem in 1920 and in Jaffa in 1921. In 1922, in an effort to remove Arab apprehensions that the terms of the Mandate were unfairly preferential to the Jews, a White Paper was issued embodying a further explanation of the practical application of the Declaration, in the sense of a guarantee of equality of status and impartiality in consideration of Arab, Christian and Jew alike; and in 1923, negotiations were opened with the Supreme Moslem Council, which had meanwhile been officially recognised, with the object of securing Arab co-operation within the government. Three suggestions were put forward by the Mandatory: the establishment of a Legislative Council on which Arabs would be represented by ten elected (not nominated as was the case in the 1920 overtures) members: the admission of Arab representation within the High Commissioner's Advisory Council: and the creation of an Arab agency on the lines of the Jewish Agency, already sanctioned by the terms of the Mandate. The Arab leaders rejected all three offers. This was undoubtedly—and to-day many Arabs admit it—a prime political error; but at that time the Arabs did consider these suggestions as being little more than "official eyewash". They were obsessed with the idea—and they were not the only ones to be so obsessed—that the ultimate destiny of post-war Palestine was that it should become a Jewish National State: in the Mandate Arabia had most oddly been described as Asiatic Turkey, into which phraseology they read reams: Zionist colonisation, regardless of expense, had been established in perpetuity on great tracts of the best lands of Palestine: Jewish post-war immigration had been on a colossal scale considering the restricted powers of absorption of Palestine: above all, the co-operation of the Mandatory in this colonisation and immigration seemed like an inexorable fate, working slowly towards the subordination of Arab to Jew. That feeling was intensified by Zionist propaganda. This propaganda has a religious, a political and a financial aspect; Palestine as the cradle of Judaism; Jewry after two thousand years of exile possessing at

last legal rights in Palestine thanks to the "bonds" of the Balfour Declaration and the Mandate, the full execution of which it was the duty of every good Jew to secure; the obligation on every good Jew to support Zionism financially if these "bonds" were to realise their fullest value. Some of such pamphlets have been most unhappily worded. I quote from one (British Policy and the Palestine Mandate: Our proud privilege: Herbert Sidebotham) which was being circulated broadcast not only in England but in Jerusalem as recently as last December. "Enthusiastic Zionists have no right to say, 'But this (i.e. Palestine) is not a Jewish State'; but they may reasonably protest if anything is done that is inconsistent with a future Jewish State". Enthusiastic Zionists, if they make such statements, invite enthusiastic Arab reactions.

We can now pass from history to psychology. The Arab and the Jew are both semitic. But Christianity and Islam had arisen in the days of Jewish decadence and eclipse; and to the normal Arab, whether Christian or Moslem, the Jews up to the war had been ranked among the subject peoples of the world, living here and there in the Orient, peacefully but always on the sufferance of the Arab. In a word, the Arabs as a whole had a pre-war superiority complex regarding the Jew. Since the war, the Palestinian Arab has seen, much to his surprise, the arrival in hordes of a new type of Jew who differs from the old Palestinian Hebrew as sharply as does Hampstead from an Eastern European Ghetto. The newcomers, mainly Russians, Poles and Czecho-Slovakians came not on toleration but by right. The air of Palestine instilled into their blood a very natural exuberance of freedom: their dress—especially that of their womenfolk—was exotic in the country: their standards of life were ultra-modern and, to the Arab, immoral: they were not religious: and they were intensely articulate about their demands and rights. The old Arab patronage of pre-war days matured slowly into a crisp dislike, fed by a fear of a future of which these stranger newcomers were for ever talking in Hebrew. So much for the Arab.

The pre-war Jew lived in Palestine where his faith had been born and where the Messiah would one day appear. He was intensely religious: he traded mildly: and he lived with, if not among, his Arab neighbours, careful to do nothing to prejudice

his continued existence in the country. The post-war newcomers were of another way of thinking. They were pioneers of a successful political movement with all the thrust of pioneers: they were mostly educated far beyond the standards of the Orient: their life in Europe, if precarious, had lain in modern surroundings: they stigmatised Palestinian surroundings as uncouth and Palestinian standards as barbaric: they made no secret of their views nor of their superiority complex regarding the ignorance and the primitiveness of Arab life.

These emotions, whether Jewish or Arab, have been intensified by ten years of Zionist penetration. The immigrant newcomer has come to regard the Arab as hopeless as an agent of progress: Arab reaction has stiffened into hostility to the imposition of a civilisation which might be excellent in Russia, but which was anti-pathetic in Palestine. And between Jew and Arab stands the Mandatory power heavily committed to both parties and hitherto unable to liquidate its liabilities. Behind us are a series of variously interpreted British statements of policy: around us an atmosphere of racial, if not of religious animosities, provoked largely by our own awkward utterances of the past. In such a setting, the rôle of the British officials who are responsible for the administration of Palestine for the Palestinians, is of almost superhuman difficulty. The phrase "Palestine for the Palestinians" is used with a purpose. To the Arab, Palestine is, for purposes of propaganda, Suria el Genubia (Southern Syria): to the Jew, also for purposes of propaganda, it is "Eretz Israel" (the land of Israel). For each, the word "Palestine" has an unwelcome circumscribing sense, damping the ambitions. The Arab promotes Southern Syria as one of the Federated States of Arabdom: the Jew casts his eyes across the Jordan towards the land of Gilead. These twin conceptions of national expansion, which incidentally traverse the terms of the Mandate which is the Mandate for Palestine, do not ease the task of those responsible for the administration of Palestine for the Palestinians. Unless they lapse into passivity, which is contrary not only to the British tradition of administration abroad, but also to the spirit of the Mandate, British officials are certain to incur the displeasure of one or other section of the Palestinians, whose interests it is their duty to promote. Furthermore administration in such conditions is unpalatable to

the average Briton who goes abroad as an official of Government. He instinctively dislikes the idea of governing others in a way which, for no fault of his own, only earns him criticism in the literal execution of his prescribed duties. A Frenchman in Beirut, where I am writing, expressed his sympathy tersely. "One day I may be a French official in Syria; but, God forbid that I should ever be a British official in Palestine under the present Mandate."

It is beyond the scope of this article to discuss the riots of last August: but for the British public two facts, resulting from the outbreak, emerge with peculiar force. In the first place British troops have had to be recalled to a country from which they had been evacuated only three years previously as being superfluous from the point of view of the maintenance of public safety. In the second place, this latest effervescence of the Arab movement has persisted unabated for five months, which in the East is a long period for a sustained political effervescence and denotes an expression of other than fugitive sentiment. It would be foolish to say that in 1918 there was a specific nationalism in Palestine. The sentiment then was a general feeling towards Arab nationalism and whatever it might produce. It has produced self-governing Transjordan and Irak; while Egypt, although outside the movement, advanced even further. It is thus not unnatural that Palestine, so situated among sister nations of Islam, feels herself the Cinderella of the family. But she does not look on the British Government, nor even on the Balfour Declaration as her wicked stepmother. That unenviable rôle is filled by the Mandate with its explanation of the Declaration which the Arab considers loads for all time the dice against him.

In a letter recently addressed to the *Times*, Lord Balfour, Mr. Lloyd George and General Smuts have given it as their studied opinion that "it seems clear that . . . the work which Great Britain started (in Palestine) is not proceeding satisfactorily." The work to which reference is made presumably refers to Article 2 of the Mandate for Palestine, which enjoins on the Mandatory the responsibility "for placing the country under such political, administrative and economic conditions as will secure the establishment of the Jewish National Home and the development of self-governing institutions; and also for safeguarding the civil and religious rights of all the inhabitants of

Palestine, irrespective of race and religion." The *Times* letter proceeds, "Causes which are still obscure, have impeded the Administration's task from the full carrying out of that (i.e. the Balfour Declaration) policy." The Balfour declaration covered the interests of Jews, Moslems, and Christians in Palestine; and it may be presumed that the suggestion of the three signatories of the *Times* letter urging the Government to "appoint an authoritative Commission to investigate the working of the mandate" implies on their part a conviction that something has not been done, which should have been done, to secure a more harmonious dovetailing of the interests of the three constituent elements of the population of Palestine, and implicitly to achieve some *modus vivendi* which will not cut across either the Balfour Declaration which pledge is rightly stated to be irrevocable, or the British promises made to ex-King Hussein in 1915, which are not mentioned. On the other hand, the suggestion of a "readjustment of the administrative machine in Palestine" may imply the conviction that a more rigid interpretation is required of the terms of the Mandate as they now stand and as they have hitherto been applied to the best of the ability of three High Commissioners. If so, the prospect of the retention and possibly of the periodic re-inforcement of the present British Garrison of Palestine, must be seriously envisaged. The events of last August—parenthetically it takes two to make a quarrel, irrespective of which of the two strikes the first blow and is thus technically the guilty party—have given a publicity to Palestinian politics which, although it may contribute ultimately towards the settlement of the country, has created a *malaise* in all sections of a naturally excitable population which will for months and perhaps years tend to compromise public security. At the moment the country is in a state of nervous tension, with the result that it is, in all but name, under Martial Law and that until that tension relaxes, the troops must remain. These are unpleasant but true reflections and as unpalatable to the British taste as to that of those Jews whose traditional idealism is above politics and whose conceptions of "the return" can hardly be in agreement with a "return", sheltered and maintained by sole virtue of British military power.

But the suggestion of "a readjustment of the administrative machine" may be—and it is to be hoped is—designed to

institute inquiry towards other and more modern methods of government. Article 2 of the Mandate involves Great Britain in the responsibility for "the development of self-governing institutions". The abortive suggestions to this end made in 1923, envisaged a Legislative Council, Arab representation on the High Commissioner's Advisory Council and an Arab Agency with functions similar to those of the Jewish Agency. The third proposal is only worth considering when all other means of conciliation have failed. National agencies—be they Jewish, Arab, or Christian—within any government are undesirable as Shadow Cabinets which at times may assist, at times may impede administration, but which are never called upon to shoulder executive responsibilities. The other two proposals of seven years ago would appear to merit reconsideration to-day both in London and in Jerusalem as opening a road towards normality and conciliation. At the moment, the High Commissioner governs Palestine with the assistance of an Advisory Council comprising the three British heads of the Departments of Finance, Justice and Public Security. Unofficial Palestinian interests are not represented officially on the Council. The Administration itself is staffed in the senior posts by British officials only, and in the lower ranks by Palestinians. To take the parallel of a battalion of the line, only rarely have Palestinians hitherto risen above the rank of Platoon commanders. Thus composed, however, the administration has achieved a considerable measure of bureaucratic efficiency. But this efficiency has been attained by British effort on British standards, and it is a question whether these standards are not unduly high, if their maintenance is to rule out the employment of Palestinians above certain lowly grades. Again the underlying spirit of the Mandate is the training of local talent towards ever greater executive responsibility. The transition from a somewhat bureaucratic to a more national administration would be difficult and would admittedly reduce efficiency; but it would be a step towards "the development of self-governing institutions".

A "readjustment of the administrative machine" which would have the merit of being neither novel in conception, nor too abrupt in execution, would be the reinforcement of the High Commissioner's Advisory Council by the addition of three members—one Arab, one Christian and one Jew. The function

of this Council is to advise and not to vote decisions for the High Commissioner's approval, and therefore its numerical strength is irrelevant, and the suggested reinforcement would merely widen the High Commissioner's sources of official information. Above all it would establish a direct contact between all shades of opinion in Palestine and the executive responsible for framing the policy of the country according to the Mandate. The second of the 1923 proposals, the creation of a Legislative Council, would be the normal development from the reinforcement of the High Commissioner's Advisory Council by non-official members. This Legislative Council, which would be elected within the various communities so as to ensure proportional Arab, Christian and Jewish representation, would be called upon to pronounce on all decisions of the High Commissioner in Council. Its President would be elected from among its members. The High Commissioner's veto would apply if the terms of the Mandate were prejudiced. There would be free speech and full publicity on all topics affecting Palestinian interests. But above all something would have been brought into being, which was Palestinian rather than Arab, Jewish or Christian and which in time might become the nucleus of a truly nationalised government. The drawback of such Councils, operating in a purely advisory capacity, is that, without executive functions, they tend to become "talking shops". Happily there are precedents—notably in British County Councils—for the absorption of Legislative Councillors into the executive in positions of major responsibility. Committees elected from their number are attached to the various departments of administration to co-operate with the direction in matters of main policy such as budgets, programmes of development, etcetera. Admittedly the admission of such committees within the councils of a highly bureaucratised administration would at first be awkward, officially unpopular and retarding: but the scheme would have the compensating advantage of associating the elected of the people with the tedious task of departmental government—which is far more difficult than politics—and would also ease the situation of the executive official himself by giving him direct contact with and official opportunity to explain his actions to those whose criticisms up to now he has been forced to suffer in silence.

Administratively Jewish and Arab "desiderata" will not be

easy to reconcile. The policy of the Jewish National Home implies Jewish immigration, Jewish colonisation and official recognition of the resuscitated Hebrew language as one of the three official languages of the country, "it being understood that nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of the existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine". A more nationalised government and administration will insure a fuller and, it may be hoped, a more accurate ventilation of "the other fellow's point of view", namely the Arab contention that the extent of Jewish immigration and colonisation must, in the interests of all, be controlled in relation to the economic and territorial capacity of the country. It will be for the High Commissioner under the Mandate to hold the scales of justice when such topics arise.

The Commission which has recently concluded its very searching inquiries into the present state of Palestine, will shortly present its report for the consideration of the British Government. There is a general feeling both in England and in Palestine that something must be done to ease the abnormalities of the actual situation and presumably the Government will do something either in the form of the appointment of "an authoritative Commission to investigate the working of the mandate", or of a further declaration or, perhaps, explanation of British policy towards Palestine. The latter decision might involve a revision of the detail of the terms of the mandate for legal and administrative convenience. But however that may be, two things are to be hoped: in the first place that main inquiry will be directed, not towards a re-affirmation of the present scheme of administration, but towards the possibility of the development of self-governing institutions which will give Palestine something Palestinian to think about; and in the second place, that whatever Declaration the British Government does decide eventually to make, it will be unequivocal and a document not unduly susceptible to rival interpretations; one which the much harried administration of Palestine can understand and implement quickly without being for ever subjected to charges of bias one way or another.

THINGS IN HEAVEN

BY GEOFFREY TILLOTSON

I

IT is a great feat of the human imagination to figure a race on Mars, and a greater to figure a member of it on a visit to the earth. It would be a greater feat still if the imagined Martian appeared less like one of ourselves. But common utility discourages the imagination from going all out. The end for which we image the far-fetched specimen at all is a human end. We image it for the homely purposes of a tale or an argument. We may find the creature a picturesque mouth-piece for fresh, astonished, impartial criticism of earthly things as they are. Goldsmith, for the same purpose, manufactured his Chinaman, and Montesquieu his two Persian travellers. We do not visualise the planetary type for the fun of it, or in pure scientific seriousness, as Sir Thomas Browne would have done. In consequence of which, the imagination is not given unrestrained freedom. It can construct its Martian as fantastically as it likes, always provided that the experience of Everyman remains its material. If the imagination worked in godlike abandon, the resultant Martian might emerge as anything. It might emerge, for example, as the pure form which Picasso achieved for the patterning of his rug, after laying in trance the human and earthly of his mind. But even if we endowed this shape, this visual Idea, with life and said "Here is the visitor from Mars," we should not be able to make any argumentative or artistic use of the thing. And so for convenience the "it" becomes a "he." The warm words *he* and *him* raise its value for the human mind a hundredfold. Even if we succeeded in describing verbally the animate form of Picasso's formal mangle of lines, we could find it no place in an extravaganza or satire. The thing would be too alien to bear. The human members of the scheme would die of fright, or of some malignant planetary smell, as certainly as if they were taken out of the air. Even

Lear or Carroll could have found it nothing to do. When the human imagination has *carte blanche*, that is, when its images can not be disproved, those images generally, naturally, almost inevitably form themselves out of human and earthly elements. We have found no use for a new heaven and a new earth that are unlike anything we have come across during our time on earth. Unless our visionaries behold things recognisably assembled out of the semi-chaos of Everyman's experience, we follow their eyes in vain.

II

The human imagination has conceived heaven. Over long ages and for different races it has conceived it in many forms. All those forms have been materially imaged. Heaven has always been full of things. Sometimes the things have been simply earthly things transplanted, sometimes they have been earthly things curiously overhauled. Heaven, the scene or place of some future life, was an idea that had to stand much handling. It had to strike men as real. Heaven could be hoped for, and so had to be desirable. While men were still on earth they had to feel that its comforts were worth ensuring. Again, heaven had to be describable in words, the commonest of human media. And since man has only made words for what his sense can reach and his mind easily compass, heaven had to be patterned firmly out of sensuous images and such simple virtues as majesty, power, loveliness, love, which mean something to Everyman.

If the conception of heaven had waited until the other great imaginative media had been perfected, it might have escaped the materiality of verbal images. Palestrina might then have been its Christian inceptor in sound. The images of music had been unrepresentational almost from the start and in the counterpoint of Palestrina they achieved a spiritual perfection. But the plastic arts have dealt in concrete images until quite recently and time has not yet brought on the man equal to conceiving heaven in purely abstract relationship of line and mass. Michael Angelo produced anthropomorphic celestials. And the idea behind Picasso's rug was not meant to be heavenly.

The idea of heaven was humanly necessary, then, before man had power to keep it, as it were, unspotted from the world. The

Egyptian, the Assyrian, the Greek, the Roman, the Christian races have all pictured their heavens as simulacra of what was best, rarest, most desirable in the world. The builder or maker might be God but with a divine adaptability he had limited himself to the materials he drew upon for the creation of the world. Nirvana, Abraham's bosom, Elysium, the Islands of the Blest, the Heaven of *Revelation*, *Paradiso*—all were compounded poetically out of stuff sensuously significant. Mr. Davies has hit this off in a lyric which opens,

"That paradise the Arab dreams,
Is far less sand and more fresh streams.
The only heaven the Indian knows,
Is hunting deer and buffaloes."

And in his *Intercepted Letters*, Moore has the couplet,

"A Persian's Heaven is eas'ly made:
'Tis but black eyes and lemonade."

The horses and head-feathers of the Indian, the prune-eyed virgins promised in the Koran, the guardian dog Cerberus, the wrestling matchies, the innumerable presence of near constellations, the singing "with undiscording voice", the harps massy with gold—tactile and visile images stand solidly in heaven.

III

In any history of things in heaven, St. John must be prominently placed. Wherever Christianity has gone, the basic Johannine conception of heaven has gone too. That heaven was the work of an imagination molten with mystic ecstasy and longing. Moreover, it was the work of a poet whose mind was jewel-burdened like a queen's. John writes, and the fragments of acknowledged sublimity which lie scattered over the earth and the tracts of man's mind rain like shooting stars into a compact image of glory. Every ounce of gold, every jewel, every crystal in the world rockets up as we read and fits into the golden honeycomb, dustless and without a scratch.

"... a throne was set in heaven, and one sat on the throne. ¶ "And he that sat was to look upon like a jasper and a sardine stone: and there was a rainbow round about the throne, in sight like unto an emerald.

"And round about the throne were four and twenty seats: and

upon the seats I saw four and twenty elders sitting, clothed in white raiment; and they had on their heads crowns of gold. . . .

"And before the throne there was a sea of glass like unto crystal: and in the midst of the throne, and round about the throne, were four beasts, full of eyes before and behind. . ."

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard. . ." But in a vision things must strike the mind clearly and be recognisable. And so similes chime through *Revelation* incessantly. They hang heaven with gold chains about the feet of earth. Fantastic as the vision becomes the jigsaw elements in it are known to any child. The locust, devised in heaven, is an unbelievable insect, but every atom of him is already familiar to us in some place or another:

"And the shapes of the locusts were like unto horses prepared unto battle; and on their heads were as it were crowns like gold, and their faces were as the faces of men.

"And they had hair as the hair of women, and their teeth were as the teeth of lions. . . .

"And they had tails like unto scorpions, and they had stings in their tails: and their power was to hurt men five months."

Centuries later, Durer was able to translate *Revelation* into pictorial shapes.

Christian theologians and poets with John's white light in their eyes did not look much further for their heaven. But mediæval theology developed a system of eight sub-heavens which formed a kind of pyramid and crescendo of holiness. Dionysius Areopagita formulated this system with the cleanest precision and Dante flooded it with his light and solemn music. But for the ninth heaven John's suffices. Dante, Milton, Bunyan all accept heaven as readily as though it were demonstrable as a burning cumulus cloud at sunset. Milton encounters great difficulties since his theme requires archangels among its active characters and celestial wars among its episodes. What with armour weighty and yet imponderable, and dynamite dug out of the floor of heaven, and archangels' blushing, and angels who though vulnerable are immortal, Milton's singing robes swing a little foolishly. His explanation is ingenious, but naïve:

"What if Earth

Be but the shadow of Heav'n, and things therein
Each to other like, more then on earth in thought?"

Hamlet's is a humbler mind. For him it is all an "undiscovered country". Milton plodded over it with a tape measure.

IV

Perhaps the next step I record is partly due to the protestant theologians themselves. Holding the grace to mould their own beliefs, they speculated a little freshly. Sir Thomas Browne, for instance, spiritualises the whole conception:

"Briefly, therefore, where the Soul hath the full measure and complement of happiness; where the boundless appetite of that spirit remains compleatly satisfied, that it can neither desire addition nor alteration; that, I think, is truly Heaven: and this can only be in the enjoyment [*sic.*] of that essence, whose infinite goodness is able to terminate the desires of itself, and the unsatiable wishes of ours: wherever God will thus manifest Himself, there is Heaven, though within the circle of this sensible world."

Things in Browne's heaven are, then, purely casual, and the passport of death is no longer necessary. This idea of a purely mental experience of heaven, irrespective of place, does not widely spread, though there is Milton's

"The mind is its own place, and in it self
Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n."

But Milton is suspect as saying anything that came into his head on this difficult theme.

Although the idea that heaven was some kind of place remained unshaken, what kind of place it was prompted speculation outside theology, the speculation of earthy minds. Charles Lamb in his most overwhelming essay speculated *de profundis*. *New Year's Eve*, published in the *London Magazine* of January, 1821, complains and questions with the utter misery of a child left alone on a dark moor. The thought of death, the immediate gate into the next world, wrings him till he screams:

"Some have wooed death—but out upon thee, I say, thou foul ugly phantom! I detest, abhor, execrate, and (with Friar John) give thee to six-score thousand devils, as in no instance to be excused or tolerated, but shunned as a universal viper; to be branded, proscribed, and spoken evil of! In no way can I be brought to digest thee, thou thin, melancholy *Privation*, or more frightful and confounding *Positive*!"

There is Lamb's incurable fancy lurking in the expression of all this, but the agony of mind is Promethean and strange matter for a magazine. Since an after life is possible Lamb hopes for the best. For him, Francis Thompson's scheme—the ladder pitched between heaven and Charing Cross—would have sufficed, provided that he could have perambulated for ever at the London end of it. A new state of being “staggers” him, and he asks passionately,

“Sun, and sky, and breeze, and solitary walks; and summer holidays, and the greenness of fields, and the delicious juices of meats and fishes, and society, and the cheerful glass, and candle-light, and fire-side conversations, and innocent vanities, and jests, and *irony itself*—do these things go out with life?”

Leigh Hunt caught up the idea suggested by Lamb and toyed with it exquisitely in another magazine seven years later. *An Earth upon Heaven* is a cheery pagan essay, as Lamb's had been a tortured pagan essay.

“People are accused of having earthly notions of heaven,” he writes, and continues, “As it is difficult to have any other, we may be pardoned for thinking that we could spend a very pretty thousand years in dining and getting acquainted with all the good fellows on record.” And Hunt enthuses at the thought of entertaining Fielding, Berkeley, “(an angel in wig and lawn sleeves!)”, and Shakespeare. St. John, it appears, has received a hearty dig in the ribs, the high lighted structures of Dante and Bunyan are dripping away like candles. Hunt laments that all the great poets have been content to adopt a standard heaven, instead of inventing riotously on their own. Then he, for his part, points a light fantastic toe and is off. John's reverend vision, he hopes, was one of a *final* perfection, comfortably distant in time. Other earthy states lie between:

“Nothing shall persuade us, for the present, that Paradise Mount, in any pretty village in England, has not another Paradise Mount to correspond in some less perishing region; that is to say, provided anybody has set his heart upon it:—and that we shall not all be dining, and drinking tea, and complaining of the weather (we mean, for its not being perfectly blissful) three hundred years hence, in some snug interlunar spot, or perhaps in the moon itself, seeing that it is our next visible neighbour, and shrewdly suspected of being hill and dale.”

(The first heaven of the mediævalists was on the moon, so Hunt's fancy is not the waif he thought it.) His pointed toe

leads him briskly. In the heaven he describes one will have one's best friend, a mistress (not an illegal term, since “upon the best authority” people are “neither married nor given in marriage”), books, “tea beyond anything Chinese” mingled with cow's milk (“One's landscapes cannot do without cows”). And “the weather will be extremely fine, but not without such varieties as shall hinder it from being tiresome. April will dress the whole country in diamonds; and there will be enough cold in winter to make a fire pleasant of an evening. The fire will be made of sweet-smelling turf and sunbeams; but it will have a look of coal”. Just as surely as Hunt's heaven has the look of some hamlet in an English county.

So in the nineteenth century the sublime conception of heaven was no longer felt to be binding. Man might gape at sublimity, but he could not feel comfortable in it. The old idea of heaven as choral and electric was stuffed under the sofa. The white and gold *décor* of Paradise seemed too chilly to these amused iconoclasts, as a modern bathroom seems to ourselves on a winter afternoon. The astral continual singing struck them frigidly beside the merry courantes and *alla Turcas* on their spinets. Even the harps were too unwieldy, like golden horsecollars, and who could be sure that breezy arpeggios were allowed? The pearly gates became the charge of a quipping Peter familiar as an inn-keeper, and hundreds of draughty stories made the saint and his institution look ridiculous. St. John's vision had become a dream.

The sublime idea, however, continues to have power—immense, hysterical power—in religious teaching. But being taken up by the Salvation Army, it fell into unconscious parody, and especially when it reached the misty heads of the Christy Minstrels. In the deciduous leaves of a thousand songs, heaven and its laundered angels receive the souls of the humble and good—mothers, village maidens faded in decline, home-sick, glee-chanting heroes of the battlefield. Heaven becomes the theme of tear-voiced street singers. In one of these laments, a beggar “old and grey” has just enough breath to squeeze out the following phrases:

“And I wonder, *how* I wonder
Will the angels *play* up yonder—
Will the angels *play their harps* for me!”

I italicise the words that receive on their baying vowels an additional pathos as the tune slides and quivers over them.

V

As far as modern letters are concerned, heaven begins from emptiness and is furnished exactly as the writer fancies. It floats, indeed, as free and variable as the fairyland of children's books. But just because heaven is a swept room, empty even of echoes, it matters enormously what new furniture the author selects for it. Like a millionaire in a toyshop, he can choose anything, everything. And we watch him narrowly to see exactly what things he decides to lift up into that waiting void. Anything he selects, immediately becomes significant. As, touch by touch, the celestial scene embodies, things become symbols and the story a parable—a parable inverted, a heavenly story with an earthly meaning.

Take three modern tales of heaven. The author of *The Celestial Omnibus* has two other heavenly stories not quite so well known—*Mr. Andrews* and *Co-ordination*. The parabolic element, the “philosophy”, in both of them is so pronounced as to find almost aphoristic expression. In *Mr. Andrews*, an account of a respectable Englishman's taste of heaven, scattered sentences read dogmatically: for instance, in heaven “no aspiration of humanity was unfulfilled”, and “in that place their expectations were fulfilled, but not their hopes”. And after Andrews and his chance Turkish companion have decided to leave heaven, both alike being dissatisfied at finding everything more or less as they imagined it, the story concludes,

“As soon as they passed the gate, they felt again the pressure of the world soul. For a moment they stood hand in hand resisting it. Then they suffered it to break in upon them, and they, and all the experience they had gained, and all the love and wisdom they had generated, passed into it, and made it better.”

In *Co-ordination* an archangel trumpet-tongued speaks the philosophy. The story, itself co-ordinated exactly and brilliantly as the facets on a crystal, plaits earthly and heavenly threads. The scene shifts between a girls' school and two official quarters in heaven. Miss Haddon has been teaching couples of girls to execute a duet version of Beethoven's *Eroica* symphony. Strange things ensue, co-ordinating beyond her ken:

“Meanwhile, high up in heaven Beethoven sat, and all around him, ranged on smaller clouds, sat his clerks. Each made entries in a ledger, and he whose ledger was entitled ‘*Eroica* Symphony: arranged for four hands, by Carl Müller,’ was making the following entries:— ‘3.45, Mildred and Ellen; conductor, Miss Haddon. 4.0, Rose and Enid; conductor, Miss Haddon. . . .’”

The deaf Beethoven, approving, decrees “that Miss Haddon and her orchestra and all in their house shall this very evening hear a perfect performance of my A minor quartette”. Napoleon, similarly employed in his nebular office, approves of the report on another section of the school's napoleonic activities, and decrees “that they and all their house shall participate to-morrow morning in the victory of Austerlitz”. But (to pull out only one strand of the story) these alarming orders remain totally unfulfilled, it appears. When, however, Mephistopheles rehearses to Raphael this new and crowning charge against the Judgement Seat, the archangel points out with epic courtesy that the two worlds *have* co-ordinated. “They have co-ordinated through the central sources of Melody and Victory”. For in the course of the story, Melody has sounded with significance—the girls had heard a “most spiffing” cavalry band, and Miss Haddon and the Principal a shell cocked to their ears. And Victory had been experienced, since Miss Haddon, on the sudden receipt of a legacy, had been able to resign her tiresome post with a gesture that only a school treat could celebrate.

Finally, one may think of Mr. Coppard's *Clorinda Walks in Heaven*, the most intangible of stories. The prose evaporates as one passes over it. The parable behind the veil of words is itself no more than a fume slightly sweet, slightly acrid. The parable takes as its images a group of heavenly men, “lightly clad in beautiful loose tunics of peacock and cinnamon” (all of whom have been Clorinda's husbands in previous lives) and a strange coloured scarf into which “all her past had become knit. . . into a compact pattern of beauty and ugliness of which she was entirely aware, all the multiplicity being immediately resolved”. In the end she asks a foolish question about Weston-super-Mare and the scarf is twitched off her shoulders. Then Mr. Coppard muffles and curtains, his voice mumbles unintelligible as music,

“It cannot now be told to what remoteness she had come, or on what roads her undirected feet had travelled there, but certain it is that in that moment she was gone. . . . Why, where or how cannot

be established: whether she was swung in a blast of annihilation into the uttermost gulfs, or withdrawn for her beauty into that mysterious Nox; into some passionate communion with the eternal husbands, or into some eternal combat with their passionate other wives . . . from our scrutiny at least, she passed for ever."

An exquisite feat of words. But unsatisfactory. Word by word our mind has rarified, emptied, and at the end to replenish it we have to turn from that "blast of annihilation" and "that mysterious Nox" to a tale of earth—perhaps to *The Hurly-Burly* of the same volume. If heaven is not to overtax us it must have definite strokes, it must have things and mundane ideas, such as Mr. Forster had in *Co-ordination*. Let our authors return to something like the Islands of the Blest for their heavens, islands perhaps a little off the mappamundi, but solid and lovely for all that as the island of Prospero. Or, better still, let them neglect the place altogether, especially if their parables are not deliberate and tangible as those by which Jesus enlightened the idea of the kingdom of heaven. For we cannot now believe in the new heavens as Dante and Bunyan believed in their old ones.

THE THUNDER STORM

—***—

With swift, bright scythe of jagged blade
The furrowed air was cleft,
And downward from the scorched shade
High Babel's tower dropt.

Loud rang the wroth Almighty throat,
The slackened cord did swing;
Seraphic smiths in ire down smote
The cloudy scaffolding.

Then with a roaring fell those props,
The flames of Babel soared,
And down to earth in leaden drops
Her molten roofing poured.

WILFRID THORLEY.

MASARYK AND THE NEW EUROPE

BY ROBERT MACHRAY

A LECTURE in King's College, London, on October 19, 1915, made history; another lecturer, dealing with a similar theme in the same place ten years later, rightly described it, in the light of all that had occurred in the interval, as a "great political event". It was delivered by a tall, erect, yet scholarly-looking man, sixty-five years of age. By race a Slovak, he had been born in a border town of Moravia, which was Czech, and hence he might justly be called Czechoslovak, a term then almost unknown to the world. When a member of the Austrian Parliament some of his political activities had brought him into prominence at home and abroad, but he was also known as the author of important philosophical works in Czech or German, of which one or two had been translated into English. His name was Thomas Garrigue Masaryk, and as he had held a Chair in the University of Prague he was commonly styled Professor Masaryk. King's College had given him a Slavonic professorship, but in London he played for the most part the rôle of a politician, a preacher of the gospel of the liberation of the "Nationalities". The subject of his lecture was "The Problem of Small Nations in the European Crisis". Mr. Asquith, then Prime Minister, was to have been chairman, but he fell ill, and Lord Robert Cecil (Lord Cecil of Chelwood) deputized for him. Under cover of the thesis that small nations were capable of and had a right to independent development as States, Masaryk advocated the breaking up of Austria-Hungary by the complete political emancipation of her peoples. Though not entirely unheard of, this idea was strange to British thought and foreign to British statesmanship at the time. The lecture had a remarkable effect. "Henceforth," said Masaryk in *The Making of a State*, first published in 1927, "the small peoples and the possibility of their independence were seriously talked and written about. The positive side of the War—reconstruction—came into the foreground, replacing the conception that its

object was either defence against the Germanic Powers or their overthrow, and placing the War in its true light as the beginning of the great refashioning of Central and Eastern Europe and, indeed, of Europe as a whole." In brief, Masaryk suggested—in fact proclaimed, as it turned out—the New Europe.

In 1918 Masaryk produced his book *The New Europe*, which set forth in considerable detail cogent reasons for the immense changes he envisaged in the political map of the Continent as the aim and result of the War. In that year the expression The New Europe had everywhere ceased to have a merely theoretical bearing on the War and its issues; it had become full of significance, of actuality. No doubt was felt any longer that, if the Allies won, there would be this New Europe, for they particularized it as an essential part of their war aims; they named its new or new-old States or Nations. These were so actively and successfully resurgent or insurgent before the Armistice that the New Europe took shape before the Peace Conference met in Paris. The "great refashioning", of which Masaryk had spoken, had taken place, and the Conference, presented with accomplished facts, had but to accept and confirm them in the main, its revision extending to more or less small, secondary alterations. While this is true the fact remains that the New Europe could not have come into existence if there had been no War, and if the Allies had not won it. At bottom, then, the New Europe came out of the War, and stands forth as one of its greatest positive achievements. Of course, the War had other great issues involved in it, but seen in the lengthening retrospect, now that most of the smoke has blown away and most of the dust has settled down, it is scarcely to be seriously questioned that, taken by and large, the New Europe, despite some defects, is one of the best results, if not the best, it has to show. To-day there is a lamentable tendency, notably in current war fiction, to regard the War as one vast futility. It is just as if there was nothing to be said for it! Novels claiming to tell the truth about the War, and apparently enjoying the widest popularity, pour from the printing press, but in these macabre books the vital things which were at stake are completely lost sight of in harrowing descriptions of the intensity of the sufferings of some individuals. Always the picture is one of almost unrelieved gloom and misery wholly unrelated to the

general situation, the gigantic drama, with all its far-reaching and tremendous consequences, being absolutely ignored*. Certainly to Masaryk and millions of other men the War was no futility; to them it brought fulfilment—the realisation of what had seemed, only a few years before, a wonderful but well-nigh impossible dream.

Dr. Masaryk has been President of Czechoslovakia ever since that State was established in October, 1918. He will celebrate his eightieth birthday on March 7th of this year (1930), and despite all rumours to the contrary, he has no intention, the writer understands, of withdrawing from the high post he fills with such distinguished success. History has never more clearly marked out a Man of Destiny. It may well be asked, Why should he resign, if he feels fit and is willing to continue to be Head of the State? There is no question of either his physical or mental fitness, notwithstanding his advanced age. In a conversation two or three months ago with the writer he said that about the only difference his years made was that he got up rather later in the morning; he still began the day with a cold bath, and, after a light breakfast, rode for two hours on horseback! Nor is there a sign of any abatement of his intellectual powers. In truth, he remains the greatest personal asset of Czechoslovakia, and, it might be added, of the New Europe he foresaw and for whose existence he is largely responsible. In the *Fortnightly Review* the writer has more than once paid his tribute to the greatness of Masaryk. It would indeed be difficult to find anyone who did not recognise or who denied his greatness. Emil Ludwig puts it, "If I were asked to name him who among living men deserves the highest rank, I should say Masaryk the Czech." It is to be hoped that the President may long be spared to direct his country in the paths of peace and prosperity. Under his fostering care Czechoslovakia has grown in all manner of ways. How amazing that growth is may perhaps best be inferred from the fact that this comparatively small, young State enjoys an influence and has an importance in Europe far transcending what might be expected from its size and population. Dr. Benesh, Czechoslovak Foreign Minister continuously since 1918, shares in this achievement, as in the

* Mr. Douglas Jerrold has done a public service by attacking these novels in his book, *The Lie about the War* (Faber & Faber), just published.

Liberation Campaign and the New Europe itself, with Masaryk, whose right hand man he has been all those years. Doubtless Czechoslovakia comes first in the thoughts of the President, but, as is well known, the general reconciliation of Central Europe, as of all Europe, lies very near his heart. The presence in his Government of two Ministers from the German Minority is an instance of his work of reconciliation in his own country.

In offering respectful congratulations to President Masaryk on the approach of his eightieth birthday, the writer thinks it opportune to note, very briefly, what has been accomplished in the consolidation of peace, or, in other words, the stabilization of the New Europe, since 1919, but more especially at The Hague Conference last January. That conference indeed may justly be considered as summing up in itself, at any rate as regards one formidable and formerly highly menacing question, what has already been attained in this direction. The problem of Reparations has been solved by the acceptance of the Young Plan, in replacement of the Dawes Plan, by Germany and the other States concerned. In England it is natural but none the less somewhat unfortunate that the Five-Power Naval Conference has overshadowed The Hague Conference; the latter closed as the former opened, and the limelight was immediately diverted to and thrown on the proceedings in London. Up to that time it was German Reparations that had been occupying attention, and our Press gave them plenty of space; it gave very much less to the other Reparations—the “Eastern Reparations”, and it failed to stress their importance sufficiently. Had there been an interval between the conferences which would have allowed an adequate presentment of the settlement respecting these Reparations, the British people would have understood and appreciated the enormous significance of what had been done.

It was very different on the Continent, most of all, of course, in Central and Eastern Europe; interest in The Hague Conference was universal and absorbing, and the importance of its decisions had the widest recognition. Speaking in the Chamber at Bucarest, Dr. Maniu, Prime Minister of Rumania, went so far as to say that the work achieved by the conference was the most important in international life since the Paris Peace Conference. In Prague a semi-official paper stated: “Since the signature of the Locarno pacts, no international conference in Europe has had

such significance.” Rumania had a special reason for according the higher place to The Hague Conference, inasmuch as it settled the “Optants” question in a sense favourable to her, though not altogether unacceptable to Hungary. This question was concerned with claims for compensation raised by landowners in Transylvania who had opted for Hungarian nationality, and whose lands had been expropriated under the Rumanian agrarian reform laws, but it also formed part of the general question of agrarian reforms and the action taken thereon in other States—for example, Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia—of the New Europe: the social side of the transformation effected by the War and the Peace Treaties. It had envenomed relations in Central and South-Eastern Europe for several years; the League of Nations had discussed it as far back as 1922, and had gone on discussing it, but had been unable to deal with it effectively. At The Hague Conference it was definitively got out of the way, a thing which will undoubtedly make for appeasement and peace.

Touching the settlement respecting German Reparations it is enough to say that German opinion seems on the whole to be well satisfied with it, as it does give Germany several advantages. It is certain that she will carry on, at least for some length of time, under the Young Plan, and fulfil its obligations. But as it is equally certain that she will become more and more prosperous as the years pass, it may perhaps be as well that “sanctions”, in the French sense, are reserved. In considering peace it is difficult to think of Germany without thinking of Poland, and in this connexion it should be observed that the Polish-German Treaty, of October 31, 1929, for reciprocal renunciation of all outstanding claims arising from the War and the subsequent territorial changes, and for the settlement of like contentious matters, will come into force on the ratification of The Hague agreements. This treaty registers a distinct improvement in the relations of Germany and Poland, and holds out the hope of the successful negotiation at last of a commercial treaty between the two countries.

While Eastern Reparations interested all the States which signed the St. Germain, Trianon and Neuilly Treaties, they particularly concerned the Succession States: on the one hand, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia and Rumania (the Little Entente); and on the other, Austria and Hungary. Bulgaria was also in-

cluded. Delay in regulating financial questions springing out of the treaties had caused and kept on causing a feeling of uncertainty in Central and South-Eastern Europe which militated against the consolidation of peace. Happily, this disquieting feature has been removed by The Hague agreements. These questions covered (1) Reparations properly so called, (2) the Optants, dealt with above, and (3) indemnification of members of the Habsburg family and of religious communities for properties expropriated; what were styled "administrative Debts" also may come under this last head. The Expert Committee appointed by the August, 1929, Hague Conference had wrestled with these questions without success, and discussion of them in the January Conference was bitter and protracted, a settlement being reached only at the last moment. Considerations of space prevent the writer from giving details of that settlement, but it may be described as a compromise facilitated by the friendly action of the Great Allies in cancelling or reducing Debts, etc., and in providing some fresh financial support. The settlement must be regarded as excellent—if only from the astonishing fact that all the countries most deeply interested congratulated themselves on the results obtained, though, as was to be expected, opposition was shown by some political groups and individuals, disgruntled for one or another reason, in these States. Hungary had been the great difficulty, but she left the conference satisfied. Count Bethlen, the Hungarian Prime Minister, declared on his return to Budapest: "As regards Hungary's relations with the Little Entente a number of differences were undoubtedly eliminated and an atmosphere created which will be most beneficial from the economic point of view. We have had many quarrels with our neighbours in the past, but without their readiness to make sacrifices for the sake of understanding such an agreement would never have taken place. This spirit will certainly help toward forming a normal atmosphere in Central Europe." After such a statement, it is now perhaps clear that the January Hague Conference marks a great step forward in the history of the New Europe—a much greater step than had been known in England.

FEMINISM IN THE FAR EAST

By H. VERE REDMAN

THE majority of writers on Japanese woman have been accustomed to hint at peculiar qualities in their subject which make her especially fit for transforming an apparent masculine tyranny into the typical mysterious feminine dynasty by means of which the greatness of Japan has been achieved in the past and without which the future would be unthinkable. A consideration of Japanese family life shows, however, that the indirect powers of woman are certainly no greater than those of Western women, and her direct privileges are in every field considerably less.

Economically, her situation must be considered in two classes. 48 per cent. of the Japanese population is agricultural. Of this type of work, woman takes a larger share than do Western women; with the possible exception of Central European peasants. The system of farm holding and farm labour is such that it is hard to measure in money terms the value set on work done, but where wages are directly paid, the average man earns 1 Yen—and the average woman 0 Yen 60 sen per day. These figures represent very fairly the woman's actual production, for her strength is inferior and her effort is constantly interrupted by the domestic calls made, large enough in a society where a family of less than six children is exceptional. These conditions are not ideal, but they do not constitute an inter-sex problem.

The woman's problem begins, from the economic standpoint, just when she begins to avail herself of educational facilities. Then, her possibilities are relatively small. Firstly, education of equal grade is inferior for women, and then in the higher grades they have very few schools. Therefore, the woman who wishes to work outside the agricultural sphere starts rather poorly equipped. Then again, the work open to her is extremely limited. She can work in the silk factories at wages and under conditions reminiscent of the early nineteenth century in England. The average wage for women in the silk

industry is the equivalent of 10/- a week plus board and lodging. This is not perhaps so inadequate as it sounds, for the standard of living is still not high among the Japanese of that class; but the most undesirable feature of the work is that there is no opportunity of progress, either in the kind of work done or in the wages received. There are growing numbers of women who fill the minor clerical posts in the large commercial offices, but here again they are mostly blind alley occupations, owing to the women's inferior educational equipment and the general prejudice against women's progress. In Japan as elsewhere, there is a host of women elementary teachers, though even in girls' schools quite a large number of men are employed at wages from 20 to 50 per cent. higher than those of their female colleagues.

Passing to the legal position, we find that the laws with regard to property are complicated, from the Western point of view, by that factor in Japanese society, reflected in the Code, which recognizes the family, rather than the individual, as the social and economic unit. Naturally enough, before marriage the woman will own no property, for that will be in the hands of her parents, or whoever fills the rôle of head of the house. On marriage, such portion as she is given remains technically hers, although in the custody of her husband, who is legally entitled to all fruits thereof. In the event of divorce, the portion brought by the wife must be restored to her, or rather to her family, who originally supplied it. The law lays an equal obligation of maintenance on both husband and wife, an almost ironical regulation in a society in which the economic opportunities for women are such as have been described. There is one case in which a woman, at any rate superficially, has a legally protected position superior to that of her husband. This is the case in which a husband is adopted into his wife's family. Most self-respecting Japanese families regard the absence of a male heir as little short of tragedy. Consequently, if the family is reasonably wealthy and of good social position, they can usually find some younger son of a less wealthy family who will undertake the slightly humiliating rôle of an adopted son. He changes his name to that of his wife, and for most legal purposes the rôles of husband and wife are inverted. Even in this case, however, her property rights are not absolutely undisputed, as for the disposal of property the assent of the husband is legally required.

The divorce law reveals most of all the inferior position of women. The regulations which govern judicial divorce do not differ very largely from those of Western countries with the exception of two points. The first is that a disrespectful attitude on the part of the wife towards her parents in law is a ground for judicial divorce. One can only say of this that it is an improvement on the situation before the adoption of the Civil Code, when the position of women was regulated by Confucian canon which laid down that a wife could be dismissed for numerous reasons, among which was a disposition to talk too much! On the other hand, misconduct on the part of the husband is not a ground for judicial divorce, either in itself or in conjunction with other grounds. There is an interesting exception to this, however, which is again very significant of the Japanese attitude. The adultery of a woman is a criminal offence, incidentally punishable in the past by crucifixion of both parties. If then a married man has been condemned as the accomplice of an adulteress, his wife can take that as a ground for divorce.

The much more widely practised system of divorce is what is called "divorce by mutual consent". That this is widely practised is not astonishing, for the Japanese attitude towards marriage has been what, for good or ill, the Western attitude is rapidly becoming. Marriage in Japan has never had any religious sanction. It is a civil contract, to be protected legally while it lasts, but terminable like every other association at the will of the contracting parties. But this is, of course, a mere matter of legal theory. In practice, the divorce by mutual consent is the system under the cover of which Japanese men exercise the right to dispose of their wives in precisely the same manner as they did before the Civil Code existed. It must be remembered that the wife is living under the control of the husband's family, and it requires little imagination to conceive what degree of pressure can be brought to bear to convince her that she wishes for a divorce, if such should happen also to be the desire of her husband and his family. Even in these circumstances, Japanese women will sometimes put up a fight, as they realize that the custody of the children will, in all such cases, be accorded to the husband, but even should they do so it is well nigh impossible to maintain the fight against the influence of the family.

The Western inquirer will ask next: "What are the regulations with regard to breach of promise and paternal maintenance of illegitimate children?", for it is on these points that woman are likely to suffer in a State where the feminine point of view has but little weight in the councils of her betters. For practical purposes, the first question does not arise, as marriages are arranged between families, and "engagements" are unknown. The period between what is called "yuino" or "formal betrothal" which consists of an exchange of presents in the form of clothes, fish and edible sea-weed, is on an average about one month. This leaves but little time for the masculine defaulting more common in Europe; but where one side wishes to withdraw, this can be arranged by a return of the gifts. Very rarely is a law suit instituted for breach of contract, and when it is, it is a matter for settlement between family and family.

In the matter of illegitimate children the law does not differ widely from that in Western countries, but in any case the possession of an illegitimate child in no way penalizes a woman as it does in the West. First of all, particularly in the case of a male child, the father will be only too eager to acknowledge paternity, and thus claim all rights on the infant; failing this, the mother's family will readily adopt the child, and in each case the legal status is exactly the same as that of other children created in the more conventional conditions. Maintenance, therefore, is not really a problem, and in this matter the Japanese manifest a tolerance and a humanity which might well be pondered in certain Western countries. On the other hand, it is only fair to say that a man, already married, who acknowledges paternity of an illegitimate child, can carry the child off into his own family, bring it up with his legitimate children, and legally refuse the mother all access to it.

Much has been written, both here and in Europe, on the subject of the law with regard to prostitution. The conditions are certainly bad enough, but they have vastly improved. Before 1875 it was possible for parents to sell their children outright to licensed houses for a cash payment, this contract being so far legally recognised that, when girls escaped from the houses with a view to giving up this life, they were arrested by the police, and returned to their legal owners. In 1875, a law was passed, forbidding outright sale, but allowing the girls to be pledged for

a period of three years in exchange for a loan made by the brothel keepers to the parents. As most of these loans remained unpaid, the actual position of the women was not much improved, but this legislation did, at any rate, show the trend of public opinion. Legally, the position remains unchanged to-day, and only last year there were cases of girls arrested by the police and returned to brothels. But public opinion has reached the point where such action is immediately followed by wide agitation, and money is forthcoming from societies or individuals to liquidate the debts, and thus release those girls who have no wish to remain. It must be added that excellent work in finding employment for such women is being done by an increasing number of societies enjoying public support. On the other side of the question too, houses of prostitution are far less used in modern times, and this is attributed to the growth of dance halls and cafés, which afford opportunities for contact between young people of the opposite sex, without necessarily involving illicit relations. This produces the strange spectacle of a wide-spread campaign conducted principally by those interested directly or indirectly in the prostitution trade, against the importation of these Western frivolities which they say are sapping the manhood of the modern Japanese youth.

Politically, Japanese women have no rights at all. Until comparatively recently they could not even attend political meetings. Nowadays, this disability has been removed, and not only do large numbers of women attend political meetings, but during the recent election there were many women speakers. These speakers confined themselves mostly to urging the cause of women suffrage, and appealing for better conditions for women workers, and for revision of the law on prostitution.

It was significant that at the time when women's political activities were brought more particularly to the public notice, the Press was very favourable to them. Editors, who would be horrified at the idea that their daughters should receive equal education to their sons, and scandalized beyond all measure that their wives should dine at their table with their guests, wrote glibly of women's political rights, and the league for the extension of the franchise in women's favour. This is not as inconsistent as it would be in the West. The whole machinery of democratic Government is an importation. It does not belong

to the Japanese, nor they to it. The general public regard it, possibly unconsciously, as a sort of "gadget", like central heating; something incomprehensible and fundamentally unimportant, but indispensable as bearing the stamp of modernity. Let no man suspect that Dai Nippon is not *à la page*. Universal Suffrage is *à la page*, then the Japanese must have it. The Feminine Franchise is *à la page*, and therefore it must come too.

The leaders of the women's movement realize this quite well, and therefore adapt their campaign to the conditions. They do not concern themselves greatly with the social disabilities of women. These, they tell us, are in the fundamental nature of things, one of the glories of Japanese womanhood. The writer was once told, by a leader of the Women's movement in Japan, that the vote was obtained by British women because they showed during the war that they could do the work of men. "Japanese women," declared this eminent lady, "will never obtain the vote by such means. We must remain womanly; there is something in the Japanese woman's character which no foreigner can understand."

There is, therefore, no campaign for feminine emancipation. The Woman's movements aim at the vote on the one hand, and improved feminine education on the other. Such attempts as are made at social emancipation are spasmodic individual efforts, regarded as reprehensible by the grave leaders of the feminist movements as well as by the most hide-bound males of the old school.

As to the social position of the Japanese woman, reference has already been made to the Confucian code of morals for women. The basic canons of that code, as incorporated in the Japanese *Onna Daigaku* (Greater Learning for Women) are what are known as the Three Obediences:—Obedience to the parents as a maid, to the husband as a wife, and to the eldest son as a mother. That fundamental idea has of course received some shocks by the contact with western standards, but in the main, it has survived them. The young girl does manifest the most implicit obedience to her father. What is more, the distinction between herself and her brothers is made perfectly clear to her from the earliest age. She is the fetcher and carrier for the family, waiting not only on her father, but also on her brothers. The sons owe obedience to the father

too, but disciplined as they may be, there hangs about them always the atmosphere of the potential paterfamilias. In a conversation, they will take a subordinate part, but at least a speaking part. The daughters are expected to supply an accompaniment of demure silence or a series of deprecating noises. One must add that they are intended to be ornamental, and in the better class families they succeed.

The comings and goings of the young men are more or less unrestricted; those of the young women are hedged about with every sort of taboo. Contact with young men, except of the more formal sort, is absolutely forbidden, and indeed it is not much sought by the young men themselves, who have a healthy contempt for the maidens of their own class. Interesting feminine society for the average young man is to be found with the geisha, a class of highly sophisticated and intelligent entertainers, and latterly with café waitresses and the professional partners in the few dance halls in the cities. The round of innocent social functions, which even the earliest Victorian parents provided or sanctioned for their young girls are completely unknown. The young Japanese girl may occasionally entertain groups of her girl friends, but that is absolutely all.

And so we come to marriage. We have already seen that this is essentially a family affair, and it is only just to say that the young men are as completely in the hands of their parents, in this respect, as the young women. As far as one can judge, there is very little coercion on the part of the parents. Indeed, in the great majority of cases, it is not necessary. The young woman realizes quite clearly that obedience to the parents' wish is in the very nature of things, and the young man, once assured of the financial and social status of the prospective bride, is not critical of her personality. He has been taught from childhood to expect little from respectable women, beyond service and childbirth. Why then should he be critical?

The married state does not vastly change the position of the Japanese woman. She quits the service of her own family for that of the family of her husband, for in the majority of cases she must live in the house of her parents-in-law. She may or may not have control of the domestic finances, but certainly not if her mother-in-law is alive. The mother-in-law in Japan is not the joke tinged with acid of the West, but a daily and hourly tragedy.

This is accentuated in the present period of transition where the ideas and knowledge of the young generation are so vastly different from those of the old. Conflict becomes particularly acute on the question of rearing children, and it is frequently asserted that much of the all too high infant mortality is due, not to lack of knowledge on the part of young mothers, but to the fact that the older methods are forced upon them by their mothers-in-law.

As a wife, the Japanese woman has, as we have seen, little in common with her husband, and this is made manifest in numerous phases of the daily life. When he entertains his guests to a meal, her only share in the proceedings is that of a servant, coming and going with the dishes required. In the case of mixed company, and such cases are rare as far as domestic entertainments are concerned, the wife will be present, but will take little or no part in the conversation. It is no exaggeration to say that in the average middle class household, the wife spends considerably more time in the company of her servants than in that of her husband.

The Japanese wife rarely goes out in her husband's company, or for that matter, in any company at all. When she does so, she is frequently to be observed walking behind him. This custom of walking in the rear is dying out we are told, but only a month ago I observed the following scene in a public park:—A wife was trailing along with a baby on her back, another very obviously in embryo at the front, an enormous parcel under each arm, while, in front of her, at a proper distance (approximately four paces) walked my lord, rather well-turned-out in European dress, swinging a walking cane. Suddenly, he required a handkerchief. Half turning, he announced his need. The lady set the parcels on the ground and produced the necessary article, neatly folded. This she handed to her husband who acknowledged it with a slight inclination of the head.

Finally, the Japanese wife cannot and does not expect fidelity from her husband. There is no sort of friendship between them, so that it is very natural that he should seek entertainment outside, and it is inevitable that that entertainment should take the form of what we would describe as immorality in our neighbours in the West.

Side by side with all this, it must be remembered that Japanese

husbands are extremely kind to their wives, and for the most part generous financially, within the limits of their means. As far as one can observe, the Japanese wife is quite contented with her lot, except of course when she is married to an eldest son and must live with her mother-in-law. When her turn comes to be a mother-in-law, she can at last rule, after the long years of subservience, but it is a rule exercised purely over female subjects and her acquired dignity is only at the expense of fresh subservience in the younger generation.

What does such a system make of the Japanese women? Foreigners and Japanese have lauded their gentleness, their humility, their capacity for sacrifice and self-effacement. They certainly have all these qualities, and one other, negative perhaps, but which stands out in comparison with many of their Western sisters. They are lacking in sex-consciousness. Marriage comes to them in the nature of things, therefore, there is little about them to suggest that one of their functions in life is to catch a man. Both men and women will be "caught" in the system which demands as a primary duty the preservation of the family. Japanese women of the middle and upper classes have little of what the elders of Hollywood have taught us to describe as "sex appeal". This is confined to the class of geisha, already mentioned, and naturally enough to the regular prostitute class. Much of the time and thought of the Japanese women goes to personal adornment, with wholly admirable results; but this adornment is essentially artistic, and never has that undercurrent of allurements, which is so noticeable in the West.

But when we have said this we have said all. A submissive, gentle, self-sacrificing, artistically dressed creature, is not a companion. The whole Japanese system admits it, with its assumption that men should find entertainment elsewhere. Japanese mothers must, in the tender years, influence their children. That influence certainly is refining, but it is certainly not enlightened. When occasionally women revolt against the system and claim a certain measure of equality with men, they are told that by so doing, they are striking a blow at the institution of the family. It would seem, however, that the family would only be strengthened if the Japanese husband could find a companion in his wife, and the children an enlightened mentor in their mother.

The writer has been told again and again that all this is changing, and from time to time he himself sees signs of it. Apart from the political women's movements already mentioned, and the agitations for improved feminine education, attempts are made, here and there, by young girls, to claim the right to go out unattended, to mix in masculine society, and even to choose their own husbands. But public opinion is all against them. Their conduct is described, not only as revolutionary, but also as immoral. The Press is full of accounts of the immoral conduct of what are called "moga" (a Japanese corruption of "modern girl"). The police are put on their track because it is suggested that some of them have actually embraced young men in public parks. The same policeman who has arrested a prostitute and returned her to her legitimate owner, the brothel keeper, has power, which he exercises frequently, to accost a young couple in the street, who are walking arm in arm, hail them to his nearby box of office, lecture them severely on their indecency, and command them to proceed to their homes by divergent routes.

Of course, such absurdity cannot last for ever. Sooner or later, Japanese women will come to occupy a position very similar to that of their Western sisters. The movement will gather impetus when Japanese women, and for that matter Japanese men, come to realize that the subservience of women is not something peculiarly Japanese, but that women occupy in Japan to-day approximately the position of women in the Roman Empire. The day the Japanese realize that their system, instead of being something unique "which no foreigner can understand", was the system which Europeans understood so well that they began to reject it some thousand years ago, change will come fast, for, as we have said, Japan is nothing if not up-to-date. When the change does come, the jump will be straight into our modern Western ideas; there will not be the transition period of chivalry which Christianity imposed upon the West. In other words, Japanese women will go straight from the state of inferiors to that of equals, without passing through the stage of "Woman the pampered Queen".

The order of the changes will differ from that of the West. It is the writer's conviction that the political franchise will come first, for the reasons outlined above.

THE CASE FOR CARTELS

By H. C. TRENCH

ALTHOUGH scarcely a week passes without some reference in the daily press to the activities of an International Cartel, extraordinarily little is known of their functions. Indeed, the meaning of the word, and what it has come to mean, is so often confused that cartels are usually bracketed with combines and trusts. One reason for this lack of knowledge lies in the secrecy with which most cartels enshroud themselves, so much so that in many cases even the existence of such an organisation is often unknown. Yet it is fairly safe to say that no industry to-day operates under the old competitive system untrammelled by agreements among its constituent members. Although the beginning of the century saw the existence of a number of cartels working with more or less success both in Europe and between various European countries and America, the advent of the war precipitated a development which in the ordinary way would have occurred over a longer period than five years. Pressure of Governments and the stress of war conditions compelled industrialists to sacrifice their individuality and, competition being too costly, collective negotiations became the order of the day. The evils of competition are too many and obvious for the death of the system to compel more than "the passing tribute of a sigh". Self interest raised to a gospel, "sweating" regarded as shrewd rather than shameful, and a competition, aimed at the ruin of rivals, often degenerating into victimisation of the consumer and, more than all else, waste, were the characteristics of an era of industry which has now happily drawn to a close, and as we turn the page we see that necessity has brought to fruition a system which, with all its dangers, is yet of incomparably greater benefit to the community.

The most vital question in the world to-day is that of price level; the stability of money lies at the very foundations of life and is the key to national and individual security. There can, moreover, be little doubt that a wide variation in the purchasing

power of money contributes largely to the cause of labour unrest, unemployment and the other economic ills to which a great part of the world is subject to-day. Here then is the strongest argument for the trade association whether it be the loosely knit cartel or highly centralised trust, but to class these organisations together as but different signs for the same Inn is to fail to recognise the profound difference which gives them birth and actuates their existence. No doubt in course of time there will be evolved a satisfactory definition of the word "cartel" unless perhaps one accepts the *double entendre* and argues that a cartel is still "an agreement between enemies in time of war". Certain it is that such agreements as these rarely eventuate except under the compulsion of circumstances. "Most associations were born of dire necessity; it was seldom indeed that an association came into being until the trade was faced with all-round disaster if it did not combine". These remarks from the report of the Committee on Trusts at any rate afford a clue as to the circumstances in which trade associations—whether they are local between half-a-dozen firms, or international, covering a whole industry in half-a-dozen countries—come to birth and it can be seen at once that they differ from those from which the trust is evolved. The cartel invariably depends on faith, hence its fragility, and this quality is inherent by reason of the strict limitations to its possibilities. These can be roughly summarised as:—

1. Paucity of members.
2. Good internal organisation.
3. The marketing of goods which can be clearly defined.

It is weak also because of the refusal of certain producers to enter—those strong enough to do so, selling above the syndicate price; and those in a weaker position below—while its vulnerability is further increased by the sense of injustice from which its weaker members frequently suffer.

When the resources—usually financial—of no concern are sufficiently strong to dominate the market in its particular products, it must depend on the faith of its competitors to adhere to the terms of the agreement by which all hope to make a fair and reasonable profit out of their merchandise. But, the opponents of the cartel will ask, who is to define a reasonable

profit, since control of production and so of price is usually one of the most material features of a trade agreement and a price 'just right' for the producer may be far from right for the consumer. A story is told of a publican who, having workmen in his house, sent round to them a case of beer which had gone off a little. Enquiring later how they liked it he was told that it was 'just right' and asking further, "How do you mean, just right?" he received the reply, "Well Guv'nor, if it had been any better, we shouldn't 'ave got it and if it had been any worse, we couldn't have drunk it, so what we say is, it was just right."

* * *

Ultimately, supply and demand answer the question of a reasonable price, since if the price is too high sales will drop or a substitute be found. Here then is seen one main function of the cartel, namely the fixing of price and the control of production. In general the others may be cited as follows:—division of markets and an interchange of technical processes and patents. With that, our knowledge of cartels comes to an end, for particulars of their working and other functions are not in general available for public consumption. All the more interesting, therefore, was the announcement in December last of the purposes of a new cartel covering the asbestos industry in ten of the countries of Europe. The procedure to the foundation of this association was the usual one. A particular firm which, by assimilation, absorption and share acquisition, had succeeded in rationalising the industry in England, surveyed the European field in relation to the world's known supplies of raw material, and by a laborious reconciliation of impinging, if not conflicting aims, induced the principal manufacturers in Europe to pool their interests. The objects of the cartel in this case are stated to be *inter alia*, the exchange of technical knowledge, the establishment of an institute of research, the foundation of new factories, the organisation of the export business, the standardisation of quality, and mutual assistance in securing raw material. The announcement of its formation was supplemented with the opinion of the firm mostly concerned that this "miniature League of Nations" has a great future before it, for it is based on the principle of mutual help which now displaces the previous

atmosphere of distrust and suspicion. Here again our object is to give better service and better value to the consuming public, for we recognise that only by so doing can we justify our activities and retain the public confidence." Though it would be absurd to suppose that such an attitude towards the public as that expressed above forms the guiding principle and motive in the formation of cartels in general, it is quite certain that any cartel which endeavours to exploit the public has little chance of survival. That such an effort is rarely seen is, however, due to the undoubted fact that no cartel is strong enough to pursue for any time a policy aimed at the victimisation of the consumer. Another reason which contributes to this attitude of restraint is the example of the evolution of the trusts. These, in their initial stages, tended to abuse their powers and examples are not lacking of the failure of methods of arrogance, combativeness and truculence which characterised these earlier phases in industrial evolution. The International Copper Trust, which in 1896/97, endeavoured to corner the metal, and failed; the American Match Trust, which in 1901 demanded of the astounded shareholders of Bryant and May the sale of the control of their enterprise under the most dire threats of ruin, are but two examples of the more notorious failures to establish a complete monopoly by methods akin to brigandage; while the present position of the Standard Oil Co., compared with the early history of every sort of crime and violence which at one time was associated with the legend "SOCONY", has clearly demonstrated that the consumer will not ultimately succumb to a reckless abuse of industrial power. Although the anti-trust laws have done much to re-distribute the powers of the Standard Oil Co., the Company still remains the most outstanding example to-day of what can be effected by one man aiming at a monopolistic control.

* * *

So far as the cartel is concerned legislation can do little to protect the consumer; there are in fact only a few countries where such legislation exists, notably, Germany, Norway, and the United States—the last named being the most advanced in this direction. Laws aimed vaguely at an abuse of economic

power, at associations for the limitation of commerce and production, at combinations in restraint of trade and conspiracies to establish a monopoly are notoriously difficult to enforce, partly owing to the difficulty of interpreting an abstract concept, and are rendered more so by the fact that it is often necessary in the public interest to compel precisely that amalgamation which is theoretically so undesirable.

The American Congress at the present time affords an interesting example of the paradoxical position to which any generalisations must lead; on the one hand, a bill has been presented to permit communication companies, wireless and cable, to merge into one organisation, since it is contended that in view of the unity of control practised abroad, American companies will not be able effectively to compete: while on the other hand, further amendments to the existing anti-trust laws are contemplated with a view to liquidating a particular trade monopoly. In this connection it is pertinent to reflect that the Clayton Act of 1914 aimed at legalising certain aspects of trade associations, which had been declared illegal under the Sherman Act of 1890. The Export Trade Act of 1918 goes even further and permits associations for the purposes of foreign trade which would be illegal for internal trade.

* * *

In Germany the beneficial activities of cartels have long been recognised, and the Cartel Decree is directed solely against the abuse of economic power. Here also is seen an example of the not always recognised fact that control of production is not implicit in control of price. The Rhenish Coal Selling Syndicate distributes orders received for German coal and fixes the selling price, but the coal owner can make what extra profit he likes by rationalisation of production, the use of by-products, *etcetera*, and that remains the reward of his efforts. On the other hand, he cannot undercut his fellow producers who work, perhaps, in less favourable conditions. In German consolidations is seen, more than in those of any other country, the effect of the war on industry and this is largely due to the lack of external assets and the exploitation in consequence of every natural resource to the highest degree of efficiency. There can, moreover, be little

doubt that the industrial expansion of the country is yet far from the peak, and an extension of cartels may confidently be looked for. Further legislation will undoubtedly be seen, but the difficulties in the regulation of international organisations are very great, if not insuperable, and the most effective weapon against an industrial organisation which threatens to take advantage of its position is an equally strong organisation among consumers. Failing such organisation, publicity appears to be the only safeguard. "Light is the best of all policemen", and the most notable effect of legislative enactments has been hitherto, increased publicity in regard to trust operations. Far more is known of trust operations in America, for instance, than of such in Great Britain because a machinery exists to examine, enquire and collect evidence. The difficulty of obtaining such information in this country was exemplified in the Report on Trusts where on more than one occasion the Committee expressed their regret that the trade considered it "undesirable or inexpedient to furnish us with the information necessary to the duties with which we are charged". It is unlikely that information of value will ever be available except under the pressure of legislation and an open question whether in view of the paramount position of the trusts, the time is not rapidly passing when such legislation can be effected at all.

* * *

The export policy of cartels has in the past produced some strange anomalies by reason of the fact that to ensure employment the association would frequently sell abroad at lower than home prices. On more than one occasion a German cartel has lost contracts to British competitors who were able to secure their raw material at prices lower than the manufacturers were able to obtain in their own country. Diffusion versus concentration of power is a formula which fairly accurately describes the chief distinction which both divides and conjoins the Cartel and the Trust, for not only is one necessary to the other but in many cases the latter is the outcome of the former. Often the pressure of the horizontal cartel produces the vertical trust; often again the financial success and predominance of one member enables it to obtain such control of its associates that the cartel develops into

a trust and on occasion the natural frailty of the group induces a closer consolidation for its own protection. The cartel may, therefore, be regarded as a phase betwixt rationalisation and trustification and this intermediate position accounts for its frequently indeterminate and amorphous nature. But here again fixation is impossible, for cartels are occasionally evolved by the Trusts for the purpose of establishing a monopoly—then the identity of the one becomes merged in that of the other. There can, of course, be no question as to the power of trade combinations but it has been shown that abuse of power is by no means the facile matter which it is often regarded as being, and combinations have, as a rule, enough troubles of their own to prevent them from looking for those others which would be the concomitant of a continued campaign aimed at exploiting the public. That they conduce to price stability is unquestioned and the measure of their success in this all important aspect of human intercourse should be the gauge of their justification.

THE PROSE FICTION OF SOVIET RUSSIA

BY JOHN HALLETT

THE immediate effect of the Soviet revolution was to bring Russian prose literature to a complete standstill. Poets sprang up like mushrooms, and not only wrote but even printed and circulated their productions. But prose, or at any rate prose fiction, is a more mercenary art; and the fact that there were no buyers of novels effectually stopped the output. It is hard to recall a single notable prose work published in Russia between 1918 and 1921. The revival of fiction at the beginning of 1922 had, therefore, a very direct connection with the introduction of the economic compromise known as the Nep. But here we meet a curious paradox. The new poets, though they had followed immediately on the old, had preached, and to a great extent achieved, a rejection of the traditions and influence of pre-revolutionary Russian poetry. In prose, the rift between the old and the new was, chronologically speaking, far more clearly defined; but it was just the chronological gap which permitted a greater degree of spiritual continuity than had been possible in poetry, where no such gap in time had occurred. By 1922 the rage of destruction and pure negation had passed away; the artists who once more took up the neglected instrument of Russian prose no longer felt it incumbent upon them to deny the whole heritage of the past or to disdain the influence of their immediate predecessors. The transition was relatively smooth.

In the years before the war, Russian fiction was divided into two main schools: the Realists, who believed in Truth for Truth's sake, and the Ornamentalists, who believed in Art for Art's sake. The former rejected beauty, the latter reality; and they agreed only in denying any place in art to morality. A representative of each school survived the revolution and remained a considerable literary figure in the new Russia: Maxim Gorky of the Realists, and Andrey Bely of the Ornamentalists. But we at once stumble on another paradox. For though Realism, which concerns itself with facts, should *prima facie* have a

stronger appeal for the proletarian mind than Ornamentalism, which concerns itself mainly with style, and though Gorky is in fact a proletarian and Bely by origin and every instinct a bourgeois, yet when we compare the influence of the two writers we find that it is Bely, not Gorky, who guided the first uncertain steps of the prose fiction of the Soviet regime.

The position of Maxim Gorky is anomalous and at first sight puzzling. He is the one Russian writer living to-day whose name is familiar throughout the civilised world; yet his influence on contemporary literature, at any rate in Russia itself, is nil. He was the first proletarian writer in Russia to enter literature, and part of his immense reputation before the war was due to that fact; yet to-day, despite the halo which still surrounds his name, it is scarcely admitted that he is a proletarian writer at all. His position is in some respects analogous to that of Bernard Shaw. He made his name some thirty years back as a champion of "advanced" opinions. But the world has moved on and past him; and while he has not renounced the opinions which made him famous, these opinions are often irrelevant to existing conditions, and there are moments when he can be mistaken for a reactionary rather than a revolutionary. Contemporary Russian criticism regards Gorky as a monument rather than a living man. The Soviet critic pauses to deposit a respectful wreath at his shrine, murmurs a few indistinct phrases of perfunctory laudation, and hastens on, reverent but embarrassed. Maxim Gorky belongs, perhaps, to the history of the revolution; but he does not really belong to Soviet literature.

The name of Bely is scarcely known outside Russian literary circles. Few of his novels have been translated into any foreign language. It is difficult to translate an author who owes so much to style, and so little to thought, to plot, or to character-drawing; nor is there any likelihood that he would appeal to the foreign reader. Not much attention has been paid even in Russia itself to the work which Bely has produced since the revolution; but it is he and another pre-war "ornamentalist" writer, Remizov, who formed the style of the first Soviet novelists, to whom we now turn.

The writer who led the revival of Russian prose fiction and dominated it from 1922 to 1925 was Boris Pilnyak. His novel of civil war and famine, *The Naked Year*, burst on the Russian

world in 1922 like a new revelation, and it was immediately acclaimed as the great prose epic of the revolution. An English version of it has just appeared (Payson and Clarke, New York) as the first of a series of translations of "the Young Russians"; but it will bewilder and probably annoy the English novel-reader. Pilnyak calls himself a romantic, and the style of *The Naked Year* is that of Bely, reinforced and exaggerated by the influence of the futurist poets; in many respects indeed the book might be called a prose poem rather than a novel. It is a tapestry on which a multitude of figures are wrought in bold outline and vivid colour; but a tapestry is a clumsy medium for telling a story and an impossible one for dissecting a character; and for such things we must not look in Pilnyak.

The "last chapter" of *The Naked Year* (it is followed by a long epilogue) consists of three words:

"Russia. Revolution. Blizzard."

The word "blizzard" is a favourite one with Pilnyak and describes not inaptly the impression his art makes on the reader. Fragments of revolutionary life eddy around us; we are buffeted to and fro; and at the end are left with a nightmare consciousness of blind forces driving on the world to a dark and unknown goal. In an even wilder story, *The Third Metropolis*, published about the same time, Pilnyak boldly announces:

"Dramatis personae: none, Russia, Europe, the world, belief, unbelief, civilisation, blizzards."

In *The Naked Year* there are dramatis personae; Pilnyak even shews some psychological insight in his pictures of the Ordynin family (so ancient that nobody knows whether it gave its name to the town or the town to it), which is exhibited in the process of gradual annihilation, not by violence, but by the powerful solvent of Bolshevik ideas. There are rudiments of two or three plots; but none of them is pursued to any conclusion; and the most powerful chapter in the whole book, the slow progress of a crowded passenger train across the typhus-ridden and famine-stricken countryside, a picture so vivid that once read it can never be forgotten, has no connection with any of them. *The Naked Year* awakened the enthusiasm of Soviet Russia about the time when a certain section of the intelligentsia of western Europe was going mad over *Ulysses*. Some superficial resemblance may

be detected between the two phenomena; but the studied and ingenious incomprehensibility of James Joyce is pale and thin beside the florid, effervescent incoherences of Pilnyak.

Less cultivated, but more spontaneous, Vsevlod Ivanov came near to challenging Pilnyak's supremacy in the first years of the prose revival. He can scarcely be called a pupil of Pilnyak, for he rejects many of Pilnyak's favourite artifices (though he retains the trick of recurrent phrases used as a sort of refrain); but his undisciplined talent revels in ornamentation no less extravagant than Pilnyak's. The most characteristic of his long novels, *Blue Sands*, is the story of how the revolution came to a provincial town on the edge of the Kirghiz steppe. Himself a native of Siberia, Ivanov knows his *milieu*; he is in fact disposed to assume a degree of acquaintance with local customs and local patois which is inconvenient, at any rate to the foreign reader. He is occasionally tendentious, for example, in the emphasis laid on the brutalities of the Whites; but we cannot doubt the essential accuracy of his picture of the revolution seen from the angle of a small Siberian town. Except for the emotional "love interest" (the mistress of the Red Commissar is the wife of the White Ataman), the incidents of the novel have a remarkable air of verisimilitude.

These elements are, however, not sufficient to make *Blue Sands* a great novel. In plot and character-drawing it is as deficient as *The Naked Year*; and Ivanov never attains the epic grandeur of Pilnyak. He is too impetuous, too easily dazzled by his own stylistic brilliance. He loves colour, loves it to passion, to affectation. The title *Blue Sands* is merely a fore-taste of what is in store for us. The steppe is "a blue and pink beast"; the sun "an unconvertible gold coin"; the domestic cat is "blue-furred", and the neck of a cock "sapphire-violet". Nor does Ivanov's colour-intoxicated vision limit itself to concrete objects. His hero's words are "pink and strong like tarred ropes"; and a woman's voice is "indolent and yellow like a ripe melon". He describes his characters not by their features, but by the colour of their garments and by their smells—for Ivanov's nose is scarcely less active than his eye, and the words "flesh" and "sweat" inevitably recur in every description of human or animal activity. But it would be a gross error to conclude that Ivanov is anything in the nature of a coarse realist, a disciple of

Zola. His attitude to the odour of a sweating horse is as lyrical, and as far removed from realism, as the attitude of a Victorian poet to the scent of a violet. Even smells may have their colour: the smell of freshly-gathered hemp is described as "rank, yellow somehow, like crushed ants." It is a sort of inverted romanticism. If it is not to be called romantic, a new label must be found. For Ivanov is profoundly steeped in the opposition to realism which is the main characteristic of the school of Bely and Pilnyak.

The phrases cited in the preceding paragraph are nearly all taken from the first hundred pages of *Blue Sands*. The first may seem striking; the second and third pleasantly amuse; but after that the strongest effort scarcely galvanises us into interest, and we are frankly bored at these polychromatic scintillations. Ivanov, being above all things honest, grew bored himself; and in his later novels, beginning with *The Return of Buddha* in 1924, he throws overboard the paraphernalia of ornamentation and adopts a more everyday style with a strong tinge of satire and humour. He seems, however, to have performed the operation known to the Germans as "pouring out the child with the bath-water"; for in dropping his eccentricities he has lost much of his inspiration, and his later works have fallen distinctly flat. His best short story *The Child*, which belongs to his early period but is free from its worst excesses, has been translated by John Cournos in *Short Stories out of Soviet Russia* (Dent).

A place apart must be found for Boris Pasternak, the poet. His prose tales are few in number, but they are unlike anything else that has been produced in Russia since the revolution. His precious vocabulary, his love of far-fetched metaphor, his obscurity and fondness for the phrase whose inward meaning will only emerge some lines or pages further on, place him among the writers of "ornamental" prose. But in psychological penetration he is unique in his generation; he owes something to Dostoevsky, perhaps something to Proust; but there are few writers who appear so independent of both contemporaries and predecessors. His masterpiece in prose is an extremely original study of adolescence called *The Childhood of Lyuvers*, in which his naturally disjointed style is used to great effect to express the discontinuous thoughts and emotions of childhood. In his attitude to sex, Pasternak is thoroughly Russian. He refers to

sex and its physical symptoms with an outspokenness and absence of embarrassment still unknown in other modern literatures. But like most Russians, he is far from devoting to it the same degree of attention which it receives in the imagination, and particularly in the fiction, of western Europe; and it may safely be said that *The Childhood of Lyuvers* is the only study of adolescence in modern literature which treats sex as an unimportant incidental. The turning-point of adolescence is, according to Pasternak, the moment at which the adolescent awakes to the existence of an indifferent outside world and becomes conscious of a relationship between the individual and society at large.

"Its significance was that for the first time there had entered into her life an outside human being, a third person, completely indifferent, nameless or with some chance name, exciting neither hatred nor love—the person whom the commandments have in mind when they say: 'Do not kill, do not steal, and so forth.'"

Since *Crime and Punishment* was written, Russian literature has returned time and again to the fundamental problems of the relation of the individual to society. Pasternak ignores the problem as such, but contributes this queer study of the psychology of its earliest phase. An English translation would find an appreciative, though perhaps not a very wide, circle of readers.

The scene of *The Childhood of Lyuvers* is supposed to be laid in Perm and Ekaterinburg, and its period is indicated by a casual statement that rubber tires on carriages were a novelty. In reality it has neither time nor place; and it is odd to think that this unsubstantial abstract story was written in Russia in 1918 at the very height of the revolution. It is only in his later work that Pasternak, hesitatingly and as if unwillingly, approaches contemporary themes. *Air Ways*, written in 1924, is the story of a lost child; of the concern of the supposed father and the indifference of the wife's lover who is, and knows himself to be, the real father; of the reaction of the mother to both; and of the awakening of paternal feelings in the father when, fifteen years later, having now become a revolutionary leader, he learns from his ex-mistress that his son is involved in a "white" plot which has just been detected. The subject gives ample scope for Pasternak's psychological subtleties, but the story is scarcely

a success. The introduction of the revolution seems to disconcert Pasternak, and his revolutionary enthusiasm is laid on with a heavy and uneasy touch. It is a pity that Pasternak should have felt it incumbent upon him to seek inspiration in the revolution with which, artistically speaking (it is unnecessary to make any assumption about his personal convictions), he has no apparent point of contact.

The writers hitherto discussed, whose most characteristic work had been done before 1925, represent, with all their divergences, the ornamental school of prose. We now pass to a novel published in 1925 which may be said to represent the transition to realism, Fedin's *Cities and Years*. The last important novel in which Pilnyak's influence is felt, it is, once more, a story of the war and the revolution. It is conceived on a large scale; and its chief claim to originality lies in the peculiarity of its construction. The story moves backwards during the first four chapters from 1921 to about 1910, and forwards during the last five from 1916 to 1920. The forward-moving last chapters dovetail with the backward-moving earlier chapters and, as will be seen, the last chapter chronologically precedes the first. Now such effects are not unknown in the most orthodox fiction. The charm of a detective story consists in the gradual reconstruction of the causes which produced known results; and *Cities and Years*, which opens with an assassination, achieves some of the excitement of a good detective story. But in such cases the reader is lured, unreflecting and unawares, into acceptance of the order of the narration which it has pleased the writer to adopt. Fedin flings his chapter headings in our face (the chapters are named after the years to which they relate), and does not offer us the faintest excuse. We can think what we please; we can even suspect that, having written the story in its chronological order, he reshuffled the manuscript for the greater confusion of the bourgeois. (Isolated sections of it were, in fact, published in periodicals some time before the whole book appeared). Our feelings are divided between fascination and irritation; and we are left wondering whether the capricious arrangement disguises the merits of a masterpiece or the banalities of mere sensationalism.

We should like to regard the constructional eccentricities of *Cities and Years* as a joke. But when Fedin tries to be jocose

he rivals the worst examples of bathos in Balzac and Dickens, or falls into the manner of the clever schoolboy:

"Next day the sun rose two-and-a-half minutes later than the day before. Otherwise the dawn was in no way remarkable."

Altogether Fedin's style, far less ornamental than Pilnyak's or Ivanov's, is rather undistinguished. The strong points of the story are a plot, a gift for vigorous narrative, and some sense of character-drawing. The German officer is, it is true, sheer caricature, and the young German heroine (if such she can be called) of advanced principles is even worse; probably Fedin has never met a living representative of either type. But there is considerable merit in the contrast between the young Russian Bolshevik intellectual who is continually diverted from the path of his choice by moral scruples or philosophic doubts, and the German Bolshevik who always knows what he wants and eventually shoots his Russian colleague for treachery. In all these merits, Fedin belongs not to the school of Pilnyak, but to the realists; and *Cities and Years* may be said to be the turning point of Soviet fiction. From 1925 onwards realism, which had, of course, never been entirely extinct, re-asserted its supremacy.

The greatest of the realists of Soviet fiction is probably Isaac Babel. His most famous collection of short stories, *Red Cavalry* (he has written no novels), is accessible to the English reader in J. H. Harland's translation, and has had more praise from critics in this country than any other piece of Soviet fiction. It is not fanciful in this connection to stress the fact that Babel is a Jew. (Of the writers already mentioned, Pasternak and Babel are Jews; Pilnyak is said to be partly Jewish, but his literary style and tradition seem to me purely Russian). No pure Russian working on such subjects, could, I think, have attained the same merciless detachment and the same stylistic restraint; and it is precisely these qualities which have won for Babel instant appreciation in western Europe. This is not to say that Babel himself wavers in his allegiance or is not a good communist; but he has a capacity for looking at his subjects simultaneously from within and from without which is difficult to define but which will at once be understood by the reader of his stories. He began to write soon after Pilnyak, and there is an occasional phrase in his writings which recalls Pilnyak's extravagant style; but he soon settled down to a restrained,

realistic manner, and it is significant that Soviet critics (whether correctly or not) trace his style to French models. His talent is beyond question, but he cannot be regarded as a typical figure in Russian literature.

Among the realists Ognyov will be familiar to English readers as the author of *The Diary of a Communist Schoolboy* and *The Diary of a Communist Undergraduate*. These absorbing books are more noteworthy as social documents than as literature. They are imaginary diaries and most of the incidents are doubtless fictitious; but they scarcely fall under any ordinary definition of fiction. We are interested not in the characters, but in the milieu in which they are presented to us; and we should not be interested in that if we had not reason to believe that it is a tolerably accurate reproduction of existing fact. There is far more literary craftsmanship in Pantelimon Romanov's stories of student life, though they may be photographically less exact. *Without Cherry Blossom*, translated in *Great Russian Short Stories* (Ernest Benn), is one of the most moving and original things in Soviet fiction.

We must also include among the realists (as realists at any rate in intention) a number of novelists who have used fiction for definite propaganda. The most prominent of these has been a woman writer named Seifullina, foolishly dubbed by some Soviet critics "the Tolstoy of the revolution". Her novels of country life are unpretentious and rather naïve, and display a vein of sentimentality commoner in English than in Russian fiction. We know in advance that her "sympathetic" characters are, or will become, good Bolsheviks, and that her villains will all be Whites. None of her books are translated; and if the English reader wishes to sample this type of Soviet propaganda fiction, he must take up Gladkov's *Cement*, which attained the unmerited distinction of being the first Soviet novel to appear in English dress. Its title is unfortunately and unintentionally expressive; it is a solid, ponderous straightforward tale innocent of any approach to grace or subtlety. Its characters are conventional; the morals which it points are, from the Soviet point of view, unexceptionable and, from any point of view, painfully obvious.

We have left the humorists to the end. The earliest of them is Zoschenko. His stories, like Chekhov's, are among the easiest

in the world to read and the hardest to remember; and although two or three years ago I read some twenty of them at a sitting (their average length is four or five pages), I cannot now remember the plot of a single one of them. *The Old Rat*, translated in *Great Russian Short Stories*, is an excellent specimen. The writer takes a trait of human character, not too hackneyed, yet not too abstruse (the annoyance of being continually reminded by one's benefactor of benefits received); exhibits it in more or less grotesque circumstances (the building of an aeroplane from private contributions of one rouble each); and leads up to a perfectly logical yet perfectly absurd conclusion (the workmen of the factory return the hero his rouble). It would not be surprising to discover that Zoschenko had been a student of O. Henry. A humorist of more recent appearance is Kataev, whose *Embezzlers* has scored a success in both English and French translations; but it must be admitted that its success is partly attributable to the novelty of the milieu and to the fact that it was the first readable Soviet novel to be translated. Another and even better sample of current Soviet humour is Bulgakov's *The Fatal Eggs*. It has not yet been translated; its length, half-way between the novel and the short story, though always popular enough in Russia and just about sufficient to exhaust the humours of a situation, has probably deterred the conservative English publisher. The story, if translated, would certainly dispel the current illusion that the Soviet authorities ban satire at the expense of Soviet institutions. The orthodox Bolshevik may laugh over *The Fatal Eggs*, just as Nicholas I applauded Gogol's *Revizor*; and if Bulgakov is regarded with suspicion in official circles, it is on account not of this story, but of his extremely successful play, *Days of the Turbins*, which has also appeared in novel form. *Days of the Turbins* consists of vivid, loosely-connected scenes in the life of a Kiev family during the revolution; it reserves its satire for the Ukrainian nationalists, and as between the Bolsheviks and the remnants of the Tsarist forces preserves a pretty even balance of sympathy. It is permissible in Soviet Russia to-day to laugh as much as you please at the blunders of Soviet institutions, but not to suggest—or even seem to suggest—that there was not much to choose between Whites and Reds.

The condition of Soviet prose fiction twelve years after the

revolution may best be described by a phrase applied by a well-known critic to another period of Russian literature—a “fertile chaos”. Having lived through the vogue of the ornamental style (which roughly corresponds to the futurist period in poetry), Soviet fiction is now tending more and more to realism, a realism which derives not from Gorky, but rather from the older Russian classics and from foreign models. The survey just concluded has proved more difficult and less definite in its results than the corresponding survey of Soviet poets in the last number of the *Fortnightly*. In poetry, it may be averred with some measure of confidence that Mayakovsky, Esenin, and perhaps Pasternak, will still be read a hundred years hence, and read not merely by professional students. The same cannot be predicted with equal confidence of any of the dozen authors discussed in this article; and if immortality is reserved for any fiction-writers of the past decade, the claims of other authors not mentioned here may perhaps prove as good as theirs. In the meanwhile, we may welcome the number of English translations of Soviet fiction published during the past year as evidence of growing interest in a live, though sometimes baffling, literary movement.

THE NEW HISTORY

BY G. R. STIRLING TAYLOR

THIS is an age of much noise and confusion, when a large number of people have decided—somewhat hastily—that the new is always better than the old. On closer inspection of this hopeful theory, it will be discovered that it is often based on no more substantial evidence than the enthusiastic statements of advertisement agents and similar interested parties. Amongst other cases of this useful blending of philosophy and commerce we are now told that there is a “new history”, and also a new biography. There is certainly a large stock of literary matter so labelled in the market; and it is necessary, in view of possible dealings in such goods, to examine carefully what exactly we expect to get and what we are being offered.

One cannot escape from the disquieting suspicion that some of the “new” history may not be new; and that some of it may not even be history at all. What exactly does this attractive label mean when it says that its history is of an original brand? What is this latest child of that fruitful union of an art which we call Literature and a science which we term History? Is it, after all, in the long line of legitimate descent from Herodotus and Tacitus; or is it the beginning of a new dynasty?

As is generally the case in the affairs of man, the explanation of the “new” history will be most easily discovered if we examine the story of its birth. Its arrival, rather strangely, is very closely bound up with the departure of the old novel.

Of course, the novel, in the grand sense, will never depart. The great creative works of Balzac or Fielding, of Cervantes or Anatole France, of Hardy and Meredith; or Guy de Maupassant and Theodore Dreiser, and dozens of others, at their best, are designed on the scale of Nature itself; and are to be classed with the other monuments of mankind.

The novels which appear to be threatened by the advance of the new history are those entirely worthy and intelligent and interesting volumes—one ignores the ignoble scum of commercial fiction—which are the legitimate pastime of the odds-and-ends

moments of life; which compete not with the philosophers but with ping-pong or poker, bridge or badminton; the solace of a wet day in the country, when lawn tennis is impossible.

Now, the readers of this class of fiction are, in the main, of the female kind. The adult male is not normally a consumer of the circulating libraries' chief wares. Famous statesmen and hard-working intellectuals of all sorts openly confess that they read detective stories; but they do it—at least such is their excuse—to escape sleepless nights and headaches, as a safer sedative than drugs. To a man in the fulness of intellect the nourishment of the average romance would be as useless as the sipping of milk and water. When he is not feeling tired he prefers the massive affairs of Greece and Rome to the smaller passions of the latest highbrow psychology or the gossip of night clubs. The dry statements of the life of Cæsar or Mahomet are sufficient to set his mind at work. He is artist enough to create a romance out of plain historical facts. Why should he turn to the preposterous plots of the "best sellers" when Mr. Martin Hume and many others have written the true story of Mary Queen of Scots?

With the woman it is otherwise. Her less sentimental mind—in spite of all the rumours to the contrary, women is a realist and a materialist—is not so imaginative as man's. She cannot fill in the vivid gaps which will turn the simple story of the Roman conquest of Gaul from a school-book into a thrilling drama. The living touches must be supplied to her, as she reads, by those innumerable small details which are the fiction writers' stock-in-trade. Their readers are more impressed by the trivialities of a drawing room than by the gigantic outlines of the continents of life.

We are now approaching the birthplace of the New History. It began in the boudoirs and drawing rooms of the women who had hitherto been the chief hope of the writers of fiction. It was not the real new history, as we shall see later; for the greater revelations of truth have rarely happened in the soft realms of plush and cosmetics. But it was hailed as new.

The Great War had done more than bring confusion to the boundaries of states and the finances and politics of mankind. That it should have disorganised the coal and steel trades was not unexpected. But it has also reconstructed the market of books.

For when the war was over it was followed by a curious sunset. A very varied collection of memoirs began to appear in print. Half the politicians and generals were attempting to explain why they had taken four years to win the war; and the other half were engaged in the still more embarrassing task of finding an adequate reason for losing it. Reputations were being tossed to and fro like shuttlecocks. The "best society" was humming with the chatter. If it had many of the elements of vituperation in a back street slum, it was conducted by distinguished gentlemen who resided in the most important offices and in the smartest houses; and their wives and daughters had the most exciting time of their lives. The circulating library fiction became poor stuff beside these (more or less true) stories of living people. The tales of imaginary Balkan courts and princes were petty scandal when the real courts of fallen czars and emperors were being exposed to the public inspection in a new volume of memoirs every month.

The total result of all this has been interesting. Romance and adventure, scandal and more harmless gossip, had been precipitated from the cloudy realms of imagination on to the cold earth of a very real world. The old stories seemed less appetising after this closer touch with living biography and history. The new memoirs turned out to be still more exciting than the old fiction.

This playing about with the reputations of the living and the just-buried dead proved so successful that the writers spread themselves out for more prey and more plots; until some bright journalists, seeking a "stunt", announced that the New History had arrived. They appear to think that it began with a volume that dug up the Victorian dead and danced in cynical glee round their bones; but there was probably more style than history in that book. Another author turned Lord Palmerston into a charming romance that successfully challenged the films of Hollywood. The fever for the new biography spreads backward into time with increasing speed. Only a few weeks ago a writer was engaged on a Roman emperor; and now an accomplished novelist has recreated Moses. It is obvious that the old Adam himself will soon be made new; and this might well seem the final limits of the New History. But that would be a superficial judgment of the matter.

Now there is much that is altogether admirable and useful in the class of books glanced at in the above paragraph. Memoirs, historical *jeux d'esprit*, serious biographies, they have all helped to teach the thoughtless and the ignorant that fiction is so often food for babes; and that truth is the proper diet for grown minds. They have succeeded, in the main, because they have proved by example that real life beats the imagination every time and in every detail of the literary art; in exciting plot, in psychology, in structure and in colour. But the New History has a more serious purpose than to lure the bored and the idle away from the intellectual *cul-de-sac* of the lesser novels. It is not the chief end of history to gossip of kings and statesmen instead of the puppets of the story books.

There has been a good deal of humbug and ignorance in all this talk of the new biography and the new history. Most that is valuable in it had its beginning far back in the past. So few good and sound things are ever new; it takes a long time for a great man or a fine tree to reach maturity; and so it is likewise with schools of art and science and literature. Their virtues are usually to be measured most accurately by the depths of their roots. All the essential elements of the so-called new history are to be found in their purest form in such alluring volumes as the *Croker Correspondence* and the *Creevy Papers*; and Messrs. Monypenny and Buckle gave us a biography of Disraeli which will be "new" when it is a classic. The circulating library readers who are seeking the more substantial emotions will be wise if they turn to the older shelves. The recent cheaper edition of this Disraeli biography is a pleasant sign of the times. When Mr. Murray republishes the Croker and Creevy volumes, the "new" history will have triumphed indeed.

The phrase "new history" was the superficial judgment of some hasty critics who thought that a few successful cynicisms and the drawling style of a man-about-town were enough to found a new historical school. Like many other unlearned critics before them, they mistook the varnish of the surface for a change of substance beneath. No new school of history has ever been, or ever will be, founded on a trick of style. There may be some who think that Gibbon's irony made him a great historian. They are in error; it was his great learning.

A fine style is a very urgent part of all great history; for no

one can read the unreadable. But there is all the difference between trickery and craftsmanship. The writer who sets out to win by a *bon mot* instead of by an argument, the man who deliberately spends more time in searching for his phrases than for his facts, is a charlatan in history; though he may be a master of some other art. There is something much more profound in the New History than a glittering style.

There have always been solemn historians of the old school who have converted the narrative of man's career into a stately procession which is something between a Lord Mayor's show and a military tournament. But men and women do not really walk through life, either as individuals or as nations, in this processional manner. The official side of history, which has too often caught the professional historians' attention, is rarely the side that is of permanent importance.

The vital distinction between the "old" history and the "new" is that the latter is not duped by official documents. Take the case of Thomas Carlyle. He had enough style to float a new school of rhetoric; but his critical judgment of the facts which he laboriously collected, was rather below the level of the cave-man, for gullible innocence. When Oliver Cromwell made an official speech and declared that his only concern was the preservation of English liberties, or wrote pious platitudes of his guidance by God, Carlyle swallowed it all like a babe's first milk; and entirely overlooked the obvious, unofficial, fact that instead of being founded on the rock of freedom and heavenly wisdom, Cromwell ruled after the much more worldly principles of a bully and a sergeant-major.

If style maketh the historical man, then Carlyle should have been one of the founders of the New History. Whereas he is one of the landmarks that obtrude from the oldest pre-historic seas. He is full of official documents and bad judgments thereof. The New historians have something much more novel than petty phrases to offer. They are mainly concerned with new facts and, still more urgently, with new judgments.

There is an obvious reason why style is a necessary element of the new history; why it has to contain at least a flavour of what a reviewer will kindly call wit or sarcasm or humour; or (failing these higher virtues) it must have a clarity or grace which makes it easy and enticing for the normal reader. The older history

was written by gentlemen who sat in authoritative university chairs, whose books their students were compelled to buy, or risk academic disasters in their examinations. There are manufacturers of books who peculiarly deal in such wares, and make large fortunes out of the scholars' necessities. But the New History is produced by publishers who have to consider questions of literature, and the taste of an uncoerced public, who will only buy because they find the reading pleasant; and not because they have to know the views of the men who will examine them.

But style is a bait rather than an end in itself. Let us consider the two more essential elements of the New History. It looks for new facts, and it asserts the right to declare new judgments. To put it in a homely way, it refuses to be bullied by the opinions of official persons. There is at present a very healthy dislike of the bureaucrats; and when Lord Hewart leads an enthusiastic mob of the Sons of Freedom to sack Whitehall, he will meet the new historians advancing in friendly co-operation from the other end of the street. Their militant operations will have a common objective; they will go over the top of the same hostile trenches. The anti-bureaucrats do not intend to admit, humbly on their knees, that the rules of the government departments are the laws of England. The new historians are equally emphatic that the real history of man has not been most clearly written in statutes and administrative orders, in the treaties and documents of the governing class.

It is with these official documents that the old orthodox historians have been too much concerned. For example, why, in the holy name of scientific accuracy, should the story of eighteenth-century England be written round the history of its parliaments; seeing that their majorities were the choice of only a few score of landlords? Of course, the professors admit this, but in spite of that admission they soon fall back into sentimentality about "the voice of the people." To this day the text books audaciously (or ignorantly) declare that when the Younger Pitt won the election of 1784, it was the democratic choice. The new historians, being more scientific in their methods, go behind the official documents, and discover (see Mr. Laprade's paper in the *English Historical Review*, April, 1916) that Pitt won by manipulating and bribing the electorate

more skilfully than George III and Lord North had done. Nevertheless, the orthodox writers of text books go on murmuring their Athanasian creed: "I believe in Mr. Pitt and the people."

It is impossible to go into details here, but in sum it amounts to the truth which is obvious to any man of the world (but apparently not to a dweller in research libraries) that an official document is one of the last places where one should expect to find the truth revealed. It is no mere search for idle scandals that leads Mr. Horace Wyndham in his books to examine the ruling classes in their more retiring moments. He has a sound scientific instinct that it may be instructive to know something of their mistresses and their crimes as well as of their political policies and diplomatic treaties. When the Emperor William II of Germany (according to Lord Newton's life of Lord Lansdowne) told that great statesman that the "Russian Grand Duke likes Paris and a girl on each knee" it was perhaps the most important piece of information he had to offer. It was possibly as substantial an element in the Franco-Russian alliance as any more patriotic emotions. The main error of the old historians is that they are always discussing the official documents. Half the State papers have been written to conceal the truth and not to reveal it; and the rest are often composed so far from the facts that, with the best intentions, they must mislead. A large part of history has been the struggle of the human race to save itself from the unwelcomed attentions of its governing classes. To write history only from the official standpoint is to be completely biased.

Here we discover the value of such a new historian as Mr. H. G. Wells. When he wrote his *History of the World*, he had not spent his life in examining official documents; he had been using aeroplanes and tanks as the *dramatis personae* of his romances. Now a man who is bold enough to defy the elemental laws of gravity and friction is not in a mood to be particularly respectful to the chatter of the third-rate politicians and generals, and their underlings, who pretend that they have made the most of history. Mr. Wells looked on the scene from the outside; he calmly ignored many of the official assertions, and wrote a more illuminating sketch of the world than most of the professional historians had done after spending their lives in the attempt. His vivid imagination may have leapt to some

too hasty conclusions; but many of the professional historians only reach erroneous results after ponderous thought. If a writer is going to say the wrong thing, one prefers lightness and brevity.

Admittedly, Mr. Wells could not have done it if the professional historians had not written thousands of obscure and more biassed books. Here we begin to get the new historian into his place. His work is not to add to the patient toils of the research scholars. Frankly, this collecting of documents and their editing is not a work that needs very profound intelligence; it is even better performed by the people with steady clerk-like minds. It needs a careful copyist rather than an original thinker.

The new historian, on the other hand, has a more difficult task. He has to discover what is the ultimate result of all the documents that the patient clerks have so kindly collected in their note books. This mass of monographs needs a philosophical, that is to say an inquisitive, mind, to extract from them the general laws and tendencies which are concealed in the chaos of the details. The reliable clerk is the last man on earth for this work. The artist, who is trained to see form and structure, is what is needed. The real artist sees things as they are, not as the blinder men imagine them to be. It is this quality of accurate observation, and genius for discovering the facts, which put Mr. Bernard Shaw in the front rank of the new historians when he wrote *Cæsar and Cleopatra*.

One would courteously apologise for writing of the useful clerical historians as the lower branch of the profession, but it would be waste of time. For they are a haughty self-centred set, and in their professional journals they are far too dignified to give much sign that the New History exists at all. That is a pity; for they may never hear how grateful the new men are for the assistance of all their poorly-paid and ill-recognised labour. Mr. Francis Hackett frankly admitted that he would never have been able to write his great portrait of Henry VIII if the studious men had not toiled for years in editing the Tudor State Papers.

It is, however, necessary to distinguish between these two classes of historians; as some of the less observant critics still appear to imagine that the new and the old are competing in the same task. When a new historian does not add an impressive

bibliography and, above all, produce some new documents, the very prim reviewers who write for the primest reviews are very disdainful; while the man who can announce that he has been through the neglected waste-paper basket of a government office is hailed as a great master.

A recent volume has revealed the whole matter in an interesting way. Not many months ago somebody wrote a book on Sir Robert Peel on the clerical lines, and one of the journals hastened to announce that it "will be for years, if not for all time, the authoritative history." Then Mr. L. B. Namier got hold of the book, and gave his views in *The Observer* (where reviewers are so distinguished that they are allowed to sign their names). He said the author was very proud of his unpublished material; but, after all, it told us nothing very fresh. Then Mr. Namier continued, in words which might form the title page of the New History: "What is required is a new angle of vision and a careful re-examination of the material—no matter whether published or unpublished—in the light of searching, well formulated questions." He added that in the book under discussion ("on which much honest conscientious work had been expended, which contains sound material, and shows intelligent impartial judgment") "no fundamental questions are asked"; and, "the narrative takes its weary, meandering course through interminable debates and ephemeral political manœuvres."

The case for the New History could not be more concisely put. It suggests that we have now collected such a mass of historical evidence that the most urgent need is to re-examine it, and discover what it all comes to in terms of the general problems of humanity. Such philosophical deductions are not safely left to the opinions of students who have—with great devotion—spent their lives in deciphering Anglo-Saxon charters or transcribing departmental correspondence. The final meaning of history is more likely to be understood by a widely educated person who has never handled an Exchequer Roll in his life.

There is this to be added. Let not the scholars—as they love to be called—be too haughty in their claim to be learned in the facts. They have made plenty of childish mistakes. For example, Selden knew all about the real meaning of the folc land of the pre-Conquest period; yet the learned scholars went on writing sheer rubbish about it during most of the nineteenth

century; and one of the best known text-books on legal history was still in the dark several years after Vinogradoff had rediscovered the truth in the nineties. If the new historians meekly accept all the will-o'-the-wisps of the scholars they will be led into innumerable morasses. How many of the text book writers have yet digested the mass of new evidence that Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb (now Lord and Lady Passfield) collected in their monumental volumes on *English Local Government*? Take, for example, their re-examination of the facts concerning the Municipal Corporation Act of 1835.

The mention of these two distinguished historians raises the question whether, indeed, it be possible to draw any clear line between the old history and the new. Their volumes on the history of local government in England have never been surpassed for scholarly research into details. Yet, in their insistence on the urgent importance of examining the practical facts behind the statutory surface, they may be said to have founded a new school of history. Further, in spite of their precise detail, these volumes are always easy and attractive reading; and they are entirely detached from the official mind. They have, indeed, all the essentials of the newest history; and this kinship is proved by the regrettable fact that although the orthodox history book writers always include these volumes in their bibliographies, they less frequently incorporate the invaluable information in their text. Take a writer of a very different school, Mr. Wingfield-Stratford. His two recent volumes on *The History of British Civilisation* are also monuments of scholarship, while in literary charm and unorthodox opinions they will send the owners of most university chairs of history in sorrow to the grave. Then there is Mr. R. H. Tawney; he is a professional historian, but his writings deserve to be placed in anthologies of the classics of English prose; for example, his introduction to the Tudor tract, *A discourse upon Usury*. Again, when Professor Pollard published his *Wolsey* a few months ago, was he endeavouring to get within the fold of the New History? Because he has succeeded, if psychological vivacity be any test; and this on pages with hundreds of references below the text. Is it only to be distinguished from the keen psychology of Mr. Edmund d'Auvergne's "new" history of *Napoleon III* because the former's publisher wanted footnotes and the latter's did not?

It is a difficult question to answer; and like all serious problems the answer cannot be tabulated with the systematic certainty of the multiplication table. Those footnotes are only a secondary element in the case; the professors have their eye on students who will themselves have to spend their lives in the agricultural tillage of primary sources; while the new historians are consciously appealing to the general public which seeks a knowledge of the results of history and not its technical processes; just as the man who drives a motor car does not want to know how the steel is made. The writer of the new school, if he is to do any good, is just as careful to consider the original sources as the librarian historians; indeed, as we have seen, he endeavours to get deeper below the surface than the official documents. But he is primarily interested in the final results of the structure rather than in the builders' specifications.

The technical historian is, quite rightly, so absorbed in small details that he has not time or space for this larger view. Thus, for example, when he considers such a man as Sir Robert Peel, he is so impressed by the multitude of his Home Office memoranda, that he adds them all up and announces the result to be a great man. The new historian does the same sum psychologically and ethically and economically, and finds in his hands a somewhat insignificant result. The pompous Sir Robert is a test case for historians and reviewers. All the small timid little minds worship him; and if a word of criticism be raised against this hero of historical fiction, the reviewers who have only read school histories—or written them—roll about on their pages in adjectival pain.

If the "new" histories get into the hands of these critics who have been brought up on the old historical arithmetic they are annoyed—and say so. But the ordinary plain man is beginning to suspect that history will probably be written more correctly by citizens of the world than by those who are confined by their professional duties to libraries and record offices. So when Miss Marjorie Bowen turns from fiction to history she is taking no risky step; and after reading Miss Cicely Hamilton's *If ye die*, one is inclined to believe that she could write a better history of England than a Regius Professor.

THE WHITE RABBIT

BY V. S. PRITCHETT

THE houses on the south side of Rambledon Common are large Edwardian villas each with three or four ornate white verandahs. These houses stand in large gardens, fifty yards from the road, and look because of their cleanness, finish and white paint, like the bridges of luxurious liners. They are the sort of houses which go back a long way and are even larger than they seem, and only after you have lived in them a long time can you really *afford* to live in them. The beginning of the lease is the bad time; men "in the City" buy these houses just when their affairs are starting to prosper but always a little before prosperity has blossomed into its full bland magnanimity. Until then, there is war for the men, quarrelling anxiety for the women, and a certain superciliousness among the servants; everyone knows it is war, a kind of domestic reconnoitring, petty, nervous; and everyone watches day by day for his little wisp of victory.

At Mr. Gough's house on the Common the skirmishing became stealthy when the new governess arrived. Mr. Gough, an impassioned organiser, whose success in business was due, like all success, to delegating to others his ideas as the machinery of his mind produced them, engaged the governess himself. He thought he was very clever to find such a clever woman. He half lowered one eyelid and dropped his mouth open as he always did when he had done something shrewd and was half afraid of it:

"Thank God," he said to his wife, "we have at last got an intelligent woman for the damned children." His eye quivered nervously as though he had cigarette smoke in it.

For one of these days when there was more leisure, he was going to devote a lot of time solely to intelligence; also he was reserving some vague cycle of gilded years for the love of his children and for the enjoyment of their gratitude. When he

retired perhaps: or even earlier, when he went up to the office at eleven. Until then, until this late baptism of accumulating paternal affection, they were in limbo, as good as damned, and he meant 'damned' when he said it.

"I *am* glad," his wife said as the days went by, in the tone of one who having borne two children can let who will be intelligent, "that you are happy."

Mrs. Gough did not express her dislike of Miss Spencer, the new governess, more strongly than this.

So, when a Queen loses her crown for a while and moves in exile without insignia, you still know she is a Queen. She will say a word, or tap her finger, or pick a flower from the table, or hum a confident tune, or by a discreet smile turn something she has seen or heard into a tribute.

But the war in Mr. Gough's house became more open and passed like electricity into all its members. Miss Spencer, the new governess, was aware that she had created a situation.

"It is *so* interesting," she exclaimed to herself and, in strictest confidence, to all her friends, "He is Big Business you know, most frightfully Big Business, and in mind virtually one of Us. But *she* is simply *years* behind him. She doesn't *begin* to understand. It is a most *frightfully enormous* responsibility."

And with each emphasis her voice stretched higher and higher. Miss Spencer had very black hair, a complexion like unbleached linen, and thin mauve lips. Her forehead was very naked. She was neither tall nor short, stout nor thin, but she looked as though she would become stoutish in time because her eyes mused and brightened and blinked slowly with compressed reflections under the thick lenses of her pince nez. There was something drawling, exact and feline about her. The great thing, she said, was *awareness*, that *beautiful* word, and when she said this, it seemed that every pore of her skin must be stretching and opening until it was on the point of splitting; and the thin lines that part from the lips of a woman of thirty-five, seemed to be indefinitely extended like the rays of a laboratory lamp or the whiskers of a cat. She was one of those unemotional people who speak with an intense emphasis as if endeavouring to pump blasts of emotion into something which is essentially two dimensional. "One *ought* to feel intensely," she would say. The governing mood of her life was a sense of injustice or rather,

what she called a sense of justice, which had been roused by the fact that she had fallen in love three times with married men who had drawn back at the last moment and remained faithful to their wives. Strictest impartiality to others was therefore her principle. She knew that she and Mr. Gough saw eye to eye, or rather mind to mind. She knew, in consequence that she and Mrs. Gough did not see mind to mind.

"No woman ought to be allowed to bring up her own children," he had said.

"But I agree with you most frightfully," Miss Spencer had replied, as though in pain, as though she were suffering for him. This was her chief fascination: she could really make you believe she was suffering for you.

"It is very difficult, a most interesting situation," she told her friends, as she analysed it for them. "It really seems that I am *morally bound* to estrange the children from their mother." Her sorrowful duty.

She thought of Mr. Gough and sighed. Mr. Gough thought of her and sighed. But not such a long sigh because he had not very much time. And Mrs. Gough smiled like a Queen and shook her crown of yellow curls and waited for even the smallest revenges which she knew her subjects, the children, would bring her from time to time.

Only at night when the household was horizontal and unconscious, did the skirmishing cease. Once on their legs everyone stood to arms. After the maid, Mr. Gough was the first out of bed, beginning his exasperated awareness of the day: It was as if this energetic idealist suffered from an acute sensitiveness of the eyes, caused by waking too early and exposing them to the dawn. And so, one morning, as Miss Spencer was awaking to the hope of enjoying a new awareness of that which she *ought* to experience—always ought, ought, ought in Miss Spencer's life—Mr. Gough bluntly jumped out of bed as Jehovah might, to see what he would have to put right. For the dazzling energy of the sunlight filling him with its own energy, could remind him only that if ecstasy were shining on his neighbours' trees, lawns, and windows, only wrong and calamity occurred among his possessions. Every draught of that exciting air redoubled his fervour. He put on his dressing gown and marched out of his room to battle. Why couldn't everybody

feel like this in the morning? They were missing something. They were wasting their lives. He had bought an expensive house and here they were refusing to enjoy it. He walked into the bedroom of his small son Geoffrey. "I'll break that lazy young cur of his vile habit of staying in bed," he said enthusiastically.

But as he entered the room what should he see on the pillow but a rabbit, a live one, Geoffrey's pet white rabbit. He had caught his children again in the vile habit of taking those filthy animals to bed. The room stank.

"God in Heaven," shouted Mr. Gough, "I thought I had broken you of that." And such a tirade. Loathsome boy, dishonest boy, unthoughtful boy, ungrateful boy, unchristian boy. What did he mean by it?

"Nothing," said Geoffrey, sitting up in bed, his grey eyes watching his father's for the next move. His father moved towards the bed and Geoffrey rolled out on the far side just in time. His father's forehead was now flushed with temper. With his bare neck and dressing gown he looked like an angry monk. He had not yet shaved and his growth was an harsh indigo hedge of bristle that grew down to his suddenly pale silky throat. He was covered with small curly black hairs; Geoffrey had seen him once in the bathroom, and he was afraid.

"Come out of that you cur," shouted Mr. Gough and finding the rabbit nearest to hand picked it up by its ears. Its legs skipped round and round like the wheels of a clockwork engine when it is lifted from the floor. The creature tore at Mr. Gough's dressing gown, until he ran downstairs and tossed the beast into the garden.

His temper was well roused, but coming upstairs again to renew the engagement, he met Miss Spencer. She was dressed already.

"Oh—oh, good morning, Miss Spencer," he said, hurriedly assuming politeness, tightening the cord of his dressing gown. He was in awe of her.

"Geoffrey—er—I have just found—Geoffrey has taken that d . . . , that rabbit to bed with him again. I have just been *showing* him. I have just been *explaining* to him. Perhaps you would speak to him. Children don't always take things from their parents. . . . Nothing," he added with an almost

pretty melancholy, and very conscious that his pyjama legs were caught in the heels of his shoes, "nothing except money."

He slipped into the bathroom whence the steam was clouding. He undressed. Excellent woman. He stepped into the bath and the water scalded two pink rings round his ankles. She was so efficient, so punctual, so erudite. He sat down cautiously: she—she—she—made him feel—he must—be—an exceptionally discerning man. In-tell-i-i-gence! Ah! Folds of water! He lay down in the bath. Time melted into eternity, eternity into steam. Geoffrey, rabbit and all his trouble disappeared. Warmth and peace, at last.

For half-an-hour he snorted, steamed and slopped water about. Then a miserable coolness dawned in the water. He dripped out irritably. He went to his room and dressed slowly. Gradually his appearance became shapely in spite of incipient corpulence. He looked in the two mirrors which gave the most satisfying reflection of his profile, avoiding the thickness of the neck and accentuating the meditateness of the brow. He felt the firm silkiness of the cheeks with secret delight. Who would have thought this trim, energetic man of iron in the carefully pressed, brushed suit, was like a gorilla covered in little black hairs!

But damn! The time! My God, look at the time, barely enough for breakfast, barely enough for the train, and all that confounded little devil Geoffrey's fault. He ran down to breakfast. He cursed his wife, his children and everything. He accused them of trying to starve him, of trying to wear him down with a hundred malicious trivialities, of trying to exterminate him with their interference and bad temper—. If only his wife had a head on her like Miss Spencer's. His grievances came bellowing out.

"I have had cause to speak to Geoffrey again. He must be broken of his vile habits, the hound!" he said crunching toast.

"Yes, darling, but Geoffrey isn't—"

"Yes, yes, of course. I thought as much. There you go again. You defend him naturally. You're his mother!"

He appealed despairingly to Miss Spencer.

Miss Spencer's glasses shone like two black moons of wisdom. She was suffering for him, yearning to suffer more.

"Where is Geoffrey. Where is he? What does he mean

by not being down for breakfast with me. Is he ashamed of his father, eh? By heaven. . ."

"I told him to go upstairs and fetch me something," lied his wife, and adding slyly. "It is my fault, not Miss Spencer's."

Miss Spencer appealed to him with a glare.

"Who said it was Miss Spencer's fault?" he demanded at this prompting.

Mrs. Gough said nothing. She knew she was two years younger than Miss Spencer, and that she was much prettier. Her big eyes were hyacinth sanctuaries of light to all things in pain. Her small breasts were lilies of tenderness. She laughed and asked Miss Spencer if she would have more tea? But Miss Spencer had seen through Mrs. Gough's artlessness and Miss Spencer was annoyed. Small humiliations hurt more than any others.

"It is nine o'clock. I will go and see why Geoffrey and Angela have left the table," she said sharply.

Mrs. Gough looked mockingly at Miss Spencer's shoes as she walked out.

She went upstairs, paused on the landing by the bathroom, smiled and then walked up the next flight and into the school room. "Geoffrey," she called, "Angela." There was no answer.

"Very well," said Miss Spencer decidedly. She preferred to let anger accumulate in her sinews.

The two children were listening for her. They were relieved to hear her close the schoolroom door. They listened to the little blows of her heels on the polished floor above their heads.

"She's gone," said Geoffrey.

"We shall be late," said Angela.

In fear of the morning's row they had left the breakfast table before anyone had come down, and had locked themselves into that inviolable refuge, the lavatory. Angela who was a dark and whispering creature, very self-conscious and with a passion for reproving people, was annoyed with Geoffrey, first for causing the trouble and thus bring innocence under the shadow of guilt, but also because he would stand on the seat to look out of the window to see if father's car had been brought round. "Get down, get down," she said. "You needn't stand up there. We'll hear the bang."

"I know," Geoffrey said. He was solemn and proud of his eminence.

'The bang' was the most joyous sound in the house. It was the noise of father slamming the door as he left. There was no peace in the morning until it had sounded.

"Get down. Its coming," said Angela. "You are only trying to make me miserable."

But he would not move.

"Drainpipes," he said, pulling her long black curls.

"Oooh, you beast. I'll tell. You haven't washed, you dirty beast."

"I have. . ."

"You haven't. . ."

"It wasn't a thorough."

"If you sneak," began Geoffrey looking back from the window showing his teeth and raising his fist in the air. He fell back on an old threat he had used effectively ever since the day Miss Spencer had arrived. "I shall tell about your cat."

"There is nothing to tell."

"I shall tell of you calling your cat Spencer," he added.

"I didn't. It was you."

"You're a liar, it was you."

"It wasn't."

"It was."

"You know it was you."

"You dirty sneak."

"Ssh. They'll hear."

"See you're afraid."

"So are you."

"Anyway it is like her," and he made a face like Miss Spencer. "Listen"—said Geoffrey to change the subject. They listened but there was no liberating bang. They looked at each other and broke into giggles, crowned with understanding.

"Spencer, Spencer, Spencer, meow, meow!" mocked Geoffrey. And even Angela bent her forefingers and thumbs into circles in imitation of Miss Spencer's glasses, and said softly, "Spency, Spency," and put her tongue out.

In the schoolroom above them, Miss Spencer stood at the window in the nine o'clock sun, looking more like a cat than ever. Her anger had warmed her. She nodded her head up

and down slowly—a habit of hers—lifting her arm up and tidying and patting her hair. It was as if she were cleaning herself. Her pursed mouth was pushed forward under her tilting nose and her firm bosom was vibrant as though she were purring. Once she stretched out her hands and examined her fingers. The nails shone and the white tips glittered like claws. No cat could have been cleaner, sharper, more recondite than Miss Spencer. She smelled of soap and the touch of her hands was like water coming from a tap.

She looked at her watch and then went to the door.

"Geoffrey, Angela, I know where you are," she called in her sarcastic voice. The longer she waited the more thorough the revenge.

Angela went pale.

"Get down Gefreeee!" she pleaded.

"If she knows where we are, why the devil does she call. She's mad," said Geoffrey. "Pretending to be innocent. Huh!"

"Swearing again," said Angela, "I can't stand you when you swear."

"Ssh," said Geoffrey. The struggle to keep Angela's mind off awkward subjects. "She's gone."

They heard her go over to the window again. She stood there by the window in the sharpening odours of new paint and new tuition, straining her mind to the utmost point of awareness and detachment. "Shall I let them believe I have forgotten them," she said grimly. "Nothing hurts a child more than indifference." The articulation of Miss Spencer's thoughts was perfect, though silent. She finished her consonants. She tapped her fingers slowly point by point on the window pane as the sights of the garden printed themselves in her mind. So, she thought, one ought to stand intensely aware, intensely feeling but intensely unmoved, while life printed itself upon one.

Suddenly the white rabbit which had caused all the trouble, which had been flung out into the garden where it had never freely roamed before, hopped gladly out of a bush on to the lawn. There it was, floppy, naive, mindless as a fuzz ball and with eyes like astonished boot buttons. All its life it had preserved the expression of the resigned prisoner but now, emancipated, it had a wild, ingenuous amazement. Its ears lolled about. It

gambolled with ludicrous innocence. It nibbled with delight on the lawn that lay between the gravel paths like a green strip of satin, shot with the yellow of the sun. Miss Spencer looked at the animal with contempt. And as she watched she saw Angela's big black cat sit up on the wall with its ears cocked.

He cleaned his paw and looked at the rabbit which he had never seen free before. Miss Spencer saw his bewilderment, then she saw him jump down from the wall onto the path, stretch himself, pressing his opening claws into the gravel, and sit up once more alert. He was intent, private and warm. The sunlight shone on his black coat which glistened with blue and silver like a sealskin. Under his fur the quick sinews stiffened.

"I wonder what he is up to," Miss Spencer said to herself. The beginnings of a most frightfully interesting situation! "He is moving. Ah! he has stopped! What has he seen? A bird? He looks up. Not a bird. What is he chasing? The tip of his tail is bending. It is brushing the gravel. How interesting! Oh, he is crouching."

Miss Spencer ran her finger along the top of the window frame; there was no dust so she leaned against the window. "Ah! he has moved again. He is creeping up the path. No. He has changed his mind. How intent and alive. If one only could be as alive and intent and secret as a cat! Ah, he is trying to hide his bulk against the edge of the lawn. His tail rises and falls. He is peering dubiously. His nose is pushed forward cautiously into the air with small circling sniffs. Now his mind is made up. He is going forward."

Then Miss Spencer saw he was stalking the white rabbit which was now nibbling on the far side of the lawn. The rabbit looked once or twice at the cat but seemed in its chocolate cream innocence to be satisfied. One ear and then the other blew back. Up went its hind legs, its tail bobbed up like a ticket. It flopped about amiably, naively and even nibbled its way forward to meet the cat.

The cat was puzzled by this good nature. He held a paw in the air hesitating. Miss Spencer, breathing in excitement on the window pane, had to move to another. Ah, curiosity, doubt. The cat now stopped again. The rabbit was looking at him with the dawning solemnity of a white haired old gentleman and this senile innocence bewildered the designing cat. The

rabbit had a too steady smile and his ears were tumbled forward over his nose like the tottering hat of a drunken man. The cat was puzzled and turned back to the path again.

A feint, thought Miss Spencer. Then her heart fluttered in wild, unreasonable panic like a pigeon startled out of the top of a tree. Was the cat going to kill the rabbit? Ought she to open the window and hiss the cat away? Whose side was she on? Mrs. Gough's and the rabbit's; or Mr. Gough's and the cat's? That is what it means, her heart said. She was startled by her avid desire to see what happened and she did nothing. I must be impartial: life must print itself. . . .

Still, she mewed ironically at the rabbit, 'Mrs. Gough, I advise you to beware of yourself. You've caused enough trouble already this morning.'

And smiled with tart satisfaction at her wit.

At that moment the cat rippled out on a long encircling movement, creeping back across the lawn. He was quivering with unliberated storm, electrical. His eyes were emerald like sharp electric sparks. The taut, fascinated Miss Spencer gripped the window ledge, with one hand and rubbed her knuckle against her teeth.

Then Mr. Gough's voice rattled out like a machine gun downstairs in the hall. The war!

"My dear good woman do you think I'm made of money?" and the front door banged like a cannonade. The house echoed and rumbled with the explosion. A lock clicked and the children came out of the lavatory. Miss Spencer's arms went out in involuntary fright. "The children!" she exclaimed to calm herself with the thought of duty. But as she turned, heart thumping—stupid heart—to go to the door she saw askance the cat spring at the rabbit and hold it down struggling, hind legs skipping in the air.

Miss Spencer, torn between the window and the door, chose the door, crying,

"Good Heavens—Oh—Good Lord—Oh!"

The world was alive. The strong trees, the lawns, the paths, the two animals—all the biting pattern of that picture was burned into her as by an etcher's acid.

"Geoffrey! Angela!" she cried. "The cat has got your rabbit. Run quickly. Quickly! If instead of. . . ."

She ended by shouting to quench a fire of guilt that was rising inside her.

On the landing the two children heard her and went as white as the ceiling. Angela sent up an awful scream. Geoffrey moaning and shouting in desolation ran stamping downstairs.

"Mother! Mummy! Mummy!" he shouted. "The rabbit, mummy! Angela's devilish cat's got the rabbit, mummy!"

"Oh, my dear!" cried mother leaving the cook and running up the stairs. Wild anxiety and compassion shone like a river in her blue eyes. "What is it? What is it?"

She ran as quickly and as lightly as an angel Geoffrey had once seen in a picture. But now his shouts were rending and hoarse and incoherent. Angela's wail above was frightful.

Miss Spencer followed as calmly as she could down the stairs, struggling with the flames of guilt. Well, why must the child scream like that! Why couldn't the mother stop him! Really! Miss Spencer threw up the bathroom window and looked out. Really! Geoffrey was dragging his mother down the garden path and her silly hair was blowing like a knoll of flowers in a wind. And Geoffrey was screaming out at the top of his voice as though he were trying to burst his lungs:

"Mummy! Mummy! Spencer's killed the rabbit. Spencer's killed the rabbit," he yelled.

Miss Spencer drew her head in, listening. What—what was the child crying?

A CLOVE-HITCH

By JOHN RESSICH

"The Gordian knot of it he will unloose"

Henry V.

ALTHOUGH we are told that a canal joins Manchester with the Irish Channel and makes a veritable seaport of it, yet the place seemed an unexpected and unusual background for the loose, picturesque rig of a Naval rating. In the incongruity of his surroundings it did not require the addition of the white cover on his cap—for it was mid-June—to make him distinctive amongst the drabness and uninspiring combination of the other individuals who crowded the street. Not that the drabness was due to their clothes, for they made quite valiant efforts with colour, but rather it was the atmosphere of the city. There was, too, something sordid in the sleek roundness of the faces of the crowd, scuttling and jostling with no apparent objective, that accentuated the freshness of him.

Taller than somehow one expects a bluejacket to be: fair-haired, ruddy and clear-eyed. Although geographically this was near to the centre of England, he seemed almost alien as, deprived by a parental Admiralty of pockets, he sauntered about, with his large, loosely-clenched brown hands swinging slack round his haunches as he walked. Occasionally he stopped to gaze vacantly into a shop window, then moved on deliberately and undeviatingly in calm, assured strength. From his path the passers-by fell away respectfully and most swiftly; especially those with heavy-lidded eastern eyes that took in everything although not appearing to see. As we met and passed it seemed to me that he perceptibly checked; that the brown, impassive face lit up, as if in recognition.

As I went on, his appearance annoyed me and intensified my irritable mood. I had been occupying myself by cursing the slow-moving minutes that marked the tardy approach of my train time. I had just risen from a business meeting I had been unwillingly compelled to attend that morning, where I assisted at the

obsequies of an ill-starred venture. I found myself wishing that this so typically English-looking man had not intruded to remind me that there still was the sea, and the hills, and the trees, and breezy, open, upland spaces, where the smoke and dirt and general depression of manufacturing cities can be forgotten. At that moment such things seemed hopelessly lost.

Glancing impatiently at my watch I drifted disconsolately up a cross street and, later, turning a corner, once more I saw the white cap of the sailor coming slowly towards me. This time he looked hard at me, then definitely stopped, throwing up his hand in the curious Navy salute that always makes you think of a man peering under his palm to the distant horizon. My mind flashed back across the intervening years to a wild, grey, October day on a destroyer thirty miles east of Rosyth; where, having had my fill of the Other, I had jumped at an opportunity to see what the Senior Service was doing. Of half-a-day, wet and squally, spent tossing on a lee shore; what time, with hack-saw and hammer and chisel, one Adwell, exceedingly Able Seaman, strove unpleasantly but effectively in pink-blue nakedness amongst the buffeting yeast to free a cable-fouled propeller.

And here now unmistakably was Adwell. But our Adwell had been a smiling, cheerful soul who had answered the call for a volunteer to go over the side with the grin of a happy schoolboy. This was a grim, solemn-faced man with hard, expressionless eyes, and now when he stood close and motionless before me, I could see that the fair hair over his ears was flecked with white.

"I thought it were, sir; but I couldn't be just quite sure of you at first," he said apologetically. "I fancy as you had a bigger moustache then."

Although the Service had to some extent moulded his speech to her oneness, he still had a trace of the hardened sibilant and rubbing dental burr that marks the countryfolk from the triangle that Warwickshire makes with Somerset and Hants; that agricultural area which so unexpectedly supplies many stout recruits to our Navy.

Naturally enough—for it was, so to speak, the point where our personalities had touched—I recalled to him that stormy grey day in the Firth of Forth and the fouled propeller; adding a word in compliment of his hardiness. "For," I said, "I can stand cold well enough in the ordinary way; in fact, very well, but I don't

think they could have raised enough money to have bribed me to go into the water that day and remain there—the cold must have been terrible."

"Why, surely, mister; 'course it would be; you will remember it were late on in October?" was the reply; and he said it quite solemnly. That was the type. Unimaginative; and the virile attraction of discomfort in pursuit of a job o' work. The lust of victory in a physical contest. You could imagine him in that wartime eternally praying to be one of a boarding party.

I glanced at my watch and proposed the orthodox adjournment, asking if he were on leave.

"I'd be grateful, sir," he said without hesitation in his quiet, slow, almost drawling voice, "Me mouth's as dry as cotton-wool and a thing I never could abide was to drink by meself. If a man's come over faint, or had a leg off—why, that's medicine, that is—but a drink is no drink without there's someone to say 'Here's how'." Then he came back to my question and answered it shortly. "Aye, I've got a leaf."

We threaded our way to seats in a corner of a crowded, garish hostelry where the loud, aggressive conversation seemed to be entirely on the topic of horse racing. We talked a little about the War, which suddenly seemed to have acquired a fresh interest, it sounded so far away; yet Adwell, while willing, even eager, to talk, spoke absent-mindedly. His words seemed to spring effervescently for such an obviously reticent type. Through all his remarks there ran a strain of abstraction. There was, too, a tenseness about the man, that contrasted sharply with my memory of his unaffected boyishness that day in the cold, grey Firth, when I had propped myself on the heaving, wet steel deck.

His self-confessed drouth was no fiction and as he balanced the empty pewter tankard that fitted itself so appropriately to his large, tawny fist, he seemed to be struggling with the effort to express something that churned about at the back of his brain.

Whether or not it was the stimulation of his second draught, or that his thoughts had by then crystallised into expression, he suddenly pushed aside the empty pot and crossing his forearms on the little table, leaned forward and, in a very low voice, said:

"Would you say, mister, as any woman were worth swingin' for?"

As a law-abiding citizen I felt uncomfortable under the eruption of this staggering question. Here clearly was a man who had either committed a murder or contemplated doing so; and all in the cold, ingrowing, undemonstrative fury of his kind. I felt more than uncomfortable—almost alarmed. There would be no shouting or fuss either before, during, or after the deed, but just dead, cold, implacable hatred.

It all seems simple in cold print, but although it was a situation that is not likely to present itself readily to anyone, there was, I think, some excuse for my discomfort. I wondered uneasily what would come now. He sat silent, looking unwinkingly at me. Waiting for some sort of answer I supposed; and clearly he expected me either to condone or to encourage. I remember quickly replying with what must have been a very strained jocularity. I said something to the effect that unless a man were tired of life it would be sheer, crass imbecility. He responded at once; heaving himself back off his forearms as if he had found a solution. His words came quickly; quickly, that is, for him.

"Aye, there you have it all, mister—if you're tired o' life. It ain't what you feel about *them*, so much as what you feel about *yourself*, as really matters. Most men'd be like that, I'd say. I reckon I am too."

His hands had dropped to his thighs as he spoke; then, making wide sweeping circles with them, like a preacher clearing his arms from the sleeves of his gown, he leaned heavily forward again on the table, gripping his right wrist with his left hand.

For quite a time he was silent as he stared at the stained and polished surface; and the clamour of the place jarred during his silence. Again I sensed acute mental discomfort. My surroundings, until then immaterial, suddenly became aggressive and hateful. I reacted into self-conscious respectability. Here I was in a sordid Midland pub, sitting drinking with a man, "a common sailor" who quite evidently was involved in some squalid trouble with a woman—who quite probably had murdered her and was now about to make me his confidant. Or at the mildest estimate was definitely contemplating the advisability of "doing her in", as they call it. A man in whom I had no interest other than the recollection of admiration for

his physical courage and resolution; for his ability to stand the biting cold sea-water and searing north-east coast air in the month of October. A certain vague compassion for his imaginary circumstances—he seemed such a decent fellow—was quickly suppressed as I definitely made up my mind to bolt.

Then the quiet emphatic voice began as he lifted his eyes. I lost the flashy background, and the raucous noise no longer made itself felt. I became ashamed of my half-baked funk. A glint of heart-broken sadness in his eyes held me.

"'Twas in '17 I run across 'er in Edinburgh. Lord, but that place were full of it then. They be different from us, the Scotch, in lots o' things. Different ways o' lookin' at things. More hard-shelled, I'd say. They weigh things up, so to speak. Practical, I'd call 'em. There a lass will go with a man she fancies, off and on, before she marries and they don't think aught on it and I'm with them there. Not trying to be funny or that, I'm not; but it seems to me fair and proper if a lass has her feelings and not tied up, she's as free as a man and as much right too, I'd say. But once they're married they stick like pitch to their man. I think they're more downright than we. Now with us, 'specially in country parts, it's different. Mostly a lass is scared to go with a man. But let her marry and have the taste o' one and they're always flyin' off the handle. But she were English this one, and I run across 'er one day as I were in Edinburgh when I had a leaf. She had com' up to make aeroplane paarts wi' a chum as she had. Plenty o' money and plenty time off. A rare good-looker, too, and always laughin' and out for fun. Eh, but I were rare fond o' the lass."

He gulped; unclasped his left hand and, tipping back his cap, passed it wearily over his forehead.

"I seen a lot o' her—every time I got shore leaf—and I was for marryin' 'er right away, but she wouldn't. Sailors is an easy mark, they say, but there was none o' that about 'er. Said she wanted a good time. She didn't seem to have much use for men as such. She'd give and take a kiss, just so as it were paart o' the game, like; but no meanin' to it. Pretty things she always wanted—rings and such-like."

"So time slipped on and I were always seein' 'er and coaxin' 'er to marry and 'er backin' and fillin' and keepin' me at the end o' the painter. Then com' the Armistice and 'er job were done.

But she wouldn't go home and soon 'er money were done too; so we got married and I were able to give 'er a little home for I were allus a savin' sort o' chap. But she couldn't settle and wouldn't hear o' havin' children. Let's be square an' shipshape about it, mister. I'm a quiet sort o' chap and I'll take me share o' blame. Maybe it were sort o' lonely for a lass that were allus fond o' company. Maybe sailors shouldn't never marry—least-aways not proper. Anyways she were allus gettin' into debts and when she wrote, 'er letters was all grumbles. A hard thing that is, mister, to get, when the post comes round, and to know as it'll never be any different again. Aye, and a harder thing to com' home to."

"And then one day—one day I gets a letter. I didn't open it at once because I thought it would just be the same old signal for more money. I kept it till night. Only a few lines it were, just to say as she wouldn't have no more of it and she'd gone off. Whether she went then along wi' some other chap I never rightly knew. So there weren't nothin' for me to do. She'd sold up everything, an' took the money along. Not as I minded that, God knows."

"We've been up in the north ever since and I kept on goin' back to Edinburgh. Force o' habit, I'd say; but I never could hear nought of 'er. No address nor nothin'. Lots o' times I says to meself that men's scarce and I could almost pretty nigh have me pick, but she were the only lass I ever had a notion of—serious, I mean. What with thinkin' about 'er and seein' places we'd been together, I begun to get raised—it sort o' preyed on me mind. I begun to be a bit short-like wi' other chaps and although I never were a drinkin' sort I shipped a skinful once and got into trouble aboard. Not bad: cautioned, I were."

"I was wonderin' what was goin' to become o' me, because I felt it couldn't go on for evermore, when one day I meets her chum."

"Ain't it funny to think of, how soon a woman'll give away another woman, when they'd be skinned alive for a man? She'd no call to speak to me, that one—I never seen 'er, but she runs after me one night in Princes Street. Walkin' wi' another lass, she were."

"Do you want to know where Sal's living?" she asked, and before I could say yea or nay she goes on: 'she's being kept

by a man in Manchester,' she says, speakin' very quick. Then she rattles out the name and address and runs off quite pleased-like, you'd say."

"Perhaps she was trying to do you both a good turn," I observed.

"Well it's hard to know whether the lass thought she were doing me a good turn or Sal a bad one. Women was always beyond me when I tried to think about 'em. So the more I goes on thinkin' on this fresh turn, the more I got vexed. I reckon it would be most in knowin' that she'd took up wi' a chap in such a way; for it would only be for what he could give 'er. So a day com' that I could stand no more on it, so I puts in for a long leaf to get home. Not as I've got any family left of me own—only cousins and such, but I com' from a bit south o' here an' call it me home. I com' down by night train and after I'd got meself cleaned up I went round to find that house. Right outside o' here it were, 'most in the country, you'd say, and a proper place it looked too. There was money there, I see. Garridge and all sorts o' fixin's."

He ceased speaking for some time and with a forefinger rubbed absently at a little splash of beer on the table. I offered some trite observation which he ignored. He continued without looking up:

"Stood all by itself, it did, along a row on 'em. I opened the gate and goes up on the grass. Not as I cared or was tryin' to be secret but the sound o' me boot feet on gravel is a thing I can't abide, and when I com' to the edge o' the grass, and as I goes across the gravel in front o' the door and rings the bell, somethin' hits the corner o' me eye and I turns and there was Sal lookin' at me through the glass o' the window with 'er 'and to 'er throat and white as a sheet. The front door were open and just as the girl opens the glass door inside I hears Sal scream out:

"Don't let him in!"

"Twice she called it, but I pushed past the little servant lass, not rough-like, but I were determined to go in, havin' com' that far, an' her cryin' out that the mistress says I'm not to com' in, and I see Sal run along the passage and into a room and I hears the key turn in the lock of the door."

"From the room she'd com', a man looks out and asks me

what the hell I wanted or somethin' like that, as he would; there's no blame to him, it bein' the man's own house."

"Well, to tell truth, I didn't just rightly know meself, and the servant lass were standin' there listenin' with 'er mouth gapin' wide as a hawse-hole and I just says, 'I want a word with you, mister,' and walks ahead and into the room, shuttin' the door after me. He backed away before me, then makes a run for the fireplace and picks up the poker and stands there all shakin' and makin' queer noises."

"They seemed to have been at breakfast by the look o' things, and he were in his shirt sleeves. A fat, middle-sized man. No Englishman I'd say—not by the way he spoke nor from his looks. The sort we used to see about Malta and Smyrnia—and that dirty!"

Here Adwell spat, saying "Excuse me, mister, but the thought o' my Sal layin' alongside that! But, well, he'd diamond rings on his dirty hands and he'd a fine gold watch-chain as would have held a cruiser, and there would be a car or two in the garridge, an' money to burn, so I kind o' felt helpless, and wonderin' what I'd com' to do, he breaks out on me and shakes the poker."

"I felt sort o' sorry for the dirty little man. And there we was standin' an' him threatenin' me. Me that could ha' snicked his neck like a rabbit's. I can't give you his queer way o' speakin' but he were sayin' as he would get the police and what did I want and so on, as you can guess he would; so I says that I didn't com' there to hurt him nor Sal but if he'd sit down we might have a talk. So he calmed down and there we two sat lookin' at one another for a bit an' I could think o' nothin' to say. Queer that was, after it all. I sat twiddlin' me cap and all the time he kept his grip o' the poker and the table between us. Then in the quiet house I hears a sound and I know it's Sal sobbin'. That brought me to."

"So I says, 'See here, mister, I've only com' to see if you're treatin' Sal fair and proper.' With that he starts jabberin' out a cable-length o' all the things he's gave 'er, and that if she was a free woman he'd marry 'er to-morrow. So that made me think."

"Then I goes outside—I think as he followed me but I'm not certain. I goes outside into the passage and has a word with Sal

through the door as she'd locked. Well, I reckon that cured me for she said she knew he'd marry 'er if I'd set 'er free, and would I for God's sake go away. Aye, that pulled me up taut. I tried but could get no more out o' 'er, an' I weren't goin' to be violent and start kickin' in doors. And after a bit I comes back an' says: 'Well, mister, you be good to 'er or I'll com' back an' slam you all to bits,' and he keeps on tellin' me how good he is, an' kind, and promisin' this an' that, and so I just com' away. That's all: I just com' away. I walks all the way back in, and I've been walkin' ever since. I feel such a fool, if you understand me. I'd feel better if I'd knocked him about a bit, but you couldn't bash a rabbit like that. Why, that sort'd squeal if you gave 'em just the littlest tap. Still if Sal was free I think it would be all right for 'er, for she never cared for anythin' but what money'd bring and I mind the little chap said he'd bags of it."

I saw his drift and realised that my conclusions had been too hasty. I remarked "So you are going to set her free?"

"Aye, that's it, mister. The best way, an' all. There's no trouble to easin' a clove-hitch."

* * *

It was just two days after my meeting with that Able Seaman, Adwell, that I was a hundred miles further south. Tired of walking along these white dusty roads in such a hot day, I leaned on the gate at a level-crossing in contemplation of the parched countryside. The flat land seemed to quiver in the still air and hardly a sound broke the heavy dusty silence.

It had been a marvellous summer. The drowsy tranquility of the afternoon enveloped me as I smoked peacefully with my forearms along the upper bar. Then, from the brick signal-cabin on the other side of the railway, just beside the opposite gate, the trill of the telegraph sounded not unpleasantly. I knew the west-bound express would soon be passing through so I waited for the click, crunch, clack of the levers as the signalman adjusted the signals. I turned my head to the east in the direction that the express would come from, round a distant bend. As I looked, I became aware of a figure and once again had my bluejacketed acquaintance with me. He seemed brighter. Evidently his decision had braced him. I slewed round and greeted him in a cheerful key, and he answered:

"You'll do me the favour, sir?" as he removed his flat cap and took a letter from the inside of it. "You'll please to post that for me; 'twill be quicker, for there's no post office nor box the way I go. I'm goin' along by the railway path here. I'm goin' home. Good-bye, sir, and thank you."

"You're going home?" I echoed wondering.

"Yes, mister, I'm takin' the short cut."

"And. . . .?" I hesitated, but he gathered my meaning and smiled.

"Oh, that's goin' to be all right, mister. 'Tis easy knockin' a clove-hitch off a bollard."

I shook hands without speaking. He saluted punctiliously and passed smartly through the wicket. With the letter in my hand I watched him—there was nothing else to do—as he stepped out briskly along the cinder-path beside the double set of rails. He seemed to walk so much more vigorously and altogether I felt pleased that the cloud on his life had lifted.

A slight tremor shook the earth and gradually intensified as the swinging, tearing locomotive appeared. An approaching train has always had a strange fascination for me and I gazed at this thundering express. Its pace was almost frightening and I turned for a moment to glance to the right to guess how long it would be till it passed out of sight, or some such random thought. Then I heard the rending screech of its steam whistle. I looked and there, not fifty yards away, in the centre of the farthest rails, plumb in front of the approaching train stood Adwell.

My heart jumped with horror. A warning cry stuck in my throat. The signalman yelled something from the window of his cabin. I gazed paralysed. Just as the thundering locomotive was on him the sailor removed his cap and bent his head with his hands on his knees. Next instant the monster swung past me over the crossing and roared away along the reverberating track.

Amidst the swirl of dust and debris that always follows a train, something white caught my eye. Like a tambourine it bounded and rolled swiftly, almost frantically along the centre of the track in the wake of the vanishing express. Gradually it slowed down: then, standing erect for a brief moment in the dying eddy, the flat sailor cap fell slowly over and disappeared from sight.

BEECHES

—***—

I watched where beeches stood,
And laid against the fragile winter sky
A fine-drawn frieze of boughs, a tracery
Of slender living wood.
They waited still,
Like silver statues on the silent hill.

To me it seemed that there,
Against the sky's blue curtain, there were set
Great silver candlesticks, whose carved arms met
In gesture strong and bare;
And underneath,
The drifts of dying embers glowed in death.

That silent altar waits
Unlit and unadorned the winter through,
Until the sacrament of Life anew
The glad earth celebrates,
And triumphing,
Lights once again the young green flames of Spring.

DIANA CARROLL.

EBB AND FLOW

A MONTHLY COMMENTARY

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

IT is very notable how completely the interest of international affairs eclipses what is passing in the House of Commons.

If the Tory party were in power, one might account for it by the tax-payers' hopeful vision of some relief to accrue from reduction on armaments; but with Labour at the helm, we are sufficiently assured that what is saved on the fleet will be spent on public bounty, so that the taxpayer can regard the whole as an abstract question of humanity and commonsense. So considered, the debate on the proposal to abolish submarines was stimulating to the intelligence. The project was advocated by the two powers which possess an enormous preponderance in surface craft. The British argument was in the main that submarines were of little use for the defence of coastal towns against attacks by shelling; that they were expensive to keep up, and also needed great expenditure to be made against them; and that they were dangerous to life even in peacetime. The thesis of the Americans was that the submarine was a weapon particularly susceptible of abuse, and likely to tempt its users to violate the rules of war and laws of humanity; and this argument was emphasised by a reminder that in 1917, America was brought into the war by such violation of established rights.

**The Abolition
of the Submarine:
The National
Viewpoints.**

The answer of the French was exceedingly honorific. The British had proved by their employment of this arm that it could be used without violation of the laws of war. The submarine should be, and can be, regulated like any other warship. As a warship, it is the only smaller craft which can fight the battleship. France having consented to be without battleships on a scale proportioned to her interests could not do without submarines.

Italy's answer was on the same lines, but with this amplification. France refused to discuss the abolition of these vessels.

Italy said: By all means discuss it, but only as a consequence of the abolition of battleships. Let them go first.

This is a line of argument at which the taxpayer will begin to prick his ears. We have already grasped the fact that naval opinion is, to say the least, not unanimous as to the value of these huge floating masses of machinery. If it becomes further clear that the retention of the battleship is the logical reason for the retention of the submarine, taxpayers will indeed ask why we should continue to build battleships.

But the case is only too clear. There is no logical argument for the abolition of the submarine which will not apply equally to all forms of destructive machinery. Indeed, as M. Leygues pointed out, nobody proposes to abolish the floating mine and this weapon certainly cannot discriminate between neutral and combatant, and certainly offers no promise of help to the crew of the blown-up vessel. If the submarine were abolished, either Britain or America could cut France off from her African possessions, without appreciable risk; and could with still less effort block the entrances to the Mediterranean against Italian trade. If the blockade were to be conducted on the principles practised by England and by America in the last war, Italy could be almost starved out; yet not quite, if Italy retained her overland communications, she being a peninsula not an island.

The interests of Great Britain in this matter seem to me to be very much like the interests of Italy. Her first need is to ensure

the routes of supply across the seas; and, logically, if all possibilities are to be faced, she might need the submarine. It is very difficult for a proud

**Farewell to
Supremacy.**

people, and for the fighting service which has been its strong arm, to face the consequences of a change which has abolished an old supremacy. In the war, England was able to put at the disposal of her allies a full control of the sea. The law of the sea was what England chose to make it—even against the protests of the United States. The United States on coming in accepted the law as England had settled it; but after the war they made it plain to all that henceforward no power should be able to dictate sea-law to the United States. England has accepted that position in accepting the doctrine of

beyond the strength of each, and commits each to an armament grotesquely in excess of what would be needed to police the seas against piracy. It is not an impossible thing to establish by convention the freedom of the seas outside territorial waters; and there is no other way of escape from the tyranny of naval armament. One distinguished seaman at least—Admiral Henderson—wrote publicly in this sense before the Conference opened; but it is from the civilians that this propaganda must come. The civilised world at present gravely underrates its own power to make binding agreements for the common good; and the English people has a prestige of leadership in this matter and a greater interest than all the rest.

The world has already realised that conventions are much cheaper than armaments; but at present it is trying to limit by convention the type of armaments, the amount of armaments; it has not yet seriously attempted to limit the uses to which armament may be put; and the outstanding possibility here is to declare sacrosanct the neutrality of the seas.

Meantime, we are at least quit of the folly of competitive building; but the decisive step was taken nine years ago when

Lord Balfour. Lord Balfour at Washington led Britain to accept the principle of parity between the Anglo-Saxon powers. That may probably rank among the greatest services rendered to his country by the statesman who died last month, after some fifty-six years of public life. Hardly anybody else would have possessed the authority necessary to reconcile England to a formal surrender of primacy at sea. His genius enabled him to present it almost as a triumph; just as his clear vision was able also to realise the inevitableness of the step. He was a man with few illusions; and though not specially a financier he must, by 1921, have grasped the fact that America had acquired a financial ascendancy far greater than England had ever possessed in the past. If England set out to build against America, America must inevitably break England's back. So, accepting this consequence amongst others that flowed from the war, and seeing clearly that no question of national honour was involved, he led the way superbly towards an era in which the rights of the longest purse

and the rights of the greatest power must submit to be regulated by convention. America, which shows most unwillingness to accept this principle of regulation (not unnaturally, as being the richest and most free from fear) naturally had then no difficulty in proposing what even to-day is acclaimed by President Hoover as a sort of victory—the attainment of parity with the ancient warden of the seas. Yet if England yielded, with good grace, a long guarded pride of place, Lord Balfour saw to it effectually that this supremacy should not pass to another. And it is only fair to note that America proposed the limiting pact by which America is bound.

Lord Balfour's service to the principle of international conventions did not begin or end there. It has been recalled by the

Balfour: *Times* that when the Russian fleet, steaming out in 1904 to meet what awaited it in the Far East, **The Man** ran suddenly into the Hull fishing fleet on the **Above Party.** Dogger Bank and fired on them in a panic, Mr.

Balfour (as he then was) resisted the popular clamour, and quietly insisted on submission of the matter to the Hague. Also, since 1918, though he never preached the gospel of the League of Nations with Lord Cecil's passionate zeal, yet it may well prove that by presiding over its first assembly he did more than any other man in Europe could have done to launch the great venture.

For by that time, indeed any time from 1915 onwards, he had risen completely above party; and the statesman who can do that is at least more easily credited by other nations with the power to transcend a narrow nationalism. It is certain that his visit to the United States in 1917 did much to smooth over the difficulties of a most thorny relationship. No Englishman of his day had the same power of impressing other men of the English-speaking race (whether from the United States or from the Dominions) with a sense of his courteous mastery. Sir Cecil Spring Rice, who had never admired him, personally or politically, wrote from Washington in 1917: "Wherever he has gone, he has left the impression of a sincere friend of America, and of a wise, noble and beneficent presence." He had created "a new light and a new atmosphere It is rain and sunshine rather than seed, although good seed has been sown." That I think applies widely to the work of Lord Balfour's life. It cannot be said that

Government's main measure, their Coal Mines Bill, has been the subject of some agreement, not yet wholly disclosed, with the Liberal party—who held the key to the situation. For the Conservative party had committed itself generally against the Bill, and could not have saved it and their faces at the same time; yet the fact was and is that coal owners throughout the country found its terms so far more favourable to their interest than they expected that they still dare hardly speak their minds; and they would have felt anything but gratitude to their party (for most are Conservative) had this compromise been upset. The Liberals insisted on certain amendments on behalf of the consumers, and the acceptance of these has made the measure less congenial to the capitalists; but even with these alterations, wise coal owners know that if they reject this and go further, they are likely to fare much worse. The result is an unreality in the opposition, and the public will not perturb itself over a sham battle.

What begins to interest the public, and already deeply interests the House of Commons, is the renewed ascendancy of Mr. Lloyd George. Old hands in Parliament say that he was never more brilliant than he has been this winter. All the talk about his being the obsolete chief of a disunited handful has ceased. Ridicule was tried against him, for several years, and in the end it is the laughers who look ridiculous. The younger men among his opponents—especially on the Tory side—are said to be saying that here is something like a leader. Their seniors answer, "Yes, but do you know where he is going to lead you to?" And no doubt they have justification for their uncertainty—which is shared by a considerable section among his own party (one cannot say, among his followers). Lord Grey made that plain, probably judging, according to his character, that it would be better to say openly what was so much said in private. It is proof how strong is Mr. Lloyd George's hold on the leadership of his party that such a declaration from such a man did not shake it perceptibly. It might have, had the countercheck quarrelsome followed. But Mr. Lloyd George knew that no man, woman or child in this country wants to hear a hard word said in answer to Lord Grey. That is the kind of thing that Mr.

Lloyd George excels in knowing, and probably not a few who agreed with Lord Grey were grateful for the manner in which his attack was taken. It is possible that Mr. Lloyd George may have even gained support as a result: for nothing is more remarkable about this remarkable man than his power of conciliation. Again and again the House of Commons in old days has seen him talk Mr. Balfour over—and often to the fury of Mr. Balfour's party, who were less amenable to the charm of supreme intellectual dexterity.

I find this recognised in the interesting book on Mr. Lloyd George written by Sir Charles Mallet, from the standpoint of one who began as a hearty follower, but has ended with the conclusion that the Liberal party "can no longer tolerate Mr. Lloyd George as a leader or trust him as a public man." These are harsh words but essentially mean no more than Lord Grey said: and they point to the fact that Mr. Lloyd George is never likely to come back to power as leader of a Liberal party possessing a majority in Parliament. The orthodox Liberal distrusts him because he has the coalition mind; because he has no firm grip on the great principles—or shibboleths—which have traditionally marked off Liberals from their opponents. I could never, for instance, conceive of Mr. Lloyd George as indissolubly wedded to Free Trade; and if the price of his entry to a coalition which would bring him to power were the acceptance of a system of protection for the Empire, I should expect him to pay it—but only if he were quite certain that the power could be realised—in other words, that such a system of Protection could be accepted by the electorate. There are persons to whom the idea of Free Trade is inseparably connected with moral righteousness—the special righteousness of Liberalism; but to Mr. Lloyd George, the choice between these two systems would represent only a balance of advantages, and the important matter would be the securing of power for the right persons—those, namely, who would entrust him with a large share of it. This desire for power is a strong count in Sir Charles Mallet's indictment of Mr. Lloyd George—yet if we agree with Mr. Oliver's philosophy in *The Endless Adventure*, a politician would not be a politician unless he desired power; and the greater the man's energy, the more masterful his desire.

Sir Charles
Mallet's View.

Then we come to the question, what Mr. Lloyd George did with power when he had it; and here it must be admitted that the subject of examination offers a wide target for Sir Charles Mallet's attack. Few men at any time, none in our time, have possessed more power, and in that welter of events it is easy to attribute to him whatever suits the purpose and deny his responsibility for anything that might point the other way. For instance, Sir Charles Mallet says a great deal about the unwisdom of detaching troops to the Balkan front, a course which Mr. Lloyd George advocated; but he says very little about the much costlier Dardanelles expedition which Mr. Lloyd George opposed.

However, discussions as to the past serve little. The main fact about Mr. Lloyd George's past is that during the war he convinced those in contact with him, not only that the war must be won, but that it would be won and that he could win it. He conveyed this feeling to men who had been his bitter opponents, not less than to the public at large. No one else at that time was able to do as much. His return to power is only possible if he can again create the sense that he is essential—or at least that it is worth trying him. Materially, that only seems possible through coalition of some sort; and so his whole effort is directed towards coalition—for coalition's sake.

At the moment, his technique in the House of Commons is amazing. Instead of sitting on the front opposition bench and addressing the House across the table, he takes up his position below the gangway and as he speaks is almost facing the Chair. To the left and the right of him are the lines of the two front benches, and somehow his position seems to convey that he stands at the head of them, and in a sense is arbiter between them; for he has the extraordinary gift of so expressing what he has to say that it seems to be not his own mind but the gathered wisdom of Parliament. The mixture of suavity and sparkle, the buoyancy as well as the experience, make a consummate performance; and other onlookers than I must have laughed to see for the first time in their lives the House being led from below the gangway.

Russia is once more proving itself an uncomfortable bedfellow for the Labour Government, and the country at large more and more dislikes such cohabitation. Let us admit that facts are

clouded in a fog of misrepresentation. It is officially denied by the Soviet authorities that three hundred ex-officers of the navy were put to death; it is denied that a general persecution of religion is in progress. Opponents of Socialism may be unduly willing to accept these assurances, unduly prone to scrutinise the wording of the denials. But there should be some limit to the credulity displayed by those of Mr. MacDonald's supporters who believe that Russian revolutionaries can do no wrong. Miss Ellen Wilkinson made a speech in the House in which silliness came near to brutality, when she suggested that General Koutepof's disappearance was farcical, and that all serious search for him had ceased. There is only too good reason to be anxious concerning this officer's fate. Miss Wilkinson went on to affirm that Russian credit was the best in the world—an utterance which will be grimly commented on by bondholders, too well aware that the Russian Government has certainly frittered away none of its credit in paying debts.

Such speeches as this lady's will begin to have serious results for the Labour party if the movement of indignation that is now growing gathers head. Only a voice is needed: *Russia To-day and Yesterday.* and perhaps it is as well that no Burke has arisen to give it utterance; for, so far as we have any guidance, vehement remonstrance would only lead to greater outrage. It is best to keep our tempers and try to understand, under such skilled guidance as that of Dr. E. J. Dillon. His *Russia To-day and Yesterday* (Dent) is one of the most remarkable studies of a country that I have ever read. All his affinities in Russia, during a constant intercourse of thirty years from 1877 to 1913, were with those Russians who have been displaced or exterminated; he went back in 1928 to a land where horror abounded, and he denies nothing of the worst that has been alleged. Yet one feels throughout his vivid pages the response to a new vitality in Russia's frame. After reading him, I at least said to myself: "Bolshevism is more formidable than I thought." Two things appear to have struck him beyond the rest and the first of these is a minor matter. He found proof of the Bolsheviks' sincerity in their determination to have everything spoken out, to cloak no abuses that were abuses from the collectivist standpoint. The

governed, even the children in schools, should have the right to say how they should be governed: that is, of course, provided they accept the general principle of collectivism. (Opponents of Marx's theories have no rights in Russia—not the right to a trial before being shot.) But the major matter is the stupendous effort made to galvanise inert and illiterate millions into reading and thinking. If Dr. Dillon is right, Russia, down to the last mooshik (I keep his phonetic spelling) is beginning to read and think. The schoolmaster is abroad, and amongst other methods is broadcasting. This spectacle staggers one who knew by decades of observations the old stagnant misery in which Russian peasants lived and died. He does not dispute the danger of the new phenomenon; he does not argue for its beneficence; he merely proclaims the force of its vitality. Manifestly such a force as he suggests cannot be destroyed from outside; but will it last? The Russian has always been good at furious efforts, but has been a bad stayer; and at one point this educational movement seems to carry the principle of its own defeat. Everything is subordinated to the promotion of collectivism. Now, the Russian peasant before the Revolution was miserable to excess; so, before 1789, was the French peasant. Both were drawn to support the Revolution by the hope of acquiring the land they worked, and both got the land. But the French peasant has been allowed to keep it. More than that, he has been made and has remained anti-clerical, by the fear that the Church might work for the undoing of old confiscation. In Russia, land has been taken away from the peasant just as he had begun to savour the joy of ownership; he is virtually re-enslaved—not indeed to a landlord, but to the community. Yet, where he was owner, working for himself, he now works to order, for an allowance. The same power that denies ownership to the peasant—who not long ago was devout,—denies freedom to the Church; and the Church will certainly not preach collectivism. Link the force of a persecuted religion to the peasants' land-hunger, and can any government withstand that combination? Dr. Dillon sees plainly that this question of the land is the crucial one for Sovietism; he does not prophesy the outcome. But there is one thing he does not tell us. According to him, the Soviet Government has got the women on its side. Has it got the peasant women? If the wives of the mooshiks, whether Koolaks or no,

stand for collective land tenure, then anything is possible; but if that is their attitude, Russia must be unlike any other country on the face of the earth.

Yet to resist any dictatorship, since machine guns came into use, has been a very difficult matter; and the only line of resistance possible for the peasantry seems that of the ox which in certain conditions will die sooner than move. Dictatorship is harder to shake off when vested in a Committee; and Dr. Dillon makes us feel how elaborately organised is the Government's grip on the community, and at the same time how ceaselessly the directing mind is at work to make as many Russians as possible feel that they are the grippers—not the gripped. The young may drive the old for a time; but what I have seen in Ireland leads me to think that normal equilibrium reasserts itself. The son of a peasant may be collectivist at eighteen—at two-and-twenty he will have all the instincts of a koolak.

In Spain another dictatorship of a very different character has come brusquely but not tragically to an end. General Primo de Rivera's assumption of power was a military revolution, but his rule has been conducted in the spirit of a patriotic civilian. Nevertheless the dictatorship found itself constrained to declare war on education, and it became evident that discontent was influential and widespread, and that it extended to the army. This extension evidently touched the Marques de Estella to the quick, and he issued impulsively an appeal to the heads of the Army and of the Navy, asking them individually for a definite assurance of support and declaring that he would resign if it were not given. This step gravely offended public feeling in Spain for two reasons which perhaps have not been fully appreciated. The first was that the appeal to military judgment seemed in flagrant contradiction of the President's declared intention to move towards a constitutional régime. The second specially affected loyalists, for it was foreseen that the Army and Navy would reply by throwing the decision on the King himself and thus placing the Throne in a difficult and invidious position. When this became apparent, the President, whose perfect loyalty was never in doubt, placed his resignation in the King's hands and publicly admitted

The Situation in Spain.

the error he had committed. The King's action in accepting the resignation and in conforming to the evident trend of informed opinion by subsequent acts of amnesty has probably strengthened the Crown. General Primo de Rivera retires certainly without having lost any of the general goodwill felt to him in this country; and one may hope that in his own land the frankness of his conduct has disarmed censure.

Spain is a land about which the average citizen of these islands does not know much, and it is in many ways difficult to understand. Its clericalism and its Liberalism both have a strongly Latin character, and for Spanish Liberals the political centre of Europe is Paris not London, even though distrust and dislike of France are as general among Spanish politicians as are trust in England and liking for the English character. But in spite of all divergence between Latin and Anglo-Saxon mentality, the events that pass in Spain are intelligible to us. We can sympathise with them. According to Dr. Dillon, illiteracy to-day exists in Spain more largely than in Western Russia. But education is not solely, nor mainly, a matter of knowing how to read. The Spaniards possess, diffused among them perhaps as thoroughly as among any people of Europe, the education of character, the code of what is decent, what is honourable. They are sometimes said to be anarchic, but the meaning is only that they choose to be governed by tradition rather than by enactment. There is no moral anarchy in Spain. On the other hand, in Russia the ferments grow more and more unintelligible and one is driven to ask whether education as administered to Russia by Russians will not make all communication with Russia more and more impossible and dangerous.

M A R C H

1 9 3 0

THE
FORTNIGHTLY
LIBRARY

BOOK REVIEWS

and

PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS

INDEX TO BOOKS REVIEWED IN THIS ISSUE

BIOGRAPHY.

- CLEMENCEAU, by Jean Martet. (*Longmans Green*) - - - 419
 THE TIGER—CLEMENCEAU, 1841-1929, by George Adams. (*Cape*) - - - 419
 THE MAN CHARLES DICKENS, by Edward Wagenknecht. (*Constable*) - - - 420
 NE OBLIVISCARIS, by Lady Frances Balfour. (*Hodder & Stoughton*) - - - 425
 POSTSCRIPT TO ADVENTURE, by Ashley Gibson. (*J. M. Dent*) - - - 426
 ADVENTURE, by Major-General J. E. B. Seely. (*Heinemann*) - - - 427
 THE HARDMAN PAPERS, of Sir William Hardman. (*Constable*) - - - 428
 LIFE AT A VENTURE, by E. V. de Fontmell. (*Eric Partridge*) - - - 429
 MY MARRIED LIFE WITH LUDENDORFF, by Margaret Ludendorff. (*Hutchinson*) 436
 THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A BRITISH YARN MERCHANT, by W. F. M. Watson-Webb. (*Cayme Press*) - - - 440

POLITICAL.

- THE REVOLUTIONARIES 1789-1799, by Louis Madelin. (*Arrowsmith*) - - - 422
 ENGLAND, by Wilhelm Dibelius. (*Cape*) 438
 BRITAIN AND THE BALTIC, by E. W. Polson Newman. (*Methuen*) - - - 439
 THE OPEN DOOR AND THE MANDATES SYSTEM, by Benjamin Gerig. (*Allen & Unwin*) - - - 437

FICTION.

- SHEPHERDS IN SACKCLOTH, by Sheila Kaye-Smith. (*Cassell*) - - - 429
 TURN BACK THE LEAVES, by E. M. Delafield. (*Macmillan*) - - - 429
 THE VOYAGE HOME, by Storm Jameson. (*Heinemann*) - - - 429
 OLIVER'S DAUGHTER, by Richard Church. (*Dent*) - - - 429
 DIANA, by Emil Ludwig. (*Allen & Unwin*) - - - 432
 TIME, GENTLEMEN! TIME!, by Norah Hoult. (*Heinemann*) - - - 432
 MRS. CLUTTERBUCK LAUGHS, by Guy Pocock. (*Dent*) - - - 432
 THE COAT OF MANY COLOURS, by "Ephesian". (*Lane*) - - - 434
 THE ROCKLITZ, by George Preedy. (*Lane*) - - - 434

BELLES-LETTRES & MISCELLANY.

- THE JADE MOUNTAIN, trans. by Wilter Binner & Kiang Kang-Hu. (*Knopf*) 421
 DEGENERATE OXFORD, by Terence Greenidge. (*Chapman & Hall*) - - - 423
 TWO PLAYS, by Arthur Pinero. (*Heinemann*) - - - 435

OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED.

- UNSOLVED PROBLEMS: NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL, by John S. Hecht. (*Jarrols*)
 SHERMAN, by B. H. Liddell Hart. (*Benn*)
 PABLO CASALS, by Lillian Littlehales. (*Dent*)
 MADAME DE MAINTENON, by Maud Cruttwell. (*Dent*)
 A STUDY OF THE PRINCIPLES OF POLITICS, by George E. G. Catlin, M.A., Ph.D. (*Allen & Unwin*)
 THE SCOURGE OF CHRIST, by Paul Richard. (*Knopf*)
 THE STUFFED OWL, by D. B. Wyndham Lewis & Charles Lee. (*Dent*)
 THE LIFE AND REMINISCENCES OF JESSIE BOND, told to Ethel MacGeorge by herself. (*Lane*)
 THE "ANNIE MARBLE" IN GERMANY, by C. S. Forester. (*Lane*)
 TRAVELS IN THE CONGO, by André Gide. (*Knopf*)
 MACEDONIAN MEMORIES, by Henry C. Day, S.J., H.C.F., M.C. (*Heath Cranton*)
 SCRAPS OF PAPER, by A. P. Nicholson ("A.P.N.") (*Benn*)
 FROM CHAUFFEUR TO BRIGADIER, by Brig.-General C. B. Baker-Carr, C.M.G., D.S.O. (*Benn*)

- THOMAS HOOD AND CHARLES LAMB, by Walter Jerrold. (*Benn*)
 PILSUDSKI, by Rom Landau. (*Jarrols*)
 THE MAGIC OF THE STARS, by Maurice Maeterlinck, translated by Alfred Sutro. (*Allen & Unwin*)
 THE GENTLEMAN IN THE PARLOUR, by Somerset Maugham. (*Heinemann*)
 PUBLIC ASSISTANCE, by Geoffrey Drage. (*Murray*)

FICTION.

- PENDING HEAVEN, by William Gerhardt. (*Duckworth*)
 KRISTIN LAVRANSDATTER, by Sigrid Unsel. (*Knopf*)
 PILGRIM'S FORD, by Muriel Hine. (*Lane*)
 THESE GENERATIONS, by Elinor Mordaunt. (*Heinemann*)
 CONVERSATIONS IN EBURY STREET by George Moore. (*Heinemann*)
 DEATH AND OTHER PLAYS OF MODERN JAPAN. (*Benn*)
 HOME IS THE HUNTER, by H. T. Munn & Elizabeth Sprigge. (*Lane*)
 MURDER ON THE MARSH, by John Ferguson. (*Lane*)
 SPECIAL PROVIDENCE, by Mary Agnes Hamilton. (*Allen & Unwin*)
 VOLS. 837-850 EVERYMAN LIBRARY. (*Dent*)

THE TIGER

Two Studies of Clemenceau

by JOHN HALLETT

CLEMENCEAU: *The events of his life as told by himself to his former secretary*
 JEAN MARTET. *Longmans Green and Co.*
 25s. net.

THE TIGER — GEORGES CLEMENCEAU, 1841-1929, by George Adam. *Jonathan Cape.* 10s. 6d. net.

For the present generation of Englishmen, and for many of his compatriots, Georges Clemenceau is the man who, at the age of seventy-seven took over the helm in France at the darkest moment of the war and, by his iron will, steered the ship to victory; or, still more vividly perhaps, he is the figure with the bald head and the taut lips, ready to break at any moment into a mocking smile or a bitter sally, who in the early months of 1919 sat wrestling by day with Lloyd George and Wilson, the men who were trying to rob France of her victory, and by night with Poincaré and Foch, "the president who was not content to be a president and the soldier who was not content to be a soldier", while they combined in a determined assault on the policy and prerogatives of the Prime Minister. They were heroic days that might throw any ordinary career into the shadow. The battered billy-cock hat of his visits to the battle-front, the grey gloves of the council chamber have become famous, almost legendary. The Clemenceau of the war and of the peace conference has eclipsed Clemenceau the politician: Clemenceau the revolutionary, Clemenceau the man. There is something distant and strangely unreal about those erstwhile attacks on shadowy ministries in the Chamber of Deputies which first earned him the name of "The Tiger." His battles over the Dreyfus case or, a decade earlier, the Panama scandal, are faint memories. Few people, going back yet

further, remember how he narrowly escaped death in the Paris Commune in 1871; and fewer still how, even before that, he had witnessed the American Civil War and had been a teacher of French literature in a Young Ladies' Seminary in Connecticut.

The first impression derived from a casual survey of Clemenceau's life is one of inconsistency in action and rigid consistency in thought. In politics he began as a revolutionary, went on as a democrat and ended as a dictator who refused to brook not merely opposition but even equal partnership. In his philosophical outlook he was an uncompromising devotee of materialism; and in his devotion he showed all the fanaticism which seems in modern times to have passed from the adherents of religion to its opponents. From his thesis on the origins of life to his last quips at the expense of the Locarno treaties, he remained the sworn foe of idealism in any of its insidious forms. But closer inspection reveals a different picture. Throughout his active career, with all its apparent divergencies, there runs a strongly marked line of consistency; but it is a consistency attained in defiance, not in virtue, of his theories. He was always a fighter for justice, though his philosophy taught him that Justice is a myth and that no ideal is worth fighting for. And above all, he loved France, though he never loved his fellow-men and there was nothing in his philosophy which would have permitted him to love an abstraction. It is seldom remembered that Clemenceau was one of a handful of irreconcilables who, in the National Assembly at Bordeaux in 1871, voted against the acceptance of Bismarck's terms of peace. It was a fitting beginning for a public career which ended with the peace of Versailles. From the first to the last act of his public life, his course was governed by this irrational passionate de-

votion to his country. He had found a consistent principle of action; but it lay beyond the cold rationalistic philosophy to which he professed allegiance.

The difficulty of perspective as well as the lack of documents will make impossible for many years to come any final estimate of Clemenceau's place in history; and we are grateful to M. Martet, who was his secretary during the war and his confidant in the last years of his life, for not having tried to write a book about him. Instead he has done something far more valuable; he has recorded, with transparent fidelity and a minimum of editing, Clemenceau's conversations during the last two or three years of his life in so far as they turn—and how could they help turning?—on his own past. It is the stuff of which biography is made; and the future biographer of Clemenceau will find M. Martet's work indispensable. In the meanwhile it is full of good reading, and there is a fair sprinkling of the famous *mots* which provide an irresistible temptation for the *raconteur* or the reviewer:—

"The tiresome thing about Afghanistan is that there is always a little too much assassination going on. Life there is perhaps more exciting, but death is tending to become monotonous."

In more characteristic vein is this conversation:—

"Let's dream," says Clemenceau.

"About what?" I ask.

"The brotherhood of man."

Albert appears behind the bench. "Monsieur le Président, lunch is ready."

"Splendid," says Clemenceau. "That dream gave me a hollow feeling. Let's eat."

We have not had the opportunity of comparing the translation with the original; but the translator's knowledge of French idiom breaks down badly in places. *Histoire de faire plaisir au Foch* does not mean "a little fiction to keep Foch happy"; and a minister's *Chef de Cabinet* is his chief private secretary, not the "head

of his Cabinet-council". Such blemishes should not have been permitted in the authorised translation of a work of permanent value.

Mr. Adam is an old hand. He knows almost too well the tricks of the biographer's trade, and his book shows signs of hasty writing. He has not much to tell us of the Clemenceau of the war, and nothing that is new of the Clemenceau of the peace. But those who wish to renew their acquaintance with the half-forgotten but stimulating story of Clemenceau's earlier political life may pass an agreeable hour over the light and always readable pages of *The Tiger*.

JOHN HALLETT.

A PSYCHOGRAPH OF DICKENS

THE MAN CHARLES DICKENS, by Edward Wagenknecht. Constable. 18s. 6d.

THE word is not mine, it is Mr. Wagenknecht's. He has a long "Note on the Method of this Book", from which one may gather that there have been remarkable developments in the art of biography on the other side of the Atlantic, culminating in the triumph of the psychograph and its inventor, Mr. Gamaliel Bradford. But really it has not remained for Mr. Bradford and Mr. Wagenknecht to discover that the aim of biography is to get at the soul of its subject rather than at the mere facts of that subject's career. And as for the abandonment of the chronological method, over which Mr. Wagenknecht makes a good deal of fuss, the wisdom of abandonment depends entirely on the subject. In a life, that of a statesman, for example, closely conditioned by external events we shall wrongly value conduct unless we keep its date in mind; in the life of an artist, chronology may sometimes count for very little.

Mr. Wagenknecht, in short, is too portentous about his not very novel method.

(contd. on page 422)

POETS OF THE GOLDEN AGE

by EDMUND BLUNDEN

THE JADE MOUNTAIN, *A Chinese Anthology*. Translated by Witter Bynner from the texts of Kiang Kang-Hu. Knopf. 12s. 6d. net.

"USED as we are to the operatic in poetry, the substance of Chinese poems seems often mild or even trivial." Mr. Bynner goes so far in order to indicate the proper approach to them: "They are the heart of an intimate letter. They bring the true, the beautiful, the everlasting, into simple, easy touch with the human, the homely, and the immediate." As he translates the three hundred poems of the T'Ang Dynasty in his volume, the usual effect is, indeed, that of a letter from a deeply understanding and understood friend. The friend has been stirred, to delight or grief, by beauty or by merriment, with a tranquil scene or a moving accident; it was the mood of poetry, but our friend, too shy to rush in, just stayed outside the gate of a poem, and wrote poetically yet without that ultimate fusion which produces a poem.

The autumn night is clear and cold in the lakka-trees of this courtyard.

I am lying forlorn in the river-town. I watch my guttering candle.

I hear the lonely notes of a bugle sounding through the dark.

The moon is in mid-heaven, but there's no one to share it with me.

My messengers are scattered by whirls of rain and sand.

City gates are closed to a traveller; mountains are walls in my way—

Yet, I who have borne ten years of pitiable existence,

Find here a perch, a little branch, and am safe for this one night.

That—I speak simply of the delicately worked version by Mr. Bynner, and the others which it represents tolerably well—is in the same sphere of experience whence Hood and Verlaine, and Emily Brontë, and Emily Dickenson create unalterable

poems. But it does not body forth the matter through every syllable, phrase and cadence.

Perhaps the question is one of the form attempted. Unless I err, and so far as I can learn from Mr. Kang-Hu's observations on the Chinese versification, the originals would appeal to the Chinese reader in the many ways, severally minor, but collectively of great power, which our patterns of stanza, metre, and rhyme when produced by master-poets do for us. I say "do", for up to the present the experiments of irregularity have not achieved that association with most of our secret critical minds and our emotional habits which the tradition of almost all European poetry enjoys. They have not the resources, or we have not learned them by heart. And so, I conjecture, what the Chinese poet sang was not what Mr. Bynner's beautiful "passage from a letter" says to us, but something nearer to

Le ciel est, par-dessus le toit,

Si bleu, si calme!

Un arbre, par-dessus le toit,

Berce sa palme. . . .

It is not very safe to reason out things Chinese from Japanese notions, yet the intimate pleasure which Japanese readers have in Verlaine's poems lends some colour to the above reflections.

But in any case it would be a miraculous translator who produced three hundred versions all ready to be mistaken for original masterpieces, and Mr. Bynner and Mr. Kang-Hu have collaborated most attractively, and modestly. They have thrown their light on the poetry, and not on the translator or the commentator. So numerous a collection of the Chinese poets of the golden age, rendered with great taste and scholarship, is a treasury of the beautiful and the pathetic, to be received eagerly by the explorer of poetry at large or by the man or woman who is attuned to a wonderful intimacy.

(contd. from page 420)

What he does not defend, and what needs defence badly, is chopping up Dickens into the humanitarian, the lover, and so on. It is the balance and interplay of qualities that should have concerned him, not their separate valuation. And, since our interest in Dickens the man springs almost wholly from our admiration of him as a writer, this piecemeal mode of treatment is the more unfortunate. For it is characteristic of Dickens the writer that his world is not made by a mind which sees life in sections, or by one which withdraws, with a few fastidiously selected objects of contemplation, from the general hurly-burly. He is multifarious, exuberant, democratic, and delighted by the confused abundance of things. He works on a crowded canvas, heightening the jumble; and the biographer who wishes to give us the sense of contact with him must do likewise.

However, Mr. Wagenknecht is in some ways a good Dickensian. He has knowledge; he is nearly always in sympathy, though he does lapse into sorry twaddle about the admirable prominence given to food and drink in the novels and elsewhere; and he has moments of shrewdness. If he exaggerates the novelty of his own method and the importance of its results, he is sometimes generously intelligent in perceiving the worth of the judgments by his predecessors. Thus he quotes, with just approval, Forster's remark that "not his genius only but his whole nature was too exclusively made up of sympathy for, and with, the real in its most intense form to be sufficiently provided against failure in the realities around him." He is reasonably candid in dealing with the numerous quarrels of Dickens, with his autocratic temper, with his alienation from his wife, though many of the generalizations betray an excess of piety. In fact, when put on its proper level, Mr. Wagenknecht's book deserves a good deal of praise; but it is neither a revelation of a new method for biographers nor an original view of Dickens.

T. EARLE WELBY.

THE REVOLUTIONARIES, 1789-1799,
by Louis Madelin. Translated by R. J. S.
Curtis, M.A. *Arrowsmith.*

M. Madelin is an implacable enemy of the ancient halo which used to surround the revolution and its makers. He has shown once again that these men were not "divinely inspired", that they were led by events instead of leading, that they were for the most part either corrupt or deluded or fanatics of "virtue."

"History", he says, "does not preach. It judges". M. Madelin is a Royalist, a Catholic and a Conservative. He has judged and condemned.

It is a pity he did not try to interpret and explain. Great part of his indictment is incontrovertible, but its whole weight is altered if we consider the revolution as a unity. M. Madelin has isolated his figures from their background; in doing so he has inevitably been unjust.

The first constitution was absurd and unworkable, the confiscation of the clergy's property an injustice, the September massacres and the terror appalling crimes. All this is no doubt true. But it is not enough to pillory the "misconceptions and frauds" of a few individuals who took or appeared to take the lead. These things were successively demanded by the articulate opinion of France. There was no Joshua for whom the sun would stand still. Even Mirabeau could not infuse sense into the national assembly; the clubs, the journalists, the whole middle class was behind it. Even Danton could not moderate the terror which he had helped to call into being. M. Madelin is at his best in dealing with these two great men. His appreciation of their difficulties is the answer to his condemnation of the rest. Great personalities could not deflect the movement in its early years. It is the business of historians to explore the anonymous forces of the revolution. Only thus can the actions of its mediocre leaders be explained, if not justified.

IGOR VINOGRADOFF.

DEGENERATE OXFORD? by Terence
Greenidge: *Chapman & Hall.* 7s. 6d.

THERE are certain phrases in Mr. Greenidge's book, such as 'Varsity', 'alma mater', and 'Oxonian', which might lead the reader to suppose that a long time must have elapsed since he was up at Oxford as an undergraduate. This impression, however, is wholly fallacious. Mr. Greenidge and I were contemporaries at Hertford six years ago, and I think that no undergraduate of the time, however narrow his interests, can have failed to become aware at one time or another of Mr. Greenidge's presence in the University. The prominence, which his varied capabilities won him in athletic, intellectual and social circles, was by no means dimmed by certain eccentricities of manner and appearance. 'Despite my athletic interests,' he remarks in the course of his book, 'I had always loved Bohemianism, and my black sports coat had its edges embroidered with fur in the Russian manner'. One may add to this description the fact that he usually carried about with him a large tobacco tin, his razor and tooth-brush, several books and an assortment of whatever of his own and his friends' possessions excited his momentary interest. He had a penetrating voice, a magnificently retentive memory combined with a genius for droll quotation, and a sincere delight in dialectic. He was, in fact, one of the outstanding personalities of my period at Oxford and one whose friendship is an abiding source of pride and delight. It is naturally delightful for me to read a book by him about Oxford, packed as it is with allusions to which I can respond, but the business of reviewing is to estimate a book's value to the general reader.

It is typical of Mr. Greenidge that where others write novels, he should have compiled

TRAVEL

PARIS IN PROFILE

George Slocombe 12s. 6d.
"Fascinating." *Daily Telegraph*
Illustrated. [Ready.]

THE ROADS OF SPAIN

Charles L. Freeston, F.R.G.S. 10s. 6d.
"Open Sesame" to a new touring paradise. Many illustrations and map. [March.]

BIOGRAPHY

ABOUT MYSELF

Ben Turner, M.P., O.B.E. 10s. 6d.
"Mr. Turner can write . . ." *Manchester Guardian.* [Ready.]

FICTION

THE LOVE-DIARY OF A BOY

Shaw Desmond 8s. 6d.
A poignant revelation of adolescence. [March.]

THE MINK COAT

Edith Brill
A first novel of striking promise. [March.]

MAGIC HOURS

Howard Peacey 7s. 6d.
The Dramatist has made an effective novel of a warmly praised play. [March.]

THE FIERY ANGEL

Valeri Briussov 7s. 6d.
Scenes of witchcraft and demon possession that will bring a thrill even to the sophisticated. [March.]

LORD BYRON

The Tale of a Passion

Kasimir Edschmid 7s. 6d.
Translated by EVELINE BENNETT
A German view of Byron. [March.]

THE CAT OF HEAVEN

Pierre Loving 7s. 6d.
A fascinating study of the life of Charles Baudelaire. [April.]

POETRY AND DRAMA

MYSTERY AND TRAGEDY

Two Plays

T. Sturge Moore 7s. 6d.
Printed by the Alcuin Press. [April.]

Editions de Luxe of Works of Thomas Hardy, George Moore, W. B. Yeats, James Stephens, Arthur Symonds, Herbert Wolfe, Joseph Moncure March.

WRITE FOR LISTS

HUMPHREY TOULMIN

The Cayme Press, Ltd., 21 Soho Square, W.1

a treatise. His book is a thorough and unsophisticated examination of the nature and value of Oxford education. At times he strays from his purpose and allows himself to generalize perhaps too freely about wider subjects, but in the main, he has produced as straightforward and unaffected an essay as one could hope to find. His first chapter deals with Work; the problem, which he points out, is how to reconcile the claims of the official curriculum with those of other valuable cultural influences. Many of the undergraduates most worth educating regularly, sacrifice their class in schools and sometimes their degree to these other more attractive outlets. Mr. Greenidge blames for this the policy pursued by the University of deliberately including unpalatable features in their curriculum, presumably with the intention of creating a moral test of the candidate's capacity for pure application to unattractive pursuits. Mr. Greenidge was fortunate in coming into touch with tutors whom he could like and respect, and his praise of the tutorial system must thus be qualified by the testimony of less fortunate undergraduates who find their progress stunted and warped by close personal contact with tutors who bore and disgust them.

The chapter on Athletes is sound and witty; after one has gone down, this conflict between fool and civilized man which is always being waged at our seats of learning seems remote and inconsiderable, but Mr. Greenidge's delightfully recorded anecdotes remind one that they seemed, and presumably were, important enough at the time. I may remark in passing that all the time I was up I was wholly ignorant of the constitution and the constituents of a Hertford College Dining Club whose prominence seems to have irked Mr. Greenidge.

The chapter on Aesthetes strikes me as

good up to a point, but I wish Mr. Greenidge had confined himself more to the local manifestations of the subject. Also I could do with more plain speaking about homo-sexuality. By his implied assumption that homo-sexual relations among undergraduates are merely romantic and sentimental he seems to avoid the most important questions at issue. The chapter on Church and State is interesting but not of direct practical application to University problems. It contains a delightful story very skilfully related.

The chapter on the authorities is the one which will probably excite most discussion. The point is by no means new, but by no means out-of-date, that dons are primarily appointed for scholarship not for administration. The result is as a rule honest and intelligent administration, but a fatal liability to panic. I could have contributed very much more damning examples of ill-considered and ungenerous judgments than those quoted by Mr. Greenidge. Indeed, the two instances he relates of acquaintances sent down by their College seem to me by any system of discipline eminently justifiable. He does not bring out, as I should have done, the influence on the University of married dons; of how the celibate and porty scholar turns in a trice to a harassed middle-class wage-earner, bicycling off to North Oxford away from the cares of his job, and how by permitting this change the sympathy between dons and undergraduates has become confused with suburban tea parties. But in spite of these complaints, which must seem ungrateful after the enjoyment I derived from his book, I would congratulate the author on an essay which no 'Oxonian'—as Mr. Greenidge would say—can fail to find provocative and worthy of respect.

EVELYN WAUGH.

THE MONTH'S BIOGRAPHIES

NE OBLIVISCARIS (DINNA FORGET), by Lady Frances Balfour. Hodder & Stoughton. 2 vols. 42s.

LADY Frances Balfour has written a book of absorbing interest. How should she not, born as she was "in the purple" (the phrase her family always used to describe their intimates), and possessed as she is of the seeing eye, the retentive memory, the descriptive gift which can make live for us again the life of "good society" seventy years ago—Daughter of the 8th Duke of Argyll, grand-daughter of the Duchess of Sutherland who was Queen Victoria's Mistress of the Robes, niece of the beautiful Duchess of Westminster, sister to the Duchess of Northumberland, passing by marriage into the Balfour family whose mother was a Cecil and who were as much at home at Hatfield as at Whittinghame, connected through her brother's marriage with Princess Louise even with the Royal house, what doors were not open to her even in girlhood, and how wide and intimate has been her knowledge of society for close on three generations!

The main interest of the book is social. Not that Lady Frances fails to reflect on current politics. She was a true daughter of the Whigs and a keen partisan, and her political enthusiasms made her at first something of a surprise, and perhaps a little of a trial, to the Cecil-Balfour circle. But, except for her twenty-five years of work with Mrs. Fawcett for Women's Suffrage, and her membership of the Divorce Law Commission of 1910, she took no very active part in politics. Her husband, Col. Eustace Balfour, was by profession an architect and cared little for public affairs though he was a keen Volunteer and commanded the London Scottish; but her father held office in several administrations, being Postmaster-General under Aberdeen and Palmerston in the 'fifties—an office apparently, though rather mysteriously, regarded as suitable for Dukes, for the Duke of Norfolk held it under Lord

Salisbury—and Secretary of State for India under Gladstone in 1868.

From her earliest childhood, therefore, Lady Frances knew all who were most worth knowing in the political world. She has wise things to say about the 'good society' of her youth, "narrow and exclusive, looked at from one aspect, but it put a value upon itself and its position in the world. It recognised its responsibilities and served them to the best of its abilities." Government, administration public or local, the great territorial magnates regarded as a duty. Religion, and a strong family feeling, were the pervading motives of their life. It is a beautiful picture of family life that Lady Frances gives, whether as lived at Inveraray or on Campden Hill, amongst the Campbell 'Clan', devoted sons and daughters of the Church of Scotland; or at Whittinghame or Hatfield amongst the Balfours and Cecils, devout adherents of High Anglicanism.

She has shrewd comments to make on many prominent figures: Gladstone; Lord Salisbury and "Her Ladyship," his most original and disconcerting wife; Rosalind, Lady Carlisle, her uncle George Howard's "astonishing daughter-in-law"; the younger group known as the Souls, some of them "unconventional because they had never been brought into conventional Society; they had no traditions, had never heard of such a thing", but she is broad-minded and modern enough to admit their charm. And she is frank enough to say of herself that she has all her life been "timber-tuned" to music, has no ear and actively dislikes all that has to do with that art. Perhaps it is inherited insensibility, for her father understood so little of the kindred art of architecture that he could never understand his son-in-law's choice of a profession and mixed it up in his mind with building and contracting! But, 'philistine' as Matthew Arnold perhaps not unjustly called the English upper classes in the Victorian Age, they set, as

this book shows, a high standard of public duty and private morals which later generations may well look back to with respect. These might take to heart the motto Lady Frances chooses for her Title, *Ne Obliviscaris!* "Dinna forget"!

JANET E. COURTNEY.

POSTSCRIPT TO ADVENTURE, by Ashley Gibson. *J. M. Dent & Sons.* 10s. 6d. net.

COURAGE and good humour are two of the best amulets for a life of adventure; and they have stood Mr. Ashley Gibson in good stead, and make a jovial entertainment of his reminiscences. This is, indeed, a most companionable book, full of vivid portraiture and sound character. Directly Mr. Gibson meets a man, he seems to comprehend his weak and strong points alike at a glance; but he is all geniality to weakness, and no easy flatterer of strength. His way has led him among the men who are "up against" the struggle for life, in Fleet Street, in Bohemia, and in the war; and he surveys the motley scene with an imperturbable humour which never fails to make the best of the worst of all possible situations.

Mr. Gibson opens in a restaurant "with a note", in St. Martin's Lane, where, up two flights of brass-bound stairs, actors out of a job, journalists, and free lances, were wont in pre-war years to sit smoking and playing chess from lunch-time to 7.30 (when the shop was closed) having partaken of no more expensive refectation than a plate of convent eggs and a cup of coffee. There by the fire sat Reginald Walter, Wyndham's stage-manager, looking "like a rather dandified popular preacher"; and hither, with "a vital, jolly, infectious" laughter which shook the pawns of the chess-players, came Arthur Ransome, flourishing a gigantic pipe. There, too, was Edward Thomas, "faun-like, elusive, walking with a sort of lope, half-springing, and half lackadaisical", yet always sheltering near his heart "a zest in all sorts of jolly, earthly activities."

Those were the days when you took a walk down Fleet Street, in search of any stray job that might fill an afternoon; and it was on one such expedition that Mr. Gibson saw the notice-board of "The Literary World", and offered himself to the editor, F. H. Fisher, for anything the day might bring forth. Who now remembers Fisher, except the few who worked for him? As one of them of old, the present writer can vouch for the faithfulness of Mr. Gibson's picture of that gentle spirit, "whose air of melancholy and hints of imminent catastrophe in the world's affairs made a perfectly transparent cloak for his childish, almost bird-like confidence in the excellence of human nature and the universe in general."

There are any number of portraits of well-known men at the beginning of their careers—Mr. J. D. Beresford as an experimental reviewer; Mr. Augustus John, "looking like the King of the Gypsies", but not yet recognised in Fleet Street or Mayfair; and Spencer Gore, "taking sights with thumb and pencil at the uplifted legs of ballerinas" in the old Bedford music-hall. There is a delicious picture of T. P. O'Connor, writing his "Book of the Week", for which Mr. Gibson had already provided the notes and typed extracts, while T. P., with his coat-tails thrown back, working hard against time, "assaulted the type-writer as if it were a piano."

To an adventurous spirit this sort of prison-life soon grew irksome; and rumours of a gold mine in Africa sent our author off on an "Ethiopian Odyssey of six months", whereon he discovered huge dragon-flies, jewelled butterflies, porcupines and kites, but no fortune—nothing but mica and sun-blisters, and a haunting memory of the "odd, indefinable spell the monstrous world of Africa throws over her devotees." So back again to Wine Office Court, and to the company of a new generation of journalists, who are to-day flourishing large-type signatures in all the evening papers, but were then, twenty years ago, still waiting to make their names and to earn their special rates. And so to the

War, to the Somme and to Nyasaland; not, be it said at once, to take any part in the prevailing welter of post-war obscenity, nor to veil the truth in the fancy dress of false idealism. To this cheery adventurer, the chances of war, like the chances of the day's work, are swept by a fresh breeze from that realm of courage, endurance, and good temper, which it is well that somebody should set on record before it is forgotten altogether. So the last impression of this engaging book repeats and accentuates the note of its first page. Courage and good humour go with it all the way, and leave behind the memory of one of the pleasantest and most human books of reminiscence that have issued from the press these many years.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

ADVENTURE, by Major General The Rt. Hon. J. E. B. Seely, P.C., C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., with an Introduction by the Earl of Birkenhead. *William Heinemann Ltd.* 21s. net.

ADVENTURE is a suitable title under which to publish General Seely's book. The whole volume is concerned with hazardous deeds and often lucky reprieves of a diverse and enthralling nature. Moreover, even if the Author is egotistical, that egotism is so transparently honest and so frankly engaging that it becomes almost a quality. Thus, when General Seely has done a particularly brave deed he often gives part of the credit to somebody else and he has not an ungenerous word to say about anybody throughout the entire volume.

The Author makes no claim to provide his readers with disclosures or State secrets, and he obviously takes the greatest pains to avoid serious controversy in regard to the World War. On the other hand, and if General Seely's book deals primarily with his personal adventures, those adventures are so varied and so stimulating as to engross the reader's attention throughout. He was nearly drowned in a boys' diving competition, he travelled half round the world before the mast, and his Yeomanry Company stole Lord Kitchener's Indian cooks in

the South African War. In the course of that Campaign he was placed under arrest, he was tried by Court Martial and in his absence he was first elected a Member of Parliament.

During the World War, an account of which occupies about half the book, General Seely was first a Special Service Officer on the Staff of Sir John French, and afterwards Commandant of the Canadian Mounted Brigade—a post which, except for two short intervals, he actively occupied from early in 1915 until May 1918. In the latter capacity he was constantly in the front line. He made it his business personally to examine or to reconnoitre any ground over which he was to make an attack and he won the admiration and respect of a body, who, under his fearless leadership, did as much if not more than any other force to hold up the great German Advance of March, 1918.

But the war pages are not more interesting than other sections of the book. In

ARNOLD BENNETT

writing in the *Evening Standard*, says:

"A GOOD BOOK, SOUND, WISE, PICTURESQUE and DIVERTING"

THE COLOURED COUNTRIES

By ALEC WAUGH

"His brightly discursive, picturesque travel book . . . There is not a single dull page in the whole of the book."—*Liverpool Post*. "A book as romantic and interesting as any novel."—*The Queen*. "The book bristles with good things which, with Mr. Waugh as narrator, lose nothing in the telling."—*Daily Telegraph*.

Demy 8vo. Illustrated. 18s. net.

CHAPMAN & HALL, Ltd

General Seely's opinion—he had by then crossed the floor of the House from the Conservative to the Liberal side—the Conservative *débâcle* at the general election of January, 1906 was caused much more by the importation of Chinese Labour into South Africa than by Mr. Chamberlain's campaign in favour of Colonial Preference. Moreover, whilst one would like to have heard the late Sir Arthur Paget's version, General Seely suggests that the Military crisis arising upon the Ulster Question in March, 1914, resulted largely from a wrong impression given to his subordinates by the Commander-in-Chief in Ireland. In any case, Sir John French and the Author, who resigned his position of Minister of War at that time, were primarily concerned in avoiding any form of mutiny in the Army. In that they succeeded for, even if harm was done, disaster was averted.

To summarise, the book is all too short. It is clearly the work of a man possessed not only of intense courage but of character. One feels that the Author has more to say. Let us hope that some day he will see fit to say it.

H. CHARLES WOODS.

THE HARDMAN PAPERS: A Further Selection (1865-1868) from the Letters and Memoirs of Sir William Hardman.

Edited by S. M. Ellis. Constable. 21s.

THIS Volume is quite as worth reading as its predecessor. Some of the extracts are so frank that one cannot but deplore the omission of the story about the pedometer, although, on the other hand, the omission of Shirley Brooks's epigram on Swinburne could not well be avoided. The fresh particulars given about Swinburne and of the press comments about John Brown are, to say the least, curious. There is a contemporary drawing of John Brown with his feet on the royal mantelpiece which seems to have been very popular.

Hardman was sceptical though decorous in religion, and conservative in politics. He sympathized strongly with the Confederates, although he was much shocked by the assassination of Lincoln as well as by

the fact that Lincoln was at the theatre on Good Friday when the blow fell. His experiences on the Bench at Kingston shed an interesting light on the social conditions of the time. There are some entertaining passages. Hardman's intimacy with men like George Meredith, Shirley Brooks, and James Cotter Morison would of itself prevent the book being dull.

There are some very satirical lines in a periodical called the *Siliad* in which the Queen is supposed to lecture the Prince of Wales on his dislike for the Germans and on his prodigality. The Prince replies as follows:—

Remember, if you please, I have to do
A heap of things that should be done by
you.

You choose to live an almost hermit life,
Shut off from Royal state, and show and
strife;

Which means that I must, to a like
degree,

Come out, and quite a proxy monarch be.
Hence, 'tis not fair of you at all, I'm sure,
To come down hard on my expenditure.
As to the Germans, much your son
regrets

He ne'er can make them his especial pets;
And as we don't seem likely to agree,
Suppose we have some music or some
tea?

The personal political gossip in the volume is not its only recommendation. There is an atmosphere of real liberty in the press and of independent thought in conversation which is not to be found in our contemporary standardization of what is called thought, and of modern political discussion. Hardman and his friends formed their own opinions and accepted very little at second-hand just as the working classes of the Sixties were really industrious even if they were not always sober, and escaped a great deal of the modern tyranny which is now exerted by the bureaucracy and by the trades union. It is altogether a refreshing volume for anyone who appreciates the robust qualities of our Victorian ancestors.

E. S. P. HAYNES.

MONTH'S FICTION

LIFE AT A VENTURE, by E. V. de Fontmell. Eric Partridge. 7s. 6d.

SHEPHERDS IN SACKCLOTH, by Sheila Kaye-Smith. Cassell. 7s. 6d.

TURN BACK THE LEAVES, by E. M. Delafield. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

THE VOYAGE HOME, by Storm Jameson. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

OLIVER'S DAUGHTER, by Richard Church. Dent. 7s. 6d.

EVERY man has a book in him, but only the liars are satisfying; not the white liars, nor the black liars, but the innocent masters of transfiguration. There is the warning of Tennyson against the "lie that is half a truth", and we recommend his reproof to the reserved and truthful author of *Life at a Venture*. The case against him must not be put too tragically, for he has written what is not nearly dull enough for truth yet not strange enough for fiction. And a work of art must be 'strange'. His book has the appearance of autobiography disguised in the third person narrative of the picturesque novel. When, after the excellent opening chapters, one finds his hero's career entering upon the monotony of the middle years, one feels Mr. de Fontmell is over-faithful. Why the compromise? He might just as well have "remembered with advantages." He might just as well have been hanged for the fictive sheep as for the autobiographical lamb.

In this decision to make the best of two worlds, instead of the most of one, Mr. de Fontmell is, not surprisingly, of the same spiritual kinship as Dominic Vesta, his hero. This shy young man with his *weltschmerz* and his distaste for an ordered life, was born in an English rectory to an English father and an Austrian mother. The birth of the boy cost his mother's life and he was baptised, at her dying request, into the Roman Catholic faith which, until

HUDSON RIVER BRACKETED
EDITH WHARTON

"Not for many years has Edith Wharton written a story so spacious, so interesting, and so human as this, her latest."—*Tatler*. 7/6

THE BOOKSHOP MYSTERY
JAMES SAXON CHILDERS

In the mellow atmosphere of rare books and famous bookshops is played out a tense intrigue between the secret agents of great nations. 7/6

A LANTERN IN HER HAND
BESS S. ALDRICH

"A novel, told with beauty and distinction, that has in it the ring of real literature."—*Dundee Courier*. 7/6

MY TROPICAL AIR CASTLE
FRANK M. CHAPMAN

"Sure of a ready and cordial welcome both from scientific ornithologists and from general readers who enjoy skilled and attractive descriptions of the feathered songsters of the air and the wild beasts that are to be seen in the Central American tropics."—*Scotsman*. Illustrated. 21/-

SOCIAL PSYCHOLOGY OF INTERNATIONAL CONDUCT
GEORGE M. STRATTON

Describes the endeavour to bring international conduct under the control of law and justice, one of the most important of all the enterprises in which the nations are now engaged. 10/6

FOUNDATIONS OF MENTAL HEALTH
L. BIANCHI

Of outstanding importance for psychologists, physicians, sociologists, penologists, and eugenists, as well as for the general reader interested in the improvement of individual and racial health. 10/6

PSYCHOLOGY: Normal and Abnormal
J. W. BRIDGES

A concise and lucid introduction to the entire field of modern psychology. 12/6

RICHELIEU: A Play
ARTHUR GOODRICH

Adapted from Sir Bulwer Lytton's famous play of the same name. Admirable for reading as it is impressive for presentation. 7/6

Spring List Now Ready

D. APPLETON & COMPANY
34 BEDFORD STREET :: LONDON

her marriage, had been her own. He was, however, brought up as a Protestant with his brothers and sisters and it was not until his father's death, that he was informed of the obligations of his baptism. He readily became a Roman Catholic because the fundamental paganism of that system attracted him. He made the best of the Hebrew and Greek worlds, and when he prayed to Mary it was Pallas Athene who answered.

The miseries which Dominic Vesta suffered in his family, at school in a kind of Dotheboy's Hall, as a teacher or tutor in English and Continental schools, in great houses in France and Italy, occupy a large portion of the book. One of the best chapters describes a duel fought with a Frenchman under grotesque conditions which he reveals without a betraying flicker of the eyebrow. In Rome he was in the habit of exploring the Coliseum at night and had one or two terrifying glimpses of the underworld. In later years he became a journalist and, in this capacity, learned many of the sinister customs of the Neapolitan Camorra. The Italian pages, if one excepts a certain amount of trite matter on the customs and status of newspaper correspondents, are extremely interesting. There are sketches of very many real people, among them Oscar Browning and the enigmatic Baron Corvo. The book is written with distinction. The difficulty is Dominic Vesta himself. He has a capacity for adventure but his character does not develop: we should either know much more about him or much less. He remains an obscuring shadow upon the page.

Both *Shepherds in Sackcloth* and *Turn Back the Leaves* are studies in the effect of religion on character. I prefer Miss Delafield's malice to Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith's unctuousness. The muddy dilemmas of conscience of which she writes may be fundamentally physiological and the affair of the comic spirit; or they may belong to God and tragedy; but in Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith's half-way house of melodrama they seem entirely without significance. The story concerns the

struggle of an upright country clergyman with his worldly-minded bishop on the subject of the reservation of the sacrament. In addition, the clergyman has to contend with a domineering and wealthy parishioner whose niece has been seduced, while in the clergyman's charge, by a turgid and remorseful young dissenter. Calamity after calamity strikes the old man who ultimately collapses, a martyr to his conscience, and also, one more than suspects, to the author's desire to make a case for her particular view of a religious controversy. Miss Kaye-Smith knows well how to render the solemn, pottering clerical scene, and those characters, the clergyman's wife for instance, who are not caught in the spot-light of the melodrama, are very well drawn indeed.

Miss Delafield's mind is less muddled by emotion. She sees ideas as insects that sting men and women and make them strike attitudes which are meant to have the dignity of agony but which are unconsciously comic. She rapidly turns over the leaves of the history of a county family in the last generation, and traces, with tender feminine spite, its decay. Sir Joseph Floyd is a Roman Catholic of extreme sourness, more Papist than the Pope. His marriage, arranged by his spiritual advisers, is a miserable failure. His ignorant wife is faithless to him. She bears an illegitimate child, and then several daughters in legal wedlock, and then, weakening with every dreary pregnancy, she dies. The daughters are brought up by Sir Joseph's fanatical second wife in ignorance of the world and with the greatest religious rigour. They are taught to regard the young men of the neighbouring Protestant families as damned in advance, their only chance of salvation being conversion by matrimony. But the spell works the other way: two of the daughters leave their faith for their husbands. The family scatters. The heir is killed in the War, and Sir Joseph, in the last stages of religious melancholia, regards the family ruin as a judgment upon himself for having wickedly preferred the

fleshly pleasures of marriage to the priesthood. Thus baldly summarised, Miss Delafield's story might read like an anti-Roman Catholic diatribe, but it is nothing of the kind. She is interested in her characters primarily as human beings and not as ciphers of this or that religious code. Her art is that of the caricaturist. She outlines and transfigures but does not fill in. She is at her best in rendering the manners, talk and fads of obstinate muddle-headed women. The defect of the book is that, covering as it does a large number of characters over a long period, its pace is so rapid as to leave the story somewhat exhausted towards the end. One finds one has become interested intimately in one character, only to see her setting like a blanc mange into middle age and then, being suddenly whisked off the plate.

The Voyage Home is another family chronicle, a final straightening out of threads that were left tangled in Miss Storm Jameson's previous novel. Her efficient handling of the mechanics of her art does not altogether compensate the reader for the tepidity of her feeling. Her characters have conflicts of the will and not of the soul. In *The Voyage Home* Mary Hervey is still managing the great family shipbuilding business and the Garton Line, and keeping a firm eye on her children. Her son, to her slight surprise, she succeeds in steering out of an unsuitable marriage; but her daughter, Sylvia, is too self-willed to be held. She goes half way towards an elopement but restrains herself and, finding the circumstances compromising, saves her face by proposing to a Garton Line captain who happens to be more willing than astonished. Mary dismisses the captain on business grounds and is hurt when her daughter refuses to know her. Gradually the affairs of these cold people are settled. Miss Jameson has considerable skill in evoking the scene of ships and factories without resorting to direct description.

THE BOOKS OF TO-DAY

Every book you want to read can be obtained through the Circulating Library of The Times Book Club. And just when you want to read it. There is no waiting for a book that does not happen to be on the shelves. The unique feature of this Library is that, subject to the few exceptions and conditions mentioned in the prospectus, any book not on the Library shelves when you ask for it will be specially bought for you from the Publishers.

Motors deliver in most districts 20 miles around London. In town there is a delivery once a day, and in some parts twice daily.



WHAT SUBSCRIBERS HAVE SAID:

Printed by Permission.

"I wish to express my appreciation of the service of which I have for many years made use. Not to have ever grumbled would be inhuman, but the occasions for grumbling have been few—and not all real."

* * *

"I have never subscribed to a Library by which I have been better (or so well) served. I have had practically every book I have asked for, by return—a service one gets nowhere else."

* * *

"I find it is twenty-four years ago (January 1906) that I received the first parcel of books from the Times Library. May I congratulate you on the efficient service you have given over this long period."



Write for Rates and Conditions of Subscription to The Librarian.

THE TIMES BOOK CLUB

and Circulating Library,

42, Wigmore Street, London, W.1.
and at 26, College Green, Bristol.

In Mr. Church's novel feeling swells in a series of waves which leave in their wake certain bodiless intervals. There is an alternation of fire and dampness. *Oliver's Daughter*, nevertheless, contains some very fine and sensitive work indeed and it is hard to believe, in spite of some halting solemnity in the dialogue, that the book is a first novel. The story is ordinary, simple and tragic. Jessie Kingsley, the nineteen-year-old daughter of a village grocer, falls in love with a young married musician of genius and runs away with him, and after halcyon days that become gradually grey with tragedy, returns to her home a sadder and a wiser woman. From the elopement onwards the book has magnificent emotional fervour which is obtained without groans or hyperbole. Mr. Church's self-control and single-mindedness testify to his artistic maturity. Jessie in particular is a most subtly and beautifully realised figure and there is no false romanticism in her portrait. Mr. Church's women are better than his men. Tom, the faithful lover, the kind doctor, the wise father, the cruel and god-like young genius, are in their varying degrees idealised creatures. Good men and geniuses are among the hardest problems of fiction. The wise and the inspired need to be presented as critically as the foolish. The mind of Jessie's father would have seemed none the less single and sincere for being as it must have been, half-baked. The excellence of Mr. Church's narrative lies in the harmony of its construction, the ease of passage from one scene to another, and in those episodes, such as the death of Jessie's father or her care of her lover in the illness which portends the ruin of her love. In these Mr. Church's terrible poetic insight flashes out time and time again like a knife. *Oliver's Daughter* has a quietness and a distinction that will place it high in the list of this year's fiction.

V. S. PRITCHETT.

DIANA, by Emil Ludwig. George Allen & Unwin. 8s. 6d.

TIME, GENTLEMEN! TIME! by Norah Hoult. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

MRS. CLUTTERBUCK LAUGHS, by Guy Pocock. Dent. 7s. 6d.

THERE could hardly be a more striking contrast than that provided by the first and second books on my list this month. Herr Ludwig is by no means as successful in fiction as in biography. *Diana* is an enormously long, unwieldy, high-flown affair containing princes, counts, ambassadors, financiers and poets, with one Russian revolutionary thrown in to season the dish. Its scene varies from the Balkans to Berlin, from Berlin to an expensive yacht on the Mediterranean, from the Mediterranean to a pre-War German principality. In all these places the *décor* is of the most lavish and luxurious description; blue velvet divans and diamond brooches abound. The beautiful *Diana* herself, sunburnt, athletic, with fair "love-curls", a finely moulded body, long delicate fingers and a high intelligence, belongs to the type which all men are supposed to adore at first sight. The book opens with the breaking of her intrigue with one of the poets; shortly afterwards the financier sends her to the Balkans to act as a political and financial spy, a piece of work which she seems to regard as advancing the cause of humanity. Thenceforward, each prince, count, ambassador, financier and revolutionary aforesaid falls in love with her in turn; and at the end of every hundred pages or so she becomes the mistress of yet another member of her circle. At last she declines—or rises, according to the point of view—into the position of morganatic wife to Prince Eduard, the man she "really" loves. The action throughout is conducted by means of immensely long philosophical conversations strewn with epigrams, and the characters are symbolic figures, larger than life-size.

Time, Gentlemen! Time! on the other hand is an entirely unpretentious study of a few days in the life of an Irish solicitor in a London suburb. He has drunk his practice away, and is now living from hand to mouth on the odd pounds he can extract on account of a few outstanding bills of costs. Will Carmichael, his wife Edna, their children Madge and Norman, and a friend of Carmichael's, a poetical Irishman named Powell, constitute the *dramatis personæ* of the book; the scenes are Carmichael's house, his dusty ill-kept office, and the private "snug" of his favourite public house. Instead of blue velvet we are given Edna's bitterness over her decreasing supply of face-powder, which she has not the means to renew; instead of society functions we are present at her daily drudgery of cooking and dusting and washing-up, her struggles to keep her children decently fed and clothed and taught, without any money to do it on, her humiliation when patronised by her next-door neighbour, her anguished waiting every night for her drunken husband to come home. The book is a piece of ruthless realism, stamped with truth in every line; the characters are presented with such merciless insight, and at the same time with such deep compassion, that one's heart is wrung with pity for all of them. It is hard to say which is the truer portrait, the Irish lawyer, full of wasted talent and an aching sense of failure which drives him to drink, or his English wife, whose thwarted longing for decency and order, and fiercely protective love for her children, are turning her sharp and bitter, and thus driving her husband still deeper into the abyss. The children, too, are most admirably drawn; they are neither sentimentalised nor eroticised, but seen as real human beings, and all their various reactions to the misery of their parents' situation are absolutely true and convincing. Absolutely convincing, too, are the public house scenes; the dark, brooding, poignant atmosphere of the book does not detach it from real life; we feel rather that the Carmichaels' suburb is just round the corner. Altogether a fine piece

HEATH CRANTON, Ltd.

Preface by F.M. SIR GEORGE F. MILNE.
MACEDONIAN MEMORIES
HENRY C. DAY, S.J., H.C.F., M.C. Illustrated. This is a book that affords the best possible antidote to some of the coarse and distorted views of the Great War lately inflicted on the public. Fr. Day's concluding words about the nobility of purpose that may actuate civilised soldiers in the vindication of a rightful cause will clear the air wherever they go. *Just ready.*
Preface by DAME MADGE KENDAL.
VAGARIES OF "VAGABOND"
GEORGE GRAY ("The Fighting Parson"). Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net. A most interesting and entertaining volume of reminiscences garnered during an eventful and varied career. Dame Madge Kendal has written a witty and "fraternal blessing" reproduced in facsimile. *Just ready.*

FICTION.
HEREMON THE BEAUTIFUL
COUNTRESS OF CROMARTIE, author of "The Golden Guard," &c. 7s. 6d. net. Lady Cromartie has put ten years' work into this Novel, changing, suppressing, condensing. Lovers of the occult, romance, and ancient history, will welcome this picture of a forgotten Erin, proud of her wonderful city, Tara the Magnificent, now a green plain swept by the winds still waiting over its lost renown. *Just ready.*

GREY SEAS
REX CLEMENTS, author of "A Gipsy of the Horn," &c. 6s. net. Something new and unusual in fiction. For his new departure the author finds his justification in a courageous formula. "Is not life," he asks, "just such a thing as this—a matter of broken lights and sharp edges—yet looked at steadily, all of a piece and working to the one end—the expression of a soul?" *Just ready.*

PROVIDENCE SQUARE
PAUL CRESWICK, author of "The Beaten Path," &c. 7s. 6d. net. An intimate, exciting story of real life, love and humour—quite the best Novel Mr. Creswick has written. *Just ready.*

PAT
W. BOURNE COOKE, author of "Never Again!" &c. 7s. 6d. net. It is a sheer delight to come across such a Novel, typically English, thoroughly clean, full of fine characterisation and delightful humour. *Shortly.*

SHIPS THAT PASS
R. L. DEARDEN, author of "The Autobiography of a Crook," &c. 6s. net. Here is the work of a seaman of exceptionally wide experience, who writes of the sea with that power and sincerity which can only be gained by personal contact. *Shortly.*

MILLED GRAIN
SYDNEY HOPWOOD. 7s. 6d. net. Love is not all—when its course fails to run true the bottom does not necessarily drop out of the world! Life is often a finer thing with this experience overpassed and finished. To all those who look for life in a book this volume will appeal. *Shortly.*

THE ROMANTIC LUSTRE
A. E. N. ANDREWS. 7s. 6d. net. An intriguing story ending on a highly dramatic note. The Novel is refreshing, captivating, and full of colour. *Shortly.*

CROWNED QUEENS
MARIE, QUEEN OF ROUMANIA. 7s. 6d. net. "In the field of Romance it must stand as a classic."—*Yorkshire Observer.*

THE SMALL FIELDS OF CARRIG
EDWARD MACLYSAGHT. 7s. 6d. net. "A Novel which captivates by its homely manner, by its air of artlessness."—*Daily Telegraph.*

BOG MYRTLE
JANE GALE. 7s. 6d. net. "The Author has a faithful and artless pen . . . the book is curiously readable."—*Times Lit. Sup.*

THE COMMISSIONER'S DILEMMA
VERONICA & PAUL KING, authors of "Eurasia," &c. 7s. 6d. net. "Sketched with a vivid touch."—*Scotsman.*

The Publishers are always willing to consider suitable MSS. with a view to publication in Book form.

6, FLEET LANE, LONDON, E.C.4

of work, and giving promise of yet finer; for Miss Hoult has real perception, and does not waste her words.

After such a ruthless clarity of vision, Mr. Pocock's study of small-town life seems a little unsatisfying, though his two angles of presentation are amusingly chosen. The rich, middle-aged, jolly Mrs. Clutterbuck—her friends call her "Mrs. Clutty"—is one of those intensely exasperating people who, having a pleasant life themselves, think that everything in the garden is lovely. Her maid Milly, the spinsters Miss Mithers and Clara Boiler, the wretched Reggie Parkes, pretty Carrie Lander with her love-affairs, young Bob, the Vicar's son, with his adolescent problems, the fading school-master John Hatherley, poor fat Mr. Bunce—they all seem to her to be jolly, happy, or at any rate, placid people. Dr. Rally the sensitive organist, on the other hand, thinks that "in the minds of every man and woman there is a secret door which leads to hell"; he senses the hidden tragedies of Dixon-on-Wode. Dr. Rally's thesis suffers from the same omission as Miss Rose Macaulay's *Keeping Up Appearances*; it is the truth but not the whole truth, for there are people whose private lives are pleasanter than their public ones. Mr. Pocock presents Dixon in a quiet, sympathetic, adequate style; there is no great depth in his book, but then neither is there any irritating pretension to profundity.

PHYLLIS BENTLEY.

THE COAT OF MANY COLOURS, by Ephesian (C. E. Bechhofer Roberts). *John Lane. 7s. 6d.*

THE ROCKLITZ, by George Preedy. *John Lane. 7s. 6d.*

HERE are two historical novels—or perhaps it would be more accurate to describe them as one historical and one Biblical. For Mr. Roberts, having dealt with the life of Dickens in the form of fiction, has been moved to go farther back for a subject and

to make a novel out of the life of Joseph of the Coat of Many Colours. How far he has succeeded will be very much a matter of personal opinion. It is quite likely that his novelised and rather freely handled life of Joseph may offend some rigid readers. Not that he has taken many liberties with the Biblical narrative, so far as the main incidents of Joseph's career are concerned. These are faithfully followed. We see Joseph sold by his brothers into Egypt, his life there, his rise to be Governor of the King's treasury, his interpretation of the King's dreams, the business of the silver bowl in Benjamin's sack and the trouble with Potiphar's wife. The last is very frankly described, especially the scene when Zuleika in her infatuation tears off her clothes, and tries to tear off Joseph's—much to the latter's embarrassment. And all this is told in quite modern narrative fashion, with a freedom in the dialogue which reads a little strangely in contrast with the Biblical utterances of the characters. We hear the King talking about "these damned Theban priests"; telling Potiphar to issue a proclamation, concerning Joseph's appointment to the Treasury, "with all the proper rigmarole"; and his dream described contemptuously as "a royal nightmare".

Mr. Robert's methods certainly put new life into an old story. Perhaps it is because it is such an old and familiar story that one boggles a little at finding its characters walking and talking and love-making in the manner of the twentieth-century.

Mr. Preedy would also seem to have been inspired by the success of his first novel, *General Crack*, to attempt another such picturesque romance. And he sticks more to the language of his late seventeenth-century period in telling the story of Magdalena Sibylla von Nieschutz, who was to have been the wife of an Elector of Saxony but became instead his mistress—after he had made a marriage of policy. It is a lively and exciting story of plot and counterplot. Its complications, turning largely on the schemes of the Elector's ministers to oust his favourite, who becomes the Countess Rocklitz, on her fascination

for a much more likeable lover, cannot be detailed here. It can only be recommended as a thoroughly good novel of its kind—well coloured but never too highly coloured. Now and then it is perhaps a little dragged out, a little stiff. But on the whole it moves well: the characters, particularly the fleshly Elector, are much more real and alive than the usual dummies of the cloak and sword school of fiction. It has genuinely dramatic and memorable moments—notably that of the death of the Rocklitz's lover. Altogether, this book is likely to renew curiosity about the real identity of George Preedy, which name is admittedly the pseudonym of an author whom we should recognise at once under his own name.

KENNETH KINNIMONT.

TWO PLAYS by Arthur Pinero. (*Dr. Harmer's Holidays*, and *Child Man*). *Heinemann. 6s.*

SIR Arthur Pinero is more than a veteran dramatist. He is a piece of our dramatic history. He "belongs"—as we say—honourably, perhaps immortally, to a period that closed *circa* the Court Theatre season of 1904-1907. The thought provokes an unusual excitement in examining the contents of this volume: two unproduced plays—one of them "a contrast in nine scenes"—published with expanded scenic directions and a discursive preface. Skimming the dialogue, we find mention of "a new car—a Talbot coupé—eighteen horse power—the body dark brown picked out in dull red"; later, there is a passing allusion to Shaw. This is modern drama! But the voice is still the voice familiar and charming to the playgoers of the 'nineties:

"Mac, there's a period in the fortunes of most men—the underserving as well as the deserving—when the sky above them hasn't the sign of a fleck in it, and the barometer is set so steadily at 'fair' that it's hard to believe that it'll ever vary".

The suggestion of episodic "expressionism" in the description of *Dr. Harmer's*

REVOLUTION IN INDIA?

By JOHN DELLBRIDGE

2/6 net

This is one of the most vividly written books that we have read about India. We can only hope that this brochure will be widely read. THE SPECTATOR

?

A vigorous and outspoken discussion of the present Indian situation. After a short survey, the author offers a solution which, in his opinion, would settle the problem once and for all.

MORLEY & MITCHELL
KENNERLEY JUNIOR

22 ESSEX STREET, LONDON, W.C. 2

Russian Literature

THE NINETEEN by A. FADEYEV. *Seven and Six.*

"The book is a deeply interesting expression of the artistic spirit of the Russia of today."—DAILY NEWS.

"... intensely interesting... utterly strange environment."—EVENING STANDARD.

CEMENT by FEODOR GLADKOV. *Seven and Six.*

"One of the most notable pieces of fiction that has come out of Russia during the last few years."—TIMES LIT. SUP.

MODERN RUSSIAN COMPOSERS by LEONID SABANEYEFF. *Ten Shillings.*

"It will prove invaluable for reference and it is extremely interesting for immediate reading."—TIMES LIT. SUP.

RUSSIAN POETRY. *Six Shillings.*
"... an admirable anthology."—MORNING POST.

Martin Lawrence Ltd.

Holidays is happily misleading. Four of the nine "scenes" prove to be mere silent "shots". We are shown the doctor twice emerging from, and once re-entering, the front door of his suburban villa. The final tableau, discovering his murdered corpse, following a slow curtain on the spectacle of three hooligans, in a prostitute's apartment, "looking at Harmer with evil faces", is hardly a scene at all, within the meaning of English dramatic law. The play is, in fact, a well-made five acter. But *how* well made! It was inspired, the author explains, by speculation on the problem of a respectable young doctor who met his end in just such "ignoble fashion" in the year 1892. Sir Arthur's diagnosis of the doctor's case reveals little more than a rather tame Mr. Hyde, involved in a sentimental entanglement with a "little" Elsie (bearing a strong family likeness to "sweet" Lavender). The weakness, from a modern point of view, lies in the tragic climax. It lacks essential significance, and "dates" the theme. But the structure and the suspension of interest are magnificently maintained throughout. The master's hand has lost little, if any, of its cunning. The play cries out for production.

Child Man is a satire on the vogue of the modern child's book: "a record—an intimate record—of the dawning intelligence, the quaint imaginings of the small folk; a book that analyses them, probes them, drills holes, as it were, in their baby flesh". The subject is clearly congenial to a playwright whose child "creations" have been uniformly horrid, but here Sir Arthur has been a little slow in finding his stride. The light touch is somewhat heavily laid on during most of the first act. There is better fooling in the subsequent exploitation of the exploiter of *Betty the Wisp* and *Brian Boy*. The play—like its companion—is well worth reading, if only for its perpetuation of those little idiosyncrasies of a pioneer of theatrical realism—the specific delimitation ("Ha, ha, ha!" or "Ha, ha, ha, ha!") of every individual laugh, for example.

H. F. RUBINSTEIN.

MY MARRIED LIFE WITH LUDENDORFF, by Margarethe Ludendorff. Hutchinson. 18s. net.

THIS very unsophisticated record of a married life of peculiar difficulty has all the interest of a poignant human document. Margarethe Ludendorff, herself a widow with three sons and a daughter, was married to Erich Ludendorff, then a major on the Great General Staff, in 1909. It was a marriage of affection on both sides and up to the War it seems to have been happy. The children "had a warm liking for their new father" and he, in his turn, regarded them as his own. There were vicissitudes of fortune, and banishment from Berlin to Düsseldorf when the General Staff and the War Office disagreed about the Army Estimates, but the life there suited the wife, and these, she says, "were the happiest days of my life". Then came the War. Ludendorff had immediately to leave her and she saw him only at rare intervals and for a few days, or only hours, as he passed rapidly from the Western front to the East, and then back again to the West, the idol of the populace after Tannenberg, their execrated arch-enemy after the reverses of 1918.

The book is mainly interesting for the light which it throws upon the deterioration in General Ludendorff's character and judgment that resulted from disaster. Dismissed by the Emperor only a week or two before the latter's abdication and abject flight, he became gloomy, morose, despairing of his country's future and, what was worse, ready to lend an ear to the most absurd and unwise counsels. Never, so his wife testifies, a good judge of character, he was now the prey of a Kapp, a Hitler, any sort of monarchist plotter. He quarrelled with his best friends, insulted both the Crown Prince Rupprecht and President Hindenburg, and the only excuse for him that his wife can offer is "that his ill-success and the blows which fate had struck him had turned his brain". It is a sad record and awakens heartfelt pity for the wife, whom the War had deprived of two

of her sons. Incidentally, it sheds a good deal of light on the mentality of the German women, so far imbued with the national militarism as to make an idol of Tirpitz and to rejoice so unfeignedly at the decision in favour of "unlimited" Submarine Warfare, as to be willing to celebrate the occasion by sweeping the snow from the Berlin streets! Yet in private life Margarethe Ludendorff was clearly a woman of a tender heart, an affectionate and forbearing wife, a doting mother, a faithful friend.

JANET E. COURTNEY.

THE OPEN DOOR AND THE MANDATES SYSTEM, by Benjamin Gerig. George Allen and Unwin. 10s. net.

THE scope of this very suggestive book is indicated in its sub-title: it is "a study of economic equality before and since the establishment of the Mandates System." Its importance is indicated in a Foreword by Professor Rappard, a member of the Mandates Commission. All the world is ingeminating Peace, yet economic war is raging more fiercely than at any time since 1850, the majority of nations being entrenched behind formidable tariff barriers. The founders of the League of Nations, says M. Rappard, were not unaware of the folly of trying to establish international peace on the basis of international economic war, and for this reason they inserted the famous "equitable treatment" clause in Article 23 of the Covenant. The importance of Dr. Gerig's book, he says, is that it is the first systematic study of the Mandates System in its economic aspects, and the first attempt to estimate the significance and actual effectiveness of the Open Door (equal opportunities for all) principle as laid down in the Mandates.

The first six chapters of the book are devoted to an account of the evolution of the principle of economic equality from its beginnings as a colonial trade policy. The process began with the abandonment of the old Colonial System; but in the 'eighties of

the last century the competition for markets and sources of raw materials led to the almost general adoption of the system of neo-Mercantilism, even Great Britain being forced to depart from her Free Trade principles under pressure of foreign competition and the example of her Dominions. Dr. Gerig notes the attempts made to stem this process, the most conspicuous being the Berlin Act of 1885, which established the Open Door in the basin of the Congo. In the concluding chapters he examines the actual working of the Mandates Commission as the guardian of the Open Door. He comes to the conclusion that the expert examination of the reports of the Mandatory Powers has not only been effective for its immediate purposes, but that it is likely to have an influence on colonial policies generally. Both supporters and critics of the League will find in this volume much food for thought.

W. ALISON PHILLIPS.

SATISFIED AUTHORS

The Sphere, of 21st Dec., 1929, refers to my connection with "the famous Dublin House of Maunsell, a firm as distinguished for the beauty of its production as for the eminent writers—Synge, George Moore, James Stephens etc.—on its list." Authors whose works I publish here also appreciate my book production.

ONE AUTHOR WRITES :

"I feel I must write to thank you for the really artistic binding and finish of my book. I was very delighted with it. But it is more than that of which I wish to express my appreciation—there has been faith in the book, and a kindly and understanding manner of dealing with the author."

OTHER AUTHORS WRITE :

in a similar way—here are a few extracts :—

"Congratulate you on turning out such an elegant volume."—"Extremely attractive."—"I think the format very pleasing."—"Extremely pleased with the book."—"I am delighted with the book."—"Printed beautifully, extremely well done."—"The book; could not well be better."—"I am delighted with the manner in which you have produced my book. An author should realise how much he owes to his collaborators in this matter."

All MSS submitted by Authors receive my prompt and careful attention.

George Roberts 24 Gt. Russell St., London, W.C.1

ENGLAND, by Wilhelm Dibelius, Translated from the German by M. A. Hamilton, M.P., London. *Jonathan Cape* (1930). 15s. net.

I HAVE hoped to see an English translation of this book ever since its publication (1922), and I congratulate Mr. Jonathan Cape on his enterprise in producing it. The delay has had two advantages: it has enabled Mrs. Hamilton to translate from the fifth revised German edition and it will appeal to a public better disposed than that of 1922 to read a German's book on England. Not that such a book as Dr. Dibelius's would not, at any time, have commanded a ready hearing in England. We like to look at ourselves through the spectacles of an intelligent foreigner, and no Englishman can be otherwise than gratified by the portrait which Dr. Dibelius has drawn.

Dr. Dibelius is Professor of English in the University of Berlin, and he evidently knows a great deal more about us than our language and our literature. Of course he makes some mistakes in detail; but with one or two exceptions they are relatively unimportant, and they are negligible as compared with the mistakes which any Englishman would make in writing about Germany, or most foreigners would make in writing about England. Sinn Fein Ireland has never had an English Governor General (p. 41). Nor is it true that England has "broken with Christianity" (p. 482). No one who heard the Prayer Book debates in the House of Commons could for a moment suppose it. Nor I think (though this may be a matter for legitimate difference of opinion) can it be said that "For the first time in its history, the youth of England is consciously anti-political, anti-Imperialistic, anti-Conservative" (p. 482). But much the most serious errors in the book are connected with British rule in India, and with the origins of the World-War. Even in the chapter (Book I c. iv) dealing with the causes of the War there are many shrewd thrusts with which no fair-minded Briton

can quarrel: but if we compare Dr. Dibelius's analysis with that—not of any Englishman—but of a great German historian like Professor Erich Brandenburg, it is impossible to resist the conclusion that the former is grotesquely unfair. And yet, he almost disarms criticism by his final analysis. Here it is: "England is the single country in the world that in looking after its own interest with meticulous care, has at the same time something to give to others; the single country where patriotism does not represent a threat or challenge to the rest of the world; the single country that invariably summons the most progressive idealistic, and efficient forces in other nations to co-operate with it. . . . Britain is the solitary Great Power with a national programme which, while egotistic through and through, at the same time promises to the world as a whole something which the world passionately desires—order, progress and eternal peace" (pp. 108-9). Who can quarrel with a German who says and believes this?

In regard to India, again, there are several points on which I should desire to argue with, if not to correct Dr. Dibelius. The authority of the Great Mogul did not survive so long as he seems to think (p. 59), nor does the Civil Servant (India) receive a "more than adequate pension at the end of his service" (p. 58). If he were to visit an Ex-Lieutenant Governor living at Cheltenham or Oxford he would, I think, correct that view. But this chapter, like that on the origins of the War is full of shrewd observation. As, for instance, where he shows (p. 62) that the attempt to Anglicize the Indian has only resulted "in the production of a race that corresponds to no English ideal, but has contemptuously sloughed off all the good qualities of its own". "Opposition to England," he truly says, "unites those whom England has Europeanized too much and those whom it has Europeanized too little". But serious as he perceives that opposition to be, Dr. Dibelius discerns no sign as yet of our being driven out of India.

The difficulty of reviewing a book like this is that almost every one of its 500 closely packed and closely printed pages contains some arresting judgment, but the marvel of the book is its completeness and comprehension. Politics and Government; social life and industrial developments; the Press, the Churches, the Schools and Universities; religion and law; the Dominions and Dependencies—there is no feature or side of English life which Dr. Dibelius does not touch, and touch with wonderful intimacy, sagacity and shrewdness.

There are plenty of things in the book which an English reader will not quite like; a few which he will think untrue and unfair; but his final impression will be a sense of wonder that any German can know us so well; and knowing us so well should admire us so much. The translation, it should be added, is admirable.

J. A. R. MARRIOTT.

BRITAIN AND THE BALTIC, by E. W. Polson Newman. *Methuen & Co.* 10s. 6d. net.

THIS interesting and very useful book is the outcome of two journeys undertaken by Major Newman for the purpose of studying the post-War conditions in the States, and more especially the new States, on the Baltic sea-board. Thus, while the main object of the author is to awaken the British public to a sense of the great opportunities in these regions for the expansion of British trade and of British political influence, the scope of the book is actually far wider than its title implies. It embraces summary histories of the countries visited, a critical survey of their economic, social and political conditions at the present day, and very vivid impressions of their physical features and their ancient or modern cities. A historian may be permitted to regret that so much space should have been given to history which ought to be common knowledge, and so little to such delightful passages as the account of the motor-trip to the north of Finland or the description

of the unexpected charm of Vilna. But the book was not written for historians.

Nor was it written mainly in order to call the attention of British traders to their wasted opportunities, which their German and American rivals have been swift to seize. The author's most serious object is to counteract the mephitic influence of the untiring pacifist propaganda which has tended to lull a war-weary people into a false sense of security. He points out that the Treaty of Versailles created a state of unstable equilibrium among the Baltic States which—as the Vilna question proved—the League of Nations is powerless to maintain. "The advent of the Soviet régime in Russia," he says, "the independence of Finland, the establishment of the new Baltic States, and Poland's access to the sea, have given birth to such complicated questions as those of Vilna and the Polish Corridor, both of which threaten the peace of Europe." Now both those ques-

THE ROCKLITZ

By GEORGE PREEDY

7s. 6d. net

"Better than 'Jew Süß'. A brilliant sensational novel."—SYLVIA LYND in the *Daily News*.

"Indeed a work of genius."—E. B. OSBORN in the *Morning Post*.

"A really first rate story—life-like, vigorous and genuinely exciting."—RALPH STRAUS in the *Sunday Times*.

JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD LTD.
Vigo Street, LONDON, W.1

tions have been closed, so far as "scraps of paper" can close them; but Major Newman gives convincing proof that they are by no means closed in the minds of those—Lithuanians and Germans respectively—whom the settlement aggrieved. And behind these discontents looms the incalculable force of Russia. Major Newman shares the view of most competent observers that the Bolshevik revolution changed the form, but not the substance, of the Russian régime; the autocracy remains, and so does the old foreign policy. Sooner or later, Russia will seek to recover her Baltic sea-board; an outbreak of the smouldering "state of war" between Poland and Lithuania would furnish the occasion; the want of cohesion among the Baltic States would weaken the resistance; and, last but not least, the hope of getting rid of the shame and irritation of the Polish Corridor might persuade a recovered Germany to join Russia in the adventure.

To guard against this danger Major Newman urges that Great Britain should take a more active interest in the affairs of the Baltic States, which—he says—look to her as their sheet-anchor. Above all, he advocates a closer understanding with Germany, which he believes could be achieved without weakening the *entente* with France. He sees the hope of peace, not in "the voluminous orations delivered by the shores of the Lake of Geneva," but in an effective understanding between Great Britain, Germany and France based on a removal of genuine grievances and on the effective sanctions of Locarno. That would be a practical solution. Whether it would be practicable is another question.

One point of criticism remains, small but of some importance. Major Newman uses throughout the new names of places and rivers officially adopted in the various States; e.g. Memel becomes Kleipeda and the river Niemen the Nemunas. This is confusing to English readers, in spite of explanatory foot-notes, and as a precedent it is alarming: to be consistent, we would

have to call Dublin Baile atha Cliath and Navan An Uimh. As applied to contemporary events it may have some justification; as applied to historic events it has none.

W. ALISON PHILLIPS.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A
BRITISH YARN MERCHANT, by
W. F. M. Weston-Webb. *Cayme Press*.
10s. 6d. net.

THIS is an age of autobiographies, more or less sophisticated, but there is still room for an entirely unsophisticated record of commercial adventure such as is here set down with such an engaging simplicity by the successful Nottingham yarn-merchant, who started life as a cadet in H.M.'s Navy but whose delicate stomach obliged him to forsake the sea, and whose poverty and adventurous spirit impelled him to seek his fortunes in Manchester. How he arrived there with but three pounds in his pocket and how, by the kindly help of an old-fashioned landlady, he contrived to subsist on that sum until a week as a porter at six shillings and a month as a clerk at the princely salary of two pounds had set him on his feet, is a story well worth reading and pondering in these days of universal doles and claims to have life made easy. But by the time he was twenty the boy had found his feet. At twenty-three he was a partner in the firm of Holland & Webb, Yarn Merchants of Nottingham. How he developed that business and formed branches of it in every country with a likely market, readers must go to his book to learn. Incidentally, they will also discover in him a first-rate boxer, a cricketer who once took nine wickets for ninety runs, and a fisherman of prowess, not to mention a personality strong, purposeful and fully deserving of the success he won. A story, as Mr. Stephen Gwynn says in his Foreword, "typically English" but one of which Englishmen may well be proud.

JANET E. COURTNEY.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

APRIL 1, 1930.

RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION IN RUSSIA

By M. I. GANFMAN
(Chief Editor of the "*Sevodnya*")

I

LONG before the Soviet system was created, Lenin, the founder of Bolshevism, expressed his views on religion.

In an article written in 1905, now published in Volume VII of his works, every religious organization is qualified as a form of oppression from above, an instrument for exploiting the working class. This article also contains the statement which has since grown so popular: "Religion is opium for the people". For Lenin, religion is an inferior "sort of spiritual liquor in which the slaves of capitalism drown their human semblance. . . . The modern class-conscious labourer will discard with contempt all religious prejudice, leaving heaven at the disposal of the priests and the bourgeois hypocrites". It was in this article that Lenin proclaimed the necessity of a struggle against religion, and the need of replacing religious prejudices with a materialistic, Marxist philosophy.

The principle that all religion is evil, that religious sentiments in themselves are incompatible with socialism, penetrated into practice very soon after the victory of Bolshevism. In January, 1918, the first important Bolshevik legislative act concerning religion, the decree of the Soviet of Commissars, was issued. Since the decree mapped out the road along which the Soviet State, in its attitude to religion, subsequently proceeded, it deserves particular attention.

The church shall be separated from the state, says the first article of the decree. But this principle is accompanied by such provisions as clearly demonstrated that the state intended to maintain, not an indifferent, but a hostile attitude towards the church. Article 12 of the decree says, *No church or religious associations shall enjoy the rights of juridical persons*. Article 13 reads: *All the property of the church and of religious associations, existing in Russia, shall be declared to be the property of the nation. Buildings and articles intended especially for purposes of religious cult, shall be handed, for use free of charge, to the pertinent religious associations on the strength of special resolutions of the local or central political power*. Thus by the appropriation of church property, church buildings, and articles of religious cult, the fundamental rights of religious associations were placed fully in the hands of political authority.

From a legal point of view, the provision that church and religious associations do not possess the rights of juridical persons is the one of greatest material force. Religious associations in Russia are legally unable to conclude any civil transactions or agreements; and since, according to article 10 of the decree, *all church and religious associations are subject to the general provisions concerning private associations and unions*, it can be seen that religious associations have all the obligations but none of the rights of private associations. We shall see further on how these articles, by means of additional instructions, were employed to undermine the entire structure of the churches, more particularly that of the Orthodox Church.

Article 2 of the decree prohibits the promulgation of any local laws or regulations which would restrict or limit freedom of conscience, or which would establish any privileges or prerogatives on the ground of the religious affiliation of citizens. Every citizen may profess any religion he likes, or no religion at all. All legal disabilities due to the fact of professing any religious faith are abolished. All and any indications as to religious affiliation, or the absence of such affiliation, are to be expunged from all official acts and documents.

The decree emphasizes that religion is a private matter, and that therefore acts of political and public institutions cannot be accompanied by religious rites and ceremonies. The religious oath is abolished. Registration of marriages and births is to be

attended to solely by the civil authorities. The school is separated from the church. Religion as a subject of instruction is prohibited in public, as well as in private, schools.

II

Such, briefly, are the contents of the first fundamental legislative act regulating the relations between the Soviet State and religion. At this time, the Soviet power is still standing on the ground of freedom of conscience, in the Western European sense of the word. This is stressed also in article 4 of the first Soviet Constitution, which up to 1929 read as follows: *Freedom of religious and anti-religious propaganda is considered the right of all citizens*. But already in the decree of 1918 a sharp difference existed in reality between the Western European conception of freedom of conscience and the conception of this freedom held by the Soviet State. Freedom of conscience is recognized by the Soviets more in the subjective sense of the word than in the objective sense. That is to say, the Soviet State does not object to any *individual* citizen believing whatever he likes, but ecclesiastical freedom in the sense of organization, in the sense of performing religious acts, is restricted by the law.

The decree of 1918, as well as the supplementary instructions of the Commissariat of Justice of August 24, 1918, completely ignores the historical organization of the Orthodox church as well as that of the other churches in Russia. The Soviet legislation recognizes only the group known as believers. It is to this group that the Soviets are handing over the property they have appropriated, such as buildings, churches and church utensils, on the basis of a special agreement. The group of believers is composed of all persons who will sign a normal agreement, the conditions of which are as follows: the required number of persons who are to obtain the ritual property for use must not be fewer than 20 persons. The citizens who sign the agreement undertake to keep the property handed to them in good order, and they are allowed to use it only for religious purposes. They agree to allow Soviet officials entry at all times for the purpose of inspecting and checking the property.

Thus already in 1918, the Soviet power, in order to destroy church organization, pursued the double policy of splitting the

believers into very small, unrelated groups (usually styled "the group of twenty.") on the one hand, and on the other of depriving the church and the clergy of property rights. In the first Soviet Constitution, there is an article providing that the spiritual ministers of all creeds are disfranchised. This provision, it is apparent, does not imply an impartial attitude on the part of the Soviet State to the ministers of religious cults; it implies rather a well-defined policy of hostility and persecution.

III

The circular of the Commissariat of Justice of the R.S.F.S.R.* of January 3, 1918, draws a sufficiently clear picture of the persecutions to which the church was subjected even in those first years of the Bolshevik régime. The circular was occasioned by information coming in from the provinces to the effect that there had been cases of incorrect conception of the objective of the Soviet power in the matter of separation of the church from the state. From that circular it can be gathered that in some localities the local authorities had been taking away articles required for religious rites, such as altar covers, and using them for revolutionary purposes, such as cutting them up for flags. The circular explains that it is not permissible to strip the holy images, crosses and Gospels of their silver settings and ornaments. From the same circular it can be gathered that the arrest and search of ministers of religious cults used to take place even at the time of divine service. The whole circular, prohibiting as it does excesses beyond measure in the sphere of religious persecution, serves as a clear proof of the fact that such excesses constituted the prevailing back-ground of the actual attitude of the state towards the church.

True, the religious persecutions in that period were explained by the fact that the ministers of the church, more particularly those of the Orthodox Church, were supporting the counter-

* The letters "R.S.F.S.R.", as used throughout this article, mean Russia proper, without the Ukraine, the Caucasus, White Russia, and other Soviet "republics".

The letters "U.S.S.R.", whenever used in this article, mean "The Union of Soviet Socialist Republics"; that is, the whole of the Soviet territory.

revolutionary movement, and sympathizing with the "white" camp in the civil war. But this does not change the aspect of the thing itself. The local authorities considered all priests in general to be counter-revolutionaries, and when militant Communism held sway, very often committed cruel outrages upon them.

In 1920 more than 1,200 priests alone were killed. Death sentences on representatives of the clergy were enforced even as early as 1918. The first bishop to be killed in Soviet Russia was Macarius, of Orel. Thereafter the metropolitan of Kiev, Vladimir, who previously had been the metropolitan of Petrograd was shot. The archbishop of Astrakhan, Mitrofan, and the vicarial bishop of Astrakhan, Leontius, were slowly tortured to death. In Perm the archbishop Andronius was drowned in the river. In the same place, the archbishop Vassilii and the bishop Theophane, both of whom had been sent there by the Holy (Sacred) Synod to investigate these persecutions, were shot. In Tobolsk the archbishop Hermogene, who was accused of having kept up communications with the Imperial Family, was tortured to death. In Sviyazhsk the bishop Ambrosius was put to death by being tied to the tail of an infuriated horse. In Samara province, the bishop Isidore was impaled, and put to a slow and tormenting death. In Belgorod, the bishop Nicodemus was killed by blows on the head with an iron rod. When they came to bury him, his head was found disfigured to such an extent that he could scarcely be recognized. The bishop Plato was killed in Reval. The bishop of Balakhna, Pimen, the bishop of Verny, Methodius, the bishop of Pavlodar, Germanus, the bishop of Kamyshensk, Barsonophius, the bishop of Kirillovsk, Ephraim, the bishop of Ufa, Simon, and many others were ruthlessly murdered.

Of course, the political "crimes" of which these murdered bishops and priests were suspect are very doubtful. The Bolshevik theory that religion in itself is a nursery of counter-revolution, and that all ministers of religious cults are necessarily counter-revolutionaries, is responsible for these outrages.

IV

This opinion was upheld by public manifestations of contempt for objects of religious cult, such as relics, and remains of saints.

In this respect the manner in which the inspections of remains of saints were carried on in many places in the years 1919 and 1920 was particularly characteristic. A special circular was even issued stipulating the mode of examining such remains, and of removing them from the Churches to Museums. That circular, issued by the Commissariat of Justice on August 25th, 1920, (reproduced in the journal *Church and Revolution*, 1920, Nos. 5-8) is definitely propaganda. In it, it is stated that when the sepulchres were opened, decayed bones were found, or articles which had nothing in common with religious cults. The circular states:—

“These gilded sepulchres were necessary to the old ruling classes as an apparatus for drugging, on the ground of religion, the obscure, easily hypnotised, enslaved masses.”

“The revolutionary conscience of the masses of the toilers protests against this practice whereby mummified corpses, or remnants of corpses, or imitations of corpses, are placed in Soviet Russia at the free disposal of church organizations for the purpose of exploiting the masses, in violation of the most elementary rules of public intercourse, and in contempt of the feeling of all class-conscious citizens.”

The Commissariat of Justice carried on persistent and systematic agitation against the worship of such relics. The very process of opening the sepulchres was surrounded with much solemnity; representatives of the clergy were made to take part in it, representatives of the executive committee, medical men, and it was even recommended that cinema pictures should be taken of the process. Naturally these acts caused irritation among believers, and provided a ground on which the hatred of Bolshevism could grow. At the same time it led to a strengthening of religious faith among the believers.

According to the circular of August 25th, 1920, tombs were opened in this manner in the Province of Archangel, Vladimir, Vologda, Voronezh, Moscow, Novgorod, Clonets, Pskov, Tambov, Tver, Saratov and Yaroslav. The circular considered it necessary to bring to the knowledge of all believers that, “the opening of the sepulchres had brought to light a whole series of fraudulent acts with the aid of which the ministers of religious cults had been deceiving the masses of toilers”, and it called for the liquidation of the worship of dead corpses, dolls, *etcetera*, by handing them over to the museum.

But it was not only by destroying the relics of saints that the

Soviet power endeavoured to interfere in the internal affairs of religious cults. Under the pretext that in the churches which are the property of the nation, there are articles offending the revolutionary sentiments of the masses of toilers, the Instruction of the Commissariat of Justice of the R.S.F.S.R.,* of August 24th, 1918, made it incumbent upon the local Soviet authorities to remove such objects as memorial tablets, inscriptions on the walls and on articles used in divine service, which have the purpose of perpetuating the memory of persons “who belonged to the Imperial family, or were its hangers-on”.

Particular attention was paid by the Soviet power in this period to the monasteries. There was no special decree enforcing the closing of monasteries, but since all buildings belonging to the monasteries, and all their property, had been declared the property of the state, the local authorities had the power to close them, eject the monks, and use the buildings for other purposes. Up to the year 1922, 673 monasteries were closed. The majority of the monks were ejected. In many places, these latter formed special toiling communes, or artels, tilling the land, or engaging in handicrafts. But even this activity was viewed with suspicion by the Soviet Government. The Instructions of the Commissariat of Justice and of the Commissariat of Internal Affairs, of July 18th, 1923, enjoins that monastery estates which have adopted the form of agricultural artels and communes should be under special supervision. In a general way, the fate of the monasteries was made completely dependent on the local soviets. These soviets had the right of establishing at the monasteries any institutions they liked, such as sanatoria, farms or schools, or to grant part of the land to artels in which only those who had severed all contact with the monasteries as religious centres were allowed to participate (vide *The Revolution and the Church*, 1919, No. 1).

V

The first Soviet Constitution of the R.S.F.S.R., which served as a model for all the other Constitutions of the Soviet Union, disfranchises by its article 65 all ministers of religious cults, absolutely irrespective of whether they are toilers, or not. If it is borne in mind that disfranchisement is the basis of a whole

* That is, Soviet Russia, without the affiliated republics.

number of other legal restrictions and disabilities, it will be seen that all priests and ministers of religious cults were thus placed into the so-called "parasitic" class.

An exceedingly heavy blow was dealt more particularly at the Clergy in the villages, by the interpretation issued by the Commissariat of Justice to the effect that ministers of religious cults besides being disfranchised are deprived of the right to elect, or to be elected, to administrative and controlling organs in co-operative organizations. Thus the members of the clergy, being subject to all public liabilities, including labour liability and liability to military service (they serve in the military of the rear) are deprived not only of all political rights, but also of the right to labour for a livelihood, and of the right of participation even in economic associations.

Up to the year 1922, the persecutions of clergymen and religious believers did not partake of a systematic character. The Soviet power indeed did not perceive in the church, more particularly in the Orthodox Church, a hostile political factor. But Patriarch Tikhon did not, and could not, conceal his negative attitude to many acts of the Bolshevik power, in the sphere of politics as well as of religion.

The Decree of 1918, concerning the separation of the church from the state, resulted in a proclamation being issued by the Orthodox Church on January 27th, 1918, in which the Orthodox people were enjoined to rally around the churches and monasteries in order to defend the violated sanctity of the holy places. Next, in connection with the Brest-Litovsk peace, Patriarch Tikhon issued a proclamation in which he enjoined his flock to discontinue class strife, and prayed to God that the evil done might be corrected.

In 1919, on March 20th, the Patriarch wrote a letter to Lenin, in which he expressed indignation at the decree concerning the relics of saints, and pointed out that the violation of the religious feelings of the nation compelled the clergy to stand up for the defence of violated holiness.

VI

All these proclamations, issued by the Patriarch, which, of course, met with response in the masses, were instrumental in

maturing in the Soviet Government the decision to deal a final blow at the Patriarchate and the entire church organization. As a pretext for this, they selected the question of aid to the famine-stricken population, made necessary by the failure of crops in 1921.

A campaign was started at the works and factories in favour of handing the valuables in the possession of the churches—gold, silver, and precious stones—to the State Committee of Aid to the Famine-stricken.

Patriarch Tikhon issued a proclamation in which, while enjoining the believers and the churches to contribute all that they could, he pointed out that only such church valuables could be contributed as had not been consecrated to sacred uses, and were not used in celebrating divine service. He recommended fulfilment of the decree of the Central Executive Committee of February 23rd, 1922 (concerning the confiscation of church valuables by the local soviets), but did not consider it possible to approve the confiscation of consecrated objects from the churches, seeing that, according to the rules of the church, this was considered sacrilege.

The local authorities set about confiscating the church valuables in an extremely gross way. In March and April, 1922, there started throughout the whole of Russia a pillage of churches and monasteries, which caused universal indignation among the believers. In many places, masses of people gathered around the churches, endeavouring to prevent forcible confiscation. There were considerable disturbances in Petrograd, Moscow, Ivanovo-Voznesensk, Novogrod, Smolensk, Shuya and Rostov-on-Don. Finally, the Soviet Government, which had provoked these disturbances, was forced to suppress them with the aid of troops. The Government then declared that the higher clergy, the priests, and the members of the parish and diocesan church boards had been responsible for these disturbances. The prisons became crowded with metropolitans, archbishops, bishops, priests, professors of theology, and leading persons in church life.

Many prominent prelates of the Orthodox Church were deported to Siberia, to the Solovetski islands, and to the other remote places, without court trial of any sort. Against others, legal proceedings were instituted. Of these latter, the best

known is the Petrograd trial where the metropolitan of Petrograd, Benjamin, and 90 other persons were in the dock, among them the prominent professors, Petrovsky, Beneshevitch, Schein, Novitsky; all of them charged with being counter-revolutionaries. The metropolitan Benjamin, and three members of the board of the Petrograd church organization were shot, while upon the others severe punishment was inflicted. Similar sentences were passed in other trials.

VII

This wave of legal and administrative terrorism was to deal a crushing blow to the personnel of the Orthodox Church. At the same time, and with the strong assistance of the administrative organs, attempts were made on a broad scale to disorganize the Orthodox Church by means of internal schism.

In May, 1922, a group of the clergy, with the priests Vvedensky and Krasnitsky at the head of it, addressed stringent accusations against Patriarch Tikhon, alleging that in the matter of the confiscation of church valuables he had acted as a counter-revolutionary and a monarchist; that in consequence of this, the Church was perishing, and that to save it, it was necessary to create a "Live Church", one that would support the Soviet revolution.

For this purpose, the leaders of the new movement, aided by the state authority, seized the apparatus of the Sacred Synod, practically depriving Patriarch Tikhon of the possibility of taking any part in the administration of the church. The Patriarch was eventually arrested and put into prison, on a charge of counter-revolution.

Against the Patriarch a vast amount of incriminating evidence was collected, the purpose of which was to show that from the very origin of the Soviet State, the Russian Orthodox Church had been a counter-revolutionary political factor. All activities of the Church Council of 1917/18 were put down to the Patriarch Tikhon. He was accused of communication with foreign powers, with the "white" armies, with the refugees, and also of having arranged uprisings against the State by means of the Church's protest against the confiscation of the church valuables.

The case was set for hearing at the Supreme Tribunal in April, 1923. The indictment had already been drawn up by the Public Prosecutor, A. Vyshinsky, and the day of the trial had been

fixed. But, unexpectedly, the case was thrown out of court, and the Patriarch was released from prison. This was partly due to a movement within the Communist Party, a group claiming that the New Economic Policy would be frustrated in the event of religious persecutions. Partly the change was brought about by the pressure of European public opinion, more particularly opinion in England, with which the Soviet diplomacy, in its desire for diplomatic recognition, was bound to reckon. At the same time, the failure of the "live" church, which had promised the Soviets to crush the Tikhon Church altogether, to become properly organized was a factor in throwing the Patriarch's case out of court.

At first, the "Live" Church, and the kindred group of Bishop Antonine, "the Church Renaissance", and the "Union of the Ancient Apostolic Churches" had seized a great number of the orthodox churches. Under the pressure of terrorism, a considerable number of priests and even of bishops had sided with them. But the mass of the people viewed the new movement with open hostility.

In May, 1923, when the Patriarch was still in prison, the "Live Church" people convened a Church Council, the decisions of which increased the indignation of the believers. The Renewalist Council condemned Tikhon for counter-revolution, abolished the Patriarchate, and introduced a number of innovations, such as the marriage of bishops, the second marriage of priests, the new style of calendar, and new organization of religious societies, all of which were considered to be contradictory to the dogmas of the Orthodox Church.

But the churches of the Renewalists remained empty, and the renewalist priests were held in universal contempt. Among the Renewalists themselves, quarrels and differences of opinion arose. The Soviet Government saw that the attempt to abolish the Orthodox Church by substituting the "Live Church" for it, had been unsuccessful. The state decided to change its tactics.

At about the same time, Patriarch Tikhon, in order to save the historical Russian Church, issued a proclamation in which he admitted his errors in respect of the Soviet Government, and demanded complete non-interference of the Church in matters political, and loyalty in respect of the Soviets. But the majority of

the believers were convinced that for the wording of this proclamation the Patriarch was not wholly responsible, and when he was released from custody, the population met him with enthusiasm, as a martyr and the sole leader of the Russian Church. Everybody recognized him as the Patriarch, and nobody paid any attention to the fact that he had been formally deprived of this dignity by the so-called second church council.

VIII

The activities of the Patriarch in the years 1923 to 1925 rapidly drew away the ground from under the renewal movement. Many priests and bishops repented, and returned to the Tikhon Church. The Soviet power, although continuing to adhere to its fundamental principles during these two years, practically mitigated its struggle against the Orthodox Church.

The most important legal act in this period is the "Instruction of the Commissariat of Justice and the Commissariat of Internal Affairs in regard to questions connected with the decree concerning the separation of the church from the state" (vide Collection of Laws of the R.S.F.S.R., 1923, No. 72). This act, together with the Instruction of the Commissariat of Justice and the Commissariat of Internal Affairs, dated April 27, 1923, concerning "registration of religious societies" (vide *Izvestia*, 1923, No. 92), reflects some of the new currents in the religious policy of the Soviets.

First of all, religious associations were allowed to be founded on the basis of the law of August 3, 1922, concerning collective bodies. Thus, along with the "groups of twenty", as established by the Instruction of 1918, there might also exist religious associations founded on the basis of the general law.

Such religious associations were to be registered at the administrative section of the provincial executive committee. The founders, whose number must not be less than 50, were bound to submit a charter in which the object and the aims of the association were to be set forth. If such aims did not contradict the Soviet Constitution, the charter of the association might be registered. But the principle was reaffirmed that these religious associations had not the rights of juridical persons, nor the right to own private property.

Further, the Commissariat of Justice and the Commissariat of Internal Affairs, recommended special care in the matter of closing churches. Should it transpire, says the instruction, that the church group is taking part in counter-revolutionary activities, or if it be found that the church property is not used for the proper purposes, or that it is embezzled, the agreement with the respective group may be cancelled by a resolution of the provincial executive committee. The church is then to be handed over to another, more trustworthy group of believers, while the persons guilty of criminal action are to be proceeded against legally. In other cases, apart from these conditions, the closing of churches may take place only in the following cases: first, if in the given locality there is an acute shortage of buildings and premises for dwelling purposes, for sanitary, medical, cultural and educational needs, and then only if it turns out that the respective church to be closed could really be used for such purposes; secondly, in response to the demand on the part of the masses of toilers, expressed in the shape of collective declarations, resolutions, decisions of congresses.

The Instructions of the year 1923 emphasize the attitude of the Soviet Government towards religious institutions which function on the basis of purely ecclesiastical law. The instruction does not abolish the consistories, the diocesan and parochial church boards, but it stipulates that these institutions, whatever their style or designation may be, are not entitled to assume any judicative and punitive functions, or to make monetary imposts. They cannot issue any certificates or mandates of representation for economic, industrial, commercial, or similar purposes. Such certificates may be issued solely in respect of matters of a religious character, and are only of religious significance.

Alike is the attitude of the state towards religious congresses. Congresses are not prohibited, but they have no rights whatever, the state dealing solely with the *group* of believers, which alone is responsible for the church property, as well as for the proper order, and for the sermons preached at the church.

The state authority recognizes neither congresses, nor central or parochial organs of ecclesiastical authority. The Instruction, apparently, admits the possibility of the existence of such organs, but makes the reservation that compliance with the commands of the organs depends solely on the free will of the believers

themselves, or on the desire of the religious associations to submit to them on the strength of internal ecclesiastical discipline.

The most important part of the Instruction, article 7, reflects that change in the attitude to the Orthodox Church which took place in connection with the release of Patriarch Tikhon from custody, and the failure of the renewalist church movement. The Instruction prohibits preference being shown to any one church organization, to the detriment of the other organizations. Apparently this puts an end to those arbitrary methods by which the "Live" Church and the renewalist church, enjoying the protection of the state authority, were laying their hands on orthodox churches, and even trying to appoint priests against the wishes of the believers. Article 8 of the Instruction says: "No religious organization has the right to interfere in the activities of another religious organization, against its will (to appoint undesired ministers of the cult, to take away from it buildings which have been placed at its disposal by the local executive committee, *etcetera*), for the use of the respective church or house of prayer is granted by the local executive committee not to any ecclesiastic hierarchy, but personally to all the citizens who have signed the agreement with the executive committee". "In a general way," says the Instruction, "the local authorities are bound to assure to citizens the free and undisturbed ministering to their religious needs in whatever loyal form they may desire."

The Instruction of 1923 is on the whole more "liberal" than the previous acts. It stipulates that the performance of religious rites, as well as the delivering of sermons in so far as they are a necessary component part of the divine service prescribed by the given cult, should be permitted without restriction, and without any preliminary censorship, on the condition that their contents should be actually and solely of a religious character. Likewise prayer meetings arranged by groups of believers may function without preliminary permission for each separate occasion, as well as assemblies devoted to questions concerning the maintenance of the church, and the administration of the property required for the religious cult. This "liberalism", however, is very circumscribed. The cited article of the Instruction is followed by another which stipulates that it is prohibited "to spread and propagate bourgeois-anarchic and anti-state teachings directed against the Soviet power, under the flag of religion".

If it is borne in mind that any view, expressed on social phenomena from any other viewpoint than the Communistic one, is considered bourgeois and anti-Soviet, it is clear that any sermon may at discretion be regarded as counter-revolutionary, and the deliverer of it subject to criminal prosecution. All depends solely on the discretion of the powers that be, and the state of their disposition towards religion at one moment or another.

The Instruction of the year 1923 displays a more tolerant and humane attitude towards ministers of religious cults. So long as such ministers are not in receipt of a constant remuneration from the respective group of believers, they are allowed to occupy certain posts in state and public institutions, provided the performance of the cult does not in any way interfere with their work. In 1925, this tolerant attitude was further applied when the Central Executive Committee of the U.S.S.R. decreed that disfranchisement applied only to monks and ministers of religious creeds in respect of whom such occupations constituted their regular profession.

IX

In 1925 Patriarch Tikhon died. According to the "Constitution of the Church", established by the Church Council of 1917/18, Church Councils must be convened every three years, and only the Church Council that next meets after the death of a Patriarch may elect a new one. The Soviet Government does not permit, and, apparently, will not in future permit, such a Council to be convened.

According to the same statute, the Patriarch, already in his lifetime, appoints provisional surrogates to replace him pending the convening of the Church Council. Patriarch Tikhon had appointed three such *locum tenentes*. Under various pretexts, the Soviet Government persecuted these persons, deported them and put them into prison, in order to destroy the idea of the continuity of the Patriarchial authority. To a certain extent it succeeded in doing so; there was a period when it could not be said exactly in whom the authority of the Patriarch was vested.

At present the Metropolitan Sergius is the sole *locum tenens* of the surrogate of the Patriarch, the other candidates having been deported to Siberia. The metropolitan Sergius continues

the line of conduct which Patriarch Tikhon laid down in his "Testament". In his proclamation of July 29, 1927, Sergius certifies to the loyalty of the Orthodox Church, requiring such loyalty of all the bishops, even of those abroad. On these grounds there have been serious differences of opinion among the refugee bishops abroad. The Proclamation states that in a certain measure the Soviet Government is willing to meet some of the demands of the Tikhon Church, that it has permitted the restoration of the Sacred Synod, which had been seized by the renewalists, and that there are hopes for further concessions.

Indeed, at one time hopes were cherished in the clerical Orthodox circles in Soviet Russia of the possibility of reaching some sort of an agreement with the Soviet Government. Among the Bolshevik rulers too, more particularly among the adherents to a policy favourable to the peasants, there was a tendency in favour of regulating the status of the Orthodox Church in such a way that one of the sources of the permanent discontent of the peasant masses would be done away with.

An exceedingly interesting document in connection with these hopes is the "Memorandum" of the bishops imprisoned on the Solovetsky Islands. This document which was printed abroad (vide the *Messenger of the Christian Students' Movement*, No. 7, 1927) is a sincere and highly dignified address to the Soviet Government.

The authors of the Memorandum are perfectly aware of all the difficulties in the way of establishing benevolent relations between the Church and the Soviet Government. They point out the differences existing between the Church and the Communistic philosophy. The authors come to the conclusion that, in view of the profound divergency, there can be no internal rapprochement or reconciliation. They condemn all attempts of the "live" church people at adapting ecclesiastical dogma to the prevailing political régime. There remains only one way out: to base their mutual relations solely on a "constitution", on a concordat! The Church shall not impede the State in arranging the material side of life, while the State shall not hamper the church in its religious activities. Jesus Christ did not command his followers, as such, to exercise influence on state affairs. The Church has always remained obedient to the State in all that did not concern religious faith. Thus the

Church had been loyal to the Governments of the Roman Empire and of Turkey. A consistent enactment of the law of separation of the church from the state is the aspiration of the church. In its further course the memorandum refers to the legislative measures hampering the activities of the church, and to various administrative restrictions. "Therefore, the Orthodox Church cannot, as the renewalists do, testify that within the boundaries of the U.S.S.R. religion is not subjected to any restriction". Further it is pointed out how the authors of the Memorandum conceive their loyalty towards the political power. The church impresses upon the believers only the general principles of morality and social usefulness, leaving everything else to the conscience of each individual believer. Therefore, the church cannot sit in judgment over their political crimes. The authors denounce the anti-Soviet activities of the *émigré* bishops abroad, but they cannot pass judgment on them. Further references are made to the hopes the church cherishes:

(1) For the abolition of the law which prohibits the teaching of divine law to children;

(2) For the grant of the right of juridical persons to the institutions of the church;

(3) That, "the remains of saints venerated by the church should no longer be the subjects of sacrilegious acts, but returned to the churches";

(4) That "the organization of a central administration for the church should be permitted, and that there should be no interference of the political authority in the elections of the church". The Memorandum concludes with the following declaration: "If the proposals of the church be recognised, it will rejoice over the justice of those on whom it depends. If not, it will be prepared for material sacrifices, and will meet them with calmness of mind."

This Memorandum, and also the proclamation of the metropolitan Sergius, of July 29, 1929, previously referred to—it was published in the Moscow *Izvestia*—show that in that period negotiations were going on between the higher representatives of the Orthodox Church and the Soviet Government concerning the possibility of concluding some sort of concordat.

Yet there were differences of opinion on this subject within the Communist Party. The right-wing groups, with Kalinin

and Rykoff at their head, considered it expedient to agree to a concordat. The central groups thought it best that a condition of uncertainty, where the church had no legal status, should be maintained. And lastly, the left-wing group, more particularly the Communist Union of Youth and the "Union of the Godless" demanded an intensification of the repressions, demanded that churches should be closed, the monasteries abolished, and that war should be waged unceasingly upon all religious organizations, but more particularly upon the sectarians.

Unfortunately for the Church the general trend of policy swung gradually to the left, and the prospect for a concordat became less hopeful. The position of the Church grew steadily worse. In 1928 and 1929 the turning of churches into clubs became an everyday occurrence.

At the last Congress of the Communist Party in 1929, and also at the fourteenth Soviet Congress of Soviets of the R.S.F.S.R.,* the subject of combating religion was a prominent one. One of the delegates to the Congress suggested that the administrative struggle against the clergy should be increased, and that more churches closed down, and Rykoff was constrained to remind him that not only nepmen and kulaks were adherents of religion, but also peasants and labourers. "It would not do for us to quarrel with them because of religion" (vide *Pravda*, May 16, 1929).

X

The force of the left-wing policy has found its expression in two important legislative acts which characterize the attitude of the Soviet Government to religion at the present moment.

The first is the law concerning religious associations, issued in April, 1929, by the All-Russian Central Executive Committee and the Soviet of Commissars (vide *Izvestia*, 1929, Nos. 96, 97, 98). The second is the alteration of article 4 of the Constitution of the R.S.F.S.R. Let us dwell first on the latter because it shows very clearly the attitude of the Soviet State to religion.

In the old text of the Constitution of the R.S.F.S.R. (in the wording established in 1925), articles 3 and 4 permit every citizen "to profess any religion, or no religion at all", and grant also "freedom of religious and anti-religious propaganda". But

* Soviet Russia, without the affiliated Soviet republics.

the new wording adopted at the fourteenth All-Russian Soviet Congress in 1929 no longer mentions the freedom of *religious* propaganda. The Constitution grants citizens the right to profess any creed, but recognizes only the right of *anti-religious* propaganda.

From a legal point of view, this is, of course, a complete revolution. The old Constitution was based on the principle of the separation of church from state, and an impartial attitude towards religious as well as anti-religious teachings. Actually, this principle had not been observed. Anti-religious propaganda had been carried on with the aid of the state, while the propagation of religious teachings had been hedged about with all sorts of restrictions.

But now the anti-religious doctrine of "godlessness" is granted such a preference as, in the time of the Tsars of Russia, had been enjoyed by the Orthodox Church. In this sense it may be said that since 1929, "godlessness", by constitutional act, has been proclaimed the state religion of the R.S.F.S.R.

XI

But to return to the law concerning the organization of religious associations which was passed on April 8, 1929, and which was published fully in the *Izvestia* on April 26, 27, and 28. Briefly this law summarizes and makes effective the numerous circulars and instructions which had been issued previously in connection with religious questions. But it is chiefly important for the new provisions it contains which are designed to enable the Soviet State still more energetically to pursue its struggle against *all* religious associations, whatever their creed. No longer is the Russian Orthodox faith to be the sole object of their attacks; now Baptists, Evangelicals, all Christians as well as Jews, are to come within the scope of the struggle.

This is interesting because it reflects a change in Bolshevik policy. In the early days of the Bolshevik régime, these various sects had enjoyed, if not protection, at least a greater measure of tolerance than had been allowed to the Orthodox Church. The Soviet State had wished to emphasize that, in contra-distinction to the régime of autocracy, it no longer recognized the Orthodox faith as privileged. Besides this, the Bolsheviks had considered

the spreading of sectarianism as one of the ways in which the historical Orthodoxy could be gradually weakened. Thus sectarianism was given fairly broad opportunities for propaganda and expansion, opportunities of which they took full advantage. Declaring their complete loyalty to the Soviet State, they spread their organizations through the towns and villages, receiving a certain measure of support from the population. But their influence among the masses became too strong, their methods of organization and propaganda too perfect. The reading rooms which they founded, the societies for mutual aid, and other co-operative entertainments, began to attract too many of the Bolshevik youth. The Communist Party and the Communist Union of Youth began to look upon their influence as so dangerous, that they commenced a campaign for administrative measures against them. The results of this campaign are to be found in this new law of April 8, 1929.

It should be borne in mind at this point that although the instruction of the Commissariat of Justice, of August 24, 1918, had closed all benevolent and educational associations connected with churches, the instruction had still allowed believers to collect money among themselves for rendering *material aid* to their indigent members. In 1921, the Presidium of the All-Russian Central Executive Committee had confirmed this right when they had allowed religious communities to aid the famine-stricken. But now this natural right is definitely abolished.

The organization of any societies of mutual aid, of children's circles, juvenile circles, women's circles, literary circles, is prohibited. It is forbidden to establish libraries, to arrange excursions, to found hospitals. All these drastic interdicts, contained in the new law, are a direct response to the demands of the "Union of the Godless" and the Communist Union of Youth. They are all framed to impede the participation of young people in religious life.

The remaining articles of the law of 1929 are directed against existing religious practises. It is forbidden to perform any ritual rites or ceremonies. It is forbidden to exhibit objects of religious cults, such as holy images (article 58). Religious processions and divine service outdoors may take place only if permission is obtained two weeks ahead, (article 59). By article 65, all religious associations existing on the territory of the R.S.F.S.R.

are required to register themselves anew each year. If this provision is not lived up to, the respective religious associations will be closed, in conformity with article 66 of the law. Remembering the tremendous number of individual religious associations, every one of which is bound to undergo the complicated process of re-registration and of proving anew its right to legal existence each year, it will be seen that the administrative authority can use this regulation as a means of closing as many associations as it may desire. Yet this is but one of many articles in a law which definitely put at an end the hope of any agreement being reached for a Concordat between the Churches and the Soviet State.

XII

In order to form a true idea of the position of religion in Soviet Russia to-day, it is necessary not only to realise the legislation and the policy of the Soviet State, but to be familiar with the everyday life of those millions of religious believers who, accustomed to affiliation with the church and to its rites, have suddenly found themselves deprived of these, and citizens of a state in which godlessness has become the fundamental criterion of devotion to the new political régime.

Following the complete secularization of marriage and divorce, and the promulgation of the decree of 1918 concerning the registration of births and marriages, the conditions of family life in Russia, the relations between husband and wife, parents and children, have become chaotic. The Communist Party has steadily been trying to destroy the family as a union, but in spite of this the majority of the population still continue to regard church marriage as the only correct foundation of family life. The civil registration of marriage is still regarded by many as a mere form, imposing no binding obligations on the parties concerned. Frequently Communists themselves surreptitiously perform the religious rites required for consolidating the family. The Party is constantly combating this phenomenon, and regards the performance of religious rites by Communists as a grave crime. In order to supply some ceremony in place of the religious rites, the Communist Party has introduced all sorts of forms; in place of baptising, for instance, a ceremony called "octobrizing" has been instituted. But these schemes for under-

mining the old basis of family and public life have met with little success, notwithstanding the fact that they have assumed an organised and systematic character owing to the activities of the so-called "Union of the Godless".

XIII

This Union, attached to the Communist Party, and enjoying, like all other governmental institutions, the support of the government, conducts an anti-religious campaign on a very large scale. It has special schools of its own which turn out trained propagandists of godlessness, has a publishing department of its own, its own papers and periodicals.

The Union functions under the guidance of the Central Committee of the Communist Party. Its duty is to arrange all sorts of manifestations such as the Communist Youth's Christmas and Easter, anti-religious carnival festivities, the staging of plays meant to undermine religion.

The Union of the Godless and its congresses (the last of them took place in 1929) has unquestionably a strong influence upon the increase of the repressions directed against religion. Just now, the godless are displaying particular energy, and the political authority on the whole supports their demands. The new impulse which has lately been given to the closing of churches, ostensibly to convert them into clubs and "anti-God museums", is the result of resolutions passed by the last congress of the Union of the Godless. One of the most noteworthy recent acts of vandalism, the demolition of the historic shrine of the Holy Virgin of Iberia, which greatly agitated Orthodox believers throughout Russia, was, no doubt, initiated by this Union.

It goes without saying that the forms of anti-religious propaganda and the work of the Union of the Godless are entirely dependent on the general policy of the Communist Party. The period 1925-1927 was one of comparative inaction in the anti-religious movement. The Twelfth and Thirteenth congresses of the Party had passed resolutions even recommending a certain degree of caution in the war against religion. Subsequent congresses have not repeated this recommendation, but have given wider scope for action by the Union of the Godless.

During the last few months the war against religion has been

very much intensified. The closing of churches and monasteries has become an everyday event. Many churches have been razed to the ground. The Simonov Monastery near Moscow, one of the most ancient in the whole of Russia, was blown up by sappers of the Red Army under direct orders from the Government. The wholesale unhooking of bells has been carried out as an "urgent campaign" to provide metals for Soviet industry, and in the towns where some bells have remained as yet unmolested, orders have been issued that they shall not be rung. It must be remembered, in this connection, that bells have played a very great part in the religious life of Russians for ages, ever since the country was converted to Christianity. The public burning of ikons, deeply venerated by the Russian people, has been carried out in heaps of thousands at many places, to the accompaniment of obscene and blasphemous ceremonies. At the same time, the Soviet newspapers every day contain the names of priests who have been shot, after they have been charged with counter-revolution or with attempting to discredit the Soviet régime.

The new campaign of religious persecution and the efforts to destroy the religious organization of the Russian people entirely are very closely connected with the present peasant policy of Stalin. A cruel war is now being waged with the peasantry, whom the authorities are trying to convert from independent small farmers into farm-labourers on the state-farms and collective farms which are in process of formation. This is why the Government is striving to take away from the peasants the only real organization which has remained to them, for the peasants have always been the stoutest adherents of the Church. The authorities fear that the Church may become a centre around which the peasants may rally their forces. For this reason the priests, though aloof from any form of politics in reality, are being persecuted and shot as counter-revolutionaries.

The collective farms directed by communists cannot, of course, in agreement with the dogmas of Bolshevism have any churches at all. Stalin's plan is that individual farms shall disappear in Russia entirely in the course of two years, and be replaced by collective farms. To carry out this fantastic experiment the Bolsheviks consider it necessary, when depriving the peasant of his material wealth, to take from him also the only spiritual comfort he has, his church and his religion.

INDIA'S ADVANCE TOWARDS DEMOCRACY

BY THE RT. HONBLE LORD LLOYD, P.C., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E.,
D.S.O.

THE student of political history, especially if psychology has any interest for him, will find the events and tendencies of the last twenty years in India a truly fascinating study. For nothing could be more startling or profound than the change which has taken place during that brief period in the general attitude of mind of this country towards India. 1914 found the British public regarding the business of governing India in the same category as the business of making war—there were people who were trained to that business and it was best to leave them to it and let the layman keep his fingers out of it. At the same time, there was little difference between the respective points of view of political parties in regard to India. Liberals were a little more inclined to be curious and distrustful of the Indian civil services, and to claim the merit of a profounder sympathy with educated Indians, but both were agreed that conditions in India undoubtedly did not warrant any far-reaching changes in its government in the near future.

If doubts were audible anywhere as to the desirability of change, it was in British official circles in India, where there was a growing feeling that the political education of the country was not perhaps proceeding either fast enough or on the right lines—a natural reaction, indeed, against the complacent and unassailable faith which an earlier generation had reposed in the universal suitability of an English education and a democratic franchise. That faith was still strong in England itself, and it finds fervent expression in almost every page of the Report on constitutional reforms in India, which at the close of the War was presented to Parliament by the Secretary of State and the Viceroy. The appearance of the Report was coincident with the end of the world War, and it is fairly safe to say that it was a creation of the War and of the fever and uncertainty into which so many even of the sanest of human minds were plunged in reaction to it. So dreadful had been the apparent negation of the principles dear to Liberal minds, so summary and over-

whelming the triumph of national over international sentiment, that reaction was inevitable of a kind which might easily carry us into regions as dangerous as, though far remote from, those in which German policy was moving before the War.

The reaction came and it received its main strength and direction from the doctrine of "self-determination". In the eager quest after that Transatlantic panacea, British Liberal sentiment found balm and consolation for its wounds, and found in India especially a suitable field for operation. A screen of sentiment was permitted in large measure to obscure the facts; parallels grotesque in their irregularity were drawn and accepted; and in order that some immediate sacrifice might be offered on the altar of political progress, an altar so long untended, a democratic constitution was hastily constructed out of the material to hand. Some of that material was real, and a great deal imaginary, but the construction was hurriedly completed and erected in a country whose whole tradition within historical memory was of autocracy, and whose most prevalent religion held no place for the doctrines of equal responsibility and equal opportunity.

The pleadings, the propaganda, the public discussions which accompanied those events have inevitably left the people of England with either a blurred or a false impression of the facts. But our generation is now recovering from the fevers of the decade before 1920 and is acquiring a saner perspective of the motives which underlay its actions. For those actions the responsibility is a joint one, of which none of us can escape our share. Even if they could in honour, be revoked, the situation with which we now have to deal has been fundamentally changed by them. It is no longer the same situation as existed in 1918. Self-government on the lines then laid down is not only the goal of our policy but in its present limited form it is an essential fact of the situation existing to-day. Our problem is not now to formulate a goal but to frame a policy which will enable India to advance towards that goal without danger to herself and us: and in order to do that, our first task is to face the facts, and to rid ourselves of the misleading considerations of sentiment, which are in part a legacy of the War, and in part merely the stock-in-trade of English political parties.

Among the most misleading of those considerations has been

the prevalent idea that in granting further measures of self-government to India and relaxing British control, we are making a valuable gift to the peoples of India and advancing their political progress: and it is before anything else important that people in England should realise exactly how far this idea is warranted by the actual facts and how much weight should be given to it.

Ever since the British East India Company began to take over an important part of the government of the country—and for many years before that—the administration of India had conformed to a system of strong centralised government, which functioned through a network spread over the country of officials who, while receiving their orders as to general policy directly from the centre, carried upon their own shoulders a large share of responsibility for the good administration of their districts. Indirectly also they had a considerable voice in the framing of policy, for they were recognised as the representatives of the interests of local areas and were consulted before current questions of policy were decided.

It is easy to see how much the system benefited, and the welfare of the country as a whole, by being in the hands of a nucleus of British officers, whose sympathies were not enlisted by birth or upbringing on the side of any one of the conflicting creeds or race or social antagonisms, which had so long agitated the country. Their interest was good administration, and their sympathies were for the misfortunes and disabilities under which the people laboured as a whole.

Generations of warfare and anarchy had left the masses with little idea or desire of safeguarding their own interests, and this unsettled condition had combined, with the rigid barriers of the caste system, to set the higher castes, who should have been their natural leaders, out of sympathy with the masses, and to give them a dominant interest in sectional, rather than in national welfare viewed as a whole. The rôle of guardian was assumed, and the unifying force was supplied, by the British Government and its officers.

That is the system which obtains at present, and at the same time it is the framework upon which, even in the present period of transition to more responsible government, the whole structure of the administration is supported.

It is at once apparent that the full strength of such a structure cannot be maintained, if the constitution is to be democratised in any real sense. A great part of the functions which it now performs must be taken over by the people; they themselves must choose their own representatives, supervise in their own interests the activities of those representatives: and most difficult task of all, must make their selection in such a way as still to foster the seeds of unity which have been planted by the British alone. This onerous duty is to be undertaken by a people, of whom 80 per cent. are unable to write and read a simple letter; and who live under the shadow of a religion which inculcates resignation and subservience, and teaches the sanctity of class.

It is abundantly clear, therefore, that if we are to deal in realities the path of political progress will not be easy. But the picture is not complete unless we also realise the difficulties which hamper the Indian politician, who, as the Government becomes more and more responsible, must take over from British hands the duty of safeguarding those who cannot yet protect themselves. The dominant facts of the internal political situation are the antagonism, so far irreconcilable—and at the moment more bitter than ever—between the Hindu and the Moslem religions: the racial differences and antipathies which cleave the community in so many directions, and the want of sympathy—in so many districts the hostility—which exists between the priestly caste and the lower castes of Hindus. The Indian politician, however sincere, cannot divest himself of his nationality or of his birthright. He is a Hindu or a Moslem, a Brahman or a non-Brahman, a Rajput or a Maratha. He can only enter the political arena by the support of his own people, and when by that support he gets power, how great must be the difficulties in his path. He will be continually exposed to the powerful pull of sectional interests, reinforced by insidious appeals to his patriotism, and to his most instinctive loyalties. He must either yield to these appeals and sacrifice national to sectional good, or else be prepared to face accusations of treachery and apostasy, isolation from his own people, and general contempt. In such a position he might still succeed, if he had the support and assistance of a strong and impartial executive. Without this support his position would be one of such difficulty, that it would be hard indeed for anyone who had not exceptional

strength of character, to make good; and the scales would be heavily weighted in favour of the less scrupulous politicians and the demagogue.

Any impartial observer who has watched the present system at work realises what an immense advantage the Indian Ministers derive in their administrative work from the fact that there is still an element of autocracy in the Government of India and the provincial governments, sufficiently powerful to keep the actual administration free of interference from sectional strife: and from the retention of centralised civil services with a strong British element, who can still watch over the interests of the country folk and form a link between the old system and the new.

But is it possible to conclude that the people can be expected yet to look after their own interests? Or that, if India were left to her own political devices, it would be possible for any Indian politician to make headway, who sincerely and disinterestedly wished to further those interests? On the other hand, is it possible to imagine that, if a further measure of responsibility is conceded, the Civil Services will be retained with substantially their present form and functions: or that such retention would be compatible with any genuine advance towards democracy?

Here lies the crux of the whole problem. Here we are face to face with a question which demands immediate answer. On the one hand are we to leave India's voiceless millions without effective representation and to withdraw at the same time the only unifying influence from a country torn by disintegrating forces; or, on the other, are we to retain the safeguards provided by the present administrative machinery and thereby to run the serious risk of achieving only the shadow and not the substance of an advance towards responsible government. The first course is impossible to reconcile with a due and honourable discharge of the responsibilities towards India which—however come by, and whether we like them or not—are ours to-day and cannot be shirked. If, on the other hand, the second course is adopted, how are we at the same time to implement the solemn promise given to India in 1917? These are difficulties so serious that all the energies and all the reasonable goodwill of everyone concerned are needed in the task of finding a solution.

With Communist propaganda making strenuous efforts and

dangerous headway in India, with a country disturbed by extreme subversive agitation and with the bitterness of religious and communal hostility everywhere intensified, neither British nor Indians can afford time for political pretences or manoeuvres. The truth must be admitted that while each of the courses that present themselves is full of difficulty, to adopt the former would be immediately disastrous. If this conclusion is to any extent correct, the first task for the immediate future must be to find a workable policy by which the experience, knowledge and impartiality of the present services in India can be retained, while their functions are so re-organised as to become compatible with a steady advance towards democratic control: re-organised, that is, so as to approximate to the functions performed by the Civil Services in England.

Apart from the abrupt and far-reaching revolution which the whole administrative machinery in India would have to undergo, what may be called the technical difficulties in the way of such a step will be very serious. What are now regarded as the prizes of service in India, will no longer be attainable. What is now the only training ground for responsible positions will gradually dwindle and disappear as the subordinate district officer's duties devolve more and more upon local self-governing units; while the corresponding grades of headquarters service will present no attractions, either in pay or scope, for the more highly educated and intelligent recruit. Even if the right type of Indian recruit could be attracted to a service which began and ended in the upper grades of a Secretarial Department, it is difficult to imagine that Englishmen from the Universities would be content upon any terms to face such a career. To ensconce oneself at 24 in the chair of an under-secretary and to retire at 50 from the chair of a secretary is not an attractive prospect for an active and adventurous young man.

There are, indeed, formidable obstacles to be overcome, if self-governing India is to retain in or attract to its service officials of the high level of efficiency and education now obtaining. And yet it is essential that this should be achieved: for otherwise the strength of authority and its contact with the people will be gravely weakened at the very time when the internal situation demands above all a strong central authority effectively displaying its strength to the masses. If these difficulties were

fully realised alike by English and Indian politicians, there would be ground for hoping that a compromise could be reached which would provide both for political progress and for precautions against the obvious dangers ahead. But there is, unfortunately, little sign that Indian leaders foresee these difficulties, or foreseeing them have the courage to say so. Even if we disregard the extremists of the Congress, as, after their doings at Lahore, we justifiably may, there is depressingly little evidence that the Liberal or Moderate politicians are as a body prepared to face up to the facts: or that British policy is at all directed towards encouraging them to do so. Recent pronouncements have, on the contrary, tended rather to confirm them in the vociferous sentimentalism which has so long hampered real progress in India.

The first task of those responsible is to recall India and Britain alike to a contemplation of realities.

Will the London Conference, which has aroused so many divergent expectations, provide an opportunity for this? In spite of the mystery which at present surrounds its composition and functions, it may still be fruitful of good, if the British Government enters upon it in possession of a firm and clearly conceived policy, and with the determination to bring all parties face to face with the essential facts and needs of the situation.

If, on the other hand, the Conference is to be used as an excuse for postponing a difficult decision, if the Government fails to take a decisive lead—if in fact we are to follow the opportunist policy—then a situation of real danger may arise. We may find ourselves heading irrevocably either for a reaction that will set back the clock many years, or for a decision framed in ignorance and haste, which will bring shame upon us and lasting injury upon those whom it is our first duty to protect.

THE EFFECTS OF HIGH TAXATION

BY HILAIRE BELLOC

THE obvious fiscal effect of the Great War has been to raise taxation throughout Western Europe to levels which would have been thought, only a few years ago, fantastic and impracticable. It is in this country that the highest level of all has been reached. I propose to consider some effects of this state of affairs.

I shall not enter into the question of whether the vast burden be necessary or no, nor whether, though in the main necessary, it might be somewhat reduced. I am concerned only with the effects which follow, granted that a fiscal system of this kind is, in general, established and made firm.

I postulate this condition "established and made permanent" both because I believe it will actually be so, and also because the consequences which I am about to examine would not attach to a temporary and exceptional state of affairs. It is only as a system lasting for, say, a generation and capable, therefore, of producing deeply marked effects upon society, that the subject lends itself to an analysis of this kind.

I say High Taxation is likely—or certain—to endure or to be renewed. It may be laid down as a principle at the outset that even if a very high level of taxation be reduced or collapsed, even if it should fall through favourable circumstances to what was regarded as normal during all the XIXth and early XXth centuries, an achieved experiment of this kind has three characters attaching to it which cannot be escaped.

In the first place such taxation, having proved, against all judgment and expectation, to be possible, the civic mind and the bureaucracy will always envisage the possibility of its return. Taxation on this extraordinary scale, hitherto unknown in the history of any high and orderly civilisation, will never again seem—at least, not for many a generation—as it seemed to everyone of our contemporaries before 1914, inconceivable.

In the second place, a general return to what was once thought a normal condition after a prolonged abnormal experiment in

society is not a phenomenon to which history bears witness. It is a thing logically possible, but psychologically hardly possible. The very experience of abnormality has altered the standards of thought.

An exceptional rate of interest may be reduced automatically by the accumulation of capital; exceptional prices by further production. But the intimate and daily working of a fiscal system spread over many years enters into the very texture of society, and tends to endure.

In the third place, a certain level of expenditure having been established, especially in the department known as "social services", any great reduction therein is very difficult of accomplishment. A whole machine is at work, performing certain functions, which, if it be cut down in its activity, will threaten disaster. There is hardly any voluntary and deliberate going back upon creations of this kind. They have an effect like the ratchets of a toothed wheel, which permit of movement in one direction, but forbid any slipping backwards.

If this be doubted, we have to consider practically the long-established departments as we know them. There was no universal compulsory education sixty years ago. Who can conceive that the older state of affairs could be deliberately returned to? Such reversals do indeed take place on certain catastrophic occasions in history; but they can be no more a part of deliberate policy than a famine or a plague. With extreme care some small margins may here or there be saved or modified, more commonly the total of such expenditure rather tends to rise.

Under these conditions, that is, accepting taxation very high, (even if somewhat below the present level), as permanent, let us see what it does. I will tabulate the results, as I conceive them to be, in numbered sections.

1. *High taxation in proportion to its severity creates an increasing difficulty of just apportionment:—*

All taxation suffers from the taint of injustice. To begin with, it is quite impossible to apportion the burden so that it shall be equally placed upon each man. One has a larger family to support, and the other a greater difficulty in obtaining his work, the other (if it comes to that) a more contented spirit or a less

wide range of activities. And when it comes to apportioning roughly the burden by graduation, one gets the most incongruous results. Of two men with five thousand a year, each seems fabulously rich to the poorest members of the community and therefore equally and easily able to bear very large deductions of income. But one may be keeping up an establishment to which he is hereditarily bound, constrained in honour and by habit and everything else that controls human life to support a whole community. He is advanced in years, he has learned no trade or profession save the management of an estate. The other is a young chap with no obligations, all the world before him, free to travel, save, or waste his substance at Monte Carlo. Take a thousand a year from the second, and you are doing a good deed. Take it from the first, and you may be grievously embarrassing him and perhaps compelling him to part with associations and even duties which have been essential to his life. It is no answer to say in the case of the first man that so rich a citizen must make his sacrifice, like everybody else. So must the young spendthrift. The point is that the burden one has to bear is quite out of proportion to what the other has to bear.

This holds all up and down the social scale. The present taxation on beer, for instance, is a cruel burden to the average English working man, because beer is his common daily beverage, support and enjoyment. The same tax is of no effect whatsoever upon the maiden lady who has retired on four hundred a year in a suburban villa.

Now so long as taxation is low these injustices are not felt. But the higher it gets, the more glaring they become.

I can well remember the time when in a quiet Sussex village some half-dozen people paid income tax, and the income tax was but a few pence in the pound. The very wealthy family in the big house paid the same percentage as the middle class families around them. The burden on the middle class was quite disproportionate, of course; but no one minded that, because it was in all cases so slight. But an income tax of 4/- is quite another matter. Even though you graduate it, the fantastic results of ill-apportionment appear upon every side. Ask a hundred men to carry a few ounces of weight, each to carry according to his strength, and you may overcharge the

smaller man without his minding it. Ask each to carry the very utmost he can stagger under, and you will have a very different result. And the same appears with the difference between obligations on equal income. The five thousand a year man with an estate whom I have just quoted may grumble at a shilling in the pound, and so may his apparent equal the young spend-thrift. But five shillings in the pound would destroy the first where it would only annoy the second.

In general, high taxation is of more and more unjust apportionment in proportion to its scale.

2. *High taxation is collected irregularly.*

In theory a graduated direct tax is levied on all incomes precisely according to the place of each in the graduated scale: all incomes of £1,000 pay so much per cent., all of £2,000 so much per cent., *etcetera*. But in practice every kind of difficulty arises to prevent such uniform incidence. One income is known, another only partly known; another almost unknown. One taxpayer cannot work, one can partially work, a third works almost entirely. Here we have another aspect of the same problem as that of unjust apportionment. When the tax is low the vagaries of irregularity are of little social effect. When it is high, they are grave indeed. I will give two examples. One is that most useful citizen, a salaried official in the public service. His income is taxed before he receives it. Its full amount, or nearly its full amount, is presumably known, because it is not men with considerable private means who, as a rule, engage for life in the public service. The civil servant with, say, fifteen hundred a year automatically sacrifices the maximum tax imposed. What of the card sharper who makes a similar income by fleecing less able men at his club? He pays just exactly what he can be caught earning or cajoled or frightened into paying. It in any case will be nothing like the contribution of the first man.

3. *High taxation must ultimately invade the category of ordinary articles of consumption.*

Some people call these "necessities"; but the word is out of place. If beer is not a necessity, then neither is tea; and if tea and beer are not necessities, neither are boots. People can live very healthily going about bare-foot. A hat is certainly not a

necessity. Still less an elaborately cut suit of clothes, with legs for trousers and sleeves for coats. A good blanket would be warmer.

But while the word "necessity" is out of place, the term "ordinary articles of consumption" corresponds to reality, and when the authority laying on taxation is trying to get as much as ever he can, it is compelled to invade this category of ordinary articles of consumption; otherwise it cannot get enough revenue. This vice has invariably appeared in all systems of high taxation in the past. When there is a motive for keeping taxation low luxuries are taxed first, and the incomes which are largely spent on luxuries are shorn of that proportion which would go in luxurious expenditure. But when the motive is not to restrict but to increase taxation, inevitably things of daily use get swept into the net.

Apart from the motive of high taxation, mere routine does this. An article such as tobacco, for instance, or tea, which, when it is a novelty, is fair game for the tax-gatherer, turns into a milch-cow on which the rates are raised as the need for finding extra revenue becomes desperate. If we have not a high salt tax in England to-day it is only because salt was not an innovation of the XVIIth century.

4. *High taxation tends to increase.*

That is among the most important conclusions we come to in connection with this grave political problem. It tends to increase from three causes:—

First—when the State over-taxes one article so that the revenue received from it diminishes, it does not drop the tax, for it must get all it can; it is rather moved to open a new category. For instance, still higher taxation on tobacco might reduce the consumption; the Treasury would not drop the tax on tobacco on that account, it would try to adjust it to the highest paying level and then make good the deficiency by a new tax.

Secondly. The motive at work in a scheme of high taxation, is that motive already alluded to: the motive for getting *as much* as possible. In normal conditions the State aims at keeping taxation as low as possible in order to advantage industry, but in abnormal conditions the State aims at raising *as much* as possible—always feeling that it needs more. Abnormally high

taxation is the result of some unsatisfied and generally increasing necessity on the side of the State. The Tax gathering machine is driven at its maximum productive capacity.

So long as the motive of the Treasury is to check taxation, to keep it to a minimum, and to save as much as possible, this danger of an increasingly hungry treasury is ridiculed as impossible. But we know from experience to-day that it is a real danger when high taxation gets into full swing. It becomes the main object of the tax-gatherer to increase the yield.

Thirdly; the power of resistance grows less. You see just the same phenomenon in the case of debt, or physical pain, or any other reason. A moderate dose provokes reaction and effort at remedy; an excessive dose produces reckless or despairing acquiescence. Mass meetings may protest against an income tax or a gallon of household beer from rising from a shilling to one shilling and sixpence, but you will get no mass meetings to protest against a rise from four shillings to five. And that is why, by the way, very high systems of taxation have always ended in a social breakdown: they increase by what they feed on. They can't go back.

5. *High taxation increases the instability of property.*

It tends in any case to make the more burdened sell to the less burdened. But in a time such as ours, where gambling is a universal habit, when every investment fluctuates and men are no longer concerned in production so much as in purchase and sale of shares, the tendency is prodigiously increased. The profits made upon gambling are with difficulty assessed; the greater part of them escape direct taxation, with the result that all men attempt to avoid the burden of excessively high taxation by the side door of speculation. But the increase of speculation is only another name for instability of private fortunes.

6. *High taxation increases any existing inequality in the distribution of property.*

You can hardly devise a universal system of high taxation which will not bear more hardly upon the middle classes than upon the rest of society, or at least, of a society such as ours. The great labouring mass may be offended and turned sullen by the burden

of certain indirect imposts, by the necessity of pinching themselves on one or two of their ordinary articles of consumption. The very wealthy men who control our modern lives may be angered at a heavy drain upon their prodigious incomes—though it is true that these manage to evade obligations in a greater degree than the class below them. But neither the poor nor the rich are necessarily destroyed by high taxation as is the middle class. It has always been so in the past and always will be so in the future; and it is going on now before our eyes. It takes every kind of form—the form of interfering with savings, the form of a temptation to accept a salary rather than set out on one's own, the form of losing heart in the struggle—for the middle class have to do real work for their revenue. Since cause and effect re-act, not only does high taxation tend to destroy the middle class, but the middle class in its decline loses the desire to survive.

7. *The most obvious, the most hackneyed, but not the least important result of high taxation, is the vast increase of bureaucracy, not only in numbers but (what is of far higher political importance) in strength.*

The thing is inevitable. The mere gathering and assessment of the tax needs a vast bureaucracy, the spending of it in all its various forms produces a further growth of bureaucracy in numberless branches until at last bureaucracy controls the state above and the private citizen below. And remember this:—bureaucracy takes root. Having taken root, it cannot be destroyed by artifice. It may wither. But it will not be deliberately cut down because men have come to need it. Their society has crystallised into a form such that the disappearance of bureaucracy would make it collapse.

One might compare the situation to the presence in some building of an essential structural part built into all the rest, and irremovable save at the cost of ruin. It may be a structure involving any number of disagreeable features, but they have to be borne unless we are prepared to do without the building altogether.

8. *High taxation reduces Civic Action.*

This is a social and moral effect, an indirect one, and therefore to those who only consider the mechanics of society either

negligible or incalculable; but it is surely of the very greatest moment and we must appreciate its weight if we are to understand the problems that will lie before us in the future.

It is, in my judgment, by far the most important effect of all.

I mean by "civic action" the initiative of the individual, the family, or the private corporation of limited size; its desire to react upon the State, and its power to do so. It was, and surely should still be a commonplace in political science and morals, that the active presence of such initiative is a sign of civic health. In the extreme ideal form (in practice never realised) men have called it "self-government". The citizen or family or colleague takes part in the policy by which he is himself governed. He is in some degree the author as well as the material of public action. The nation will not engage in war, will not arrange its fiscal affairs, nor will legislation or administrative action upon any considerable scale take place in which the first movement has been from below.

Even where that is impossible, there should, for the health of a society at least, remain an effective power of criticism and even an effective breaking power in the governed. Now it is of common knowledge that all States as they grow in numbers and in complexity are in danger of proportionately losing this vital element of civic action. They tend to slip into the condition of a body administered and governed, but not consulted. We all know that with the development of the modern state that process has been continuous and in the last two generations alarming.

No doubt the organic law of life would in any case have further emphasised the decay of civic action; but the fiscal revolution which suddenly imposes and maintains very high taxation not only accelerates the process but renders it definitive and may easily and quickly render it absolute: that is, may easily and quickly reach a point where civic action ceases altogether. High taxation upon such a scale produces this effect in three ways:

First and most clearly by its connection with that bureaucracy with which we have just dealt. The complaint that bureaucracy is taking the place of the old legal process of the Courts is essentially an aspect of this. The workings of a court of justice

under healthy conditions, if they do not repose upon, are at least amenable to civic action. In many countries they actually involve direct civic action; as, for instance, in the institution of the Jury. But when a bureaucracy begins to take the place of the freely acting individual the older process of law suffers a corresponding diminution, while in every other function of society the individual loses the habit of initiative.

Next, by the habit of submission in what touches the mass of men most closely, personal expenditure, and acquisition. The citizen under exorbitant taxation feels himself no more than a victim. The last shred of the old fiction that he taxed himself through representatives disappears.

Lastly, under very high taxation civic action under the form of class responsibility is atrophied and at last disappears. The masses, paying no direct taxation, support its excess in so far as it subserves their needs. The minority which does pay directly, loses the capacity to act privately for the advantage of others: "Voluntary service fails."

These eight seem to me the main results of abnormally high taxation, acting in a state such as ours in which individual fortunes were already becoming uncertain before it was imposed, in which capital in large amounts was already owned by few, and controlled by fewer still, in which monopoly was already increasing and the mass of citizens already urban and proletarian.

There are, of course, many other results. It is mere arithmetic that high taxation must interfere with saving, in so far as it is levied upon those who save and paid to those who do not. It is also true that after a certain degree the cost of collection per unit gathered increases. Further, a very high taxation which reduces the increasing uncertainty in earning, whether by direct production or by profits, does not do so through its high degree, but through the shifts and scrapes to which it is compelled—now creating this new impost, now alarmed to see the fall of revenue from an old one, and again pressing for increase of assessment, and so forth.

All these various effects, great and small, are clearly evil. No doubt they are a lesser evil than the catastrophe that would follow, in a banking and carrying country and a country dependent upon imports, even a partial repudiation of interest on debt. We may

even well decide that they are necessary evils; but evils they are, and evils which have about them an unpleasant odour of mortality. They are such evils as a society may die of.

To this appreciation of danger, which most educated men to-day more or less consciously feel, there may be cited one imaginary compensation. It is maintained by some political theorists that through high taxation we are not imperilling our society, but only modifying its structure. We are effecting (they say) a re-distribution of income, and we should emerge in that happy condition called "the co-operative state", or, better and more shortly, "Socialism". I see no signs of that. We tax property as property. We gradually destroy it in large belts of the population, but we keep it in principle especially attached to the wealthiest, that it may continue to afford revenue, or rather, perhaps, because it is the wealthiest who have most to say to the conduct of the state.

Every one of the evils here catalogued is perilous because it tends to eliminate what used to be the balance and keel of the republic—a large possessing class; because it tends to withdraw the tax-gathering and revenue expending authority from public responsibility; and because it creates in larger and larger numbers citizens who are less and less full citizens and more and more the dependent salaried domestics of vast and concentrated monopolist powers.

BRITAIN'S LINK WITH EUROPE

BY AUGUR

TO the student of politics in the future it will be a matter of comparative indifference whether the Naval Conference, which sat in London in the spring of 1930, did, or did not break down over the Italian demand for parity with France. The long road towards real peace is full of such manœuvring. But there is a permanent side to the London Conference, worthy of close attention; that is, the proof supplied by it of the strength of the link between Great Britain and Europe.

Mr. Macdonald's interest in the problem of naval disarmament was originally in its American side. Mr. Baldwin, before his defeat at the elections, had been preparing for a visit to Washington, and his successor keenly desired to exploit the political advantages of such a step. Mr. Macdonald crossed the Atlantic to meet President Hoover and in the Rapidan conversations laid the foundation of an important Anglo-American understanding. Mr. Baldwin, it is said, had warned him of the necessity of going to America *via* Paris. But Mr. Macdonald neglected, or had not the time, to discuss naval disarmament in detail with France or Italy. After his return from the American visit he called the Conference together with such haste that preparatory work for it was necessarily skimpy. Even an agenda of questions for debate was not ready, a circumstance which led to the loss of time and to confusion. It is certain that, from the outset, the lack of a preliminary understanding with the French and the Italian Governments seriously hampered the work of the Conference.

Mr. Macdonald's mistake was excusable. He was the victim of the feeling, widely spread in Great Britain after the War, that the maintenance of a close relationship with the United States of North America is a paramount British interest, to which all other considerations must be sacrificed. No better proof of the strength of this feeling is needed than the fact that in 1920 Great Britain gave up the old alliance with Japan in order to facilitate the work of the Washington Conference on naval disarmament. In the

following years British friendliness was maintained and could not be damped by an American demand for a hundred per cent. repayment of the war debt. It is even said that this repayment was pressed upon a surprised creditor by an enthusiastic debtor. However that may be, the fact is that whether in connection with disarmament, or with the right of search of liquor carriers at sea, in things great and small, it has been the British policy steadily to make concessions to the American point of view. Sceptics say that this often unilateral expression of goodwill is a mark of the inextinguishable respect the world has for a rich neighbour. But the worship of the golden calf is not the only reason for the American attraction. Deeper reasons exist flowing out of economic conditions, cultural affinity and a common racial origin. In any case Mr. Macdonald returned from Rapidan impressed by the hearty welcome extended to him by the Government and the people, and oblivious for the moment of the difficult problem of the British tie with Europe. Though it is said that practically-minded President Hoover did try to remind Mr. Macdonald of the existence of this tie, and especially of the necessity of having an agreement with Paris.

The psychological drama of British relations with the continent is condensed in the sentence: For generations the racial and cultural link with Germany has been stronger than that with France, but the inexorable need of the geographical position has made the French connection more valuable than the German one. But above these likes and dislikes for one nation or another stands the need for Great Britain to take part in the affairs of Europe as a whole. In this country there are those who stand out for complete isolation from European affairs and concentration on the Empire as a self-contained unit; there are those who prefer and preach with insistence in favour of the American connection. For these people events at the London Conference must be particularly instructive. At a first glance it would have seemed futile to lose time trying to straighten out the differences between France and Italy, or to allow the French pretensions to a high total tonnage to hold up the work of the Conference, or to listen humbly to the repeated protests of Italy against the ignoring of her demand for Franco-Italian parity on sea. The naval agreement between Great Britain and the United States of North America being practically complete, was it not better to proceed

with the conclusion of a Three-Power Pact with Japan without waiting for the end of the bickering between Rome and Paris? On many occasions the desire to break away and to limit the matter to the important Three-Power Pact has made itself felt. Yet every time, as if by a cable, the situation has been pulled back into the fairwater of the broader Five-Power Agreement with France and Italy included. Surely it is not from love for the French that Mr. Macdonald has been at such pains to meet their wishes. Much less can the Socialist in him feel tenderly towards the régime of Signor Mussolini. If he has not followed his personal inclination along the easy path of a straightforward agreement with the two other principal naval Powers, there must have been a solid reason for that attitude. An acquaintance with what has been going on behind the veil of the Conference in London supplies a clear answer to the question.

The Three-Power Pact, if not included in a large Five-Power Agreement, presents serious inconveniences. To begin with, if France leaves the Conference, free from restrictions as to her right to build cruisers, destroyers and submarines, the British Admiralty really cannot sanction any Pact with the United States and with Japan, which would impose a low limit on the building of new ships, without a conditional clause authorising such building in the case of France going on with her full naval programme. But in this way the Three-Power Pact would become an elastic document of the sort which the American Senate is always so reluctant to ratify. In fact it is said that on no account could such a ratification be obtained. Then, again, there is Japan, who is mainly interested in saving her budget from the expenses of competitive building. The existence of a conditional right for Great Britain to increase her naval forces in proportion to the French would mean that some day the British and the American Governments may decide to build more, forcing poor Japan, if she wishes to maintain her ratio of power, to build too. Here in a nut shell are the practical objections to a Three-Power Pact pure and simple. It may be added that such an instrument would certainly help to isolate Great Britain in an unfriendly way from the continent. On the other hand, it is to be doubted whether on the other side of the Atlantic there would happen that corresponding increase of respectful admiration, expressed in practical support, which many people expect with confidence.

The Three-Power Pact without the Five-Power Agreement, if concluded finally, would be the result of the impatience of politicians, who, like butterflies, try to profit by the few hours of sunshine allotted to them in their short existence. In this respect one is inclined to envy the detached position of institutions like the Vatican, where men think in terms of centuries and are allowed to look with contempt upon the flutterings of a fickle public.

The League of Nations in Geneva is a real thing, from which British policy cannot detach itself. It may have been a mistake to start the business, but once set going, it is difficult to see how it can be stopped. The League of Nations has increased in a singular fashion Great Britain's ties with the affairs of the continent. But the experience of ages past and of our own time down to the present day shows that British intervention in European affairs never has been so profitable to the cause of peace and so productive of positive results, as when exercised in agreement with our geographical neighbour France. On the whole, we prefer the Germans, but until now Anglo-German co-operation has neither been stable nor effective; generally speaking, we like the French much less than the Germans, but Anglo-French ententes (for there have been several) have always had excellent results for this country and the last, no doubt, saved us from falling under the economic, if not the physical, hegemony of a Prussianized Empire in Berlin. The Ruhr business is an example of how things can go wrong when Great Britain and France do not agree. The Dawes Plan, rendered possible by Mr. Macdonald's appeal to France for good fellowship, is an example of how the affairs of Europe as a whole profit by Anglo-French unity.

The task of a peaceful settlement of Europe is still far from being complete. The problem of disarmament is still in its infancy. The political situation in Eastern Europe still remains delicate. Behind the horizon lies the Soviet cloud. In all these issues Great Britain is deeply and directly interested. It should be realised that it is impossible to take naval disarmament out of the complicated tangle of these questions and to solve it as if in the void, independently of numberless other considerations.

LABELS AN ESSAY ON TRAVEL

BY EVELYN WAUGH

I DID not really know where I was going so when anyone asked me, I said to Russia. Thus my trip started, like an autobiography, upon a rather nicely qualified basis of falsehood and self-glorification. The statement cannot be held to be wholly deceptive because it was potentially true, and also it was made without any informative motive at all. I wanted to go to Russia very much and someone once persuaded me that if you went on for long enough saying that you would go somewhere, you always got there eventually. For the fortnight before I left England and for as long after that as I was heading East, I kept saying I was going to Russia; I told three gossip writers of my intention and they printed it in their papers; I told a very polite young man at Cook's office that I was going there and wasted a great deal of his time in looking up steamship routes in the Black Sea; I even, provisionally and with many cautious reservations, booked a passage from Constanza to Odessa and obtained letters of introduction to people who were reputed to have influence with the Soviet Embassy at Angora. But the spell did not work; I never got nearer to Russia than the Eastern mouth of the Bosphorus.

I do not suppose that the self-glorification did me very much good either; that is a part of the business of writing which I have not fully mastered. I suppose some day it will be quite a common and simple thing to go to Russia for a holiday. At the time of which I am writing—February, 1929—there was a Conservative majority in the House of Commons and it was a very adventurous project indeed. Now one of the arts of successful authorship is preventing the reading public from forgetting one's name in between the times when they are reading one's books. It is all very puzzling because,

as far as I can see, there are only two respectable reasons for reading a book written by someone else; one is that you are being paid to review it and the other that you are continually meeting the author and it seems rude not to know about him. But clearly there are masses of people to whom neither of these reasons apply. They read books because they have heard the author's name. Now even if you are very industrious you cannot rely on writing more than two books a year which will employ your public, as it is called, for about six hours each. That is to say that for every hour in which you employ your reader's attention, you are giving her a month to forget you. It would be very difficult even to organize a marriage on that basis, still more one's financial career. So you have to spend half your leisure in writing articles for the papers; the editors buy these because people read your books and people read your books because they see your articles in the papers. (This is called a vicious circle by those who have not got into the running.) The rest of your leisure you have to spend in doing things which you think other people will think interesting. My hope was that when someone saw in the gossip page that I was going to Russia, she would say, what a very interesting young man and I must get his life of Dante Gabriel Rossetti out of the circulating library. Well even this did not happen to any appreciable extent, so I must begin here by admitting that the whole lie was a flop.

However, I did succeed in getting away from England and that was all I really cared about. In February, 1929, almost every cause was present which can contribute to human discomfort. London was lifeless and numb, seeming to take its temper from Westminster, where the government, conscious of failure, was dragging out the weeks of its last session. Talking films were just being introduced and had set back by twenty years the one vital art of the century. There was not even a good murder case. And besides this it was intolerably cold. The best seller of the preceding months had been Mrs. Woolf's *Orlando* and it seemed almost as though Nature were setting out to win some celestial Hawthornden Prize by imitation of that celebrated description of the Great Frost. People shrank in those days from the icy contact of a cocktail glass, like the Duchess of Malfi from the dead hand, and crept stiff as automata from their draughty taxis into the nearest tube railway station where they stood, pressed

together for warmth, coughing and sneezing among the evening papers. Intense cold seems peculiarly insupportable in a great city where one's converse with the seasons is wholly capricious and unrelated to the natural processes of germination and decay.

So I packed up all my clothes and two or three very solemn books such as Spengler's *Decline of the West* and a great many drawing materials, for two of the many quite unfulfilled resolutions which I made about this trip were that I was going to do some serious reading and drawing. Then I got into an aeroplane and went to Paris.

I had been up before. During (what proved to be) my last term at Oxford an ex-officer of the R.A.F. appeared in Port Meadow with a very dissolute looking Avro biplane and advertised passenger flights for seven and sixpence or fifteen shillings for "stunting". On a very serene summer evening I went for a "stunt" flight. It was a memorable experience. Some of the movements merely makes one feel dizzy but "looping the loop" develops in the mind a clearly articulated intellectual doubt of all preconceived habits of mind about matter and movement. There used to be a very terrifying thing at Wembley called the Great Racer. "Looping the loop" is that thing prolonged to its logical extreme. There were moments on the Great Racer, when the car was in full flight, during which one's nerves reached the highest point of excitement trembling between ordinary healthy terror and mad panic. Just at that zenith of emotion the car always slackened in speed or changed its direction so that a few seconds of comparative calm were interspersed between the successive crises. In "looping" the aeroplane shoots steeply upwards until the sensation becomes unendurable and one knows that in another moment it will turn completely over. Then it keeps on shooting up and does turn completely over. One looks down into an unfathomable abyss of sky while over one's head a great umbrella of fields and houses have suddenly opened. Then one shuts one's eyes. My companion on this occasion was a large hearted and reckless man; he was President of the Union, logical, matter-of-fact in disposition, inclined towards beer and ye olde merrie Englands, with a marked suspicion and hostility towards modern invention. He had come with me in order to assure himself that it was really all nonsense about things heavier than air being able to fly. He

sat behind me throughout in a state of gasping profanity. On the way back he scarcely spoke and two days later, without a word to anyone, he was received into the Roman Church. It is interesting to note that during this aeroplane's brief visit to Oxford three cases of conversion occurred in precisely similar circumstances. I will not say that this aeronaut was directly employed by Campion House but certainly, when a little later, he came down in flames, the Jesuits lost a good ally and to some people it seemed as if the Protestant God had asserted supremacy in a fine Old Testament manner.

My flight to Paris was not at all like this. It was disagreeable but quite unexciting. I was taken with one other passenger in a charabanc from the London office to Croydon. The ticket seemed very cheap until they weighed my luggage and got me to understand how much there was to pay. Then I wished I was going by train. The other passenger was a smartly dressed woman of early middle age; she had only a small attaché case with her. We got into conversation in the charabanc. She said she made this journey on business every week. She was in business in Paris. When you were very busy with business it saved time to fly. I suppose business women never get bored with the idea of their being business women. It is an adventure all the time.

The charabanc took us to a large station with a waiting room and ticket office, a buffet and a passport officer and a bookstall. It was rather a surprise to leave this building and find a grass field and a huge aeroplane. The business woman and I climbed up a ladder into the aeroplane. It was not the newest sort because they are more expensive. Low wicker arm chairs were arranged on each side of a narrow gangway. At the back was a funny little lavatory. The floor sloped steeply uphill when the machine was on the ground. The windows were small and filled with sliding panes of glass. These, I discovered when we started, kept opening of their own accord through the vibration. The body of the aeroplane was built over the planes so that we could not see out very easily.

The pilot and the mechanic got in and we started our flight. Although, presumably, we were travelling a great deal faster than the old Avro in Port Meadow, there was practically no sensation of speed. We seemed to float along in the gentlest

way possible. The only movement of which I was conscious was the sudden dropping into air pockets and this was sensible to the stomach rather than the eye. The chief discomforts of air travelling were, I discovered, exactly those which had drawn me from London, only intensified very severely—cold and noise. The roar of the propellers was shattering. I followed the advice of the company and put cotton wool in my ears, but even so I had a headache for some hours afterwards. The cold is worst about one's feet, which are provided with fur lined footbags. The things which amused me most were (1) the spectacle of a completely horizontal rain storm and (2) of the pilot telephoning our positions (it seemed extraordinary that they could hear him at Le Bourget when we could scarcely hear him within a few feet), and (3) the look of frightful scorn on the face of the business woman when, soon after we left Le Touquet, I was sick into the little brown paper bag provided for me. One does not feel nearly as ill being air-sick as sea-sick; it is very much more sudden and decisive, but I was acutely embarrassed about my bag. I could not bring myself to throw it out of the window over the countryside. In the end I put it down the little lavatory. As this opened directly into the void the effect was precisely the same but my conscience was easier in the matter.

The view was fascinating for the first few minutes we were in the air and after that very dull indeed. It was fun to see houses and motor cars looking so small and neat; everything had the air of having been made very recently, it was all so clean and bright. But after a very short time one tires of this aspect of scenery. I think it is significant that a tower or a high hill are all the eminence one needs for observing natural beauties. All one gains from this effortless ascent is a large scale map. Nature, on an elusive principle, seems usually to provide its own view points where they are most desirable. The Citadel at Cairo or Canoni Point at Corfu or the top of the mountain road about Catarro lose nothing at all of their supremacy from the knowledge that we can now always go higher if we want to, but, on the contrary, seem rather to gain by their peculiar fitness and adequacy. There was one sight, however, which was unforgettable; that of Paris lying in a pool of stagnant smoke, looking, except for the Eiffel Tower, very much like High Wycombe indefinitely extended. After the exaggerated cleanliness and

sparkle of the preceding country, this exaggerated sombreness and squalor, called up (particularly to me who had lately been sick) all the hatred and weariness which the modern megalopolitan sometimes feels towards his own civilization.

Then we saw below us the aerodrome of Le Bourget marked out as though for some game. The aeroplane went far beyond it and only the obvious calmness of the business woman who closed with a snap the little note book which she had been filling with sums during the journey, reassured me that we were not being misled. Then we turned round, banking over and descending rapidly, till it seemed as though our wing must catch on the top of the hangars; then a slight bumping and a feeling of buoyancy proclaimed that we were on the ground; we ran forward more slowly and came to rest in front of the station. Here our passports and luggage were examined and we were transferred to a charabanc which presently deposited us and our luggage in the middle of Paris.

The characteristic thing about Paris is not so much the extent—though that is vast—as the overwhelming variety of its reputation. It has become so overlaid with successive plasterings of paste and proclamation that it has come to resemble those rotten old houses one sometimes sees during their demolition, whose crumbling frame of walls is only held together by the solid strata of wall papers.

What after all these years, can we say about Paris? There is a word, "bogus", which I have heard used a great deal with various and often inconsistent implications. It seems to me that this scrap of jargon, in every gradation of meaning, every innuendo, every allusion and perversion and "bluff" it is capable of bearing, gives a very adequate expression of the essence of modern Paris.

Paris is bogus in its lack of genuine nationality. No one can feel a foreigner in Monte Carlo, but Paris is cosmopolitan in the diametrically opposite sense, that it makes everyone a foreigner. London, deficient as it is in all the attributes which make a town habitable, is, at least, British. It is our own family skeleton in our own cupboard. Bath and Wells and Birmingham are all implicit in London in a way in which Tours or Tarascon or Lyons are not implicit in Paris; the febrile ardours of French political

life, the tenacity and avarice and logic and militancy of French character seem out of place and improbable in the French capital. And sensitive Frenchmen confess to a feeling of awkwardness there. In England and Germany and the United States people flock to the great towns because they do express the life of the country. London is squalid and coarse but Englishmen can feel at ease there. Parisians, except the wealthy and elegant, have their eyes for the most part turned away from Paris. When they have collected enough tips they will buy some land in the country and play dominoes in the evening at the chief café of a provincial town. It is in Paris that money must be made, but it is best spent in the provinces. They are stuck there, for the time being, and impatient to get away. Sometimes in the evening, when the shops and offices are just closing and the Americans are beginning to file into the cocktail bars, I have stood in the Place de la Concorde, attempting vainly to attract a taxi, and seen the whole of Paris like one traffic jam, imprisoned by the increasing confluence of vehicles, and every horn trumpeting for release.

The fiction of Paris, conceived by Hollywood and the popular imagination seems yearly to impose its identity more and more as the real city of Richelieu and Napoleon and Verlaine fades into the distance. This fictitious city expresses itself in dress parades, studios and night clubs.

The first of these, because it is modern and commercialized, seems to me by far the most interesting. There is an inscrutable world, of which one occasionally catches a tantalizing glimpse or reflexion, behind the industry of making women's clothes, which seems to promise to anyone happy enough to penetrate into that close society, a rich and almost virgin literary soil. The high diplomacy of the couturiers; the espionage of copistes; the wicked senators' wives who smuggle their maids into the mannequin shows, the secrets and intrigues and betrayals in the ateliers; the simple private lives of mannequins and vendeuses; the genius who lives in an attic and conceives robes he will never see for beautiful women he will never meet, the great designer who steals his ideas; the life of the frock as its character is shaped and modified and enriched by the impact of each personality through whose mind it passes; its eventual emergence into reality—what a world to sack! One of the acute problems of authorship to-day is to find any aspect of social organisation about

which one can get down one's seventy thousand words without obvious plagiarism; novelists are driven to stake out their own countries or counties, preserving a squatter's right upon Sussex farms, or high society, or sailors or tropical ne'er-do-wells or black men or pirates; or they hunt for improbable themes of women turned into foxes, or men who live for centuries and finally turn into women or about little children who commit murder. Why not a novel in which the heroine is a dress, instead of its wearer?

That Paris should be the centre of this enticing world, is simply one of the accidents of commercial organisation; talent and reputation find it convenient to concentrate there. There is nothing essentially modish in the atmosphere of Paris, any more than there is anything specifically medical in the atmosphere of Harley Street. In almost all matters except the business of dress-making, Parisian taste is notably lower and less progressive than Berlin or Vienna or even London. The French, through the defects rather than the qualities of their taste, are saved from the peculiarly English horrors of folk dancing, arts and crafts and the collection of cottage antiquities, only to fall victim, one false thing driving out another, to the worst sort of sham modernity. If the choice is inevitable between Pewter-cum-warming-pan-cum-half-timbered-gables and the glass of M. Lalique, it is surely better to be imposed upon by a past which one has not seen than by a present of which one is oneself a part? The hand of M. Lalique is heavy on Paris and oh, those iridescent balls at *Le Boeuf sur le toit*!

During my visit to Paris I drove to see the Rue Mallet Stevens, which was then still under construction. It is a poignant example of the Parisian aptitude for missing the point of an artistic impulse. Confronted by that dismal metamorphosis of the German bourgeois utilitarian ideal into terms of Parisian *chic*, I felt very proud of the Underground stations of the London suburbs.

Then there is the Trilby tradition; still a vital reality in popular imagination. How many hearts still beat faster beneath paint-smudged pinafores at the thought of this hive of artistic activity! But Paris never, even in the very glorious eighties, quite succeeded in getting painting under its full control. Sincere attempts are always being made to organise the art market, like dress designing, on strictly commercial lines but here considerations other than mere mode and scarcity keep obtruding

themselves. There is gambling among art dealers and genuine enthusiasm, and incidentally Paris is one of the most difficult towns of Europe in which to sell a painting. Paris always just fails to standardise the fashion in Art. It does, however, succeed in fostering experiment. There are preposterous pictures in Paris as there are not preposterous frocks but there is also the possibility of discovery. In this hope I spent a chilly morning in the Rue de la Boethie going from exhibition to exhibition but was confronted everywhere by a deadly predominance of those two Lalique's of paintings, Laurencin and Foujita. There was a more entertaining exhibition across the river organised by M. Waldemar George in the Rue Bonaparte. He called it, I think quite justly, a Panorama of Contemporary Art. It was very French. Picabia and Ernst hung cheek by jowl; these two abstract pictures, the one so defiant and chaotic, probing with such fierce intensity into every crevice and convolution of negation, the other so delicately poised, so impossibly tidy, discarding so austere every accident, however agreeable, that could tempt disorder, seemed between them to typify the continual conflict of modern society. There were some decorative canvasses whose counterparts I was later to see at Gnosso. There was a picture in which the paint was moulded in low relief. In a corner, displayed before black velvet curtains, hung the apotheosis of bogosity—a head made in white wire, so insignificant in form and character, so drab and boring and inadequate that it suggested the skeleton of a phrenologist's bust. The workmanship was fairly neat and resembled in many ways the kind of barely ingenious handicraft pursued in hospitals by the disabled who are anxious to employ their fingers without taxing their intellect or senses. It was called *Tête: dessin dans l'espace* by M. Jean Cocteau; near it stood a magnificent sculpture by Maillol.

In an exhibition of such gross and almost wanton Catholicity, claiming to represent *une action impartiale mais point neutre, orientée vers les formes qu' à défaut d'autres termes on qualifie de modernes, de vivantes* I was proud to observe that my country, too, was not unrepresented for there on the table among so much that was perplexing and disconcerting, I was delighted to find a prettily decorated edition of the poems of Mr. Humbert Woolf.

But it is not with M. Poiret or M. Cocteau that most people associate the name of Paris. Wherever *La Vie Parisienne*

circulates,—furtively smuggled from hand to hand in public schools, stickily thumbed in messes and club rooms in remote quarters of the globe—there are good young men saving up their money for a beano in “Gay Paree”. And certainly some honour is due to the organisers of Paris “night life”. Montmartre is a kind of Wembley Exhibition of what anyone has at any time ever thought to be at all pleasurable. Even the ordinary pseudo-respectable round of night clubs—Ciro’s, Florence’s, the Plantation, Sheherezade, the Grand Ecart and the rest—are not quite wholly dismal. One cannot help noticing that their patrons look scarcely half as bored as they do in London, and on consideration I found three good reasons for this partial absence of gloom. One is that a great many of those one sees round one are destitute Russians and Viennese who are paid to sit there and look gay; another is that there are so many other places to go on to that one escapes that claustrophobia one is liable to in London when one’s host has signed one in and paid vast guest fees and one knows he is there for the next two hours without hope of release; another is that lots of people are tipsy.

It is one of the modern pseudodoxia epidemica that “you never see a drunk man in France”. As a race, it is true, the French tend to have strong heads, weak stomachs and a rooted abhorrence of hospitality. But it is a revelation to see the Paris Americans drink. The difference between them and the English makes an interesting example of the effects of legislation on appetite. Every true-born Briton lives under a fixed persecution mania that someone is always trying to prevent him from getting a drink. Of course this is true, but the significant thing is how little they have succeeded. They have been at it now for nearly one hundred and fifty years and it is still the easiest thing in the world to get drunk in England or, if that is what is desired, to remain drunk for weeks at a time. If one wishes to drink in London it is possible, by acquainting oneself with the vagaries of the licencing laws, to do so without resorting to any more under-hand means than passing oneself off as a bona fide market porter, for eighteen hours in the twenty-four. If this dull, intervening period is spent on a travelling railway train with restaurant or pullman accommodation one can fill one’s whole life with a happy round of toping. However, the Merrie-Englanders have so eloquently upheld the cause of freedom that a subdued but

smouldering resentment is now one of our national characteristics. Once the Englishman abroad has fully assured himself of the fact that he can buy wine or beer or spirits whenever he wants them, it is usual to see him adopting the routine to which he is accustomed. He does not rise up early in the morning to follow after strong drink or deny himself his usual allowance of sleep for the delight of quaffing some champagne after bedtime. Not so the Americans to whom each new bottle comes with an aura of fresh romance. They endow the ancient and prosaic business of wine selling with the glamour the Englishman reserves for the ancient and prosaic business of brothel-keeping. It is these dazzled Americans, and not only the tourists but the residents, who keep the night life of Paris going.

The thing which chiefly distinguishes the night life of Paris from that of London is that it can be indefinitely prolonged and almost indefinitely varied. I spent a night with some kind, generous and wholly delightful Americans. They wanted to show me a place called “Brick-Tops” which was then very popular. We dined at *Ciro’s* where the food was delicious and the clientele almost unmixed American. It was no good going to *Bricky’s*, they said, until after twelve so we went to *Florence’s* first. We drank champagne because it is one of the peculiar modifications of French liberty that one can drink nothing else. *Florence’s* was full of what apparently were well known people and here I was introduced to a snobbery that was new to me and is, as far as I have seen, quite unknown in London,—that is the hierarchy of the high demi-monde, the kept women of very rich men who are all famous and without having any social position or set of friends are able to make the reputation for smartness of dress shops and restaurants. I modestly greeted a few simple and shabby acquaintances of my own while these celebrities were being pointed out to me.

Then we went to an underground public house called the New York Bar. When we came in all the people beat on the tables with little wooden hammers and a young Jew who was singing made a joke about the ermine coat which one of our party was wearing. We drank some more, much nastier champagne and went to *Brick-Tops*, but when we got there we found a notice on the door saying “Opening at four. *Bricky*” so we started again on our rounds.

We went to a café called *Le Fetiche* where the waitresses wore dinner jackets and asked the ladies in the party to dance. I was interested to see the fine, manly girl in charge of the cloak room, very deftly stealing a silk scarf from an elderly German.

We went to the Plantation where the paintings on the walls are first rate, and to the Music Box where it was so dark we could hardly see our glasses (which contained still nastier champagne) and to Sheherazade where the waiters are very impressive. They brought us five different organs of lamb spitted together between onions and bay leaves, all on fire at the end and very nice to eat.

We went to Kasbek which was just like Sheherazade.

Finally at four we went to Brick Tops, a really intimate and delightful negro cabaret. Brick Top came and sat at our table. She seemed the least bogus person in Paris. It was broad daylight when we left; then we drove to the Halles and ate fine, pungent onion soup at *Le Père Tranquille*, while one of the young ladies in our party bought a bundle of leeks and ate them raw. I asked my host if all his evenings were like this. He said no, he made a point of staying at home at least one night a week to play poker.

Now all this is recorded, not to show what a devil of a fellow I am when I am on the spree, but to make clear my point about bogosity, because all this feverish gumping from place to place would be justifiable, and indeed admirable, if each excursion besides providing one with different decorations, did actually give one a different atmosphere. Later in Athens I spent a more modest but somewhat similar evening, and there each place we visited had its own clientele and its own definable character. It was during about the third halt in the pilgrimage I have just described that I began to recognise the same faces crossing and recrossing our path. There seemed to be about a hundred or so people in Montmartre that night, all doing the same round as ourselves. In each cabaret the professional dancers employed by the house varied (in identity but very little in type) but the clientele was substantially the same. During an evening's amusement in London one suffers almost every kind of boredom but not that. The system by which London night clubs really are clubs, to which one is introduced and elected, tends to preserve a certain integrity of atmosphere. People do not want to multiply subscriptions indefinitely and for the most part confine themselves

to membership of one cocktail and one dancing club. The system of guest fees encourages them to choose the same clubs as the majority of their friends, so that each set has what practically amounts to an established headquarters and rendezvous. Another advantage which the club system gives to London over Montmartre, is that when one's subscription is paid one has the right of membership to eat and drink what one likes. *Le champagne obligatoire* of Montmartre is no doubt an economic necessity to the proprietors, but it is an exasperating imposition to those who honestly prefer beer or other wines; moreover the champagne is notoriously of the most dubious sort.

Two incidents of this visit to Paris live vividly in my memory and comfort me during sleepless nights, plays, gossip about people I do not know, good advice from my agent about the "sort of stuff you can put across editors", and the hundred and one other occurrences of daily life when one has to look to oneself for support and consolation.

One of these was the spectacle of a man in the Place Beauveau who had met with an accident which must, I think, be unique. He was a man of middle age and, to judge by his bowler hat and frock coat, of the official class—and his umbrella had caught alight. I do not know how this can have happened. I passed him in a taxi-cab and saw him in the centre of a small crowd, grasping it still by the handle and holding it at arms' length so that the flames should not scorch him. It was a dry day and the umbrella burnt flamboyantly. I followed the scene as long as I could from the little window in the back of the car and saw him finally drop the umbrella and push it, with his foot, into the gutter. It lay there smoking and the crowd peered at it curiously before moving off. A London crowd would have thought that the best possible joke, but none of the witnesses laughed and no one, to whom I have told this story in England, has believed a word of it.

The other incident happened at a night club called *Le Grand Ecart*. To those who relish the flavour of "Period", there is a rich opportunity for reflexion on the change that came over this phrase when the Paris of Toulouse-Lautrec gave place to the Paris of M. Cocteau. Originally it means the "splits"—that very exacting figure in which the dancer slides her feet further and further apart until her body rests on the floor with her legs

straight out on either side of her. It was thus that La Goulou and La Mélonite—"the Maenad of the Decadence"—and all the jolly girls of the Moulin Rouge were accustomed to complete their pas surl, with a roguish revelation of thigh between black silk stocking and frilled petticoat, while the late impressionists applauded through a haze of absinthe. It is not so to-day. It is the name of a night club of expensive gentility, illuminated like a Christmas bazaar with little coloured electric bulbs, decorated with coils of rope and plate glass mirrors; on the tables are little illuminated tanks of water, with floating sheets of limp gelatine in imitation of ice. Shady young men in Charvet shirts sit round the bar repairing with powder puff and lipstick the ravages of Grenadine and Crème de Caçoa. I was there one evening in a small party. A beautiful and splendidly dressed English woman—who, as they say, shall be nameless—came to the next table. She was with a very nice looking, enviable man who turned out later to be a Belgian Baron. She knew someone in our party and there was an indistinct series of introductions. She said: "What did you say that boy's name was?"

They said: "Evelyn Waugh."

She said: "Who is he?"

None of my friends knew. One of them suggested that she thought I was an English writer.

She said: "I knew it. He is the one person in the world I have been longing to meet." (You must please bear with this part of the story: it all leads to my humiliation in the end). "Please move up so that I can come and sit next to him."

Then she came and talked to me.

She said: "I should never have known from your photographs that you were a blond."

I should not have known how to answer that but fortunately there was no need as she went straight on. "Only last week I was reading an article by you in the *Evening Standard*. It was so beautiful that I cut it out and sent it to my mother."

I said: "I got ten guineas for it."

At this moment the Belgian Baron asked her to dance. She said, "No, no. I am drinking in the genius of this wonderful young man." Then she said to me, "You know I am psychic. The moment I came into this room to-night I *knew* that there

was a *great personality* here and I knew that I should find him before the evening was over."

I suppose that real novelists get used to this kind of thing. It was new to me and very nice. I had only written two very dim books and still regarded myself less as a writer than an out-of-work schoolmaster.

She said, "You know there is only one other great genius in this age. Can you guess his name?"

I suggested Einstein? No . . . Charlie Chaplin? No . . . James Joyce? . . . No . . . Who?

She said: "Maurice Dekobra. I must give a little party at the Ritz for you to meet him. I should feel I had at least done something to justify my life if I had introduced you two great geniuses of the age. One must do something to justify one's life, don't you think or don't you?"

Everything went very harmoniously for a time. Then she said something that made me a little suspicious: "You know I so love your books that I never travel without taking them all with me. I keep them in a row by my bed."

"I suppose you aren't by any chance confusing me with my brother Alec? He has written many more books than I."

"What did you say his name was?"

"Alec."

"Yes, of course. What's your name then?"

"Evelyn."

"But . . . but they said you wrote."

"Yes, I do a little. You see I couldn't get any other sort of job."

Her disappointment was as frank as her friendliness had been. "Well," she said, "how very unfortunate."

Then she went to dance with her Belgian and when she sat down she went to her former table. When we parted she said vaguely, "We're sure to run into one another again."

I wonder. And I wonder whether she will add this book, and with it this anecdote, to her collection of my brother's works by the side of her bed.

THE BLACK MAN'S GODS

By FULAHN

A GRIM black brotherhood of fetish worshippers known as the Baswezi, whose devotees murder their own kinsfolk in order to make blood-sacrifices to savage gods, has recently been the subject of a question before the Tanganyika Legislative Council, when Government was asked what steps would be taken to suppress this alarming form of native devil-worship.

In the light of the popular notion that the savage's strange gods wield nought but an evil influence in the black man's world, the Briton at home will, perhaps, need little encouragement to picture the menace of the Baswezi cult and its grim orgies. He will think of clay bedaubed savages leaping in fiendish fury round the sacrificial fire, flickering uncannily on naked, sweating bodies, while tomtoms throb and witchdoctors chant devilish incantations over the reeking sacrifice in the wilds of the mysterious bush. But the orgies of the Baswezi instance only one aspect, and that an unusual one, of the influence which the black man's gods wield in British Africa to-day. A much more impelling instance of the real spell of the gods of the kraal is now evidenced, also in Tanganyika, in the Iramba district south of Lake Victoria where great tracts of fertile land are shortly to be opened up by means of a new railway, for European trade and settlement. It is certain that Britons who go to this fertile district as stock-ranchers, orchardists and farmers, will not sacrifice goats to the queer rock-gods of Iramba, not to Munankali-the-great, or to Munamweli, his errant goddess. But the new white settlers in Iramba will owe a great deal to these gods of the Iramba tribe.

It is to them, the alungu nkonko, or gods of the rocks, and to the grim trinity of Munankali, whose ebon idols stand in the dark back rooms of the Chief's hut on the great Daua Plateau, that the natives of Iramba, a peaceful, law-abiding and industrious tribe, owe the tribal discipline and order which has brought them

prosperity and which has given them the vast pastures on which their enormous herds of cattle graze, the great fields where their bountiful crops of groundnuts and mtama grow and the wealth of native produce in hides and beeswax with which they trade, and which have justified the new railway into Iramba in order that Europeans may share in developing the pastures, the herds, the crops and the produce which Munankali-the-great and the gods of the rocks have bestowed upon the people of Iramba.

One cannot trek far into Iramba without meeting the gods of this savage tribe, nor without being swayed by the mysterious spell which they wield in the most trivial as well as the most important of everyday affairs of the Iramba home.

My first encounter with these savage gods and godlings was in a vast rocky valley on the border of the Iramba district into which I was then trekking to take up duty as district magistrate. From the teeming grainfields of the neighbouring Anyaturu tribe, who live to the south, we safaried into the valley, "ia kikonko", the place of stones. Four rugged hills, of rock piled on rock, stood by the roadside, rising out of a plain scattered with great boulders. One passed from the Anyaturu grain gardens, noisy with the shrieks and chipping of parakeets and finches, and clamorous with the shouts of naked youngsters perched on grass platforms, guarding the grain from these plumaged plunderers, into a hush of mysterious silence. Vultures, specked high in the sky, seemed fit omens of this vast grey rock waste, gaunt and harsh, aquiver with the heat ripples of Africa's sun. Here and there lizards scuttled; the bursting pods of mbuga thorn cracked like whips in the heat. My caravan porters hunched their shoulders to the loads and hurried through this vale of gods and demons, eager to reach the wall of shady bush on the valley's farther edge.

Strange tales are told of this valley of rocks. It is said that at night when the moon is full, one may hear the beat of phantom drums, the shouts of ghostly warriors dancing, the wail of hunting reed and blare of lombo trumpet, as the spirit-clans go forth to war. In the valley stand one or two huts, the dwellings of ancient wizened natives who are the atemi or priests of the alungu nkonko, the godlings of the rocks. Some of these godlings are malicious demons, the lorn souls of lunatics, murderers; and traffickers in black magic: but the throng of the alungu nkonko are benevolent; they are said by the Iramba to be the spirits of

their great warriors, medicine-men, witchdoctors, who now guard the tribal destinies: and every rock in this great grim cathedral of the veld is a casket of a tribal soul, the dwelling of a god.

On the near side of the valley stands a mighty boulder and on this, as we trekked through, every porter, putting down his load and plucking a wisp of grass which he tied into a knot, gave a token to the gods, putting the grass wisp on the boulder and placing a small stone on the grass to keep it there. Thousands of such stones lie on the boulder.

On sacred days in the year, the tribesfolk assemble in the valley at a ritual of goat-sacrifice held by the medicine-men, and every tribesman who seeks the aid of the rock-gods takes away with him a fragment of sacred stone. This he may tie to a fruit tree, to make its barren branches bear; or tie it around his child's neck to give it health; or to his own wrist to bring him luck in hunting or beer-brewing or house-building. When aught goes awry with the small affairs of his domestic life, it is fairly certain, thinks the Iramba man, that he has offended one of the rock-gods. He must then consult the mtemi, or priest, of his clan for advice.

The mtemi are shrewd old men who soon detect the cause of the rock-god's ire. Mayhap the offending tribesman has ill-treated his wife, neglected his herds, sworn at a neighbour, lacked in respect to some venerable elder, or broken one of the many tribal customs which are the byelaws of the native village.

His sin must be atoned; the rock-god appeased. The tribesman must provide a fowl, or a goat, or even an ox, if his default is serious, for sacrifice to the alungu nkonko. Part of the sacrifice is offered to the rock-gods; the remainder serves to provide a feast for the mtemi and the sinner's relatives and villagers; and thus, the ills of the worried tribesman put once more to rights, he goes about his daily tasks conscious that the alungu nkonko once more guide his steps and safeguard his enterprises.

On the steep pass up the precipitous flanks of the Daua Plateau, (on whose summit the chief of Iramba, chief raindoctor and chief priest of the gods, lives,) many huge boulders flank the trail and each is the sanctum of a powerful but beneficent rock-god who watches over the travelling native and over his

wife and children in the village. No native ever climbs or descends this great pass without putting one or more grass-knots on the boulders in token to the rock-gods.

The offering ensures safe journey for the native on trek; for the rock-gods give protection against wild beasts and robbers, and look after the home of the journeying man. Should his wife be lazy, deceitful or unfaithful in his absence, or do some stupid thing which might be a bad omen on his journey, the rock-gods in their mysterious way will inform the traveller; in the same way as they will apprise his wife of his unfaithfulness or other stupid act upon his journey. On his way home, he puts the grass knot on the boulder, certain that his wife and children will welcome him, that a good meal and a square drink of pombe beer await him on the threshold of his home. Needless to say, Iramba families who observe the powers of the rock-gods, do in fact find their way made smooth, for the little daily ritual of this godling worship is in itself both a tribal and a personal discipline. To speak ill of the rock-gods is a blasphemy of which the Iramba stand aghast, for in every trivial task and journey of the daily village life these cheerful little godlings take a guiding, helpful hand.

In the plain of the Dulumo River, between the valley of stones and the great Daua Plateau dwell two most powerful rock-gods. One is Npuma, god-of-the-baboons, who lives in the mighty rock which bears his name and which, grotesquely shaped like a huge ape's thumb, stands a towering mass of granite, pointing to the heavens like an accusing finger. In my early days in Iramba, I camped in the welcome shade of Npuma's rock and learned of its power and mystery from Shendu she Nanga, the god's mtemi, or priest. "The baboons," said he, "were once men who lived as we natives do to-day; but they were slothful and though they knew how to make fire, they were too lazy to add fuel and their fires died. So Npuma, the king-ape, fought with us black men to steal our fire, (I speak, of course, of our fathers of the years bygone), but in the fight the king-ape lost four fingers of his spearhand; the thumb was left to him. It grew to mighty size. This rock is it; monument to the eternal folly of the apes. Now they are like animals. They can speak; but they never talk that man may hear, lest he should enslave them for the work of tilling grain."

So, in the rock, lives the Mulungu Npuma, the ape-god, a malicious-minded spirit, forever playing japes on the Iramba tribe. It was he who devised the baobab tree, a foolish, bulgy, pithy mass, with grotesque branches whose leaves stand edge-ways, a singularly baboonish habit, since thus they yield no shade: its fruit looks tempting too, for the pulp is pink and plentiful; yet to the taste it is sour and acrid and makes *samala gombanailue gwa*, makes the stomach wrestle with itself!

At harvest time the baboon mobs descend from the kopjes to raid the native grain gardens. The old dog baboons are often fierce and dangerous. Not long back I shot one as it chased a youngster, greedy for a basket of fruit the child was carrying. It stood over five feet when pulled upright; its huge muscles, its great fangs, made it almost as formidable as a lion.

In the early morning when the women and children go into the grain-gardens for mtama and fruit for the day's meal, then it is that the great dog-baboons squat on the summit of Npuma's rock barking, Haw! haw-aaaw! and the baboon mob screams and chatters as it scurries through the grainplots tearing up huge armfuls of the provender.

At such times the tribesmen seek the advice of Shengu she Hanga, priest of the god; and he, gaining the god's ear, wields many a mysterious spell to ward away the baboons. Fruits, corn, sweet potatoes and pots of beer are put at the foot of Npuma's rock. At night, these things vanish; taken doubtless by the baboons. But the fact remains that once Npuma, the ape-god, is placated, the baboon raids on the grainplots cease. How, it is hard to say, for all that Shengu would vouchsafe was the screwing up of a rheumy eye and the cryptic remark, "*Narogile urogi*; I bewitch bewitchment." In effect, however, the power of the ape-god is to encourage the Iramba in their watchfulness against baboon attacks: they set traps, poison-baits, clatterbangs; and, mobbing their pi-dogs, sporty, curly-tailed little brutes, a band of youths will often sally into the kopjes and drive the baboons out of the district, trapping and spearing hundreds of these spiteful and dangerous thieves, the hunters themselves heartened by the thought that, with Shengu's offerings, Npuma, the very god of the baboons, is for once on the side of the tribesfolk.

Not far from the Npuma rock dwells the Mulungu of Kisam,

the most dreaded rock-god in all Iramba. His habitat is a gigantic mace-like rock, some sixty feet high, which perches perilously on a narrow ledge on the boulder strewn slopes of an immense rock kopje. The ledge on which this great rock stands is barely wide enough to give square foothold to a man and it would seem that at the merest touch, even a gust of wind, would hurtle the enormous mass down upon the peaceful village in the valley below. Behind the rock is a great gloomy cave reaching far back into the dark depths of the kopje.

The spell of the Kisam rock-god is to ensure that the Iramba people obey the many curious and intricate moral and eugenic laws of their tribe. It was the crime of an Iramba warrior in marrying a girl of his own blood-clan many centuries ago, that caused Munankali the Great to send a devil to live in the great rock of Kisam. Whenever the rock-god is affronted by tribal immorality, a breach of the marriage code, or an act of indecency, he wreaks some calamity upon the people. Not long back when some youths and girls flouted the tribal laws, I was called to Kisam by the mysterious deaths of a number of villagers. The god, said the chief, was enraged and had sent a demon from the cave to prowl the village by night, seizing wrongdoers. For some days I camped beneath this great rock seeking this "devil" with a rifle, for the victims' bodies indicated that the "devil" was a marauding leopard, and so it proved to be.

But that merely strengthened the villagers' fear of the Mulungu Kisam. "*Magu ish!*" exclaimed an old man, Mtali, the medicine-man or priest of the Kisam rock, "Look well, O tribesfolk, to your words and acts; for here see you this leopard which the rock-god sent to prey upon those evil in our midst!"

One needed, indeed, only to camp for a night or two beneath this enormous boulder, towering on the kopje, limned mysteriously against the night-sky, dominant, ominous, implacable, to realise the spell of Mulungu Kisam as arbiter of the marital, sexual, natal and moral laws of the Iramba. In the quiet hours strange rumblings and terrifying howls that rang out from the kopje might well have issued from the rock-god's awful throat; the natives ascribed these sounds to him. They were, doubtless, nought but the cries of owls, hyraces, hawks, hyaenas and other cave and kopje dwellers, but, their awesomeness intensified by the echo from the cave, it needed but little

even of cold European imagination to think them indeed the voice of a god.

No native will climb the kopje to Kisam rock; nor, in fact is it easy to do so. Though the kopje is only about 300 feet high, it took me five hours to climb to the cave. The kopje sides are strewn with great jagged boulders whose crevices menace the climber with broken or wrenched limb; its slopes are dense with thorn, cacti and creeper; the boulders swarm with ants and scorpions, while immense swarms of biting sandflies rise like clouds of smoke from the hot faces of the rocks as one approaches the god's lair, and, filling ears, eyes, nose, mouth and hair, give one a reception like a bath in boiling oil!

At harvest end every year the villagers hold a great tambika or sacrificial ritual to the rock-god, to invoke his power and appease his wrath. The medicine-men climb to the cave mouth and there make sacrifices of suffocated goats: parts of the carcasses are put into the cave, while the remainder of the meat is brought down to provide a feast for the villagers. Getting rid of the hides of the sacrificed beasts is a problem, for they are *mbii* or tabu; they must be given away, but such is the villagers' fear of the rock-god, that none will accept them. Eventually they are bestowed on some old woman who, with one foot on the threshold of the great beyond, has little to fear of this world's terrors.

As one stands at the foot of Kisam, the mighty plateau of the Daua looms like a wall in the western sky, running ninety miles north and south by forty miles across. Its fertile, well watered, plainlike top, two thousand feet above the surrounding plains, is the heart of the Iramba kingdom.

On this plateau lives the Chief of Iramba, in a kaa or "kraal" founded centuries ago by one Kitandu who brought the Iramba to this stronghold. Near the village is the sacred grove of trees where the great chiefs of Iramba lie, dead in the flesh, but alive in spirit. And in the inner compound of the village, formed by a number of flat-roofed oblong tembe or huts, stand the temples to the great gods of the Iramba people. The village and the grove of trees are both sacred. No tribesman may enter the chief's kaa without special sanction; no unclean, tabu, or bewitched, person may enter, nor may any entering wear red clothing, or carry any "magic". Under what before British

rule was, and probably in effect still is, penalty of death, no native may enter the sacred grove without the Chief's sanction, nor gather fuel, fell trees, hunt game or seek honey. With its ancient, grotesque and contorted boles and mysterious twisty paths winding between the huge sansiviera-grown graves of the great chiefs, the grove is a place of awe and reverence, the cathedral of Iramba. It is here and in the Chief's kaa that the great rituals to the tribal gods are held.

The gods are Munankali, he-who-is-most-powerful; Nzua, god-of-the-sun; Munamweli, goddess-of-the-moon; Mbula, god-of-rain. The latter three are represented in idolistic form by three wooden images, about one-third life-size, carved in the shapes of an Iramba man, woman, and a youth. They are preserved secretly in the Chief's hut. There would seem to be no image of Munankali, whom the Iramba seem to regard as the omnipotent universal "force", the giver of life, and arbiter of all worldly good and ill. The chief of Iramba is the mtemi or priest of these gods and he is assisted by numerous atemi adogo, or minor medicine-men who specialise in branches of medicine and magic, such as the cure and infliction of disease, the working of "fertility" magic for crops, cattle and humans, the laying and appeasing of alungu or ghosts, demons and godlings, the magical and surgical rituals of circumcision, the disposal of the dead and so on.

Through these minor atemi, who are to be found near all the kaa or villages scattered over the plains and plateau of Iramba, the tribesfolk approach their gods, for guidance and aid in nearly every definite project of daily village life. At marriage, birth and funeral, feasts and dances, prayers and offerings are first made to the gods. The Mniramba youth who is setting up house, first gets his mtemi to bring the blessing of Munankali on the site of the house which he will build for his bride. Sacred beer must be poured on the threshold and a goat sacrificed to the gods. A goat must be sacrificed in the grain and vegetable plot in offering to Nzua and Mbula so that they grant bountiful sun and rain for harvest. The Iramba ironsmith, before he smelts his crude ore, obtains the blessing of Nzua, through his mtemi, on the eggs, beer and meat which must be offered up to the gods, on the anvil stone. The smith must work, too, sitting on a lynx skin blessed by the gods. The women potters

kiln their wares in a sacred fire made "magic" by the atemi or priests. When an Mniramba cuts his hair, he gives the clippings to Nzua, by throwing them towards the sun; if he extracts a tooth he hammers it into the bark of a sacred tree, praying "*Ko, Munamweli, nupegwa kangil* Accept, Goddess of the Moon, and grant me another." On waking the Mniramba prays to his gods; before he sleeps he prays, "*Ec Munankali, ponile antu ensi*. O god, preserve all thy people."

In every daily task of the village the gods play a guardian part, but it is in the great tribal industries, the planting of crops and ranching of cattle, that their mysterious influence is most evident.

Every year, a few weeks before the "rains" are due, the Chief, (priest of the gods), issues orders to his kaa or village headmen for the tribesfolk to prepare their fields for seeding; but no seed must yet be sown.

First Munankali must be approached, Nzua placated for harvest, Mbula for rain. The medicine-men build a new grass hut or temple of sacred yellow poles and special grass in the sacred compound. It is the only conical building in all Iramba. The previous year's temple, if it still stands, is not pulled down; it is too sacred for that. It is left to decay and fall down. The new temple is completed a few days before the rains are due and then thousands of tribesmen gather around the Chief's kaa. The chief himself has for some days been immured in his hut, praying to the gods before their idols, "getting their ear", as he says, and preparing great magic to approach them. Early one dawn, screams rend the silence of the sacred grove. Lo! The medicine-men have caught a man, a woman and a child amidst the trees. They are lassoed with strings of green beads and led as "sacrifices" to the temple and thrust within it. The great ritual, lasting three days, begins. Black cows and oxen, sacrificial substitutes for the natives thrust into the temple, are slaughtered to the gods, offerings of grain, beer, axes and hoes, oxblood, water, milk, grass, arrows and spears, are put into the temple in token to the gods whose blessing is sought on harvest and on the health, prosperity and welfare of the tribe for the coming season. The elders, magicians, medicine-men and historians of the tribe assemble in the sacred kaa and after many intricate rites of song, magic and prayer, the idols of the gods are brought forth. The Chief, who is chief priest, works great

magic to them, invoking their aid and protection. Outside the kaa the great throng of tribesfolk perform ritual dances, songs and prayers. If all goes well, that is, if the tribe has not sinned or affronted the gods, the chief announces their favours and in fervour and ecstasy the tribesfolk depart to their huts scattered throughout Iramba, to plant, till, reap, yet another harvest. Similar rituals mark harvest and threshing time, and ensure the welfare of the cattle; and until the Chief, announcing the gods' commands, gives orders to the tribe, no tribesman would dream of planting, reaping or threshing his grain, or embarking on any project with his cattle. With the fingers of the gods on the very hafts of the hoes and threshing sticks they wield, it is not surprising that the Iramba people plant vast acreages, reaping enormous crops. Is it not by the command of Mbula, god-of-rain, and Nzua, god-of-sun, that the tribe brings its immense crops to harvest? Does not Munankali guard the herds, making them prolific? Does not Munamweli's finger, the touch of the goddess-of-the-moon, fill the udders of the cows? Only when the tribe has erred do the gods scowl. Mbula, angered, withholds the seeding rain, sending the drought, with the grim spectre of famine in the kraals. Always some evildoers can be traced for this calamity, thieves, murderers, transgressors of the social laws; they must be sought out and brought to book to appease Mbula. If the locust swarms descend on the grains, is not Munankali ire-ful? If cattle-scourge decimates the stock, what has angered Nzua that he casts evil on the pastures? The wrongdoers of the tribe, the lazy men, those who neglect to obey the gods, must be sought and punished, made pay fines of goats, or sheep, grain, beads or cattle.

In all such cases of wrong doing and ill that befalls, the atemi or priests of the gods are approached by the tribesfolk and, if the calamity is serious, the trouble is laid before the Chief himself who by his "magic" seeks the "ear" of the gods, asking their guidance.

The disciplinary influence, social, moral and industrial, so wielded by the strange gods of the Iramba upon the tribesfolk, needs no emphasis. Whether it be the little godling of the wayside boulder, who speeds the hunter's foot along the spoor, and as well, keeps a sharp eye on his behaviour; or whether it is the great Munankali, on whose favours all the tribe depends for food,

the gods are watching. Stern, yet kind and paternal; bounteous in their gifts, yet fearful in their wrath; swift to aid, yet quick to reprimand, the gods of Iramba have moulded their people into a peaceful and industrious tribe, filled their country with prolific herds, riven from their virgin veld vast pastures and the immense fields that ripple gold with grain in the breath of harvest winds, and made of their country so prosperous a land that even the white man now thrusts out his iron road to reap some of this bounty of the black man's gods.

Mayhap new settlers in Iramba, seeing the wisps of grass upon the godlings' stones, will deride what they think is but a stupid, pagan superstition. But it is not to mute stones that the Iramba give their tokens. It is to the living spirits of the tribal dead, those great who guard their kinsfolks' destinies. It is not to the grotesque idols of the sacred kaa that the Chief of all Iramba makes his worship, but to the gods of whom the idols are but symbols tangible, to Munankali, He-who-is-most-powerful-of-all, He who "in the dim beginning of the years,

... mixed in man the raptures and the tears
And scattered through his brain the starry stuff.
He said, 'Behold! Yet this is not enough.
I will withdraw my face,
Veil Me in shadow for a certain space,
And leave behind only a broken clue,
A crevice where the glory shimmers through,
Some whisper from the Sky.' "

THE GROUP IN BRITISH POLITICS

By J. H. HARLEY

THE late Lord Salisbury, in the plenitude of his influence and power, once uttered a grave warning against any intrusion of the Group or "Bloc" system into British politics. Speaking in 1900 before a meeting of the Primrose League, in words that seem strangely appropriate to the difficulties of the present hour, he declared that "the dual character of the English parties is for the moment destroyed and we cannot but feel that if this state was to continue too long we should be in danger of falling into that condition of parliamentary groups which is fatal to the constitutional existence of more than one parliamentary system on the Continent." Lord Salisbury, it was evident, did not feel at all happy in his mind at the prospect of any such untimely consummation. He exhorted his Liberal opponents to get into "fighting trim", as he called it. He desired in a disinterested kind of way that they should again oppose themselves to himself and his policy with their old power and effectiveness. "I am sure," he added confidently, "that it is bad for us and it is bad for the country if they continue to occupy a position so little conspicuous and effective as that which they occupy at the present time."

What can have principally occupied Lord Salisbury's mind when he uttered these significant words? Partly, of course, it was the consciousness of the schisms in the Liberal Party which had been the result of the promulgation of the various Gladstonian schemes for the granting of Irish Home Rule. But partly, and it may have been even chiefly, it was the appearance on the horizon of British practical politics of the Labour Representation Committee, or the L.R.C. as it was called—a body which, we all realize now, was destined to grow from more to more until it became the Labour Party and sent its leaders to function as His Majesty's Government. Lord Salisbury's words were uttered in the May of 1900, and it was about three months earlier, in the self-same year, that the meeting was held of Trade

Unions and Socialist Societies, which elected the present Prime Minister as its Secretary, and constituted the germ of a new political party. But at that time the thoughts of the L.R.C. did not soar quite so high. It hardly yet aspired to be anything so official and formidable as a party. Its object, as the resolution founding it plainly set forth, was "to establish a distinct Labour group in Parliament which shall have their own Whips and agree upon their own party policy which must embrace a readiness to co-operate with any party which for the time being is engaged in promoting legislation in the direct interest of Labour."

Of course, the Labour Representation Committee, thus started on its course, was not the only political group which was at work when Lord Salisbury uttered his notable words. For what is the essential difference between a group and a party in politics? Simply this, that a political party has as its ultimate and dominating aim the assumption of executive power and responsibility for the government of its country. In the event of its success, it is prepared to offer the country from within its own ranks an alternative government, whereas the group, though it may have its separate organization and leaders, does not contemplate the possibility of any such separate assumption of effective governmental power. The group, where it is most successful, works by coalitions and compromises, on the basis of a certain number of solidly entertained opinions. Where it is not so successful, Parliamentary life becomes a series of shifting "blocs" which change as rapidly as the hues in a kaleidoscope. Combinations are made and remade. Policies are adopted and dropped. Governments pass and repass often at critical contingencies in the march of national events.

Now it has always been an approved maxim among the keenest statesmen in British political history, that effective and stable parliamentary government could only be rendered possible on the basis of a two-party system. There were two great parties, and only two, and, when one was in, the other was out. All other combinations were only transient groups; they might function for a time, but eventually they would succumb to the overwhelming magnetic power of one of the great political parties. At an earlier period of history it might be customary to intersperse in a Whig Government some Tory hostages. At the beginning of the eighteenth century, for example, some of

the Tory leaders were included in a Whig Ministry. But the experiment was far from successful, and henceforth the "ins" took the sole responsibility for determining the future fates of the country. The function of an Opposition is simply and solely to oppose. The function of the Government is effectively and successfully to govern. There can be no sharing of the responsibilities of executive government. Divided counsels ultimately mean stagnation and apathy.

Of course this point of view did rest securely on a certain very observable tendency of human nature and affairs. It has been noticed that whenever political passions rise high, the electors inevitably range themselves in two, and only two camps. They that are not for us are against us. Their protagonists may call themselves Yorkists or Lancastrians, Roundheads or Cavaliers, Whigs or Tories, Liberals or Conservatives, but two, and only two, sides there can and must be when men's minds feel deeply or seriously. The politics of the United States have progressed along the same line of thought. The Dominions have annexed and adopted it. Lord Salisbury evidently felt it as an essential ingredient in his political blood, when, in the same stimulating atmosphere of that gathering of Primrose Dames, his mind, surveying the vicissitudes of parliamentary history, contrasted the seriousness and stability of the British government with the fickleness and uncertainty of parliamentary life on the Continent.

Now there were one or two political groups at the beginning of the twentieth century, but such was the dominating quality of the orthodox party ties that none of them looked as if it could dispossess either of the two political parties. Among the Liberals there was what was called the "Lib-Lab" group, a somewhat tame combination which never at its proudest moments hoped to be more than a humble circle of Trade Unionists within a great historic party. What was called the Liberal Independent group was more formidable, and perhaps the confusion, which it was then causing in the Liberal Party, seemed to Lord Salisbury to prevent that combined activity in opposition, which he looked on as entirely essential to the working of the efficient parliamentary machine. But, despite the prestige of the names of Lords Rosebery and Oxford, the Liberal Imperialist groups were never more than a group, and when Liberalism came into its own in 1906, Lord Oxford and the chiefs of the rebels contentedly

ranged themselves under the banner of Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman.

The case of the Irish Nationalists was, of course, different from all the rest of these. They were really a group rather than a party, because they did not aim at executive power and responsibility and they could furnish no alternative government. But then they were a racial and, to a very large extent, a religious group, and the experience of all the new States in the East of Europe where the group system is paralyzing Parliaments, shows that it is the racial and religious minorities who most obstinately resist absorption into the general political life of the country. Even so the Irish Nationalist group, as the student of those times knows very well, had to adopt extraordinary and even inhospitable practices in order to keep itself apart, and resist any tendency to attach its members to the Liberal or to the Conservative camp. Irish members, in fact, had to refuse all social invitations, which brought them into the great political salons. They could not afford to run the slightest risk of infection. They were in London and yet out of London, members of Parliament and yet irresponsible to the claims of the political loyalties. The very stringency of such precautions as these was eloquent in its suggestion of insecurity. Even a Nationalist party did not feel quite safe when subjected to the formidable attraction of an approved two-party system.

This, then, was the kind of atmosphere into which the Labour Representation Committee was born, and it is clear that, equally with the Irishmen, it realized the dominating attraction of an historic political party. So it was that, according to the regulations of this L.R.C. none of its candidates was allowed to stand on the same platform with a member of the Liberal and Conservative parties. There was a certain amount of restiveness at this rigid prohibition. Great ingenuity was shown in demonstrating that this or that meeting came without the ban—that it was certainly non-political and not at all of a party character. But leaders, like the late Keir Hardie, stood resolutely in defence of their thesis of the entirely independent character of the new political group. And there is no doubt that in this instance, their instinct was entirely right. They could afford to take no risks when submitted to the power of formidable party loyalties.

So far, then, there has seemed no reason to believe that Lord Salisbury was justified in anticipating any immediate triumph of the group system in British politics. For it must be remembered it was not on the Conservative side where he thought the danger was especially acute. He was not afraid that the Unionist group which separated from the Liberal Party on the Home Rule question could ever succeed in hampering the unity of the official Conservative Party. As a matter of fact the Unionists were never a really homogeneous group. They had their two extreme wings—the Devonshire wing and the Chamberlain wing—and as it was plain that they could never function again in a Liberal party, they were soon annexed by the dominating attractive power of the Conservatives. In 1900 Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, as those who were spectators in the House of Commons at that time can amply testify, was quite at home, apparently clothed and in his right mind on its front governmental Bench. Whether they are termed the “Forty Thieves” or “A New Empire Party”, no mere groups could be strong enough to involve the party ranks of Conservatism in ultimate disintegration. And we have seen that the same remark holds good of the contemporary political groups that, at the time when Lord Salisbury spoke, threatened the integrity of the historical Liberal Party.

Why, then, is it that to-day we are confronted with a quick-change transformation, and that, while the old L.R.C. has furnished its members to His Majesty's Government, the Liberal Party, though still calling itself a party, is assuming more and more the appearance of a simple political group? The question is a complicated one and can only receive a very summary reply in the course of an article such as this. It may, however, be summarily affirmed that but for the War, the Labour Party could hardly have reckoned on dispossessing the old Liberal Party from its previous proud position as the only possible alternative government. Before the War the internal troubles of the Labour Party were all more or less of the nature of group difficulties. Was So-and-So a heretic because he had come to such electoral arrangements with the Liberals? Was such-and-such a member acting with the Liberals? Was it allowable to support the Liberals in pushing forward a certain legislative project? What pressure might be exerted on the Liberals to

force them along in a direction which the Labour Party desired? Many such questions as these were very violently in the minds of Labour members of Parliament when the War came and changed the whole aspect of political affairs.

It was hardly, of course, the mere fact that the late Lord Oxford ultimately admitted members of the Conservative Opposition to his Cabinet, that dealt the final and more conclusive blow to the position of the Liberal Party as one of the only two alternative governments. Coalitions, when a great war was placing sacred territories in deadly peril, were almost a necessity of the times. In Belgium, Socialists entered the Ministry. In France, a rigidly independent Socialist like M. Jules Guesde joined his old opponent M. Jaurès in a support of the government effort to defend the soil of his country. If in other lands opposites joined a Government coalition, why not the same in England? It may all be capable of very complete justification, and yet old maxims about "ins" and "outs" are very difficult to eradicate from the peoples' minds. So when Mr. Lloyd George supplanted Lord Oxford, and remained in coalition with the Conservatives long after the War had been brought to a close, he split up an old historic party and dealt it a deadly and most destructive blow. The small band of Liberals who remained in opposition, were then vastly outnumbered by the former Labour group. The result was that the former Labour group became the sole combination in opposition, that answered to the definition of a party. They became, in fact, His Majesty's Opposition. A change like this proceeds by slow and difficult stages at first, but, once it passes the boundaries that separate a group from a party, it becomes difficult and almost impossible to arrest it. At any rate the old Liberal Party since that time has never seemed to be destined to become more than a merely respectable group.

Of course, it remains difficult for the inheritors of the splendid traditions of historic Liberalism to accept any such dismal fate. The aim of those who still ranged themselves under the Liberal banner, at any rate up to the last General Election, was to depose the Labour Party from its proud position as the party of the official Opposition. Is the situation different to-day? It hardly looks as if it is; at any rate if we make a cursory study of the situation which developed from the speech which Mr. Lloyd

George delivered on January 21st to the Liberal and Radical Candidates' Association, at a luncheon in the National Liberal Club.

A great deal of the language in which this speech is couched is that which would be employed to describe the working of a developed group system. The Liberal leader speaks of consultations, concessions and understandings. He regards his adherents as a combination which might influence but could hardly assume the government of the country. He desires, indeed, a bona fide promise from the Prime Minister of a measure of electoral reform to enable "all views to have full and fair electoral expression". Perhaps that means that if such a measure of electoral reform be granted, he believes that the Liberal group will henceforth retrieve its grievously shattered fortunes. But there is another alternative proposal in his speech which is rather puzzling, and which almost makes us come to the conclusion that he has no very glowing expectations of a beneficent result from the labours of Lord Ullswater's Committee. For he offers, as an alternative to the demand for electoral reform, the somewhat humiliating request, at any rate in the mouth of one who claims to be a party leader, that while the Liberal group "are engaged in supporting the Government in great measures in the House of Commons, they should not be assailed by Government Nominees in their constituencies". Such an attitude suggests that Mr. Lloyd George regards the Liberal group as occupying in the Labour Party somewhat the same position that the Unionist group occupied in the Conservative Party, when Lord Salisbury used the words quoted at the beginning of this article. They did not aspire themselves to run an alternative Government. But their members were not to be opposed by Conservative opponents in their constituencies. The results, of course, were that they remained a group, and nothing else than a group, and that eventually they succumbed before the more developed organization and prestige of a great historic party.

Is this, then, Mr. Lloyd George's forecast of the fortunes of his group? If it is, he is certainly not very fortunate in the proposal which he makes to the official Labour Party. It is evident, indeed, to any one who knows the spirit and temper of the Labour adherents in the constituencies that the suggestion of a close in Labour propaganda is obviously and utterly absurd.

It was difficult for the enthusiastic Labour Party in the Daventry Division of Northamptonshire to renounce all opposition to the Speaker when Captain FitzRoy was appointed to that exalted post. It would be ten, nay a hundred fold more difficult, to obtain the same concession for the general run of Liberal members; and, let it be remembered that, according to the Labour Constitution, it is the local Labour parties and the local Labour rank and file who have the last word in the selection of Labour Parliamentary candidates.

Surely it cannot be believed that Mr. Lloyd George was subject to any illusions on this point; and yet he goes on in his speech to speak of possible consultations of the Government with the Liberal leaders, and of concessions to Liberal "views", not to speak of Liberal "prejudices or susceptibilities". Mr. Graham himself, the President of the Board of Trade, was evidently struck with this part of the speech, and, while the Conservatives were muttering about private diplomacy, and his own party were closely watching the situation, he resolutely made an effort to put Mr. Lloyd George's ideas to the test by having a frank and full consultation with representatives of the Liberals in his private room in the House of Commons. The result of this series of consultations was to show that Mr. Lloyd George desired to be regarded as the leader of a party rather than the selected head of a group.

To arrive at this conclusion it is only necessary to make a rapid survey of the object and result of these consultations. On assuming the reins of office, the Labour Government were confronted with a serious coal situation. The industry, in fact, had passed through three national stoppages since the termination of the War. In the last of these, which Mr. Baldwin ended by sitting still and doing nothing, the miners were slowly starved into submission. They had even been deprived of their seven hours' day—the solitary result still accruing from the Sankey Commission of 1919. They had even been obliged to submit under duress to district wages schemes which they disliked, and everyone who watched the situation knew that when, in a few months, their wages arrangements were due for revision, another great crisis would confront the industry. The Labour Party won their successes at the General Election on a programme which promised a return to the hours recommended by the Sankey

Commission and no subsequent reduction in wages. Pledges which had been explicitly and solemnly given had necessarily to be redeemed.

In the circumstances the Labour Government, realizing that it had no absolute majority in the House of Commons, took a moderate and statesmanlike course. It resolved that this was neither the occasion nor the opportunity for launching a distinctively Labour plan for the reorganization of the coal industry. In default of such a plan, the Prime Minister and Mr. Graham held conferences with the men and masters, so as to evolve a temporary arrangement which would at once avert an internal crisis in the industry, and, at the same time, stabilize the improvement which had been observed in the volume of the export trade. The men, as a result of these conferences, were induced to agree to a seven and a half hours' day instead of a seven-hour day. The masters, on the other hand, agreed to submit to the statutory enactment of the "Five Counties Scheme" of marketing which hitherto had only been adapted by the Midlands districts. There was here, of course, no question of ultimate ideals or projects. What was wanted was a scheme that would work because it had already been worked, and which, therefore, would be universally carried into operation in the speediest possible time.

No exact record, naturally, has been given to the world of what took place in the course of the consultations in Mr. Graham's private room; but the result went far to show that Mr. Lloyd George assumed the airs, not of a group leader who was prepared for consultation and adjustments within the Government's plan, but of a party leader who desired to carry out his own policy and thought he was strong enough to impose it on the Government of the day. Not much complaint can be made of the insistence on a scheme of amalgamations favoured by Sir Herbert Samuel, though its incorporation into the Bill evidently imperilled the arrangement with the masters. But the rejection and evident intention to wreck the "Five Counties Scheme" was of a different character. It precipitated an internal crisis within the ranks of the Liberals themselves. Mr. Lloyd George was deserted in the consequent vote against the Second Reading of the Coal Bill, by the representatives of the only London industrial constituency where Liberalism still continues a career

of triumph. And Mr. Lloyd George is revealed to the political world as the protagonist of what must appear, in the light of the foregoing discussion, as an almost quixotic attempt to impose a three-party system on the historic two-party arrangement of British politics.

Historic forecasts are never to be absolutely trusted. The data are so infinitely complex, and circumstances so often change in such an unexpected fashion. But in this particular case, while the application of group methods by the Liberals to the improvement of the Coal Bill situation might easily have scored a temporary success, it is difficult to say the same about what actually happened. Supposing the Coal Bill had been defeated as the result of the Liberal vote on the Second Reading, does any electioneering expert believe that the result at the polls would have been favourable to the party aspirations of Mr. Lloyd George? Besides, France is at the present time a living illustration of the paralyzing uncertainties of politics where there are two groups of groups, the Right and the Left, and a third group of groups, the Centre, with no prospect of evolving a stable government from the joint play of their reciprocal action. As for the demand for electoral reform, it certainly seems that the present system, where the scales are rather tilted in favour of the party which has to assume the responsibility for action, contributes also to avert that hateful condition of interrupted legislative endeavour which, as we have seen, the three-party system would induce and perpetuate. The younger generation are now crying out for action. They want something done at once to put crooked things straight. If Parliament merely becomes the "National Palaver", they will call out for the strong man to exclaim "Take away this bauble!". Carlyle once said that the original idea, underlying the three readings of a Bill, was to provide three different consultations, one sober, one drunk, and one just after being drunk. Such insidious delays must not be suffered to complicate the even course of legislative progress. A group has its present place, and has had a strictly limited sphere of operation hitherto in British politics, as the course of this survey has pretty plainly shown; but a triangle of parties in Parliament could scarcely induce less revolutionary results than are observable in the operation of such triangular relations in other spheres of life.

FAMILIES OF THE PAST

BY HELEN GRIERSON

ONCE upon a time, the works of Charlotte M. Yonge were the recreation of peers and prelates. In the anecdotal of the 19th century we get glimpses of Tennyson, deep in the perusal of them, and of Lord Rosebery and Archbishop Temple discussing them with lively interest. Now they are relegated to the top shelf of the school-room bookcase, and the dust gathers thick on the black and gold of their pleasant old Macmillan bindings. Yet through all the years there has never failed a remnant, a little company of the faithful, who cherish a secret and perhaps a half-apologetic tenderness of Miss Yonge's writings. It is time they should lift up their voices. When the Victorians are coming to their own, she ought not to be left out of the reckoning.

She has often been under-valued, even by her lovers. She has an excellent faculty for character drawing, and a real gift in dialogue. She has a quietly humorous way of seeing the oddities of character and circumstance that helps to regulate the flow of her sentiment. She has the power of creating really likeable and attractive people. She should, by rights, stand somewhere not very far behind George Eliot and Trollope in the assembly of the English novelists, but somehow she has just missed her due place. Yet anyone who will take the trouble to bring her down from the top shelf, and blow the dust off her, will be rewarded. They will find in her pages an extraordinarily complete and vivid record of the domestic life she saw around her; she stands alone as the chronicler of the large family.

The large family of the 19th century was a different affair from that of the preceding periods. "You must remember," says Dr. Johnson, condoling with Boswell on the death of one of his children, "that to keep three out of four is more than your share. Mrs. Thrale has but four out of eleven." Neither Mr. Thrale nor Mrs. Boswell lived to complete the full tale of their possible offspring, but Queen Anne's children were eighteen in

number and not one of them lived beyond childhood. The literature of the 17th century was soaked in the pathos of infant mortality. In the 18th, people were less sentimental. They accepted their losses with philosophy, only taking care to replace them with due promptitude. By the early years of the 19th century sanitation was beginning to improve, infant diet was better understood, and physicking was kept within limits. Families of eight or ten often grew up to maturity together, all young and active in mind and body, and near in age, so that they formed little communities each to themselves, and made a feature of the period. A particular type of character and way of seeing life was produced, that is characteristic of upper and middle class life in the 19th century.

Great is the solidarity of the French family! But what is that, with its probable membership of three, to the force that a dozen people all acting together as one, can bring to bear on society. There is something tremendous about the front that the Victorian family circle can show to the world.

Miss Yonge plays on that theme with wonderful persistency, and her devotion to it is against her now-a-days. It is very difficult for us to enter cordially into the stand-point of this maiden lady who revelled in the planning out of such overflowing households. Our weak modern minds are aghast at the rapidity with which families increase and multiply in her fertile imagination. Take, for instance, the opening chapters of *Pillars of the House*: sympathy lags behind, when we try to enter into the pathos of the situation therein dealt with. The Reverend Edward Underwood, a consumptive and excessively indigent clergyman, dies in the odour of sanctity, leaving behind him a family of thirteen, the eldest aged sixteen and the latest born, twins, a few hours old. "My full twelve, and one over, and on Twelfth Day," he exclaims rapturously, when the news of the twin's arrival is brought to him on his death-bed! Lord Rosebery could give names and ages of the whole thirteen!

The Underwoods head the list, thirteen "in family". Then come the Mays, of *The Daisy Chain*, with eleven. The Brownlows of *Magnum Bonum* are cut short at six by the untimely decease of their father, but they have nine cousins with whom they grow up almost as one family. The hero of

Dynevor Terrace is an only son, but then his cousin, who shares the honours of the plot with him, marries early, and has five children, including twins, (how Miss Yonge loves twins,) in four years, in spite of the most devastating poverty. Within the time limits of the plot no more could well be done. In *The Clever Woman of the Family*, Lady Temple comes home from Australia, a newly made widow, with a family of seven, all born during the eight years which have elapsed since, at the age of sixteen, she married an old general of sixty. Doubtless, had her widowhood been delayed she would have rivalled the Reverend Edward Underwood with his baker's dozen by the time she was thirty. In one of the less known tales the plot turns on the birth of triplets. In that case, however, the parents have none of the Reverend Edward's spirit. They are unboundedly disconcerted by the event, and try to mask the situation by producing only one of the three to the world, leaving the others in neglect and retirement, in the country. Such a mean-spirited evasion, of course, brings discredit on the unnatural couple. Charlotte's very latest novel ends with the birth of twins, Underwood twins again, in the third generation. "Such is Mazeppa to the last."

Though the opening chapters of *Pillars of the House* may be obstructive to the present-day reader, those who persevere will be rewarded. When the preliminaries are over what excellent character drawing we find, what pleasant company we are in, what variety of interest there is in the very domestic scenes that follow. If the subjects are hum-drum, that should not be matter for reproach to a generation that dotes on Jane Austen and has rediscovered Trollope.

Every one of the thirteen Underwoods is a real live person, with an individuality and development of his or her own. We know them all, as well as we do the five Bennetts or the four Bertrams, and that is no mean achievement considering the size of the tribe. When Trollope gives us a large family he is content to characterise two or three of them for the foreground and to leave the rest undefined, to produce a vague effect of numbers, but Charlotte brings them all to life. The Mays and the Underwoods are *real* families too, not mere assemblies of people whom it suits the author to bring together under one roof and to call by a common surname. They are of one blood no matter

how they differ amongst themselves, and they hold by one another under any possible pressure from without.

If the size of her families is against Miss Yonge's popularity now-a-days, so too is the faultless propriety of her subjects. In the fiction of her period the passions were kept in the strictest control. They

"Spoke with respect, and swore but now and then,
Wore prayer books in their pockets, looked demurely."

If that was the rule in novels for the adult, how much more when the young girl was to be of the audience. Things had been tightened up since Miss Austen's day. Such an adventure as Liddy's pre-matrimonial entanglement would be out of the question in Miss Yonge's pages, and she would never have dreamed of dealing with conduct like that of Maria Rushworth, *née* Bertram. Jane was rather overcome by her own temerity on that occasion, we may remember, and took refuge in leaving such scenes of vice and misery to other pens. There are always plenty of those other pens, but C. M. Yonge's was not amongst them. The most serious "crime passionelle" she ever indulges in is a secret marriage, and that comes but rarely. As a rule, when catastrophe of some kind is imperative, a concealed engagement is accounted "the cleanlier shift". There are a good many in the tales and they all lead to trouble and cost the fiancés much self-reproach. In *Dynevor Terrace* a young couple, (afterwards to be the proud parents of five in four years,) feel publicity so necessary to their self-respect that they decline to meet at the house of an uncle who has not been told of their engagement, though they have the consent of the bride's mother. In the same story another pair of lovers wait five years before they marry, because the entirely worthless father of the lady declines, out of spite, to give them his blessing. Both are of full age, ample means are at their disposal, and they have the approval of the bridegroom's father, but all that goes for nothing. The golden age of parental authority was not over.

In fact those were difficult times for the *jeune fille à marier*, and for her mother too. The etiquette for the really nice girl was rigid. She must on no account, be so unmaidenly as to anticipate the possibility of an offer of marriage. That was stamped as husband-hunting at once. She must hold off, and

almost ignore a suitor till he had made his declaration in due form. Even then, he must not be permitted to "engage her affections", till her parent's leave had been obtained. If they, when appealed to, refused their consent there was no remedy save to out-live them if possible. Some authors would have solved the situation by letting the young woman go into a decline. Not so Miss Yonge. That would be a somewhat undutiful course, and painful to the parents.

Things did not run very smoothly for the nice mother either. If husband-hunting was unseemly, match-making was downright disgraceful. The brand of Thackeray's scorn was upon it. To encourage eligible young men about the house, or to deliberately lead up to her daughter's meeting them, was unthinkable. None the less, it was her duty to be watchful and prudent, and to guide her daughter's steps into the way of happiness, and if possible, of prosperous matrimony. "Matronly tact and tenderness" were always being called for. It must have been most harassing to try to combine both lines of conduct.

The father's rôle was simpler. He objected on principle to losing his daughter by matrimony, and shut his eyes with determination to the very possibility of such a thing, till the event was at the doors. Then he either refused his consent on the spot, or else discovered that the proposed husband was the one man to whom he could trust his girl.

As to the bridegroom, he too was hemmed about with inhibitions. If the girl was rich, for instance, he must refrain from proposing to her till he also had a fortune. That rule was strict. He must leave her to pine for years if necessary rather than bring on himself the imputation of fortune hunting. Moreover his pedigree was of all but vital consequence. A profligate ancestor, even centuries back, was a terrible affair. Indeed, an erring great-aunt, on either side, might very well wreck the young people's chance of happiness. So many were the difficulties thrown in the way of matrimony that we are driven to conclude that practice did not always square with principle or we should hardly be here ourselves to criticise the system.

It is natural to compare Miss Yonge with Trollope, for their subjects are closely akin. Her character drawing is as clear as his, and within her narrow limits, much surer. If she had the making of Johnny Eames, his dullness would have some definite

value to the plot, instead of lying like a dead weight on the progress of events. She never would have tried to bring such purely fantastic personages as Ethelbert Stanhope, and his sister Signora Neroni, into everyday intercourse with realistically treated characters like Bishop Proudie. Her slightest sketch of character is clean-cut and above all true to itself, and that is a quality we sometimes look for in vain in far greater novelists. Hardy can trip, and leave us saying, "So-and-So never acted in that way, I know better." Miss Yonge, treading her narrow little way never puts a foot wrong. She keeps the thread better than Trollope and never side-tracks the story to lead us into such dismal byways of dullness as he takes us through, in the company of Mrs. Dobbs Broughton and Miss Van Siever.

In dialogue she can hold her own too. She is a mistress in the art of small talk, and gets the right movement where Trollope is inclined to mince or to go on stilts. Compare the conversations of Mrs. Dale and her daughters with those between any two or three of the thirteen Underwoods or the eleven Mays, and the advantage will not generally lie with Trollope. Her conversations are always part of the movement of the story, not pauses by the way, too, and they reveal character with a good deal of subtilty. When Trollope gets his characters into intimate talk, regrettable things happen sometimes, as for instance, when Lily Dale alludes to "a duck of an Apollo".

Charlotte possesses the important gift of being able to create really attractive people. In her first book she gave the world a variant of the Byronic hero who commanded the hearts and the tears of his generation, and who still has a glamour about him that transcends a good many manifest absurdities in his surroundings. And then there is Felix Underwood, and Dr. May and his daughter Ethel, all people one would gladly have known, though it might not be easy to live up to them in daily life, for their standards are terribly high, both morally and intellectually. They all take a very extreme degree of self sacrifice as the normal rule of life.

Felix, for instance, spends his life in the drudgery of work in a stationer's shop in a small country town. He accepts that as his lot in life unhesitatingly, to relieve his dying father's mind and to enable him to provide for the needs of the rest of the thirteen. That is what his family and Miss Yonge expect of

him, and he does it. Now-a-days we shrink from the idea that youth should be sacrificed to age, health to sickness, genius to stupidity. We refuse to see it as the right thing. In the world Miss Yonge shows us it seems the only possible course for any right minded person to pursue. To the good of the family or of some invalid or helpless member of it everything must give way. Nobody must marry while they are needed at home. Nobody must take any opening in life that inconveniences their relations. Again and again we find her characters giving up their hopes of personal happiness to some one else's need without hesitation, and apparently there is little compunction about acceptance. It is rather a terrible sense of obligation, yet there has been loss as well as gain in the change of stand-point that makes it seem old fashioned.

It was very easy in those days for a young woman to get a reputation for being "fast". A report that she had been known to smoke was, of course, enough to blast any young thing's character. One is prepared for that. But to have driven a tandem is for some mysterious reason equally fatal. To wear a Tyrolese hat with a peacock's feather in it, and to laugh loudly, even if musically, in or near a churchyard, were serious offences, as we see in the case of Angela Underwood.

Angela, by the way is an excellent nurse. Every family seems to have been providentially provided with one member who had a natural gift in that line, or who, at all events, could make shift somehow when illness turned up. The prevailing notions on hygiene were vague, but still it does cause us to feel a mild surprise to find, that when Sir Guy Morville fell dangerously ill in an out of the way place in Italy, no one suggests that a doctor or trained nurse should be sent out to him. A devoted mother-in-law is the most desperate expedient that any one seems to dream of resorting to, and she arrives too late to be of any use, though the illness has lasted some time.

Infection was a subject on which people were evidently beginning to think, but apparently their reflections were inconclusive. When Mr. Underwood is dying, he mentions that he had caught tuberculosis from a poor parishioner whom he had nursed, nevertheless not the smallest attempt is made throughout his illness to avoid risk to his own family. He remarks, in his characteristic spirit of optimism that the thirteen

are healthy young things, and will probably escape. So they do, but more by good luck than good guidance. That there are the full dozen of them and one over is a more important reflexion, and the thought apparently cheered his last hours, oddly chosen though it seems to us as a source of consolation under the circumstances. Richmond's portrait heads of the early Tractarians are like a series of illustrations to Miss Yonge. Their effect of high spirit, brilliant intelligence, and almost super-refinement, is tempered with a peculiarly delicate quality of self-restraint, and they are the living presentment of the partly realised ideal of the society to which she and they belonged. Something of the beauty and the width of culture they were intent to bring back into English religion seems to inform the outer man of these very fine gentlemen and fine Christians, and looking at them as they hang on the walls in Trafalgar Square we feel we are willing to have as many as possible of their descendants amongst us to-day.

It is not likely that the world will ever again idealise or emulate the domestic manners of the Reverend Edward Underwood. But with the turning of Time's Wheel it may be that generations to come will look back with a certain respectful admiration to the courage and invincible hopefulness of those Victorian parents of whom he is an extreme type. And when they want to study them at close quarters they will always find they cannot do better than go in quest of Charlotte M. Yonge's works, and take them down from their retreat on the top shelf.

POUPAH

BY ANDRÉ DEMAISON

(Translated by Vivian Le Grand)

I

POUPAH was drunk and dying of starvation in a land over which his ancestors reigned when man was as yet but a divine possibility.

Again and again had the Grand Master of the bush, his father, tramped his way heavily through plain and forest from Lake Chad to the Atlantic. Again and again had he stopped on smelling the sea, between the mouths of the Sanaga and Niong rivers, and travelled back at once towards the rising sun. He travelled, beheading young trees, barking with his tusks such boles as were on his own level, and browsing as long as he pleased in the tall sissongho, that spiky grass which bruises men harshly and feeds elephants.

Poupah had been born one of a herd; he had followed his mother, often getting in her way, at the risk of being first thrown and then lashed into rising by her trunk. He had followed ~~until~~, one day, the dark herd clad in thick hide had blared more loudly than usual; and Poupah had suddenly seen his mother stumble and fall, stabbing the earth with her tusks. A sharp noise had preceded the accident, a very little clap, not in the least comparable to that of thunder in the winter. Poupah had attempted to suck his mother as she lay there, but, flinging out her hind legs as in gallop, she had kept him at a distance. On coming close to read her eye, he had seen that her head was pierced between eye and ear, nearer the ear though, in the funnel which the bone makes at that spot.

Just then some black and frenzied men had rushed upon him, and with much shouting had seized him by the legs and bound him. Poupah, guided by an inner voice, had lashed with his trunk right and left, high and low so that the backs of his aggressors had resounded with his blows. And the frantic Negroes had let go. But two light-skinned men, cleverer than

they, had pinioned him with a rope, and made him powerless. Even with his trunk tied up like a sausage, Poupah had gone on trying to release himself and uttering little cries to call his father and his family. Only laughter had answered him. Henceforth, Poupah was to hear no more the elephant tongue; he heard instead the common language of the villagers, and German from the mouth of the white man who, Mauser in hand, had bound him.

Quite dazed, Poupah had been led along tracks and paths, through forest and plains, had been made to ford rivers, until he had come to a big town on a wide estuary. The tall houses which he had mistaken for enormous animals capable of walking over him, the straight roads, the noisy markets and the hurrying throng had frightened him. But he was then too young to realise clearly anything but the intolerable thirst for milk which racked his throat and belly.

Having emptied a crateful of forty-eight tins of Swiss condensed milk, nine gallons in all, he had fallen sound asleep, plunging into rest as into one of those tepid pools where, while he played on the edge, his mother used to wallow and coat herself with mud as a protection against insect bites.

II

Poupah was now nearly twelve years old and five cubits in height, inside his already large skull was the brain of a child of four.

In order to reach that stage, he had had to empty many crates of condensed milk, the bill for which figured in Government ledgers at the chapter headed "Petty Cash", for of course the savings of an Administrator or a commercial clerk were unequal to the strain.

Notable changes had marked those years, so short a span in the long life of an elephant that during it his waist does not increase any faster than the bole of a hard and lazy ebony tree. First of all, Poupah's master had weaned him. That had not been a small affair. In order to introduce him, through example, to fresh grass and beanstalks they had tried to put him with the goats but he had had to be taken away and quickly. He was trying to suck the frenzied goats and to break the backs of the more favoured kids who stood in his way.

The comedy had ended in a pen near the Residency; there his master had shut him up with heaps of grass and a tub of water, leaving him to dream of the round tins which had made him forget his mother's breast.

One morning Poupah had waited in vain for his foster-father. The foster-father had gone inland, towards Yaoundé. That was the time when the Anglo-French expedition was landing at Douala.

Now, when a man retreats before the enemy he takes with him his money, his account books, some indispensable garments, a few family mementoes and letters; but he does not take his elephant.

Consequently Poupah fell to the lot of the French administrator who replaced the German Resident. Natives—prisoners of war or convicts—heaped up before him loads of fresh grass; and he continued to enjoy life in the park specially reserved for him, far from the surprises, the rage and the mad fears of the bush, the smell of which he even came to forget.

This second master also left him, to return to France on sick leave. The young elephant regretted one who spoke gently, caressed him under the chin and gave him sugar, bread and bananas. These favours had—or at least appeared to have—made him forget his first master and the condensed milk tins.

The war among men came to an end, and it was then that misfortune befell Poupah. No more prisoners, no more grass. The man appointed to govern the town was the father of children; he sent Poupah away, offered him to anyone who would have him.

Poupah found no master: he cost too much to feed. So they opened the doors to him; but instead of taking the road to the bush, he went to the town which he began to explore at will.

To see this huge, good-natured animal, in turn wayward or placid, more anxious to know people and things than to remain free, one might have thought he no longer had the mentality of an elephant. Except when he lifted his trunk to feel where the wind came from; when he spread his large ears like a fan and swayed, pretending to amble, yet not moving a step; or when he rubbed himself against trees and fences to rid himself of the ticks and ox-flies which stuck to his faintly corrugated hide.

For these are the ways of all elephants; for thousands of years

they have thus tramped Africa from North to South and from East to West, lifting their trunks to feel the wind, spreading their large ears fanwise and rubbing themselves against the trees, and then ended by dying one day in the midst of a swamp inaccessible to man.

Poupah had no tusks: indeed he was not ready to have one come out on each side of his trunk; but already his ancestors had put their stamp on his deep nature; what men call "instinct" was appearing.

Forsaken, he looked for another master and found none. He did indeed meet people timidly inclined to enjoy his clumsy ways and reward him with a stale loaf and a lump of sugar. But to play with Poupah and to feed Poupah were two very different things. They did not mind laughing at him, but not one of them wished to take him into their household, even as the guest of a few days.

The Blacks bore him a grudge for devastated fields and huts trampled down by his tribe, in play or in rage; when they showed him some interest, it was to estimate the weight of his still tender flesh, even though they dared not attempt the life of a Government ward.

The Government pen was empty, and always open to Poupah who could go in and out as he chose. It was even open on the side of the forest, which, immense and dark under the grey-blue sky, was outlined on the horizon, beyond the fields of millet and sweet potatoes, and the thatched huts of the town's small suburbs.

III

One day, as Poupah was looking at the forest more insistently than usual, he felt his head itch. He scratched his forehead against a wall, which in consequence he nearly brought down, turned again towards that attractive horizon, ascertained from which quarter the wind blew, spread his ears as his mother used to do at the approach of danger, then lowered them on his shoulders, blinked, closed his eyes—small, dark eyes which opened on each side of a trunk as erect as a candlestick—took a step in the direction of the bush, then turned round and waddled towards the town.

A stronger, an irresistible desire had gripped Poupah by the mouth and the belly. Standing at the parting of the ways, he had made his choice.

On the one hand, inner voices called him back to the reconstituted clan, over there, towards those lands lit by the rising sun, where thousands upon thousands of black pillars pound grass and shrubs, strike, hit, or kneed the ground; all this was confused, incoherent, and vague in this much too youthful head of the calf elephant, and without any other apparent proof but the backwash of a dull instinct which provoked gestures even more unreasoned.

On the other hand, there was the quite recent memory of a fair man who could speak gently or shout those words which, in the forest, would have put Poupah's mother and the whole herd to flight, but which, to Poupah's ears, were like music; a man who had given him food with a salt taste, and above all pieces of white stone the taste of which made him beside himself. Ah! that sugar, given him first by lumps, then by little loaves; that sugar which he had at first been afraid of allowing to melt in his watering mouth, but which he now crunched at one bite, and which covered his tongue with viscous and strong sweetness. That sugar which far excelled young bamboo shoots and even fragrant, fat bananas.

Immediate desire inclined Poupah's Fate towards the town. He met with no disappointment: if he did not find any master, all the shops were open. In a short while, these people who would have refused to feed him properly had gorged him with sugar. It amused them to see him spread his trunk under the verandahs, curve it over balustrades and counters, take his booty with the small lips—as with two fingers—and hide it at the bottom of his throat with a regular, and discreet undulation.

At Douala nobody especially needed an elephant, but everybody looked for diversion. This was the cause of Poupah's tragedy.

IV

One "Fourteenth of July" Poupah, on his usual tour in town, found that, apart from the native market where there were only meat and fish and bananas watched over by a big club of hard wood, every shop was closed. Above every door great folds of

vivid materials fluttered and unfurled in the wind. No hand held out to him the smallest sugar loaf or salted biscuit.

At the club, Civil Servants, factors and clerks, officers and non-commissioned officers in the army of occupation, grouped round little tables, were celebrating the anniversary of the Republic by a second round of cocktails, for it was eleven, the *aperitif* hour. For a while the natives' games had focussed their attention, but the torpor of the winter season had soon fallen over the rejoicings. Over the glasses, minds were dulled by mixed drinks; anecdotes of shooting, of trade, of Civil Service no longer interested anybody. It was then that Poupah arrived; Poupah who from afar had seen open doors and white men like his former masters.

"Poupah! Poupah!"

They were calling him! And in that tone which promised so much. He veered round abruptly and came waddling up to the front of the Clubhouse. Biscuits, sugar, all the stores went to him, in spite of the "boy" who grumbled and said it was "a misfortune shameful" to present men's food to the sons of those "mountains" who roll over fields and bring fear into villages.

"Let Poupah drink a glass of champagne to the health of the Republic," cried in a voice as thin as his sword, a young Lieutenant in the Colonial Corps who was fearfully depressed. The last mail had brought him no letter from Mdlle. Francine whom he had left somewhere in the Seine-et-Oise Department, while he proceeded to take Yaoundé and Garoua.

A glass was offered to Poupah. It proved too small for his trunk. Besides, like dogs, he was afraid of the glass. Then somebody took the ice pail, emptied it and poured a bottle of Roederer into it. Poupah sniffed, tasted, sneezed.

A neighbour said:

"It is not sweet enough," and added some syrup. Another put in anisette, a third curaçao. When they had stirred the mixture well, Poupah blinked, spread his ears, tasted again, and let his ears fall on his shoulders . . . The pail was empty.

The speed of his work provoked a great burst of exclamations. The Blacks, who stood in a group, admired him without restraint. One of them, a witch-doctor to a powerful Lamido in the interior, cried out:

"Never have we beheld such light-skinned men. They alter the movements of the universe. Verily they are the strongest of those who ever put foot on our land."

When laughter had ceased, the White Men who did not care to delay their luncheons, rose. Poupah, indifferent to the jeers of the Blacks, attempted to follow the owners of that sweet water which tickled throat and trunk so agreeably; but, unable to drag farther his heavy legs, he fell at the foot of a fence, nearly flattening a native who was keeping to its shade.

Twelve o'clock was then striking at the Mission, and resounding in empty stomachs; therefore no one troubled any further about this mound of black meat overcome in the torrid sun.

The fire of the sun moved round Poupah's body and twisted the dream which was developing under his skull.

It was this:

Poupah's existence had changed all of a sudden; his personality too. He had become the most mountainous, and at the same time, the most light of elephants. His spirit, soaring above normal desires, led him into a fantastic country, where, in meadows of marvellously sweet grass, thousands upon thousands of elephants with gigantic tusks watched him graze, bathe, and drink freely the water of a prodigious river, a water that stung, and yet was like honey.

And in that country Poupah was king, and he went solemnly from one province to another, but without any of the fatigue which persecuted him in the days when he followed his mother. Poupah was nimble, happy and great.

When he awoke, at nightfall, he was alone, and his dream-land agility had vanished. He returned to a stiff body, very hard to lift. Yet he managed it, and without feeling for the wind, he trotted back to his pen, his paunch flabby, his trunk and tail like two wet ropes, his ears hanging down.

VI

The days which followed were days of revellings and misfortunes: days of dishonour too for this son of Kings.

Born from the free giants who victoriously tread down the

bush, Poupah had chosen to become a beggar. The most ashamed of beggars.

Still under the influence of that new sensation of torpor he again went to the spot where he had first discovered it. But in daytime the Club was empty, and in the evening Poupah was afraid to walk in the lighted streets. Therefore he skirted the market, meeting only the women who sold vegetables and the butchers who were cutting up the oxen come from the interior. The women, shrieking as if possessed, hid their trays, and the butchers laughed at him, calling him "tough meat", and sharpened their knives ostentatiously as he passed on.

In the shops he met again the white faced men who had brought him up, and made him happy: to them he held out his trunk as a poor man holds out his hand for the "thanks of God".

But the days of practical jokes were over, Poupah received nothing for nothing.

"Sit up and beg," one said here. "Sit up and beg," another said there. Poupah must raise his trunk and move his ears—the big ears given him by the African nature, the free and formidable African Nature,—must beg for that water which tickled his tongue, which poured unexpected joys into his body and brain.

Very well. Poupah would. He sat up and begged at the command of any arm that brandished a bottle of gin. He danced, as lightly as could such a monument draped with black skin, heavy and corrugated; he sang, he wept. All this to get the burning water that carried him thousands of years forward, so far beyond his forebears.

Persistent and shameless, he went the round of the Europeans' shops where are heaped most of the incongruous objects that can be put together by the imagination of tradesmen; the shops of the mulattoes whose fancy is timid and careless; also of the Syrians' and the Negroes' booths. As he knew nothing of price and quality he tried his luck everywhere, at one door after another, without discrimination.

Whenever Poupah came, the shop people forsook their stalls to the damage of stuffs and goods, and the cashiers left their sums half way through a column; the employers themselves, though

they scolded, looked at him sideways, with feeling. But none of them thought of anything else but playing with Poupah.

Yet gin, vermouth, anisette, could feed the young elephant no better than rum or brandy. His paunch which could have held easily a donkey's load of grass or straw, remained flabby. And when he lay down, there was a hollow between the last rib and the pelvis into which one could have put a litter of puppies and their mother.

Poupah was hungry. Worse, no one, except himself, realised that he was hungry. And this at the very hour when, tormented by his desire of immediate sensations, the longing for the forest rose from his bowels to run along his spine.

It was in the evening, when the shops were shut and the White Men had left the Club to go and dine, that the forest called to Poupah most loudly. The wind that came from the interior spoke and caressed his ears. And it was not by the name of Poupah that they called him in the language carried by the East Wind. Not by these coarse names coined by the men who poured out the water of fire for him, such as "oil barrel", "watering tank" and others quite as disgraceful. No, he heard names faintly whispered, vague, which he did not understand; yet they were real, so real that in the early part of the night he could be seen in his pen, with his trunk erect, turning at top speed round and round, like a horse in a riding school.

Sometimes deep sadness followed a drinking bout and kept him motionless. He looked then like one awaiting the revelation from inner voices that would guide him. But Poupah, bewildered, misunderstood these warnings. When day brought back the sea breeze, the gaudy crowd, and their agitation, Desire was born again, Desire silenced the Call, and drove him towards the houses covered with tiles or corrugated iron.

Idly, Poupah went through gardens, picking a flower only to throw it away, brushed against the fences, rooting out a plant only to find it bitter. He never looked at the foot of the trees: he had long since uprooted the edible grass, that on which an elephant can feed without being made ill. Through streets and markets Poupah would reach the shore of the estuary.

The heat made him wish to bathe; but he was greatly afraid of some monsters which floated on the river—quite black, with three trunks lifted to the sky, and which roared, and spat, and

smoked, and were ridden by men who resembled those who had killed his mother. The very water which he wished to drink and with which he played was saltish and made him vomit. Being a slave to the men, masters of the wells of sweet water, he found nothing else to do but climb back to the bank amid the mounds of unloaded cargoes.

There he felt the boxes, moved the bags, stopping to breathe the honeyed fragrance of unrefined sugar or the perfume of alcohol, which, under the torrid sun, filtered through the corks. But ever since Poupah had upset a pile of crates filled with bottles of gin and lapped from the ground the alcohol spilt from the broken bottles, the black warehousemen had chased him with blows from clubs. Submissive though tortured by hunger, he would then go towards the station, with the demeanour of one who means no harm, indeed who has not even a doubtful intention; he wandered for a while outside the native quarter and then carried his deep melancholy into the great avenue of cocoa trees, the pride of the town. As he rubbed shyly against the trees, cocoanuts fell on his back with the noise of a tomtom.

Dusk invariably brought back Poupah's vague anguish; once more he began to sway like his ancestors, to trample, to walk round his pen, at the trot dreaded by the whole jungle, at the gigantic amble which takes an elephant so far and so quickly that the insult he receives at sunset is not in the same language as that which he heard at sunrise.

And at dusk the wind from the Jungle, which filled his lungs, made him forget the voices of the white-skinned masters, those voices that were like music in his ears.

One night, at the time when the cocks shut both their eyes, the black Watchman at the Residence said:

"Poupah is gone."

Unexpected but true: Poupah had just left through the door no one any longer troubled to close.

VII

In a bright interval the moon lighted the way to the forest. Instead of the noise of dances and nocturnal quarrels, Poupah was hearing that of his own steps, rapid and muffled. Oh, wonder! He, who had never paid attention to his gait, found himself like a baby who discovers his hands.

The last huts in the suburbs passed—with their barking of ill-tempered, ginger-coloured dogs and their muffled tom-toms,—the plain offered itself to Poupah. A livid plain, dotted with indifferent trees and rotten millet stalks.

Some black loiterers who saw Poupah in the moonlight ran back to their huts, anxiously whispering that "the ghost of a big beast killed last year on the Bongola, away in the south, was pursuing men and coming back to revenge himself." Others thought it was a put up show, for the purpose of increasing the awe with which the wizards surround themselves.

In a pen, fenced about with thorn bushes, some oxen, seeing Poupah pass, suddenly uprooted their pegs and fled.

But not so fast as Poupah, who had never seen oxen in the moonlight.

These movements, detected for the first time in the night, disquieted him. He shook his ears more frequently, kept his trunk almost constantly raised; and watched for a noise, a presence, a smell. Yet he was travelling, at his own elephantine step, limp and fast, with that shambling gait which crosses provinces in one day. Until, in front of him, he saw the Forest. Tall, sombre, rounded like a flock of bent black backs, the forest was opening her gates wide.

Through these countless gates she was pouring on Poupah powerful and unexpected effluvia, whispers which he had forgotten, sounds which he had never perceived, perfumes far, far richer than those of the town; rough perfumes of decaying leaves, insinuating perfumes of secretions by precious resins, the pollen of palm trees, the flowers of bindweeds and the numberless blossoms which spring from fermenting vegetable mould.

Thus was the whole forest life poured upon Poupah, upon his erect trunk, and his open ears, and his blinking eyes, and his corrugated hide. Astounded, he had stopped, the hide of his flanks pulled forward by shivers, his tail twitching. He was overwhelmed with emotions by the forest who looked very much as if she had pulled the edge of her cloak over him, to give him shelter. The forest could—he was sure—satisfy the appetite of an elephant, however formidable.

Suddenly Poupah recollected that he was hungry, that the need of filling his enormous paunch never left him a moment's peace except while he drank the ardent water of the white men.

Poupah began to pick grass, to pull young shoots from the shrubs. The moon lighted the feast.

But in moving, he crushed a dead branch. The dry noise exploded on the edge of the forest. Monkeys, perched on the tree tops, awoke, and leaned forward as far as their arms could support them. What they saw astounded them. From the tops of palm trees they shouted and chattered one to another.

Then all was quiet again. From above, hundreds of brown eyes looked down on the dark mass below. And all throats were tight.

Meanwhile, the branches trimmed with green shoots bent down, the shrubs called him, and hunger awakened a need more intense than the Desire for fiery water. One pull, and Poupah carried off a tuft which looked tender. But he jumped back, dropped the greenery, moved to the right, then to the left. For a creature had suddenly sprung out;—a rat hidden under a shrub and disturbed in his sleep.

Then Poupah became frenzied. Poupah was not accustomed to this. It was not playing the game. How could he know that the bush sheltered others than the tall dark masses who walk through it at their will? Poupah was afraid. His flanks were contorted. He folded up his trunk and let his ears lie flat.

Poupah fled farther, presented himself at other gates of that forest who hid things darker than the night. Poupah in his passage crushed and upset all these things which gather on the outskirts of copses. The monkeys, who had got over their surprise, gesticulated, jeered, howled with terror. Some threw dead twigs at Poupah. And Poupah was frantic with terror.

But the more frantic he became, the more numerous were the inhabitants of the frontier between plain and forest whom he had awakened; those who watched and those who were watched. He put jackals to flight, disturbed an hyena, and tiger-cats in wait for partridges, hares and guinea fowls. A panther, who waited for an antelope to come early to the grazing ground, growled as she went away.

As if Poupah had given a signal, now the whole forest, the whole cordon of watchers which keeps her apart from the plain, sprang into animation. Indistinct cries were added to indefinite murmurs. The bush sniffed and sneezed.

Impossible smells entered Poupah's trunk: the breath of beasts, exhalations from uprooted and trampled plants. This

conflict between a thousand fragrances and a thousand noises caused shudders to run over his flabby skin. He no longer dared to touch this forest who thus revealed her hostility. He had come to fraternise with her, and she recoiled at his approach.

What he did not know was that the whole Forest denied him, and shouted that he smelt of man.

Poupah wanted to reply, to chase those invisible beings who breathed and sighed around him. He attempted a cry: from his nerveless mouth came only a ridiculous squeak and a pestilent breath which caused more jeers. Those who do not see him, smelt him.

Then he began to search for new paths, and in doing so aroused a tremendous excitement in his passage. Hungry, he did not think of eating. Thirsty, he did not think of drinking. He only wanted to flee this place full of enemies.

Skirting the edge of the woods, he looked for a clearing. Everywhere, the Forest showed him the same tall, black, obstinate front.

Poupah lost his big head. Terrifying things were about to happen to him. It is then that Desire took advantage of his confusion to return and call to him. And Poupah turned to Desire. On the horizon, at the base of the sky, there shone a light, one of the low stars which white men kindle or put out at their will. The cold which had frozen him melted. He remembered the fiery water. Abruptly, he lowered his trunk, and turned towards the town, under the placid yet mocking eye of the moon, of that moon he has never seen so much of before, pursued by sarcasms from the whole Forest, his little eyes on the light which continued to blink on the horizon.

Whether in terror or in relief, the whole Jungle shouted as he passed. He no longer felt hungry, although his paunch was so empty that it swayed like a bag in the wind.

Next morning the Watchman at the Residency, reporting about the night, mentioned simply:

"Poupah went out, but he returned."

VIII

Nobody paid attention to the whims of the young animal. And Poupah wandering as usual, took again the path to market and shops.

More resigned, he suffered again the usual disappointments. Alcohol was becoming rare, through the rise in the exchange and higher duties. Nobody now cared to waste bottles of gin even with the object of seeing Poupah sit up, or do clownish tricks still more degrading, fall down and sleep on the road, or, by rubbing himself against the cocoatrees, cause the nuts to fall on his back with the dull noise of the war tom-tom.

A day came on which a sergeant in the Colonial Infantry was returning to France after hunting elephants for two whole years. Pending the arrival of the *Chargeurs Reunis* Liner, he spent his time at the Club.

Time hung heavy on his hands, so he monopolised much of the waiter's attention by signing checks for champagne, liquors, or *aperitifs* twice every hour, by treating freely and telling anyone who had time to listen about his hunts and adventures.

Thin and brawny, tanned by sun, rain and wind from the interior, he had a bony face and the moustaches of an old Gaul . . . The afternoon had dulled his brain, and he was alone in the verandah when, at the corner of the street, he suddenly saw Poupah. For an instant he believed it was a delusion, then he felt instinctively for a gun and finding none, he began to yell incoherent words, among other things "that people were pulling his leg, that this was an elephant escaped from a circus, that it was a dummy with two men inside to move it and that these practical jokers might have fared ill, had he had his gun at hand."

The waiter calmed him by putting ice in his glass and describing Poupah's habits.

"Then, come along, you fat balloon," cried the sergeant. "Come and clink glasses with an old comrade."

The man who so tempted Poupah had a harsh, unknown voice, yet he needed to say no more; the elephant approached trunk swaying, head low, flabby skin shaking from right to left, his small eyes still alight.

What took place was very simple. The man with the face of an Ancient Gaul poured into an enamelled basin champagne, syrups, liquors, and various *aperitifs*, and filled it up to the brim with lemonade.

Poupah drank. The man admired, guffawed. Poupah emptied the basin, sat up, and went away, pursued by the sarcasm of a group of young negroes whom the sight had attracted.

Night cloaked Africa, men and beasts, forest and towns, and Poupah who had forgotten the way to his pen. Wandering and stumbling about the Goods Station, he had knocked against a crate and fallen across the line.

The traffic, stopped since nightfall, would not start again until the next day. Nobody came to chase Poupah and disturb his rest. Besides, the rain, one of those tremendous equatorial falls accompanied by a storm, had compelled the station employees to go back to their houses. Poupah remained across the sidings, lying on his flank, trunk stretched out, one eye against the ground, the other directed towards the sky where he watched the passage of black volutes, laden with fire, noise and water.

And this water, streaming over his emaciated body, made a pool in the black hollow between ribs and thigh, in the room of the empty belly.

All is over! Alone under the eye of the moon whom later the wind unveils from her clouds, Poupah has become inert and light, like those blue mists which spread like pools on the valleys, round the villages, and which replace the nocturnal Genii when the hour of the frail morning has struck.

IX

The next day the passenger train which started for the Upper Country was stopped at the fourth signal pointer. Some men who just landed jumped on their guns. One of them—of the kind that, with hearts beating wildly, are likely to fire at the Administrator-in-Chief's pet doe—said to his neighbours:

"What a country . . . Well, if elephants come right into railway stations . . ."

High in the sky an immense company of dark birds gradually formed a funnel the centre of which pointed to the head of the train. Vultures and marabouts, all very fond of carrion, were crying: "Fine Meat! Big Meat!" At intervals one of them left the others and nose dived to watch the work of the labourers who with levers and ropes were dragging Poupah's corpse aside from the track, on to that earth which his ancestors ruled at the unnameable time when Man was still a Divine intention.

POETRY

LUNATIC

— ❖ ❖ ❖ —

As I looked up the steep hillside
 To the beechwood comb along the ridge,
 I saw the rich full moon uprize
 Above the branching prongs. Her edge
 Was brittle with the fingering frost.
 The air was broken too; it cut
 My eyes, until the sight was lost—
 The ridge, the wood, the lonely hut,
 The moving sheep beneath the moon,
 The little coil of cottage smoke!
 Even the vision in my mind
 Of someone waiting there within—
 I lost that too; it lay behind
 These knives of night, fine-tempered, thin;
 Behind their lifted blades, steelblue,
 That stabbed and stabbed with icy stroke,
 Freezing me inward, till I stood
 A statue in moonlight, blotting some stars,
 Timeless, chipped with cosmic scars,
 And fabulous to human blood.

RICHARD CHURCH.

A STORM WIND IN LONDON

— ❖ ❖ ❖ —

At noon a big wind blew down the streets, through the trees:
 Hurrying men and women—always, endlessly hurrying—
 staggered, bent backs and knees:
 Hats loose, skirts awirl, scattering parcels and bags:
 The newsboys' twisting posters were flapping, like tattered flags:
 Litter of sordid jetsum round steps and area fence—
 "A high wind Midday tempest"
 Immense
 Are the grey wastes of Atlantic this wind has known:
 Over the brown, mottled bogs and the blue lost lakes it has blown,
 Waking the horn'd hill sheep, the little, black, hornless cattle,
 Catching at barn doors and slamming them back with a rattle:
 Hunting fishermen home
 Crested and caverned seas
 Rush from its whip up the shore. It slays strong forest trees:
 It drives the ravens croaking
 Now in our streets and squares
 It leaps at our strait walls, like a savage entrapped by snares:
 It creeps through office windows, it blows between ledger and
 pen,
 Whispering words of treason to work-tamed women and men:
 It screams like a fiend round our sheltered trees, their limp boughs
 shrink and strain:
 The storm wind sweeps through London then goes on
 the road again.

KATHLEEN CONYNGHAM GREENE.

EBB AND FLOW

A MONTHLY COMMENTARY

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

CONFUSION has seldom been worse confounded than at the present time among the world's most civilised peoples; and we are made to feel the jolts and jars precisely because the civilised peoples are trying to push civilisation a long step farther, by joint conference and agreement.

To begin at home: Mr. MacDonald's government was very nearly overthrown by a division on the Coal Mines Bill which would have entailed resignation. It would have been overthrown but for the internal confusion of the Liberal Party, which made it possible that seven or eight Liberals, several among them men of mark, should decline to go into the lobby with their party's chosen leader. In the circumstances, Government's defeat might not have been followed by a general election, and probably Mr. Lloyd George aimed at the advent of some kind of coalition. Yet the result might have been a general election, with the Naval Conference still sitting. It is possible that the recalcitrant Liberals thought it better to make confusion in their party than in Imperial matters. It is possible also that the considerable number of Unionists who did not put in an appearance, and who could have turned the scale by their presence, were afraid either of a coalition or of a general election—and no wonder; for two eminent newspaper proprietors had assumed the duty of forming a new party, whose membership must come from somewhere, and seemed likeliest to come from the Unionist ranks. That danger is now lessened, for confusion has asserted itself even in this incipient organisation, and, though Lord Rothermere proclaims his determination to go straight on, Lord Beaverbrook (a more expert politician) makes it plain that he will have to plough a lonely furrow; and there will be even less public enthusiasm for the idea of Lord Rothermere as sole saviour of the State than was manifested for the proposed joint consulship of these two prosperous publicists.

Still confusion in England, if not quite subdued, has been at least reduced to a reasonable latency; while in France it was patent and prolonged. When M. Tardieu's ministry was defeated in his absence in the latter half of February, some people thought that this would merely give the personnel of the delegation complete and pleasurable freedom to attend the International Rugby Match at Twickenham, where they had reasonable hopes of seeing their side win a third victory in succession this year. That hope was not realised—though France looked like winning for half-an-hour, and it would not be surprising if they came to domineer in football as they do now in lawn tennis. However, let us avoid digressions. The difficulty of replacing M. Tardieu proved unexpectedly great. Indeed the tangle seemed insoluble, and the President of the Republic tried the experiment of putting in M. Chautemps, perhaps because he seemed specially suited to an ambiguous combination. At his beginnings M. Chautemps was elected deputy for Indre et Loire, by Socialist support; three months later, he was elected Mayor of Tours (the chief city of Indre et Loire) by Royalist support; and he has never belied this promise of adaptability. However, when he faced the Chamber, it would have none of him; partly, I think, because he was unfortunate enough to have suffered in his health during the war, and his military record was in marked contrast with that of M. Tardieu (the two men being of the same age). M. Poincaré was called on after the defeat of M. Chautemps, and some of his admirers feared that he would undertake the task, though knowing that it would kill him. In bare justice, it should be said that M. Poincaré would not have been deterred by any risk, but that he probably foresaw and helped in what happened—the reinstatement of M. Tardieu, with decidedly increased authority. The situation is perhaps clarified; though for the moment, sudden and dreadful disaster in the South of France has brought in a new element of distraction. For some weeks at least the floods of the Upper Garonne and Tarn with their consequences will occupy the mind of France. Nor have the French been concerned as a nation about this Conference. With them, it is an affair for specialists, and so far as anything has emerged from their parliament's decisions, it may be said that their naval specialists are upheld. Being a thoroughly democratic people, they refuse

**M. Tardieu's
Return to
Power.**

to allow what we in England call "taking the voice of the people." Yet the difficulty of forming a stable government was so great that a special general election was talked of; and the expedient is not illegal. But it is barred by a tradition stronger than law. In a full blown democracy, people realise the danger that a democracy may be stampeded. Napoleon III's *coup d'état* was made under the guise of an appeal to the people, and France has never forgotten that. They had sooner muddle along than reach a decision which might be imposed with too much emphasis by one masterful and ingenious personality.

It is odd to reflect that no nation except the English shows that trust in the people which is implied by our habit of recourse to a general election when a government falls; America least of all. The constitution of the

The Democratic Paradox.

United States appears to be rooted and grounded in mistrust, and there seems to be a tendency among some Americans to act thoroughly in accord with the spirit of their constitution. The naval delegation here, and Mr. Stimson in particular, is beset by voices screaming suspicion across the Atlantic. France is dangerous, England deceitful, American delegates by nature gullible—that seems to be the burden of the song. And although President Hoover cannot be upset by a vote in Congress, nor his administration changed except by his consent, he has no power to go to the people and say, "I want to put this through; show by your votes that you are behind me." At least, he has no direct power to do so; but it would appear that he can do so indirectly. I have been reading with great interest Mr. Calvin Coolidge's autobiography in which the ex-President tells how in practice the chief executive officer of the United States exercises a power "more vast in its implications than has ever been conferred upon any ruling sovereign." He may (by methods not unlike those of the king in Mr Shaw's *Applecart*) get at the people over the head of Congress. "Sometimes," says Mr. Coolidge, "I made an appeal to the country by stating my position at the newspaper conferences On other occasions I appealed to the country more privately, enlisting the influence of labour and trade organisations upon the Congress in behalf of some measure in which I was interested." In other words, the executive could put fear into the elected representatives

by getting at their supporters; and it worked. Yet this could not be done often: I quote Mr. Coolidge again: "A President cannot with success constantly appeal to the country. The people have their own affairs to look after and cannot give much attention to what the Congress is doing." In any case, he cannot force the elected to go to their electors; and when he makes an "appeal", he does not actually throw power into the electors' hands. This move is a very modest gamble, compared with that which Mr. MacDonald may quite conceivably embark on before this year is out.

However, at present the appeal to the American people is certainly being made. Mr. Stimson keeps issuing replies to the screamers, addressed to what Mr. Coolidge calls "the mind of the country"; as distinct from the "political mind". The former, according to him, is made up by the mass of citizens who are "not greatly interested in the Government, yet desirous of seeing it conducted in an orderly and dignified manner for the advancement of the public welfare." They are "the great power in our government—the court of last resort and their decisions are final." But they are "unorganised, formless and inarticulate", and ill able to cope with the "compact and well drilled minorities—oftentimes led by persons of great ability who display much skill in bringing their influence to bear on the Congress." The minority get many bills passed, which the larger public does not want.

"While much of this legislation is not entirely bad, almost all of it is excessively expensive. If it were not for the rulers of the House, and the veto power of the President, within two years these activities would double the cost of the government."

There is no indication that Mr. Coolidge was thinking of the Big Navy Group when he said this; but his description applies to it; and it must be remembered that although the President can to some extent counter such influences, he is not the only holder of the veto. Whatever is done by the executive in the exercise of its treaty-making power can be undone by the Senate, and is undone rather more often than not.

In this fact lies the worst cause of confusion at the Naval Con-

The American Constitutional Weakness: the Application of the Veto.

ference. English representatives can feel and can give reasonable assurance, that what they sign to, will be ratified. American representatives cannot; and at the Conference the French, for example, might easily find themselves committed to a concession which they could not easily retract even though the consideration for which it was made were withheld them by the United States' Senate's refusal to ratify.

In such conditions, even those most enthusiastic for democracy at the Conference (say our own Labour Ministers) must have moments of thankfulness for the existence of more simplified forms of Government. Whatever Italy says at the Conference, the Duce can put through. Japan as usual stays very quiet and if its policy is troubled by confusions, no smoke shows where the friction is. But then, has parliamentary government in Japan a democratic basis?

This is not an imputation of backwardness; far from it. The Italian system of government may not conform to our ideas of advanced culture—and at many points it shocks them; yet Italy is entitled to count itself as good a judge of civilisation as any European State. The Italian State to-day embodies a new and coherent theory of government, not merely the personal ascendancy of an individual. Yet we have no proof that the Duce's theory could work without the Duce; and I think that Mr. Coolidge—the most typical exponent of American democratic thought that I have read—would hold that any kind of State which admits any kind of personal ascendancy stamps itself as undeveloped. He does not like naked leadership.

"It is a great advantage to a President, and a major source of safety to the country, for him to know that he is not a great man. When a man begins to feel that he is the only one who can lead in this republic he is guilty of treason to the spirit of our institutions."

Ought America therefore justly to look down upon Czecho-Slovakia which keeps President Masaryk in power for eleven years, and makes his eightieth birthday a national holiday, not by edict, but by unanimous action? For my own part, I think the better of the Czecho-Slovaks for their loyal devotion; I like the Poles because they put up with a good many hard words from

Marshal Pilsudski, and I am glad to see the Hungarians showing gratitude to Admiral Horthy. Leadership develops noble qualities in the led as well as in the leader, and I am not any way sure that my countrymen in Ireland have improved since they lost the instinct for choosing a leader and following him with devotion. A nation may be a magnificent thing to contemplate, but only if it has a leader who is followed with a feeling that Mr. Coolidge never elicited. Under his presidency, the United States rose to wealth unexampled, and, in his opinion, to a glory never before witnessed on earth. But somehow we could not see the glory for the dollars. Wilson in his day and in his way made America impressive; Roosevelt in another way and another day did so, and without the anti-climax of Wilson's fall.

But at the moment I find myself turning from the politics of democratic Europe and America to another land where a great political issue is involved in the clash of two good men. Mr. Gandhi's letter to the Viceroy, announcing his determination to defy the law, is more than an affirmation of his own leadership; it implies by its tone that he challenges not merely a system but a man—a rival leadership. I cannot remember anywhere a more dramatic confrontation; for it is quite clear that India recognises how truly Mr. Baldwin spoke when he said that in sending Lord Irwin to that post he parted with the best he had to give. No one in India, I should guess, will feel Lord Irwin's quality more than his challenger; and the form of Mr. Gandhi's address, "Dear Friend", admits an equal sincerity in the man to whom it is directed. St. Bernard might so have spoken to the kings against whom he was frequently in remonstrance. It does not follow that because St. Bernard remonstrated, he was in the right; saints are fallible in politics. But they are always formidable, and Lord Irwin acts as if he were well aware of this fact. The chance of success for him lies in convincing Indians that he has their interests at heart as much as his antagonist, and understands them better than this self-appointed champion. Up to a point, he has already succeeded; the Indian princes have, one may say, accepted him as their leader; the Moslems have repudiated the leadership of his opponent.

**India :
The Challenge
to Authority.**

Nevertheless, we in these islands, who may be called on any day to make decisions about as difficult a matter as ever perplexed statesmanship, ought to study the strength of Mr. Gandhi's position as well as its weakness. He may quite likely lead his followers to disaster—but if so, the effects will damage his opponents even more than his followers. Or he may lead them to a fiasco; yet that will no more be the end than was Smith O'Brien's skirmish in the Tipperary cabbage garden. There are things that neither disaster nor ridicule can kill. Whatever India may be, and it is certainly not a nation, nor a race, Great Britain has made it into a community, and the community is becoming politically self-conscious. It has an unassuaged pride, and nothing is more explosive. Beyond all reasonable doubt, India does not need democracy, nor, one may be sure, does it want freedom in any sense that we in this island give to that word. But a community in that stage needs leadership, and feels the need of it. It needs leadership of its own. The weakness of Lord Irwin's position is that neither he nor any Englishman can give such leadership to India; and though it is argued plausibly, and cogently, that no Indian can hope to be accepted as the leader of all India, whereas the alien, standing aloof from all jealousies of race or caste or religion, can be the impartial governor, that argument denies at once the whole possibility of native leadership, and thwarts the craving which Mr. Gandhi's assumption of command to some extent must satisfy, even among Moslems. In the conflict, Lord Irwin has on his side command of force with no material force arrayed against it; he has even the general recognition that he will be loath to use force, as well as the general knowledge that he will not shrink from any duty—not even the use of force. He has also for him all the arguments that arise from prosperity actually created by skilful and scrupulous administration—from the desert turned into fertile land, from the poor man's right upheld. Against these advantages I can see nothing that Mr. Gandhi possesses, except the personal quality of inspiring men to action—and more than that, the instinct which delights to see leadership exercised by one's own kind. It is a struggle of ponderables against imponderables—and the imponderables are not even all on one side. Lord Irwin has evidently won sympathy and grateful affection; he has added no jot or tittle to the array

**The Native
Need for
Leadership.**

of resistance which might have been strengthened and stiffened by resentment. He has done all that man can do to make Mr. Gandhi's declaration that English rule is a curse to India sound hysterical and ridiculous. And yet, when one has counted up all, who can be sure which party will win? Who can bet securely on the Ponderables?

The death of Mr. D. H. Lawrence has taken away perhaps the most typical figure among the writers who reached maturity in the decade before the war. He was, roughly, a generation later than Yeats or Kipling, a generation earlier than—whoever has come to the front since 1918. What he was he had shown fully, at all events in 1913, when his *Sons and Lovers* was first published. But since the war, even more than before that dividing period, he has been a leader of revolt. The man's whole nature was insurgent, up in arms against restriction or limitation; yet he is not one of those who give the feeling that they enjoyed the battle. "I was ever a fighter," Browning wrote at the last, and he had the right to say it, but the serenity of his essence was never shaken; he fought without losing heart or losing his temper with the scheme of things. Lawrence, to judge by his work, was as miserable as Swift, and one may count him happy that he was spared Swift's long decay. These are great memories to evoke, but it would be a petty criticism that could not recognise something daemonic in the fierce soul that now, one hopes, has rest. As to his craftsmanship, there is no dispute about it. He could do anything with prose, he could do a great deal with verse; for, though essentially a poet, he made better poetry in prose. In verse, I think that he pushed the modern dislike for stereotyped rhythm so far that he sacrificed verse's natural prerogative of stamping itself readily on the memory (that was indeed the first purpose for which verse came to be developed) and I doubt if his lines or stanzas will haunt the brains of his contemporaries, as those of all the poets have done who submitted to the restraint. But in prose he shared with Thomas Hardy, another two-handed craftsman, the advantage of being rooted and grounded in a purely native speech, neither sieved out by convention, nor cumbered with exhausted phrase. The north-midland dialect which he grew up speaking kept him always in touch with living springs

of English; and so far as the technique of writing went, whether in prose or verse, he was a much finer artist than Hardy; quick, handy and sudden, like the young men with some dash of non-English blood about whom he so often chose to write.

Still, many may rate his verse above his prose, if only because he has put into it less of his torment and more of his delight. But I distinguish sharply, as he seems to have done himself, between his rhymed verse and the unrhymed. Rhyme was never allowed by him to be a fetter, he wears its trammels lightly, its decoration is sparingly used; but when the rhyme made part of his pattern, in short when there was a pattern imposed, (and, of course, also when he wrote in a regular form of blank verse) the restraint exercised an influence. So too when he wrote prose, the tradition of the art demanded that he should conform in some measure to the rhythms and modulations of spoken speech, and this in itself imposed a kind of breeding. But there were moments when he sought to capture the emphasis of rhythm without the restriction of verse, and at the same time to free himself from the manners and decencies of sane speech. Verse of this sort, "unrhymed verse" (as he called it, when arranging his collected verse into two volumes, one of rhymed, one of unrhymed) can be written at a hand-gallop, and it is the fittest utterance for the imperfectly sane.

Through this formless form he delivered what would be called at first his most characteristic utterances—he let himself go completely on the theme of sex. As all the world knows, he got into trouble with the authorities, all the more because he used also plastic expression and drew. I have not seen his drawings, nor read the censored passages in his writings; but one can easily enough understand. There are some artists who think the genital act to be the height and crown of existence, and hold that therefore it should be represented in art, not less but more than other phases of being. For myself, I should hold rather with the poetess in a French novel who (analysing emotions) says to her lover, *Nous allons échanger des gestes plutôt laids*; and I share the instinct of western mankind which, in pagan Greece as much as anywhere else, has thought these attitudes unbecoming. But at the same time, Lawrence's behaviour is far more sane, and normal, than Swift's. Both men, I think, suffered from an abnormal obsession, and Swift

showed it by constantly presenting these images daubed over with excrement; Lawrence saw the sex urgency everywhere, and saw it as beauty—which, in truth, is the characteristic beauty of his work: a verse of his own puts it,

"No tree in bloom
But it leaned you a new
White bosom".

The end was, however, that the symbol, the phallus, became a splendour in itself, instead of being as no one ever showed better than he, part of the only splendour that he, at least, thought worth while to celebrate. Man and woman go about aching, in search of appeasement; the ache and the appeasement run through all creation, the ebb and flow of things; but for man and woman the temporary appeasement leaves only a worse aching unless some permanent spiritual need is met. Musset, for instance, also in his way sex-ridden, has described again and again this quest for the perfect mating, the assuagement that promised lasting peace, and the disillusion coming after. But neither Musset nor Byron, nor any of the erratic poets dwelt with such insistence, as Lawrence has done, both in prose and verse, on the physical details of passion. Whether he is more or less justly a subject for censorship, for that I can not decide. *Don Juan* seems to me, at least, a much more disturbing work than anything that Lawrence ever wrote—and also much more licentious in intention. But censorship, as a police measure, acts on rough rules and conforms to the existing code of what is called decency. Lawrence, only a few months ago, wrote an angry pamphlet, saying, in effect, that the cinema constantly showed men and women brought up to the very brink of coition, and that such embraces did all that could be done to stimulate imagination, and trouble the blood; it was absurd and tyrannous, he argued, to permit these representations and then prevent a serious artist from using what means he needed to express the essence of high passion. There is at least no doubt of Lawrence's seriousness; never in his descriptions is there hint of the leer, the smirk, the grimace—which Byron did not always keep away. There was no cynicism in him, not a grain. But, beyond doubt, the vision of earth and its inhabitants as one vast complex of fertilisation took a hold on his mind that in the end left it hardly sane: even

though at times it wrought for the rarest and the cleanest beauty. I should pick as a typical passage this opening to *The Rainbow* (one of the books that made trouble): he describes a family of farmer folk in Nottinghamshire,

"So the Brangwens came and went without fear of necessity, working hard because of the life that was in them, not for want of money. Neither were they thriftless. They were aware of the last halfpenny, and instinct made them not waste the peeling of their apple, for it would help to feed the cattle. But heaven and earth were teeming around them, and how should this cease? They felt the rush of the sap in spring, they knew the wave which cannot halt, but every year throws forward the seed to begetting, and, falling back, leaves the young-born on the earth. They knew the intercourse between heaven and earth, sunshine drawn into the breast and bowels, the rain sucked up in the daytime, nakedness that comes under the wind in autumn, showing the birds' nests no longer worth hiding. Their life and inter-relations were such; feeling the pulse and body of the soil, that opened to their furrow for the grain, and became smooth and supple after their ploughing, and clung to their feet with a weight that pulled like desire, lying hard and unresponsive when the crops were to be shorn away. The young corn waved and was silken, and the lustre slid along the limbs of the men who saw it. They took the udder of the cows, the cows yielded milk and pulsed against the hands of the men, the pulse of the blood of the teats of the cows beat into the pulse of the hands of the men. They mounted their horses, and held life between the grip of their knees, they harnessed their horses at the wagon, and, with hand on the bridle-rings, drew the heaving of the horses after their will.

"In autumn the partridges whirled up, birds in flocks flew like spray across the fallow, rooks appeared on the grey, watery heavens, and flew cawing into the winter. Then the men sat by the fire in the house where the women moved about with surety, and the limbs and the body of the men were impregnated with the day, cattle and earth and vegetation and the sky, the men sat by the fire and their brains were inert, as their blood flowed heavy with the accumulation from the living day."

That seems to me high poetry, and a true vision; the passage which completes it, about the women, is less simple, more strained to a theory. Broadly, it seems to have been Lawrence's belief that whereas man could easily content himself in the doing and making, and could find full expression in his work, women were preoccupied rather with being, and constantly desirous to transcend a way of life; so that in the end the rest-bestower was also a constant source of unrest.

A P R I L

1 9 3 0

THE
FORTNIGHTLY
LIBRARY

BOOK REVIEWS

PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS

and

SPRING LIST OF PUBLICATIONS

INDEX TO BOOKS REVIEWED IN THIS ISSUE

BIOGRAPHY & TRAVEL.

- ALEXANDER POPE, by Edith Sitwell (Faber) - 563
 SHERMAN, by Liddel Hart. (Benn) - 569
 ESCAPE, by Francesco Nitti. (Putnam) - 571
 LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, by Stephen Gwynn. (Thornton Butterworth) - 570
 THOMAS HOOD & CHARLES LAMB, by Walter Jerrold. (Benn) - 572
 MADAME DE MAINTENON, by Maud Crutwell. (Dent) - 577
 LIFE OF JOHN WILKES, by O. A. Sherrard. (Allen & Unwin) - 580
 FROUDE & CARLISLE, by Waldu H. Dunn. (Longmans Green) - 580

FICTION.

- KRISTIN LAVRANDSDATTER, by Sigrid Undset. (Knopf) - 559
 ROGUE HERRIES, by Hugh Walpole. (Macmillan) - 567
 DRIFT, by James Hanlay. (Eric Partidge) - 576
 JOURNEY'S END, by R. C. Sherriff and Vernon Bartlett. (Gollancz) - 578
 PENDING HEAVEN, by William Gerhardt. (Duckworth) - 578
 RED WAGON, by Lady Elinor Smith. (Gollancz) - 578

POLITICS & TRAVEL.

- SCRAPS OF PAPER, by A. P. Nicholson. (Benn) - 561
 INDIA'S POLITICAL CRISIS, by William I. Hull. (John Hopkins Press) - 561
 UNSOLVED PROBLEMS NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL, by John S. Hecht. (Jarrolds) - 581
 TRAVELS IN THE CONGO, by André Gide. (Knopf) - 574
 THE GENTLEMAN IN THE PARLOUR, by W. Somerset Maugham. (Heinemann) - 574

ESSAYS, CRITICISM & DRAMA.

- THAT WORTHLESS FELLOW, PLATONOV, by Anton Chekhov. (Dent) - 564
 DEATH & TWO OTHER PLAYS OF MODERN JAPAN, by Iwasaki & Hughes. (Benn) - 564
 SHADOWS OF STRIFE, by John Davison. (Dent) - 564
 THE MAGIC OF THE STARS, by Maurice Maeterlinck. (Allen & Unwin) - 565
 THE PRINCE, by Nicholo Machiavelli. (Alexander Moring) - 566
 THE STUFFED OWL, by D. B. Wyndham Lewis & Charles Lee. (Dent) - 575

OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED.

- THE FUTURE OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE, by General von Seeckt. (Thornton Butterworth).
 INCOMPATIBILITY IN MARRIAGE, by Feliz Adler. (Appleton).
 MICHAEL ANGELO & TWO OTHER SKETCHES, by Dmitri Merzhkovsky. (Dent).
 TWELVE AGAINST THE GODS, by William Bolitho. (Heinemann).
 THE IMPENDING STORM, by Somerset de Claire. (Constable).
 LONDON IS MY LUTE, by Winifred James. (Chapman & Hall).
 CALIBAN IN GRUB STREET, by Ronald Knox. (Sheed & Ward).
 THE EUROPEAN HERITAGE, by Watson Kirkconnell. (Dent).
 PRODUCING PLAYS, by C. P. Purdom. (Dent).
 THE DARK, by Archibald Weir. (Basil Blackwell).
 GORSE, HEATHER & PEAT, by Alfred Persevall. (Basil Blackwell).
 SOME COMPARATIVE VALUES, by H. W. Fowler. (Blackwell).

FICTION.

- LUCRETIUS ON THE NATURE OF THINGS, trans. by Thomas Jackson. (Blackwell).
 A CERTAIN JESUS, by Iwan Naschiwin. (Gollancz).
 THE ELIZABETHAN HOME, ed. by M. St. Clare Bryne. (Cobden Sanderson).
 DANGER SPOTS IN WORLD POPULATION, by Warren S. Thompson. (Knopf).
 THROUGH THE KENNET BY MOTOR BOAT, by Herbert Smith. (Geo. Roberts).
 WILD EXMOOR, by E. W. Hendy. (Cape).
 PHILOSOPHY WITHOUT METAPHYSICS, by Edmond Holmes. (Allen & Unwin).
 MOLTEN EMBER, by George Lindsey. (Chapman & Hall).
 THE SWIFT YEARS, by George Stevenson. (Lane).
 HE WHO CAME, by Constance Holme. (Chapman & Hall).
 MISS VELL INTERVENES, by Jeffery E. Jeffery. (Chapman & Hall).
 THE TOWN OF TOMBAREL, by William Locke. (Lane).

A NORWEGIAN SAGA

by F. TENNYSON JESSE

KRISTIN LAVRANDSDATTER, by Sigrid Undset. *Alfred A. Knopf*. 8s. 6d.
 Translated from the Norwegian by Charles Archer and J. S. Scott.

THIS "period" novel comes to us with a fanfare of trumpets. Its author, Sigrid Undset, received the Nobel Prize in literature for 1928, and Mr. Hugh Walpole has declared that Kristin herself will take her place amid the great fiction characters of the world, alongside Tess, Emma Bovary, Eugenie Grandet and Anna Karenin.

These are high claims, and nowadays, when a genius, particularly a genius translated from another language, is found at least half-a-dozen times a year, it behoves us to examine the claims carefully.

Genius . . . that is, I think, too big a word for anyone save a gambler in values, or for posterity, to use. It may be that this book has genius, or it may not. But one thing is certain—it is a work worthy of homage, or respect, and of love. We must take off our hats—even though we do not take off our shoes because it is holy ground. The book is too long for anything but those long Northern winters of which its pages so well convey the feeling. It is too long, because it is out of proportion to the amount of life the reader has to give to the reading of books, not because it is out of proportion to the theme, which embraces a whole lifetime, and which sees the events of that life as a whole, and not as a mere story ending arbitrarily at some temporary crisis.

At first opening of this book of over nine hundred pages, and dealing with the life of Kristin, daughter of Lavrans, in the first half of the fourteenth century, the heart sinks. The shades of Wardour Street begin to close. . . So long a book, about a time so long ago, and about a civilisation not our own, with names which

perforce the reader has to dispose of as quickly as possible in his own mind, without saying them aloud. . . But there is no Wardour Street, no cloak and dagger stuff, no fustian and pasteboard. The thought of the book is neither medieval nor modern, but of any time, and the language (except for an irritating trick of the translators' of saying "twas" and "twere") is an exceedingly skilful compromise between the Wardour Street unrealities and the too-modern elliptical speech. The minds of the characters, (and the whole book is seen through their minds and not through that of the author, in itself a great achievement) is the perfect mean between the tiresome notion that old-time people were different from ourselves, and a too-modern subtlety. The people

live with an intensity as great as our own—perhaps more so—but with a certain broadening and simplification of motive and feeling that is necessary for our comprehension at so great a distance. Just as broader effects of gesture and intonation are needed in a large theatre than in a small one, to carry across the space, so is simplification and breadth needed to bring to our minds the truth of these long ago lives. This basic knowledge of the treatment of history is obviously a part of this author's make-up; there never was a surer touch than she displays. Without titillating the surface of the mind by making her characters exactly like ourselves as Mr. Shaw did in his *Caesar and Cleopatra*, she yet makes us feel that Kristin, her husband and children, her large circle of friends and relations, are even as we are. This is the great secret of all good historical writing. The measure of an historical novel is not its "then-ness", but its "now-ness". And, best of all ways of giving the illusion of "now-ness", is to take us back to the past, rather than to force the past up towards the present.

From this test of presenting "now-ness", the author emerges triumphantly; yet we realise all the time that we are looking at the civilisation of another age. We realise, in short, that the essentials are the same, but the trimmings are different, and again, in the presentment of these trimmings, the author achieves a triumph. There is none of the old-fashioned nineteenth century way of writing a costume novel; no sentence such as "In those days" . . . or "Forks had not as yet come into common use. . . ." We are made to realise that these people occasionally took a bath, by casual references to the bath-house, we see by other casual references to their rising and dressing that they washed rather to get clean than to keep clean. We know of their table-manners by the thoughts that pass through the mind of Kristin, when she gets to a house where people grab at their food and bolt it, instead of putting their fingers carefully into the dish and eating slowly, as at the well-run house of her parents.

We realise that birth-control, though doubtless known to the inhabitants of ancient Thebes, had fallen into disuse in the Norway of the fourteenth century, because not only is Kristin, with all her devoted maternity, aghast and worn out by the annual childbirth imposed upon her, but even her husband gets sick of the perpetual children, and wishes the Lord would not send so many or so often. In fact, we live and move and have our being in the house at Husaby, and the present day falls away from us in the complete realisation of another time that enfolds us, a time in which the people are as real as ourselves.

So much, therefore, for Sigrid Undset's presentation of her story. What of the characters themselves? They are lovely with a simple spaciousness, and with a shrewdness of thought that never falls into the mistake of subtlety, even while it is often profound and always truthful. Kristin herself, her weak and charming husband, Erlend, who seduced her when

she was a virtuous young girl, and even made her hold stolen meetings with him in a brothel, are both portrayed with an exquisite tenderness and comprehension. Kristin can be shrewish and foul-tongued, yet we love her, Erlend performs base actions, yet we love him too—though a little less. And Lavrans, father of Kristin, is a splendid creation—like his daughter, he is on the heroic scale, and yet never unnatural. These people are all three-dimensional, all "in the round". One asks oneself whether, in that society and at that time, quite such an exaggerated value was placed upon virginity, especially in a community, in which, to judge by this book, morals were free and easy in practice, whatever they may have been in theory. However, the author, has obviously studied the period very thoroughly, and it is probable that the possession and transference of property was really what caused such an almost hysterical importance to be attached to what seems to us such a personal matter as sex-relation.

Sex pervades the book to an extraordinary extent, not because the author attaches a disproportionate excitement to it, but because in an agricultural community it is bound to be so. Religion pervades it also, and here again we are conscious of a far different period. Lucky, lucky people, who, whatever their disasters and mistakes, always knew in what sin consisted, and how to seek for pardon, who knew that God and all His saints were waiting to be appealed to for help and comfort. . . . The fiery breath of hell might blow upon them, but never that chill that comes from empty space. . . .

Yes, this is a great book; it tells of beauty beautifully. In that beauty are embraced lust and murder, quarrelling and pain; but nowhere is there dirtiness or puerility. It is as though the virtues and the spaciousness of the age of which she writes had strengthened not only the pen of the author, but her heart also, and the hearts of those of us who read.

THE INDIAN PROBLEM

by SIR MICHAEL O'DWYER, G.C.I.E.

SCRAPS OF PAPER: *India's Broken Treaties, her Princes and Problem*, by A. P. Nicholson. Benn. 21s.

INDIA'S POLITICAL CRISIS, by William I. Hull, Ph.D., Baltimore. *The John Hopkins' Press*. 9s.

THE recent publication of these two books is significant of the growing interest in Indian affairs in this country and America. (1) *Scraps of Paper* presents in a popular and attractive form the case for the Indian Princes, which has recently been under investigation by Sir Harcourt Butler's Committee and is now under the consideration of the Statutory Commission that is framing proposals not only for the future political development of British India, but for the association of the Native States with any such scheme where their interests are concerned. The author has taken as his text the very able and lucid *Legal Opinion* (Appendix A) drawn up by Sir Leslie Scott, R.C., and other eminent lawyers in presenting the claims of the Princes as a body against the British Crown as Paramount power. The basis of that opinion is that "The Indian States were originally independent, each possessed of full sovereignty, and their relationship *inter se* and to the British power in India was one which an International lawyer would regard as governed by the rules of International Law."

From this it is argued that "the Indian States to-day possess all original sovereign powers," except in so far as those (e.g. control of foreign relations and responsibility for external and internal security) have been transferred to the Paramount Power by Treaty or voluntary agreement. If those promises are accepted, many of the charges made by Mr. Nicholson would be valid; his title, *Scraps of Paper, Broken Treaties &c.*, would have much justification. But the Butler Committee refused to accept those premises, and anyone conversant with the widely varying origins, history and present status of the 600 States

—the reviewer spent 15 years of his Indian service in them, and has personal knowledge of at least 200—must realise that as a general statement the propositions above stated are grotesquely incorrect. Many, if not most of the States, rose on the ruins of the Moghul Empire in the eighteenth century. Perhaps one-third of them were in existence prior to the rise of British rule, but these had admitted the supremacy of and owed allegiance to the Moghul Emperor at Delhi—contemporary pictures show the proudest Princes standing in the Emperor's Durbar—and the British Crown since 1858 has filled the place once held by the Great Moghul.

Moreover, many of the oldest Rajput and Moslem States had been overrun by the Mahratta conquerors and were restored and re-established by the British power on the overthrow of the Mahratta Confederacies over 100 years ago. Similarly the Sikh States of the Punjab were only saved from being swallowed up by Maharaja Ranjit Singh by British intervention in 1809, and the Hill States were similarly recovered from the Gurkha invaders.

As the British came into contact with the Native States, either as victors or as saviours, Treaties or Agreements were hastily concluded, sometimes only to meet the temporary emergency, sometimes defining their relations in some detail.

To attach to most of these documents the full force and sanctity of international agreements binding for all time, without reference to changing conditions, which at the time could not have been foreseen, would be absurd. Accordingly their provisions have been supplemented, interpreted, and sometimes varied by subsequent agreement and long usage. In the Words of Hall's International Law such action would be justified, "When the supreme interests of the Empire are involved, or even when the interests of the subjects of the Native Princes are gravely affected." In the pro-

cess the Paramount Power has too often had regard rather to the interests of British India, for which it is directly responsible, than for those of the States. Hence in questions relating to salt and opium, posts and telegraph, coinage, railway extensions, the welfare of British India or of India as a whole was sometimes allowed to override the objections of the States concerned, and though their acquiescence was in the long run obtained, in many cases it could not be deemed a willing one. But the most serious grievance of all is the enormous increase in Sea Customs recently imposed by the All-India Assembly and still proceeding, under which the interests of 70 millions in the States are subordinated to those of the Indian manufacturer—sometimes a monopolist—without the States having any voice in the matter. The Butler Committee has now made proposals which if followed up should remove, or at least mitigate, these hardships. Two errors of fact may be noted: the Moplah rising was not in 1919 but in 1921; the number of "liberates" is over twenty millions, not two-and-a-half millions.

The book is of real value in presenting, even if with some exaggeration, the case for the States. The menace to the States is now the more serious owing to the Swaraj claim for a Dominion status which would involve Indian control of the armed forces and withdrawal of the British army and navy. But, as Mr. Nicholson points out, even if Britain were prepared to sacrifice her own interests and callously refrain from repressing internecine feuds, she is pledged to preserve the internal security of the States and defend them from external attack. That pledge cannot be fulfilled unless there is an army in India under Britain's control.

The unshaken loyalty to the Crown of the Princes throughout every crisis; their prompt rally to the call of the King Emperor in the great war, when Indian politicians thought that England's difficulty was *their* opportunity, entitle them to a liberal and generous interpretation of the mutual rights and obligations. Since 1917

we have been open to the reproach in India of snubbing our friends while going to extreme lengths to conciliate our avowed enemies. That is bad policy everywhere; nowhere more than in the East.

An illustration of the last few sentences is furnished by *India's Political Crisis*. The author, an American publicist, was present throughout the various gatherings of Indian politicians at Calcutta, the All-Parties' Convention, National Congress, &c., in December 1928 and January 1929. He gives an excellent summary of the proceedings, including almost verbatim reports of the chief speeches. To him, as a visitor, these turgid and bombastic discussions as to whether the meetings would at once raise the flag of independence or accept Dominion status as a stepping stone, are full of portent. He regards them as the birth-pangs of a nation and draws parallels between the Calcutta orators and the founders of the American Republic! The republican bias colours his views throughout. Thus he starts (p. 3) with the preposterous assumption that British rule is a "tyranny," and that "the vehicle or institution of asserting or achieving freedom against tyranny became the national political assembly known as the Indian National Congress." The total membership of the Congress last year was only 90,000; the author has evidently never heard of the 98 per cent. of the population who have no votes, no desire for them and no interest in the frothy and futile politics of his Calcutta friends. To magnify the latter he tells us that the Simon Commission "was almost universally boycotted in India," ignoring the fact that 7 out of 9 provincial legislators as well as the upper chamber of the all-India legislature actively co-operated in its enquiries. However interesting they may have been a year ago, to-day no one attaches any importance to the Calcutta extremist utterances of 1928-29, chiefly sound and fury signifying nothing. It is a pity that the American public which is genuinely interested in India should not receive a more up-to-date and impartial statement of the situation.

MISS SITWELL AND MR POPE

by JANET E. COURTNEY

ALEXANDER POPE, by Edith Sitwell.
Faber & Faber. 15s. net.

THIS is an enchanting book. It is easy to smile at Miss Sitwell crowning with bays the bust of her idol—she invites the smile by the picture on her cover—but no more penetrating study of a poet by a poet has appeared this many a long day. Pope has suffered undeserved neglect in a century which revolted from classicism to the "natural" school of poetry; but a poet's work is not necessarily the worse for being polished, and it is all to his credit that, restricted as he was by the traditions of his time to the heroic couplet, he contrived within those artificial limits to provide such infinite variety. Miss Sitwell has her prejudices; to exalt Pope, it was not necessary to belittle Matthew Arnold, that favourite butt of our youngest generation of critics, who apparently tolerate Tennyson, forget Browning altogether but unite in decrying Arnold. Miss Sitwell's first chapter, wherein she runs a tilt at the "cold, damp mossiness that has blighted the public taste," which to her mind has "been overshadowed by such Aberdeen-granite tombs and monuments as Matthew Arnold," is perhaps the least successful in her book. She is on much surer ground when she lets us into the secrets of a poet's workshop. "The poet feels, with his poetry, the same certainty yet excitement as a jockey feels with a race-horse. . . . I believe that a poem begins in the poet's head and then grows in his blood, as a rose grows among its dark leaves. . . . The poet knows, through his sensitive hands, . . . the shape and the texture of the poem before it has grown."

On this question of texture she has new and illuminating things to say. Pope, she tells us, was extraordinarily sensitive to it. At the age of twelve he could "distinguish between softness and sweetness in the

textures of the several poets. . . . Had the verses been transformed into flowers, he could have told lily from rose, buttercup from cowslip, in no matter how starless and moonless the night, merely by touching one petal." And when she comes at the end of her study to the analysis of his poems, she has no difficulty in illustrating this abnormal sensitiveness of the poet by showing how in his skilful use of light or heavy consonants, monosyllables or dissyllables, and variations in the place of the caesura, he does so suit the texture of his verse to its subject as to give infinite degrees of light and shade.

But besides containing literary criticism of high importance this is a very human study of Pope and his associates, full of tenderness and understanding of the sensitive deformed boy of genius, with his love of "showing off," his curious ingenuity concerning his friends and their letters, his good heart and kindness to the unfortunate, yet his venom when mortally hurt and stung to retaliation. There is a cruel portrait of Lady Mary Wortley, a tragic and understanding one of Swift, and scattered throughout the book are passages of great beauty, which only a poet could have written. "How short were the summer days when the poet and the two sisters picked the wild strawberries in the woods and climbed the rocks in search of wilder and more goatish berries. . . . Their voices fell like waterfalls from the grey rocks, and there was none to answer them but that paler nymph, Echo. When they were separated, they corresponded; when they were near to each other, their young laughter floated through the gardens from the time when the white morning mists died among the fruit-trees, to the time when the young people's shadows lengthened and were like silent birds walking beside them upon the grass."

A SET OF PLAY BOOKS

by CLIFFORD BAX

THAT WORTHLESS FELLOW PLATONOV, by Anton Chekhov, translated from the Russian by John Cournos. *Dent.* 6s.

DEATH AND TWO OTHER PLAYS OF MODERN JAPAN. Authorized translations by Yozan T. Iwasaki and Glenn Hughes. *Ernest Benn.* 8s. 6d.

SHADOWS OF STRIFE, a play in three acts by John Davison. *Dent.* 3s. 6d.

That Worthless Fellow Platonov is a portrait of a self-pitying man whom women cannot resist. The fascination which he has for them is so great that four of the women in the play succumb to it; but Platonov is much too spineless either to be a Byronic lover or to control the effects of his fascination. He regards himself as the principal sufferer. "An empty-headed woman-chaser!" he cries: "it wouldn't be pitiful if I didn't try to struggle against it, but I do struggle! I am weak, hopelessly weak!" The fourth of his victims, finding that he is about to return to the first, brings down the final curtain by shooting him. The play introduces us to another "job-lot" of Chekhovian characters—drunkards, money-spongers and hystericals. We find in it also the familiar wavering dialogue—represented, in this version, mostly by dots and very short sentences. The translator hints that the play is an early work, but unfortunately he does not give its date or tell us why it has remained unknown for so long. It is a complete play, but, as Mr. Cournos points out, has obviously not been revised.

The devout Chekhovian will agree that a new play by Chekhov is "in the nature", as Mr. Cournos puts it, "of a literary event": but this phrase in the preface will prepare him for a translation which is exceedingly uncomfortable. We may, with an effort, swallow the pleonasm "quite all right" but hardly the lines "I love him only as a woman can love a man" and

"Why are you acting in this plebeian fashion, unworthy of a man to whom I'm obligated for a renewal of my spiritual life?" These examples of the translator's prose will show how difficult it is to read the play with pleasure or to estimate the value of the original.

If *Death* and the *Two Other Plays of Modern Japan* had been translated into classical English, their flavour would have been more fully preserved. "Say!" "right now", and other Americanisms transport the reader away from Japan as disconcertingly as though the plays had been translated into the dialect of Somerset or Stepney. Nevertheless, the versions are at least readable American, and for this we must be thankful. *Burning Her Alive* is mere grand guignol, but *A Family Affair* is interesting because it reveals something of the modern Japanese attitude toward sex-love; and *Death* is a remarkable play, half symbolic and half naturalistic, which would have done no discredit to Strindberg. Mr. Glenn Hughes, in a pleasant biographical introduction, recognises the influence of Strindberg upon the author. It is a work so moving and so effective that it merits, and will probably be accorded, production by one of our play-producing Societies.

In *Shadows of Strife*, Mr. John Davison—"a young working engineer"—has written a dialect play about the sufferings and quarrels of a Yorkshire miner's family during the coal-strike of 1926. The piece was produced last autumn at the Birmingham Repertory Theatre. It shows an uncommon dramatic instinct; it is easy to read; and the characters come quickly to life. Only occasionally does one of them, suddenly forgetting his dialect, utter generalisations which read as though they were the comments of the author. Mr. Davison has so good a sense of character and so much humour that it will be surprising if he does not achieve some reputation in the theatre.

THE MAGIC OF THE STARS, by Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alfred Sutro. *Allen & Unwin.* 6s. net.

We have heard complaints in our time that even scientific achievement is regarded too parochially, but M. Maeterlinck will not be touched by that shaft. On his way to the stars, he gives us a noble eulogy of astronomers and philosophers wherever found, but especially those of England and America. And then—if it was not M. Maeterlinck speaking, the lay reader plunged into the habitat of the light-year and the parsec (for after all we get on well enough in this earth with miles, kilometres and tape-measures) would prepare for a virtuous head-ache. In the old days it was sufficient

To sail upon the Dog-star.

But now we "take a leap, my Dear", at the instigation of Dr. Hubble, seconded by M. Maeterlinck, into the extra-galactic nebulae, and the spiral nebulae, which appear to be a long way from even a reviewer's ink-pot.

M. Maeterlinck distinguishes three universes, and suspects—with enthusiasm, too—many others, "contained each within the other, like the shells in a Japanese toy." Here we would rest; the Japanese toy looks attractive; but M. Maeterlinck with firm kindness desires us to attend to infinity; we visit the infinitely great, and the infinitely little, and are of his opinion that "we are still very far, perhaps thousands of light-years away, from the great secrets of the universe and of life." Next he contemplates "The Earth." The going improves. Social comforts bloom. Man is the veriest infant, and in the next stages will possibly become the best boy in the class. "Who has the care of Earth's education?" At length, with many singular diagrams, hieroglyphs, and a smiling seriousness, M. Maeterlinck brings on the "Sidereal Influences." Was it some grand signal that occasioned "the stupendous leap from the primate to man?" Here

George Allen & Unwin
LTD.

✱
**A LIFE OF
JOHN WILKES**

By O. A. SHERRARD

"In this short monograph Mr. Sherrard has told with great clarity a whole chapter of English history."—*Sunday Times.*

Illustrated 10s. 6d.

**PALESTINE TO-DAY
AND TO-MORROW**

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

This study of the Zionist Movement arose out of a visit Mr. Holmes made to Palestine last year, just before the August riots. 10s.

**ECONOMIC TRENDS
IN SOVIET RUSSIA**

By A. YUGOFF

Translated by
EDEN and CEDAR PAUL

"Those who want facts and not 'propaganda' about Soviet Russia will be wise to turn to this admirable and thoroughly documented book."—*Daily Mail.* 12s. 6d.

**IN DEFENCE OF
CAPITALISM**

By Professor ADOLF WEBER

Translated by H. J. STENNING

"An invaluable arsenal of arguments against the socialism of the doctrinaires and demagogues alike."—*Morning Post.* 4s. 6d.

**THE MODERN
ATTITUDE TO THE
SEX PROBLEM**

By KENNETH INGRAM

Mr. Ingram discusses the contribution of our age to the sex problem, and analyses some of the previous attitudes which have been adopted. 5s.

✱
40 Museum St., London, W.C.1

the figure of Sir J. H. Jeans is seen, signalling what the earth-bound soul calls "a wash-out"; but M. Maeterlinck sticks to his astrology. It is not the ancient sort of astrology. "The exchanges here must be infinitely subtler, infinitely more mysterious; exchanges of electro-magnetic influence, of influences that as yet have no name." What waves and vibrations, as Earth comes within their fields, disturb her mind, inspire her energy? Do "these eclipses," in a broad sense, truly "portend these divisions?" Is wisdom gossiped from the stars? M. Maeterlinck is one of the friendliest of writers.

EDMUND BLUNDEN.

THE PRINCE, by Niccolo Machiavelli.

Reprinted from the Translation by Edward Dacres, published in 1640. With an Introduction by W. E. C. Baynes. *Alexander Moring Ltd.* 10s. 6d. net.

THIS handsome reprint of Machiavelli's masterpiece should find a ready public, since it appears that there is no adequate library edition to rival it in the market. The publisher has done his part of the work well. The type is clear and good; there are 10 copies on vellum at 15 guineas; 100 on hand-made paper at 25s., and 890 on English antique laid paper at 10s. 6d. The portrait of Machiavelli, which serves as frontispiece, is the very interesting picture attributed to Santi di Tito, which was recently purchased for the Uffizi Gallery; and the translation chosen is that of Edward Dacres, which is both faithful to text and contemporary in atmosphere. The ordinary edition is very cheap, considering the excellence of the workmanship, and any student of politics and history, whose library lacks a copy of *The Prince*, is unlikely to get a better chance of enriching his shelves with a worthy reprint.

But perhaps the most valuable feature of the edition is the introductory essay by Mr.

W. E. C. Baynes, which is just the proper thing to put the reader right with Machiavelli and his times. Machiavelli's name has been much abused by attachment to a kind of political intrigue which he himself would have heartily despised; and Mr. Baynes performs a beneficent task in restoring him to his just place in relation to the times in which he lived. For Machiavelli was no villain; his political career was honourable, and his ideals were high. But he was born into an age of corruption and conflict, when Italy was so split up into petty states as to be threatened with ruin; and he was convinced that his country's only salvation lay in the rule of a Constitutional Tyrant, elected not hereditary, who should keep constantly before his eyes the needs of the nation, and satisfy them by any means that lay to his hand. A man of iron will, indifferent to the morality of his methods and the fate of individuals, a Hercules to scour the Augean stables, such was the ideal of Machiavelli's *Prince*. He found much to admire in the character of Cesare Borgia, but his own hero was a man of far finer virtues. He was to be innocent of rapine and of rape, a respecter of his neighbour's goods and his women; he must prefer his subjects' hatred to their love, if their love was to be won only by weakness; he was to be, first and foremost, the servant of the State, and to shrink from no heroic risk that might encompass his people's advantage. Over all his policy, of course, there hung the shadow of an end that was to justify every means; but that was a spirit inseparable from the age. And in reckoning the good and evil of Machiavelli's political philosophy, it must never be forgotten that "he had no hesitation in attacking the corruption and ambitious territorial policy of the Papal Court, as being one of the main causes of all Italy's misfortunes." If for that alone, he deserved the gratitude of his generation, and the respect and honour of posterity.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

ROGUE HERRIES, by Hugh Walpole.
Macmillan. 10s. 6d.

ONE of the characters in Mr. Aldous Huxley's *Point Counter Point* makes an illuminating distinction between the kind of novelist he himself is (Mr. Huxley's own kind) and what he calls, very prettily, the "congenital novelist", who creates a world of people, not with the aim, whether conscious or unconscious, of illustrating a view of life, but for its own sake. He writes, if you will, for fun; though it would probably be more accurate to say that he writes of necessity, in an endeavour to relieve the pressure on his imagination of the fantasy that haunts him. He may be unintellectual, and even, in a sense, unintelligent; he may be lamentably deficient—as Dickens, the greatest of them, was—in poetic sensibility, intellectual curiosity, and moral ideas; or he may be—though this has not happened yet—as infinite in range as Shakespeare himself. These endowments are beside the point: what distinguishes him from others, for the purposes of our definition, is that he is the vehicle, perhaps even the victim, of an incessant copious creation.

Now Mr. Hugh Walpole is a congenital novelist. His stories, his people, his world, though they have necessarily a personal colouring from their author, bear that unmistakable mark of authenticity, the air of being not only spontaneous but self-created. The story of *Rogue Herries* is probably the richest (as well as the longest) of Mr. Walpole's novels. It has movement, colour, humour, and drama; it is robust and full-blooded; and it has the true flavour of its period, which is the eighteenth-century. It contains many scenes that linger in the memory: the Chinese Fair, where Herries "sells" by auction his too importunate mistress; David's assertion of his manhood when threatened for the last time (as it proves) with his father's whip; the duel between Herries and Osbaldistone; the death of Margaret Herries, who dies in the old-fashioned conversational manner, yet movingly; the witch-baiting; and many

THE STUFFED OWL

An Anthology of Bad Verse compiled by D. B. Wyndham Lewis and Charles Lee

HAMISH MACLAREN (*Spectator*): "An unholy, unmerciful, but richly humorous book."

V. SACKVILLE-WEST (*from 2LO*): "It ought to be in every house."

With 8 Beerbohm Cartoons. 6s. net

J. M. DENT & SONS

EVERYMAN'S LIBRARY

The Fourteen New Volumes include

DEFOE'S MOLL FLANDERS
MINOR 18th-CENTURY
POETRY

THE DECAMERON (Unabridged. 2 vols.)

MARX'S CAPITAL (2 vols.)

IN CLOTH 2s. NET EACH

Booklet descriptive of the whole
850 volumes post free from Dents,
Bedford Street, W.C.2.

POSTSCRIPT TO ADVENTURE

ASHLEY GIBSON

"One of the most human books of reminiscence that have issued from the press these many years." — ARTHUR WAUGH in the *Fortnightly Review*.
10s. 6d. net

EVERYMAN AT WAR

SIXTY PERSONAL NARRATIVES

"They will reveal what no one else ever will. This book stands apart." — EDMUND BLUNDEN. 425 pp. 6s. net

J. M. DENT & SONS

other and smaller things. The most and best of these memorable episodes occur in the first of the book's four parts. Mr. Walpole is perhaps at his best in a scene of bustling good cheer such as the Christmas Feast at "Statesman Peel's":

It was a scene of brilliant colour with the blazing fire, the red berries of the holly glowing in every corner, old Johnny Shoestring in bright blue breeches and with silver buckles to his shoes perched on a high stool fiddling for his life, the brass gleaming, faces shining, the stamp of the shoon, the screaming of the fiddle, the clap-clap of the hands as the turns were made in the dance—and beyond the heat and the light the dark form of the valley lying in breathless stillness, its face stroked by the fall of lingering reluctant snow.

Mr. Walpole has, indeed, all the gifts of the born novelist. He has also some of the faults that are commonly found in a too facile writer. Perhaps it is mere idiosyncrasy on my part that makes me impatient with his frequent lapses into short and scrappy paragraphs; perhaps I am wrong in thinking that it is a storyteller's business to co-ordinate his information before presenting it to the reader, and that he should not rely too much on the Bellman's maxim: "What I tell you three times is true." Mr. Walpole can write, when he chooses, as well as the next man, and often a great deal better; his prose is sensitive as well as vigorous, and his vision is acute as well as tolerant. But, above all, his fertility in the creation of characters (the prime business of your congenital novelist), and the skill with which he sets them moving together, must be the despair of many a more painstaking writer. Yet there is something lacking. Here is a long book, romantic, copiously eventful, full of life; but one rises from it without that sense of a profound and satisfying experience which great fiction induces. It is as if the author had taken with both hands what comes to him so easily, scattered

it over his page, and never troubled to demand of himself that last degree of concentration that makes all the difference. For this reason, or for another, it lacks intimacy. In David's flight with Sarah, for example, the dramatic tension of an admirable (if conventional) situation is destroyed by a kind of chattiness, the author breaking in to tell us that on this very spot, in a later century, a descendant of these two lovers would conduct quite another sort of wooing. Elsewhere he adopts too often the tiresome device of telling us that So-and-So was "always to remember" this or that. These things serve only to destroy the illusion: by reminding us that we are reading a story they release us from the persuasion that we are sharing an immediate present experience.

The life of Herries begins for us at thirty, and ends half a century later. He is shewn as an implacable dreamer, tormented by a vision of perfection that is symbolized for him in the fantasy of a white horse of incomparable beauty swimming a lake and climbing a hillside to triumph. Disappointed in his quest for this ultimate harmony, the mystic consummation of all desire, he lives wilfully shut away in himself, and those who know him only by his outward conduct judge him a rogue and worse. Suffering from a kind of frustrated nobility, he is often cruel and arrogant and always lonely. He loves no one but his son David, until in his middle forties he chances upon a young girl, called Mirabell, in whom he at once recognizes his heart's desire. Unfortunately I find it next to impossible to believe in this young woman or in Herries' love for her. For me, she is a figment of pure romantic fancy, an apparition, the projection of a dream. And the author's persuasion that she is as good flesh and blood as the rest of his people casts a shadow of unreality over the latter part of a delightful, and heart-warming, and yet exasperating book.

GERALD BULLETT.

SHERMAN, by Liddel Hart. Benn. 21s.

THERE is no story that has been more fully told and sung than that of the great Civil War of the United States between North and South, now nearly seventy years behind us. The lives and campaigns of its leaders on both sides fill many volumes. But to get at these volumes means a definite search, a knowledge of what you want. Further, to the ordinary interested but not too energetic or little-leisured reader there is no time for such. Therefore, there is in our literary world a very great room for shorter histories and biographies to-day, of the periods and giants of the past, which pushed under our eyes remind us of the many matters we should know of and don't. The more casual reader is also glad to be relieved of much of the contemporary "kag" and to get down to the barer facts and the most recent criticisms thereon. To this class of valuable books belongs Captain Liddel Hart's *Sherman*, the story of the great Northern West-Pointer general who planned and led the march to the sea of 60,000 United States soldiers, through the Carolinas and Georgia for close on 300 miles. On Captain Hart has descended in some sort the mantle of Colonel Repington, as a writer on military subjects and thought. Both as a student and as a military journalist, Captain Hart has achieved a considerable reputation. His latest work, *Sherman*, marks him as a diligent and careful writer, and here in one volume is as much of the North and South and of the famous leader, as most of us have time to read. It is a book for the military student emphatically, but it is also one for the pleasure of the armchair reader. When the United States drifted into their fratricidal war, Sherman, retired from the army a year or so earlier at the age of 39, was principal of the Louisiana Military Academy, a position very similar to that held in Virginia by the famous Southern leader, "Stonewall" Jackson. Resigning when the war was beginning out of loyalty to the United States, he held aloof for a while in disgust at the folly and bungling which let citizens fly at each

Batsford's New Books

THE COTTAGES OF ENGLAND

A Review of their Types and Features from the 16th to the 18th Centuries. By BASIL OLIVER, F.R.I.B.A. With a Foreword by the Rt. Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN, M.P. With over 200 Illustrations and Photographs and a Frontispiece in colour. Large 8vo (9½-ins. x 6½-ins.). Cloth. Price, 21s. net.

OLD ENGLISH FURNITURE FOR THE SMALL COLLECTOR

Its Types, History and Environment from Mediaeval to Early Victorian times. By J. P. BLAKE and A. E. REVEIRS-HOPKINS. With 120 Illustrations from Photographs. Old Paintings and Original Designs. Large 8vo (9-ins. x 5½-ins.). Cloth. Price, 12s. 6d. net.

ANCIENT CHURCH CHESTS AND CHAIRS

In the Home Counties, Round Greater London. By FRED ROE, R.I., R.B.C. With a Foreword by C. REGINALD GRUNDY, Editor of *The Connoisseur*. Containing 100 Illustrations from Drawings by the Author and from Photographs. 4to (11½-ins. x 8½-ins.). Cloth. Price, 21s. net.

OLD PEWTER: ITS MAKERS AND MARKS

In England, Scotland and Ireland. A comprehensive and splendidly illustrated account of the Old Pewterer and his Craft. By HOWARD HERSCHELL COTTERELL. With a descriptive list and Touchplates of over 5,000 makers 4to (11½-ins. x 9-ins.). Cloth. Price, £5 5s. net.

DINNER BUILDING

A Book of Entertaining and Practical Instruction in the Noble Arts of Cooking and Eating. By W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE. With an Introduction by GILBERT FRANKAU. 42 bright and practical Talks on better eating, incorporating in detail hundreds of fresh, yet tried, recipes of all sorts. Fcap 8vo (6½-ins. x 4½-ins.). Cloth. Price, 3s. 6d. net.

EVERYDAY THINGS IN HOMERIC GREECE

The First Volume of a New Series by MARJORIE and C. H. B. QUENNELLS, Authors of *A History of Everyday Things in England*. A wonderful little book which recreates the background to the legend and poetry of *The Iliad* and *The Odyssey*. With a Frontispiece in Colour and 100 Illustrations from the Author's Drawings. Large 8vo (9-ins. x 6-ins.). Price, 7s. 6d. net.

A HISTORY OF BRITISH WATER-COLOUR PAINTING

By H. M. CUNDALL, I.S.O., F.S.A. With a Foreword by Sir H. HUGHES-STANTON, P.R.W.S. A New Edition, revised and enlarged, with 64 full-page Illustrations in Colour, and a full biographical list of the principal English Water-colourists. Large 8vo (9-ins. x 6-ins.). Cloth. Price, 25s. net.

Prospectuses of all these Titles supplied on request.

B. T. BATSFORD, LTD.
94 High Holborn, LONDON

other's throats. But swept on by his country's peril he joined the U.S. Army again, commanded a three-battalion regiment, saw the horror and folly of Bulls Run, and was soon carried on to the higher ranks. Eventually, when one of Grant's lieutenants on the Mississippi, he took over the command in the West when Grant was translated to Washington. Then he planned and led the famous march of close on 300 miles which smashed up the Southern resistance by destroying the corn-growing states, when the wonderful stamina of the South had all but won the war. It was a masterstroke of a mind of strategic instinct, and is justly famous for all time, in popular song, in history and in fable. The author retells the story at just the right length and has the power to present some of the old facts with new faces. Typical of his clarity is the presentment of the topography governing the Western strategy. The letter "K", especially the written capital letter, is the key. The main upright the Mississippi, the upper arm to the East the Ohio to Louisville, and the lower one the Tennessee to Chatannooga, the gap that let Sherman through the mountains to Georgia. The book is well supplied with attractive clear plans.

G. F. MACMUNN.

THE LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT,
by Stephen Gwynn. Thornton
Butterworth. 15s.

THE disgustingly good health Scott enjoyed over a long period; the monotonous good luck that attended him; the palling strength of his epistolary style, the seasonless prime of the faculties which it reflected; these were forces the effects of which Mr. Gwynn, not aided like Lockhart by the research rage of the original biographer, had to reckon with in the early part of his book. An easy style, a great capacity to choose significant detail, a wealth of illuminating critical remarks unobtrusively vouched, are the means by which he tides us over this part of the narrative. He has also woven in two threads of theory: the one making Scott a soldier, only prevented by his

lameness; the other suggesting in Scott a greater capacity for the passion of love than he is usually credited with. The first theory should be substantially granted. The facts of the second case lead one further to suppose that Scott's power to love differed from a Byron's only in that the unwearied youth of him kept his love still rather a romantic adoration in kind, yet not, therefore, less deeply felt. Mr. Gwynn, defending Scott against Carlyle's accusations, or, in the last chapters when he sees him as "The Slave of the Lamp" writing to pay off his own and others' debts, is never uncertain of interesting.

Quite half of the book, however, is given over to discussions of the poems and novels. Whatever else he is, Mr. Gwynn is a fine critic. The chapter on the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* and the critical half of the chapter on *Marmion* are incomparable for their good judgment: the first not only from its criticism of "the lay", but also for its working description (rather than definition) of poetry. But he is just as happy discussing the other poems. Again, the chapters on *Waverley* and *Guy Mannering* are excellent as particular criticism and as general criticism of the novel. They are rich in suggestion and plausible biographical applications. Nor are the succeeding chapters far behind them. The only matter for regret is that one or two of the novels dealt with shortly were not given greater space, particularly *The Pirate*, as one feels it might have figured in the argument concerning Scott's youthful love affair.

Meanwhile, it was early, as one read, a safe guess that Mr. Gwynn had undertaken the *Life* because long ago he had fallen in love with Scott's works, and was pleased by the idea of himself spending more time in their company. By which now the reader is incalculably the gainer. Guess is exchanged for certainty when he declares later: "it is the purpose of this book to recommend the *Waverley* novels to a generation which is inclined to neglect them." Surely he deserves success.

LYLE DONAGHY.

A Fascist answer to "Escape"

by LUIGI VILLARI

ESCAPE, by Francesco Fausto Nitti.
Putnam. 10s. 6d.

MUCH, of course, must be forgiven to one who has suffered punishment, deservedly or otherwise, for a political cause. But the narrative of such an experience must be taken for what it is worth, as an episode and not as a basis for general conclusions. Some non-Italian readers of this book, in their sympathy for one whom they regard as a victim of Fascist tyranny, may be apt to forget that, although Italy has not experienced barricades and street battles with masses of killed and wounded, she has been going through a real and profound revolution, and that inevitably those who have played an active and uncompromising part in it on the losing side have to suffer the consequences. The system of the *confino*, or deportation of political and other offenders to an island for a certain time, is but a phase of that revolution, a phase which will no doubt soon come to an end as the bitterness of the conflict wanes.

Many of Signor Nitti's statements can neither be confirmed nor refuted without a more complete knowledge of the facts, but others are obviously gross exaggerations and some of them definitely untrue. Thus his assertion that Matteotti was murdered "by order of the Dictator" has been wholly disproved, as anyone who has examined the evidence without bias will readily admit. It is strange, too, that the author, who professes to have served his country in the war and to admire others who did likewise, should exalt Matteotti who throughout the war conducted a defeatist, seditious and actually pro-Austrian propaganda. The author's assertion that "since the beginning of 1926 the practice has been introduced in Rome and all larger Italian towns of arresting all citizens found in the streets after ten o'clock at night without documents establishing their identity and loyalty to the satisfaction of the authorities" is quite

A Choice of Spring Books

GENERAL

Towards a New Education

Edited by WM. BOYD, M.A. 512 pages 10s. 6d.
'Contains the truest account available anywhere of the various currents of progressive educational thought.'
Sir Michael Sadler

The Jade Mountain

WITTER BYNNER and KANG-HU. 288 pages 12s. 6d.
'... a collection of the Chinese Poets of the golden age rendered with great taste and scholarship ... a treasury of the beautiful and pathetic.'
Edmund Blunden

Travels in the Congo

ANDRE GIDE 356 pages illustrated 16s.
'Because he is an accomplished artist ... his travel jottings have a delightful living quality ... admirable photographs.'
New Statesman

America Conquers Britain

LUDWELL DENNY 450 pages 12s. 6d.
'A song of economic victory, not only in industry, but in finance ... the book is a store of very valuable information.'
Spectator

FICTION

Shadows of Men

JIM TULLY 7s. 6d.
'One of the most powerful and terrible of recent books ... indicative of the human spirit's power of endurance.'
Gerald Gould

Steel Chips

IDWAL JONES 7s. 6d.
An honest novel of industrial life. 'Straightforward, concise and virile ... an extremely attractive and well-written novel.'
Nottingham Guardian

Dominance

OSWALD HARLAND 7s. 6d.
'This beautifully written and admirably constructed novel ... Morning Post. 'Full of beautiful and memorable passages.'
Manchester Guardian

Farewell to Paradise

FRANK THIESS 6s.
'This moving tale of German childhood is set against a tapestry of high summer, and through its pages throb the ecstasy, the anguish and the sudden springing laughter of youth.'
Time and Tide

Chapter the Last

KNUT HAMSUN 10s. 6d.
A long novel of life in a sanatorium, which is unusually rich in incident, character and humour even for this great writer

KRISTIN LAVRANDATTER

SIGRID UNDET 945 pages 8s. 6d.
The Book Society's choice for February, and its 'greatest book.' It is now in its fourth impression.
'As with *The Cloister and The Hearth*, the book leaps to such amazing life because it is the mere setting for a tale of passions which are the same in every race and every country.'
Clemence Dane

Alfred A. Knopf, 37 Bedford Square, W.C.1

fantastic, as all who have been to Italy can attest. One of Nitti's fellow deportees for whom our sympathies are asked is Massarenti, the former mayor of Molinella, but we are not told that for years Massarenti had tyrannized over that Romagnol town and kept it in a state of perpetual revolutionary ferment during which many atrocious crimes of violence were committed by the Reds. Indeed, the many murders for which the Reds were responsible during the revolutionary years are not merely glossed over, but hardly ever mentioned, although they were far more numerous than the ones committed by their opponents, mostly by way of reprisal. Another of Sig. Nitti's companions in his escape is Sig. Lussu, whom he admits was the author of the murder of Fascist; Lussu was acquitted by the court for having acted in "subjective self-defence" (Sig. Nitti omits the qualification "subjective"), because, although he had been in no real danger, the court deemed that in the excitement of the moment he believed that he was. Lussu had, moreover, been a militant member of the *Partito sardo d'azione* a definitely seditious and even separatist association.

The methods of treatment meted out to prisoners which Sig. Nitti stigmatizes, such as the use of handcuffs, are—and always have been—common to almost all Continental countries. The *confino* itself is no novelty in Italy and was indeed in force under Governments dubbing themselves "Liberal" and "Democratic", only it was called *domicilio coatto* instead.

In speaking of the suppression of the Sicilian Mafia, admittedly one of the most praiseworthy and successful exploits of the Fascist régime, Sig. Nitti suggests that it was only another act of tyranny, forgetting that the Mafiosi were tried by the ordinary courts before Sicilian juries in Sicily, and that for the first time witnesses were able to give evidence freely without fear of reprisals. Most of the instances of brutality towards deportees are quoted by the author at second-hand; in the one case of which he gives a detailed and apparently first-

hand account, that of the ill-treatment inflicted by an official at Lampedusa, who was obviously a madman, the man in question, on the author's own showing, was removed and the penal settlement at Lampedusa closed down as soon as the matter was brought to the notice of the higher authorities.

While the author's account of his escape makes quite a good "thriller", the book as a whole is undoubtedly intended as a piece of propaganda calculated to appeal to the sensation-loving public, especially in the United States. The latter remark applies *a fortiori* to the preface by the author's uncle, Sig. F. S. Nitti, the statesman more responsible than any other for the chaos into which Italy was plunged after the war and from which the Fascist action saved her. His assertion that only in Protestant countries are dictatorships resisted, whereas Catholic ones easily fall a prey to them, may be designed to secure the sympathies of Protestant Britain and Protestant America, but is scarcely borne out by history, while the exception made in favour of Catholic France because the French are anti-Clericals, is, to put it mildly, somewhat tendentious. We have heard of a man called Napoleon I and of another called Napoleon III.

THOMAS HOOD AND CHARLES LAMB, by Walter Jerrold. *Benn.* 10s. 6d.

For nearly a century, the literary reminiscences of Hood have been allowed to remain disjunct and in an altogether inappropriate setting, though they contain matter of great interest and introduce their reader to a circle of charming men of letters. Mr. Walter Jerrold did a real service to literature when he gathered them up to make this volume. The arrangement now adopted is not quite the happiest for the ordinary reader, the divisions between the original matter and the editorial additions not being plainly enough marked;

and, in the absence of an index, it is not easy for the other sort of reader, already familiar with the scattered writings of members of the circle, to make sure whether he has just read this or that in the present volume or is merely remembering it from other pages. On one point, and with some special knowledge of that delightful and too modest creature, Reynolds, I venture to think Mr. Walter Jerrold mistaken. Despite the verdict of the late Mr. Dobell, a bookseller-scholar from whom one should hesitate to differ, Mr. Jerrold assigns *The Princess of Moonland* to Hood. To me it seems as nearly certain as anything of the kind can be that it was written by Reynolds, who was more likely to incur the evident obligation to Darley than Hood was. Mr. Jerrold, however, eventually weakens to the extent of admitting the possible authorship of Hood and Reynolds, who worked

often enough together, and no more need be said on the point. Of matter illustrative of the friendship between Hood and Lamb which might have been used, and has not been, I may mention the flawed but strangely affecting poem by Hood on his dead child, the subject also of Lamb's verses *On an Infant Dying as Soon as Born*:

Little eyes that scarce did see,
Little lips that never smiled;
Alas! my little dear dead child,
Death is thy father, and not me:
I but embraced thee, soon as he.

But some small deductions made, this is an admirable product of the affectionate piety Charles Lamb inspires in everyone worthy to mention his name.

T. EARLE WELBY.

IL DUCE: THE LIFE AND WORK OF BENITO MUSSOLINI

By L. KEMECHEY

Translated from the Hungarian by
MAGDA VAMOS

"Perhaps the best biography of the new Italian Renaissance." *La Tribuna*.

"One of the finest works that has ever been written on the Duce and Fascism." *Il Lavoro d'Italia*.

12s. 6d. net.

QUAKERISM AND INDUSTRY BEFORE 1800

By ISABEL GRUBB, M.A.

"A very valuable contribution." *The Inquirer*.

"A book of very great interest and application in these days." *Northern Whig*.

8s. 6d. net.

THE FUTURE OF EMPIRE: THE WORLD PRICE OF PEACE

By W. HARBUTT DAWSON

Author of "Evolution of Modern Germany," etc. A constructive discussion on the permanent and underlying causes of war. To come to close quarters with the less regarded of these causes is the authors' purpose.

12s. 6d.

THE DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY

By JAMES MOFFATT,
D.D., D.LITT., LL.D.

By an examination of the literature of 1860-1898, in its bearing upon theology, this distinguished Biblical scholar helps to elucidate the phenomena of the present times. The work includes studies of Meredith, Hardy, Carlyle and others.

5s. net.

Williams & Norgate

TRAVEL AND SOME MILD ADVENTURE

by V. S. PRITCHETT

TRAVELS IN THE CONGO, by André Gide. Translated by Dorothy Bussy. Knopf. 15s. Illustrated.

THE GENTLEMAN IN THE PARLOUR, by W. Somerset Maugham. Heinemann. 8s. 6d.

OF these two travellers, both novelists and both on holiday from their profession, the Englishman is the more attractive writer because the more artful. Mr. Somerset Maugham is no mere camera in trousers, no congenital diarist nor retailer of information, no official on a tour of inspection recalling the pretty monotony of a grand progress. From the first page one has an immediate impression of a man of flesh, bones and prejudice who can experience happiness, wonder about his food, suffer the grossness of fatigue; and, at the same time, of a man who is clever enough to embellish the nakedness of truth. The appalling thing about so many travellers is that they seem about to bluster and expostulate if you do not completely believe them. Mr. Maugham imposes none of the strain of credulity, yet one believes him automatically, though with the slyest frankness he admits he may, here and there, have "remembered with advantages."

Because he has not refused the artist he is more attractive without being less dignified than M. Gide. In his account of his journey into the Congo M. Gide has done what all the indolent literary tribe in their perfunctory arrogance long to do: he has written his narrative in the diary form. He has unloaded a lot of raw material which the reader must sort for himself and, as M. Gide explains in one entry: "The most interesting days are the very ones when there was no time to note anything." There is a strong suspicion that

the pen that jotted these notes also wrote an official report. However, passages taken here and there at hazard out of the general run are extraordinarily interesting. One reads him first of all, not for descriptions of the country—which in translation have no special distinction—but for those passages which betray the existence of the man of flesh and bones. One is amused, for instance, when M. Gide discovers that he has been a Bergsonian for years without knowing it. One likes to see him turn the tables on hidden adversaries in his meditations:

"I shall have plenty of time to contemplate the immutable, since you assure me my soul is immortal; give me leave to make haste and love what is so soon to disappear."

His excursions into the jungle in search of butterflies and his pathetic notes that the handle of his net is broken, are similarly endearing. M. Gide's mission in the Congo is vague but there was evidently something official about it. He was in some way concerned with labour conditions. It is not widely enough known that the native of the Congo is still the victim of the grossest exploitation, and M. Gide fearlessly exposes the methods of the great rubber companies who requisition child-labour, flog, fine and imprison adults who fail to bring the specified amount of raw material, and finally cheat the native out of his fair price. M. Gide found the native so confused in terror between the companies and the administration, that it was only with difficulty that he could collect his evidence. One big company had swayed the officials—an easy matter when perhaps the traders and officials are the only white men in the district and, of necessity, great friends anxious to continue on good terms with each other—robbed the natives, and were enraged with the English

of the Gold Coast for paying them the market price for their produce. M. Gide is a strong opponent of the flog-the-nigger-it-is-the-only-thing-he-understands-school and his own reasonableness was rewarded. His book is very well illustrated and contains only one photograph of himself.

M. Gide's Latin passion for getting down to the level of the native and trying to feel like a younger brother to him, is replaced in Mr. Maugham's account of his journey from Rangoon to Haiphong, by a very English note of bland but inoffensive patronage. Mr. Maugham is aware of the difference between the French and English attitudes and discusses it amiably. He is, in consequence, particularly interested in the stories of Englishmen who have formed liaisons with Burmese and Chinese women. He can, for that matter, be trusted to get the story out of anybody and this is one of the charms of his book. The portrait of Grosly, an Englishman gone crooked in the East is typical of Mr. Maugham's faculty for seeing the whole of a man's life written in his face. In Mandalay he met a woman who was obviously the original of the heroine of Miss Tennyson Jesse's last novel, *The Lacquer Lady*. The woman, now old, fat and spectacled, had been a maid of honour to Queen Supalayut and had for romantic reasons divulged to the British information regarding French political intentions in Burma; and had thereby hastened the English occupation of Mandalay and the dethronement of the Burmese King. The best chapters in the book, however, contain Mr. Maugham's account of his journey by mule through the forests to the Shan States, a lucid, spontaneous and dramatic piece of writing that is an addition to the literature of travel. It is Mr. Maugham's own fault that we picture him sipping his drink amid the suburban melodrama of the Eastern public school scene, a little tired, a little patriotic, a little cynical, and that we forget what a sensitive writer he can be. His book has no illustrations, which is to its advantage; no map, which is unforgivable and is attractive bound but poorly printed.

THE STUFFED OWL: *An Anthology of Bad Verse*. Selected and arranged by D. B. Wyndham Lewis and Charles Lee. With 8 cartoons from the works of Max Beerbohm. Dent. 6s.

IN this anthology (apparently the first of its kind) not all the verses are bad, and not all are funny. The book should be read in that mood of reckless boredom which drives people to playing Consequences or reciting slabs of Wordsworth in a flat falsetto voice; preferably, it should be read aloud. Without some stimulant of this kind many of the passages will be merely dull, sandwiched here and there with lines of genuine poetry which have deceived the compilers.

Mr. Lewis distinguishes between "good bad verse" (i.e. nodding Homer's verse) and "bad bad verse" (Babu elegiacs, housemaids' odes, etc.). He professes to have included only the first, but luckily for the reader there is a fair sprinkling of the second. Bad verse, to be really funny,

Ready April 11th.

THE CABARET UP THE LINE

By ROLAND DORGELES

Roland Dorgelès, one of France's outstanding writers of the younger generation here re-creates the War from the French angle, with the pathos, humour, tragedy and comedy of day-to-day existence. The present volume contains three stories which the author had intended to include in his book *Le Croix de Bois*, but which had to be omitted owing to the censorship that prevailed at the time of its publication.

John Lane The Bodley Head Ltd.

must be singularly artless, or it must be plastered incongruously with art. Who, for example, could improve on the innocence of these lines, by "A Housemaid Poet"?

O, Moon, when I gaze on thy beautiful face,
 Careering along through the boundaries of space,
 The thought has often come into my mind,
 If I ever shall see thy glorious behind.

Eliza Cook's lines to *An Old Arm-chair* are the veritable *cri de cœur* of the old maid, ridiculous in their sincerity and the gabbling triumph of confession:—

I love it, I love it; and who shall dare
 To chide me for loving that old Arm-chair?

Indeed, with the exception of Elizabeth Browning, the few women poets represented in this volume achieve a natural absurdity which even Wordsworth stopped short of. Beside them, the Rev. Cornelius Whur, singing his "accomplished female friend", and Colley Cibber blowing a cardboard trumpet for George II, look silly enough; but they are silly with the art of a tableau joggling along in a Lord Mayor's procession.

The Stuffed Owl contains a good deal of bombinating verse—Robert Montgomery's invocations to the Almighty, printed next to Macaulay's scorching comments; Erasmus Darwin's *The Temple of Nature*, an epic of the lower organisms ("Unknown to sex the pregnant Oyster swells"); Tupper, Nahum Tate and the Rev. Dr. Edward Young. Perhaps the worst of these windbags is Bulwer Lytton:—

Thro' the thick vagueness of the vaporous night,
 From the dark alley, with a clouded light,
 Two rheumy, melancholy lampions flare.
 They are the eyes of the Police. . .

"So," as Mr. Lee remarks in an excellent Proem, "So Sing the Masters of Bathetic Verse." But, to tell the truth, their real home is in the pages of the *Dunciad*: too many of them are dull, infernally dull. Mr. Lewis tries hard to persuade us that they are all violently comical; but looking along his row of stuffed owls, and meeting that glassy solemn stare, we find it hard to do more than snigger. And why, by the way, are "Max's" portraits of Whitman, Omar Khayyam and Matthew Arnold among the illustrations? None of their verses appear in the text.

G. W. STONIER.

DRIFT, by James Hanley. *Eric Partridge*. 7s. 6d.

SET in the tenements of Liverpool and saturated in an atmosphere already made familiar by James Joyce in his *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, this novel is an interesting addition to that anti-clerical literature which the younger Irish writers are now producing. Mr. Hanley is clearly destined to rise to distinction in this school, for *Drift*, in spite of inequality and immaturity, is a novel of exceptional promise. The story centres in a young Irish Roman Catholic labourer's awakening to love, his hostility to his devout parents and his conflict with his priest. He is struggling among the agonising dreams of adolescence, with poverty chained to his ankles. The immediate difficulty which precipitates the tragedy in his home is his love for a young prostitute, a Protestant. His mother—drawn with fine insight—and his father, fight with clumsy authority to keep him from a girl whose chief crime in their eyes is not her profession but her religion. They fail. The boy's vacillation between rebellion and remorse, his inability to renounce his mother for the girl, the girl for his mother, or his freedom for his father, are shown with great subtlety and understanding. The whole book has that almost morbid objectivity characteristic of the Irish school, and

which is a welcome relief to the usual pity-the-poor-poor sentimentality with which slum life is frequently treated. In moments of great emotion and when depicting the young man's delirium of adolescent exasperation, Mr. Hanley's matured technique goes to pieces and his prose breaks down into something between telegraphese and rhetoric. The great objection to pages of staccato, verbless sentences is that their effect is appallingly monotonous. Again, the group of young socialists with whom the boy associates and with whom he discusses, Life, Art, Death and the whole abstract bag of tricks, are very shadowy. These are things James Joyce could manage but Mr. Hanley has not yet the mind for them. *Drift* is, nevertheless, a book which must be read.

V. S. PRITCHETT.

MADAME DE MAINTENON, by Maud Cruttwell. *Dent*. 15s. net.

Miss Cruttwell, already known for her careful and scholarly studies in French history and memoirs, has produced a handsome, exhaustive and extremely well-documented account of the most outstanding figure in a brilliant Court. Madame de Maintenon in her lifetime was an enigma to her contemporaries. Pursued by envy and scandal, traduced by her enemies and by her biographers, she went on her way reserved, dignified, untroubled. "Devoted to God and to her King," she who had endured poverty and ignominy in her youth, scorned either wealth or advancement, if they were to be purchased as the wages of personal sin or by stooping to disloyalty. Yet an enigma she remains. "Very simple, very straightforward, supremely charitable; a saint, whose sole ambitions were to convert her King and alleviate the misery caused by his wars," so her latest biographer sums her up. Yet this "Saint" accepted the position of *gouvernante* to the King's bastards, complaisant companion to his mistress, and conspirator of silence to safeguard that

mistress's frailty and its results from a jealous and outraged husband.

Autres temps, autres moeurs! We should now-a-days want other evidences of sainthood. But it is indisputable that, as Louis' Egeria, she induced him to show decency to his discarded mistress and humanity to his neglected wife, and that when, after the death of the Queen, she consented to take the place of both, she refused to do it without the sanction of marriage. And so great was her loyalty that she accepted, almost without complaint, the secrecy and consequent slights of an equivocal position for thirty years and scrupulously destroyed every scrap of evidence, which would have proved her right to the privileges of the King's wife. Though Miss Cruttwell's book begins slowly and looks a little difficult of attack, no one who perseveres beyond the first fifty pages will fail to follow to the end her absorbing story.

JANET E. COURTNEY.

PUBLISHED APRIL 1st.

CALM WEATHER

By Gilbert Thomas

Author of "Things Big and Little," "Sparks from the Fire," etc. 6s. net.

"Mr. Thomas has an excellent literary touch, a wide knowledge of books, an intense love of nature and humanity, and there is a 'quietness' over his writings that is essentially English . . . He has found his way into a living literary tradition." So said the *Contemporary Review* of a previous work by Mr. Thomas, and the same companionable qualities will be found in the new volume by this well-known essayist, poet and critic.

CHAPMAN & HALL, Ltd

JOURNEY'S END, by R. C. Sheriff and Vernon Bartlett. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

PENDING HEAVEN, by William Gerhardt. Duckworth. 7s. 6d.

RED WAGON, by Lady Eleanor Smith. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

By reviewer's standard here are three good novels: but if you were to ask me if they were worth reading, I should say, only *Journey's End*. In relationship to their own moment these three good novels are oases to the thirsty reviewer, and have accordingly been hailed with protestations that far exceed their permanent value—in relationship, I mean, to literature. Briefly, I would prefer to spend my rare leisure re-reading a Dickens than first reading any of these except *Journey's End*.

I am fortunate in having so far failed to secure seats for the play of *Journey's End*: I can judge the novel as a novel. Not once was I conscious of the clumsiness that usually results from a change of form. It should survive the "boom" of war-books because it is not a war-book. It makes no play with horrors, it never turns aside from its plot to indulge in irrelevant description. The war is merely a character in the action, a huge blind circumstance which affects the human characters.

We meet the protagonists in childhood and are shown with excellent economy all that we need know of their development until the war breaks in and turns an easy commonplace relationship into stress and tragedy. The enduring quality of the book consists in its showing us the effects of war on human character rather than the war itself. The violent action happens "off", in the Greek tradition, and its horror is all the more impressive to us because we divine it behind: behind Stanhope's horribly screwed-up resistance, stoked on whisky; behind Hibbert's whimpering collapse; behind, most poignantly, Jimmy Raleigh's sudden change from boyish adventurousness to a shocked

realisation that, still boyish and a little priggish in its attitude to those who must dine to forget, has yet very surely made its intolerable mark on him. He is still far from being broken like Hibbert, or tensely poised on the fearful edge like Stanhope; but from that moment his path is set and only his death saves him from one or other fate.

But it is not only a matter of Stanhope, Hibbert and Raleigh and the individuals that revolve about them. *Journey's End* has that quality of the universal which is necessary to raise a novel from the levels of cleverness or good yarning. The authors are careful never once to point out this elusive quality that will so often fly at the mere sight of an author's index-finger—though it stood up superbly to Tolstoy's blatant showmanship in the greatest of all war novels. Again it is for us to divine how in this little mirror are the shadows of all dangerous life, the stresses that raise love and friendship and endurance out of the hum-drum; the human splendour that in some of us, though even with whisky, will face out whatever dreadful ordeal the gods may set us to; the human pitifulness that needs the whisky, or cowers until loss of honour is less fearful than the sound of guns; or human boyishness that is killed like a spring-flower trampled upon.

Mr. Gerhardt's clever satire seems very thin by comparison; but it is an unfair comparison. He sets out only to flick with a light and amusing touch the surface of life which is called "modern". Or does he? There are passages where he seems to be under the erroneous impression that he is picturing Life. He is not. His satire does not probe deep but plays with the shallow sickness of the moment. His hero, Max, trailing an ill-assorted harem across Europe into Africa, lusting but never loving, the victim of a selfish and thoughtless good-heartedness, feckless for others as for himself, gives us continual amusement. Not for one paragraph is the book boring, and that is a rare achievement; never, except for an occasional obscurity, does the

writing fall below a high standard of taste in words. And yet there is a nasty flavour left at the end. These people have amused us but they have faintly disgusted us, too. I do not say this for any prim and proper reason but because they are not real people—except perhaps the French captain and the horse-dealer and one or two other minor characters. This fantasy of free-love—for it is a fantasy whatever the publisher may say on the jacket—is sufficiently convincing as one goes along, but when the last page is turned it very quickly slips into insignificance, and perhaps the chief cause of our nasty flavour is that we are annoyed with ourselves at having been taken in. One is unjustly rancorous to the friend who turns out to be other than one believed him. Perhaps I am unjust to this book, which certainly amused me while I read it. *Pending Heaven*—it is true that all of us are continually snatching at glittering chimeras, toys of the moment, Heavens that crumble in our hands. But surely it is unpleasant to be quite so spiteful about the toys, to have quite so tinsel a Heaven in view, to be quite so wrapped up in one's Heaven as to make Hell for others. We are presented with Max as a portrait of modern humanity and he is a caricature of modernity without the humanity. One can be no more than amused by frailties when they stand alone. In brief, here is a puppet-show to laugh at, a book that will pass the time more pleasantly than most; but it is only worth reading for those to whom reading is no more than a pastime.

Red Wagon is good yarning and has no claim to the extravagant praise that has been given it. It presents a picture of circus life which is no more than competent journalism. Not for one moment do we believe that the author has lived that life imaginatively—whether she has physically or not is of no consequence. The vagabond theme, which the genius of Borrow could quicken into reality, serves Lady

Eleanor as it serves those music-hall comedians who, much troubled with their pipes, sing songs of the Open Road with a laugh and a tear: and with her as with them there are moments of vision and reality which surprise one to great pleasure in the drab boredom of romantic *wanderlust*. We know now all about him who gets slapped. A greater creative power that Lady Eleanor has yet displayed is required to enliven these old props of the circus and the Great High Road. But I wept properly in places. With a little effort her book can be enjoyed; there are plenty of facts about circus life that are entertaining as facts and the characters are drawn without manifest absurdities. But why must publishers and reviewers over-state their praise and so damage the mildly good? With less trumpeting this book would have been a delightful surprise.

ANTHONY BERTRAM.

American Book Supply Co., Ltd.

A FAMOUS BOOK:

COSMIC CONSCIOUSNESS

By R. M. BUCKE. A Study in the Evolution of the Human Mind.

Fifth Edition, revised and entirely re-set.

Price 25/- net

"This is a remarkable book, which deals with the subject of 'Cosmic Consciousness' in an exhaustive manner; it stands by itself among works on the Science of Religion; it gives an historical account of the evolution of a higher form of consciousness in man, with examples of instances on record."—*New Thought and Psychic Review*.

A large stock of American Books carried. Any book not in stock obtained to order in about three weeks.

LISTS MADE UP FOR ANY PARTICULAR SUBJECT.

PLEASE SEND FOR CATALOGUE

86, STRAND, W.C.2. (First Floor)
Tel.: Temple Bar 7128

A LIFE OF JOHN WILKES, by O. A. Sherrard. *George Allen & Unwin*. 10s. 6d. net.

THERE is always some good to be said for every man; and no doubt it was time that somebody should put up the best case possible for that much-maligned and irreconcilable "friend of Liberty", John Wilkes. At any rate, the task has been undertaken *con amore* by Mr. Sherrard, in a biography full of character, vivacity, and ingenious argument, a book excellently-written and arranged, which is bound to entertain even those obdurate readers whom it fails to convince.

It was Wilkes's boast that he could talk away his face in half-an-hour, and no one realised the necessity better than himself; for while nature had endowed him with ugly features, his own career of vice and self-indulgence twisted them into a yet more sinister and Pan-like mask. He acknowledged that he grew every year more like Hogarth's portrait of himself, and there was never a portrait more eloquent of evil. The truth was that he despised his fellow-men, and he manifested his contempt at every turn of his career. His marriage to a wealthy woman, ten years older than himself, was a triumph of cynicism, and he amused himself with mistresses long after the time when they could have afforded him much pleasure. Mr. Sherrard insists upon his devotion to his daughter, Polly; but it is no great virtue for a father to love his own child. He cherished a genial contempt for politics, and indulged it by lying to his constituents, and protesting that he had corrupted no man, while he had just spent something like £4,000 in bribes. But somewhere or other, in the background of all his trickery and spite, he did undoubtedly cherish a flaming enthusiasm for the cause of Liberty, and none can deny that he fought the forces of contemporary corruption, even if his conflict was waged with the dubious weapons of the opposition.

After all, it must never be forgotten that in the darkest days of his chequered career,

he was defended by Chatham, by Burke, and by Junius, none of them judges that were likely to be misled by the glamour of mere goodfellowship and plausibility. And Wilkes was certainly a good companion, witty, hospitable, and prompt in the services of friendship. He was, of course "a cad," and that, in an age of self-assertive aristocracy, was a sin not easily forgiven. But he was honest in his caddishness; he confronted shams with the vigour of conviction; and he took no light part in that war for the liberation of humanity which helped on the eventual triumph of democracy. What he stood for was more commendable than what he was; and, if Mr. Sherrard hardly succeeds in persuading us that the political world of to-day would be likely to welcome another John Wilkes into the arena, he does at least suggest that Fate, which has its own way of using strange instruments for its purpose, forged out of Wilkes's turbid career a way of escape into wider and more profitable conditions.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

FROUDE AND CARLYLE, by Waldo H. Dunn. *Longmans*. 15s.

PROFESSOR Dunn's book is not to be disposed of by saying that it is a partisan defence of Froude in the matter of the notorious biography. Doubtless, it proves a little too much here and there, and offers us a Froude too nearly infallible; but it is a patient, informed, and reasoned apology, covering the whole ground, and only a very prejudiced reader will fail to be moved by it.

"I think it doubtful", he says, "whether any other man of letters in Great Britain of equal ability has been the object of such bitter misrepresentation and such organized opposition as has Froude". Maybe that Froude, as the phrase goes, bought his trouble. "The Nemesis of Faith" was provocative; the "History" was provocative, especially to Freeman, whose persistence in attack was extraordinary; and the

BIOGRAPHY.

NE OBLIVISCARIS (Dinna Forget), by Lady Frances Balfour. (*Hodder & Stoughton*, 42/-).

MADAME DE MAINTENON, by Maud Cruttwell. *Dent*, 15/-.

LORD MELBOURNE, by Bertram Newman. (*Macmillan*, 12/6).

THE GARDEN OF FIDELITY, by Flora Anne Steel. (*Macmillan*, 12/6).

MEMORIES OF MY LIFE, by Edward Westermarck. (*Allen & Unwin*, 16/-).

THE MEMOIRS OF GENERAL WRANGEL, trans. by Sophie Goulston. (*Williams & Norgate*, 21/-).

CALVERLEY & SOME CAMBRIDGE WITS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, by Richard B. Ince. (*Cayme Press*, 12/6).

MY MARRIED LIFE WITH LUDENDORFF, by Margarethe Ludendorff. (*Hutchinson*, 18/-).

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A BRITISH YARN MERCHANT, by W. F. M. Weston-Webb. (*Cayme Press*, 10/6).

THE STORY OF A SURGEON, by Sir John Bland-Sutton, Bt. F.R.C.S. (*Methuen*, 12/6).

STRESEMANN, by Rudolf Olden, trans. by R. T. Clark. (*Methuen*, 10/6).

PAUL ROBESON, NEGRO, by Eslanda Goode Robeson. (*Gollancz*, 10/6).

THE LIFE OF HENRY ARTHUR JONES, by Doris Shore. (*Gollancz*, 15/-).

HARLEQUINADE, by Constance Collier. (*Lane*, 15/-).

THEATRE STREET, by Tamara Karsavina. (*Heinemann*, 25/-).

MY MEMOIRS, by Sir Frank Benson. (*Benn*, 21/-).

THE TIGER: GEORGE CLEMENCEAU, 1841—1929, by George Adam. (*Cape*, 10/6).

CLEMENCEAU, by Jean Martet. (*Longmans Green*, 25/-).

SIR CECIL SPRING RICE: A Record, by Stephen Gwynn. (*Constable*, 42/-).

SIR WALTER SCOTT, by Stephen Gwynn. (*Thornton Butterworth*, 15/-).

SHELLEY'S LOST LETTERS TO HARRIET, ed. by Leslie Hotson. (*Faber & Faber*, 7/6).

EARL BEATTY, by Lt.-Commander Geoffrey Rawson. (*Jarrols*, 12/6).

HAMMERSMITH HOY, by Sir Nigel Playfair. (*Faber & Faber*, 21/-).

TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE.

ON BOARD THE EMMA, by Alexandre Dumas, trans. by R. S. Garnett. (*Benn*, 21/-).

AN UNFREQUENTED HIGHWAY, by John Easton. (*Scholartis Press*, 21/-).

MAN HUNTING IN THE JUNGLE: The Search for Colonel Fawcett, by G. M. Dyott. (*Edward Arnold*, 12/6).

EAST FOR PLEASURE, by Walter B. Harris. (*Edward Arnold*, 21/-).

THE COLOURED COUNTRIES, by Alec Waugh. (*Chapman & Hall*, 18/-).

THE VOYAGE OF THE CABOTS & THE DISCOVERY OF NORTH AMERICA, by James A. Williamson. (*Argonaut Press*, 38/-).

IN SEARCH OF IRELAND, by H. V. Morton. (*Methuen*, 7/6).

TURKEY & SYRIA REBORN, by Harold Armstrong. (*Lane*, 15/-).

HAUNTING EDINBURGH, by Flora Grierson. (*Lane*, 20/-).

A DETECTIVE IN KENT, by Donald Maxwell. (*Lane*, 6/-).

THE BLACK FOREST, by Christopher Marlowe. (*Lane*, 8/6).

A WAYFARER ON THE RHINE, by Malcolm Letts. (*Methuen*, 7/6).

A WAYFARER IN BAVARIA, by Suzanne St. Barbe Baker. (*Methuen*, 7/6).

A WAYFARER IN BELGIUM, by Clive Holland. (*Methuen*, 7/6).

POSTSCRIPT TO ADVENTURE, by Ashley Gibson. (*Lane*, 10/6).

THE GENTLEMAN IN THE PARLOUR, by W. Somerset Maugham. (*Heinemann*, 8/6).

ADVENTURE, by General Seely. (*Heinemann*, 21/-).

ABOVE AND BEYOND PALESTINE, by C. E. Hughes. (*Benn*, 10/6).

CHINA TO CHELSEA, by Capt. D. McCallum. (*Benn*, 21/-).

GERMANY, by Gerald Bullett. (*A. & C. Black*, 7/6).

TRAVELS IN THE CONGO, by Andre Gide. (*Knopf*, 15/-).

DESERT ISLANDS, by Walter de la Mare. (*Faber & Faber*, 21/-).

ESCAPE, by Francesco Nitti. (*Putnam*, 10/6).

FICTION.

LIFE AT A VENTURE, by E. V. de Fontmell. (*Scholartis Press*, 7/6).
 DRIFT, by James Hanley. (*Scholartis Press*, 7/6).
 SEVEN TALES & ALEXANDER, by H. E. Bates. (*Scholartis Press*, 7/6).
 CAPO, by Richard B. Ince. (*Scholartis Press*, 7/6).
 THE VERY END, by Osbert Burdett. (*Scholartis Press*, 7/6).
 HUDSON RIVER BRACKETED, by Edith Wharton. (*Appleton*, 7/6).
 THE LITTLE DOG LAUGHED, by Leonard Merrick. (*Hodder & Stoughton*, 7/6).
 PRINTER'S DEVIL, by Clemence Dane & Helen Simpson. (*Hodder & Stoughton*, 7/6).
 THE ENGLISH PARAGON, by Marjorie Bowen. (*Hodder & Stoughton*, 7/6).
 MRS. CLUTTERBUCK LAUGHS, by Guy Pocock. (*Dent*, 7/6).
 OLIVER'S DAUGHTER, by Richard Church. (*Dent*, 7/6).
 BUT NOT FOR LOVE, by Beatrice Kean Seymour. (*Chapman & Hall*, 7/6).
 VILE BODIES, by Evelyn Waugh. (*Chapman & Hall*, 7/6).
 MEN, by Karen Bramson. (*Chapman & Hall*, 7/6).
 DRINK UP, GENTLEMEN, by J. B. Morton. (*Chapman & Hall*, 7/6).
 TURN BACK THE LEAVES, by E. M. Delafield. (*Macmillan*, 7/6).
 ROGUE HERRIES, by Hugh Walpole. (*Macmillan*, 10/6).
 SPECIAL PROVIDENCE, by Mary Agnes Hamilton. (*Allen & Unwin*, 7/6).
 DIANA, by Emil Ludwig. (*Allen & Unwin*, 10/-).
 NO MAN'S LAND, by Vernon Bartlett. (*Allen & Unwin*, 7/6).
 SHEPHERDS IN SACKCLOTH, by Sheila Kaye Smith. (*Cassell*, 7/6).
 RETREAT, by C. R. Benstead. (*Methuen*, 7/6).
 ALL OUR YESTERDAYS, by H. M. Tomlinson. (*Heinemann*, 8/6).
 THE LOST CHILD, by Rahel Sanzara, trans. by W. Katzin. (*Gollancz*, 7/6).

FICTION (contd.)

THE METHODIST FAUN, by Anne Parrish. (*Benn*, 7/6).
 DOCTOR SEROCOLD, by Helen Ashton. (*Benn*, 7/6).
 CHERI, by Colette. (*Gollancz*, 7/6).
 A CERTAIN JESUS, by Iwan Naschiwin, trans. by Emile Burns. (*Gollancz*, 10/6).
 GASPARD HAUSER, by Octave Aubry, trans. by E. Nicholas. (*Gollancz*, 7/6).
 RED WAGON, by Lady Eleanor Smith. (*Gollancz*, 7/6).
 JOURNEY'S END, by R. C. Sherriff & Vernon Bartlett. (*Gollancz*, 7/6).
 THE CAVALRY WENT THROUGH, by Bernard Newman. (*Gollancz*, 7/6).
 THE TOWN OF TOMBAREL, by William J. Locke. (*Lane*, 7/6).
 PILGRIM'S FORD, by Muriel Hine. (*Lane*, 7/6).
 THE ROCKLITZ, by George Preedy. (*Lane*, 7/6).
 THE COAT OF MANY COLOURS, by Ephesian. (*Lane*, 7/6).
 DON JUAN'S DAUGHTERS, by Irene Forbes-Mosse. (*Lane*, 7/6).
 THE VOYAGE HOME, by Storm Jameson. (*Heinemann*, 7/6).
 TIME, GENTLEMEN, TIME! by Norah Hoult. (*Heinemann*, 7/6).
 GIVE UP YOUR LOVERS, by Louis Golding. (*Heinemann*, 7/6).
 NORTH OF SUEZ, by William McFee. (*Heinemann*, 7/6).
 KRISTIN LAVRANDATTER, by Sigrid Unsel. (*Knopf*).
 THESE GENERATIONS, by Elinor Mordaunt. (*Heinemann*, 7/6).
 PENDING HEAVEN, by William Gerhardt. (*Duckworth*).
 THE GOLDEN POUND, by A. S. M. Hutchinson. (*Hodder & Stoughton*, 7/6).
 FIGHTING CARAVANS, by Zane Grey. (*Hodder & Stoughton*, 7/6).
 THE SON OF DR. TRADUSAC, by Elizabeth Huntington. (*Gollancz*, 7/6).
 WANTON BOYS, by Richard Oke. (*Gollancz*, 7/6).
 THE DEFENCE OF BELGRADE, by Stephen Graham. (*Benn*, 7/6).

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

MAY 1, 1930.

THE NEXT WAR

By CAPTAIN LIDDELL HART

IN that very popular recent book *All Our Yesterdays*, H. M. Tomlinson remarks—"Every war is different from the one for which the experts prepare. The war the generals always get ready for is the previous war." The comment is not new, neither is it wholly true. Indeed, to anyone who surveys the whole course of military history, the remarkable feature is the slight difference of technique between one war and the next and the astonishingly slow evolution of military methods. Rarely do we find that the bitter lessons of one war have been assimilated and applied in the structure and tactics of armies when the next war overtakes them, sweeping them up like driftwood on a flood. Still more rarely has anyone taken time by the forelock and ensured victory by anticipating the trend of warfare.

You may think this admission justifies Tomlinson's comment. Not wholly. The differences which mark wars are only novelties to a superficial age. They have usually been forecast by experts, both amateur and professional. The trouble has come from the fact that these have usually been prophets crying in the wilderness—a peacetime wilderness where the channels of money dry up, public interest is stony, and the weeds of military conservatism flourish in consequence.

Tomlinson complains that the generals always get ready for the previous war. He is wrong. The war for which they prepare is the one before the last. If the French army in 1914 had gone to war with the methods learnt in 1870 it would have fared much better and suffered much less. Its first post-war doctrine after 1870 was as practical as its last pre-war doctrine of 1914 was fantastic. Between one war and the next the

pendulum swings back. Between the methods of 1918 and those inculcated in the French text-books issued immediately after 1870 one finds only a difference of degree. But the text-books of 1914 are far removed from 1918—nearly as far as Waterloo.

The idea that every war is different from the last is a delusion. The next war usually begins where the last left off, with perhaps a slight modification due not to the development of weapons in the interval but to such fraction of that development as has been recognised and incorporated by the peacetime armies. The generals, however, usually begin just beyond where the last war began. In consequence, they are taken unawares. And public opinion complains that they have stood still while warfare has changed. It fails to realise that the generals have moved—backwards.

The fallacy of imagining that each war is different from its predecessor can be seen by comparing 1914 with 1904. Nearly every disconcerting development which upset calculations in the World War was foreshadowed by the Russo-Japanese war—the paralysing power of machine-guns, the hopelessness of frontal attacks, the consequent development of trenches and barbed wire, and, to conquer them, of grenades and heavy guns. In the light of the Russo-Japanese war it did not require a seer to foretell that with much larger armies in a much smaller space, the entrenched fronts would soon stretch across the whole frontier and stagnation settle in. Twenty years before, a Polish banker, M. Bloch, had foreseen it. And the only ground for surprise is that so few believed him. For even he was thirty years belated in his discovery. Most of the “upsetting” experiences of the World War could have been deduced from a scientific study of the American Civil War, its prototype. And even the ultimate factors which brought about the collapse of the Confederacy were repeated in the decline and fall of the Germanic alliance.

Thus, speculation as to the nature of the next war is not so vain as many would have us believe. We have a springboard made of historical experience from which to take off. It is highly probable that the conditions of any such war will, at the outset, be merely a development of those which marked 1918. As for the instruments of war, we should be wise to make some allowance for the acceleration of scientific progress, and its consequent power to correct the backward swing of the military

pendulum. But I am not so optimistic, speaking technically, as to count upon the statesmen and generals following wholeheartedly the signpost of 1918.

It is probable that while aircraft will bulk large in the fighting forces they will not be a predominant part in the first phase. So also with tanks inside the framework of the armies. The most that we may count upon is that there will be a higher proportion of aircraft and tanks to total man-power than in 1918. To expect more would be to expect more vision than has ever yet been shown.

We may anticipate that gas in some form will be used and prohibitions in some way evaded. For it is manifestly irrational to pretend that gas is inhuman while the mutilations of high explosive are humane. Thus, now the novelty is past, it will be difficult to kindle any crusading enthusiasm against its users. We may hope also that the possibilities of smoke, a great life-saving agency, will not be neglected.

But we may discount the lurid forecasts of germ-warfare. Spreading disease is too obviously an uncontrollable weapon, and so unpleasantly two-edged in the eyes of any people. Moreover, it would shock the conscience of neutrals as no other new weapon has done. Germany's experience in the last war has shown the danger, and boomerang effect, of this factor. And its warning is too clear for even the most stupid militarist to disregard in the future.

As for the possibilities of “death-rays” and similar revolutionary weapons, we may leave them, like their ever hopeful inventors, to the safe custody of the war departments, whose pigeon-holes are the most effective of antidotes to any new poison. Here we may recall that after the last war the plans of a tank, designed in 1912, and superior to that “invented” in 1916, were unearthed from the dusty recesses of the British War Office and found to bear simply the crisp verdict—“The man's mad.” Thus, although it is not impossible that an effective ray might be discovered, it is improbable that any such weapon would be utilised at the outset of another war.

A more truly original and plausible suggestion is that war will be waged by suggestion—by words and not by weapons, propaganda replacing the projectile. This idea, indeed, is already part of one national theory of war. Lenin crystallised

it in his neo-Napoleonic maxim that "the soundest strategy in war is to postpone operations until the moral disintegration of the enemy renders the delivery of the mortal blow both possible and easy." In other words, just as an artillery bombardment was used in the last war to smash the enemy's barbed wire and trenches before the infantry advanced, so a moral bombardment is to be used in the next. It has even been tried already, in China, and with flattering success—as Chang Tso-Lin and the other northern generals would ruefully admit. But all nations are not Chinese. And we should do well to remember that even in the hungry and war-weary Germany of 1918 the bombardment of "talkie-shells", manufactured by President Wilson and fired by Lord Northcliffe, lost most of its 1917 effect when the German armies began to break through the allied defences in France, and did not regain its effect until those armies began in turn to be driven back.

We can thus keep a survey of war potentialities within narrower limits. What improvements in military weapons have taken place since the last war? What new instruments have the great powers added to their forces, and what are under experiment?

On land the outstanding feature of the past ten years has been the progress of mechanisation, and its struggle for acceptance. This has taken two forms, which are often confused. On the one hand, the use of armoured fighting vehicles—tanks and armoured cars—to assist and replace man-power. On the other hand, the development of motor transport and especially cross-country vehicles, to quicken the movement of forces. Nathan Forrest, the brilliant cavalry leader of the Confederacy, pithily summed up the problem of war in a phrase—"to get there first with the most men." This is the underlying purpose of "motorisation", as distinct from true mechanisation. In contrast, the object of the latter is not only "to get there first", but, when you have reached the battlefield, to fight with the most power and not merely with the most men. To gain a decisive advantage by having mechanical legs, a bullet-proof skin, and heavier arms than any infantryman can carry. The man who fights in a tank may enjoy the eight extra lives of the proverbial cat.

The two countries which, since the war, have been the leaders

in mechanisation are Britain and France. Their goals, however, have been different. While tank development in Britain has concentrated on greater mobility, in France it has concentrated more on thickness of armour. The contrast is due to a difference of military problems and outlook. The British, discounting the likelihood of another war in Europe, have been concerned with the problem of operations on the frontiers of empire—the recurrent type of colonial war or insurrection. Here, the opponents would lack a powerful or numerous artillery, and speed, reliability and agility are the important needs, so long as the tanks are proof against ordinary bullets. Another factor in England has been the rise of a small and progressive school of thought, who perceived a wider horizon of mechanical warfare. They argued that the tanks were the heirs of the now moribund cavalry; that tanks could be used, like the cavalry of old, for decisive manœuvres against the enemy's rear, cutting off his supplies and menacing his line of retreat, so that first paralysis and then panic set in. Gradually their ideas permeated the army, although new equipment has been slower than new thought.

The first step in the mechanical evolution came in 1924, when the heavy and sluggish war-time tanks were replaced by the new Vickers, which is now the standard machine of the British army. With sprung tracks and an air-cooled engine, weighing only 10½ tons instead of 30, and capable of over 20 m.p.h. instead of a man's walking-pace, it relied on its speed to offset its comparatively thin armour and to carry it round obstacles over which the bigger war-time tanks could laboriously climb.

Since 1925 there has been no change in equipment but much progress in experiment. First came a heavy "independent" battle tank, weighing nearly 30 tons, yet much faster even than the 10½ ton machine. It carried a 3-pounder gun in a pivoting turret, and four machine guns each also in a separate turret, and one of them able to fire at aircraft. From this in turn has been evolved a 16-ton tank, faster still, and able to sweep up hill without losing speed, where the standard tank is brought down to a crawl. And it can cross a trench nine feet wide, instead of six, while its armour is thicker. It is also much steadier to shoot from and carries five machine-guns besides its 3-pounder gun. But the Tank Corps still wistfully await the chance to "sail"

in these super landships; for the last two years in succession the provision of them has been cut out of the army estimates.

French tank design has been more veiled in mystery, perhaps not altogether to its benefit. For military advantage does not lie so much in possessing a particular machine, which may soon be obsolete, but in the mechanical brains that produced it. And it is through constant trial, incompatible with complete secrecy, that these get the chance to make improvements and so keep the essential lead in design.

In numbers the French have an immense superiority, for while room was only found for four battalions of tanks in the post-war British Army, the French had 46, comprising over 3,000 machines. Until recently, however, these were of wartime pattern, painfully slow and unreliable. But now a number of the new Renaults (model M.27) are being provided. They have a combination steel and rubber track, improved suspension, and the speed has been increased to about 12 m.p.h. The most notable point, however, is that they have armour 30 millimetres ($1\frac{1}{8}$ inches) thick whereas the standard British tanks have only 8 millimetres.

Under experiment there is a far heavier armed and armoured Goliath. Close as is drawn the curtain of secrecy, there is reason to believe that this tank weighs nearly 70 tons, is electrically driven, has a speed little less than the new Renault, and carries 55 millimetres of armour in front. Its prototype, known as the Char 2 c, was produced in 1923 and carried 45 millimetres of armour. Whereas armour piercing bullets from an ordinary rifle can now pierce the present British tank, the new French Goliath can defy the heaviest anti-tank machine guns. The key to this pursuit of thick armour would seem to be that the mind of the French authorities is concentrated on the problems of a war similar to that on the Western Front, with its narrow and fortified frontiers which cramped manœuvres. Hence they want a tank which shall itself be a moving fortress, capable of breaking through well prepared defences by direct assault.

What of the other European countries? Because of their mountain frontiers the Italian authorities have rather tended to neglect tanks—one may say that the Alps have here been a higher barrier than military conservatism. Another hindrance has been their dependance on foreign fuel supplies. Their post-war army

has only 5 battalions of tanks, equipped with the Fiat, which is similar but superior to the wartime Renault. These Fiat tanks have in late years been tried in the Alps, with considerable success, and they proved able to move when their tracks were nearly buried in the snow.

Experiments in tank design have been limited and rather spasmodic. But Italy has to her credit the most unique of all cross-country machines—the Pavesi tractor. It looks like two ancient war chariots coupled together, each carried on two huge wheels, and it has amazing articulation. When climbing over precipitous ground, the front half of the machine may be seen tilted one way and the rear half another, at alarming angles. But it has proved so successful that it is now being tried in several other armies, including the British. Designed originally as an artillery tractor, the Italians are now fitting it with an armoured body for use as a fighting tank.

But Italy's most progressive contribution is in the realm of war theory. For discussion with some of her present leaders has suggested to me that they regard the army as the holding force and the air as the striking force, the former acting as a secure springboard, gradually pushed forward, from which the latter can jump over the enemy's natural and artificial defences, the mountains and fortified lines. This clear-sighted conception, although futuristic in method, is historic in foundation. For thus did the Macedonian phalanx form the stable pivot for the decisive stroke of Alexander's "Companions", and thus, again, at Zama while the legions pinned Hannibal in front, did Scipio's cavalry fall upon the Carthaginian rear.

Germany is prohibited by the peace treaty from possessing tanks and thus whatever experiment may have taken place has been so thoroughly covered up that nothing is known. It is significant, however, that small dummy tanks are used on manœuvres. Further there is reason to believe that plans have been made to motorise the whole army in case of mobilisation, by utilising public service vehicles, especially large six-wheeled motorbuses. The fact that these government and municipal vehicles are already so well standardised would be a great asset in converting them instantaneously to the use of the army.

The new Red Army in Russia, Trotsky's creation, is well alive to the potentialities of all the newer weapons—air-craft, gas and

tanks—although handicapped by lack of manufacturing resources. It is believed to possess nearly a thousand military aeroplanes, although mainly of obsolescent foreign types, while every infantry division and regiment has its gas section. It is also significant that a great public propagandist association, the *Aviakhim*, fosters both the idea and development of aircraft and gas in combination. The army tanks, too, have special gas fittings. The Russian tanks, so far as is known, are mainly of the Renault type, with certain improvements, while there are a large number of converted armoured cars fitted with Kégresse rubber tracks and capable of crossing snow-bound country. Perhaps the most significant feature of the Red Army is its high proportion of machine-guns, higher per battalion than in any other army. Whatever the limitations for offence of its masses of man-power, this machine-gun strength would give them a great advantage in resisting invasion or in holding any territory which they had seized. Only a highly mechanised army could hope to defeat them—and no such army at present exists.

The new Polish and Czecho-Slovakian armies are keenly interested in tanks, and while the former has bought a considerable number of obsolescent Renaults, the latter has developed one of its own. In lay-out it looks like the Renault, but its main novelty is that it is a wheel-cum-track machine. The designer is Herr Vollmer, who was responsible for the plans of the German tanks produced late in the war. The speed on wheels is about 26 m.p.h. and on tracks about 9 m.p.h. and it requires several minutes to change from wheels to tracks. Nevertheless it is the only standard tank in Europe, outside Britain, which can make long-range strategic movements on its own "feet". The French Renaults, for example, are carried to the battlefield on a heavy motor truck and then have to be driven down a ramp on to the ground, while the Italian Fiats are carried on a two-wheeled trailer which is towed by a motor truck.

The combination of wheels and tracks solves this difficulty, doing away with the need, expense and trouble of transport for the tank. But the British, after experiment with wheel-cum-track tanks have perhaps found a still better solution in their latest Carden-Lloyd light tanks. These are inconspicuous vehicles, lower in height than a man, of high speed and remark-

able track endurance. They attain speeds of nearly 50 m.p.h. and have covered long road journeys as quickly and easily as an ordinary motor car. With a new rubber-jointed track there is practically no wear, no lubrication is needed, shock is greatly reduced, and silence obtained—a very important asset. Under test 2,500 miles have been covered without any need for "maintenance". The machines are a development of the first one-man tanks whose appearance in 1925 caused a world-wide sensation. A handy fighting unit of fifty such machines would have greater fire-power than an infantry battalion of 1,000 men, cost far less to maintain, and would multiply their own fighting value by the rapidity with which they could be switched from point to point.

Any army which was bold enough to scrap most of its old-style infantry and replace them by a smaller number of these modern armour-clad knights would, at a stroke, gain an immense advantage over all rivals. All the armies of the world would be thrown into the melting pot. Perchance it might soon create a real opportunity for an agreement upon reduction of armaments. But unless soldiers acquire the modern mentality of the civil industrialist the prospect of such a change is remote. At present they are willing to add the new machines to their existing armies, but lack the money to do so; and are unwilling to scrap any of the old instruments, whereby they might obtain the money.

Perhaps the best chance of such a change lies in another development of the Carden-Lloyd machine. Last year several British infantry battalions were provided with a cheap and handy form of the Carden-Lloyd, so low-built that it could conceal itself behind any bush or patch of gorse, for use to replace horse-drawn limbers in carrying its machine-guns. This tiny "armoured machine-gun carrier" may prove the thin end of the tank wedge. Previously the British had tried light six-wheeled cars for carrying their machine-guns, while the French cavalry have adopted cars fitted with a Kégresse half-track in place of the rear wheels. With such vehicles the machine-guns could be brought up rapidly, but were then dismounted and placed on the ground to open fire. The Carden-Lloyds were intended to be used in the same way, but it soon became obvious that dismounting was superfluous. Firing from the carrier, the gun

could come into action more quickly, be switched from position to position, and could dispense with all the crew except the firer and the driver, while these two men would benefit by being behind armour when in action. Moreover, it was seen that besides given close-range fire-support to the infantry, these mechanical midgets could, if needed, rush in and storm the enemy's position themselves. Thus they might not only save the infantry many lives, but the commander many hours. Candid artillery men said frankly that they could not hope to hit such midget machines. Candid infantrymen, on the opposing side, confessed that they felt as helpless as if attacked by a swarm of bees.

Once a number of these armoured carriers are provided for the machine-guns of every infantry battalion, soldiers may begin to ask themselves whether eight hundred slow-moving and non-bullet-proof riflemen are necessary as well. They may feel that more machines and less men would give greater chances of success—besides saving men's pay in peace and widow's pensions in war. The machine-gun has proved itself the dominating weapon on modern battlefields, and there is no logical reason why they should be limited to a mere sixteen per battalion now that, through armour and the petrol-motor, they can take a direct part in the attack and ensure themselves an adequate supply of ammunition.

At this moment another new invention has come to strengthen the foregoing conclusion. This is the self-loading rifle. Long sought and at last perfected by Pedersen, it is as light, short, and simple as the old hand-operated rifle. Compared with the light machine-gun or so-called automatic rifle, it is much lighter, easier to carry and to handle, more reliable, more accurate in fire and more economical of ammunition. While loading is automatic, it requires a separate pressure of the trigger to fire each round, and so avoids the great draw-back that a few moments' delay in removing the finger may waste many rounds of ammunition. With the ordinary rifle, the British Regular infantry of 1914 were trained to fire 15 rounds a minute, and the effect was so great that the Germans thought that the British front was bristling with machine guns. The ordinary conscript infantry-man of the Continent could not fire effectively at half the rate. But the Pedersen rifle can fire 50 aimed rounds a minute in the hands of

a well-trained man, while the ordinary short-service man or recruit can fire 25 aimed rounds.

Thus the self-loading rifle will enable the infantry to dispense with the light machine-gun introduced during the war, a weapon which has seriously hampered the movement of infantry, complicated their tactics, and necessitated the use of an excessive number of men merely to act as ammunition porters. With its machine guns in little armoured carriers and its riflemen armed with such a weapon as the Pedersen, the future battalion would be a far superior fighting unit to the old. And the number of men could be much reduced, to the all-round increase of efficiency.

It is a significant coincidence that Pedersen is an American. For it was an American who invented the machine-gun; the figure of Hiram Maxim bestrides the history of the World War like a Colossus, and in his grip emperors, statesmen and generals were but helpless puppets. Once they had made war he took charge, until the invention of another American was brought to the rescue. For from the caterpillar tractor of Benjamin Holt was evolved the tank, although the idea and design were British.

The mechanisation of armies is certain to influence the future of artillery, and likely to nullify some of the present lines of evolution. The most notable since the war have been improvements in range and in the rate of fire, partly through better buffer systems to absorb the recoil; the development of high explosive shell—to the disuse of shrapnel—and of smoke-shell although in still inadequate proportions; the introduction of the split trail which enables the gun to be aligned quicker in a fresh direction; and the invention of weapons specially designed to combat tanks. Yet in the view of the most progressive-minded experts, the present field artillery is doomed. For even though it is being increasingly carried on motor trucks or drawn by six-wheelers and caterpillar tractors, instead of horses, it lacks the mobility necessary to keep up with fast-moving forces on the march or on the battlefield.

For a future battle scene is likely to change with the rapidity of a kaleidoscope compared with the old. The present field-guns, even when motor-drawn, are too slow in movement to co-operate effectively with tanks or to protect infantry against hostile tanks, unless these are so foolishly handled as to make a

bull-headed assault on a prepared position. Moreover, they fire an unnecessarily large shell for their job, and so are themselves needlessly heavy—and expensive. The cheaper the gun the more an army can obtain for its protection and support. A shell of six pound, or even three pound weight is sufficient against enemy tanks or infantry, while against fortified positions only a shell much heavier than ordinary field-guns can fire is adequate.

The lighter guns can be mounted in a tank, and thereby become sufficiently mobile to deal with enemy tanks or support their own machine-gun tanks. Such an arrangement fulfills the dictum, long recognised by acute observers, that the only effective antidote to a tank is another tank. As an alternative, normal field-guns have been mounted on a tank chassis, but the extra expense and diminished protection is hardly justified for practical purposes.

Heavy guns will, of course, still be required for the attack on fortified positions. In these there has been a notable increase of range, but the value of extreme range seems dubious except perhaps for coast defence. While the "Big Berthas" which bombarded Paris in 1918 from a range of 75 miles were essentially freak guns, short-lived and wanting in accuracy, to-day there are super-heavy guns of more normal design and accuracy which have ranges up to 30 miles.

But their utility is questionable, as their scope is limited, in view of the development of air bombers. In the factor of cost alone, of the gun and of every projectile it fires, they are at a serious disadvantage. Even to-day aircraft are the most effective and economic means of long range bombardment, and the advent of wireless control of such machines, dispensing with the need for a costly human crew, would immensely augment their advantage.

The question of air bombardment naturally raises that of anti-aircraft artillery. Can this be an effective antidote? In the gun itself there has been a considerable improvement, so that aircraft can be effectively engaged at heights up to 20,000 feet. Still greater progress has come through the invention of such a "magic-box" as the Vickers Predictor, whereby a combined calculation of the speed, course, and height of the aeroplane is automatically made and electrically transmitted to the guns, so as to eliminate human slowness and variability in aiming. In

the war only one hit was obtained for every 30,000 rounds fired. It is now claimed that, even at heights over 12,000 feet, the odds in favour of the aeroplane escaping when engaged by a battery are reduced to a mere 8 to 1. But there is always a vast difference in gunnery between peacetime practice and war results. Moreover, in the very perfection of the predictor appears to lie its antidote. For its automatic calculations are based on the normality of the aeroplane's course, and any sudden change or manœuvre is liable to upset the result completely.

Thus the most that it is safe to reckon upon is that the progress of anti-aircraft gunnery will force aircraft to fly higher and will lead to the use of fast and small bombers rather than the relatively clumsy big bomber of the past. But this tendency is equally stimulated by the terrific speed and agility of the latest fighters, attaining over 200 miles an hour. These, like mosquitoes, can sting to death the mammoths of the air.

Their speed, however, is almost matched by the modern "day-bomber" as it is called, and this can carry a bomb-load of 1,000 lbs. or a torpedo-load of double. Its possibilities of long-range destruction can be realised by comparison with the fact that "Big Bertha" only fired a shell of 265 lbs. into Paris.

Difficult targets as such bombers would be to anti-aircraft guns when flying high, they could make themselves an impossible target by flying low. If, for example, an enemy air force was attacking London or New York, it is likely that the bombers would come in from all directions, skimming the roof-tops at tremendous speed—a method that would not only give them immunity but enable them to lay their "eggs" with fatal accuracy.

Further, these factors of air superiority over any known counter-means increase with every increase of air speed, which makes gunnery calculations more difficult and more liable to error. And they do not take account of the weather conditions which the aeroplane can convert into a cloak for itself. It is specially significant that night and cloudy weather are the most favourable conditions not merely for concealment but for the use of gas. For then its persistency is greatest.

Are we to regard air-bombing attacks, with or without gas, on the civilian population as a probability of the next war? Is mass terrorization of the people to be the deliberate military aim?

Not at the outset. The fear of neutral opinion allied to military conservatism will prevent it. But railway and munition centres are justifiable military targets. So also are the ports whence warships and troops may sail. For the enemy it will be a fortunate coincidence that food supplies also enter through ports. The difference is slight and, if necessary, "regrettable error" can always be pleaded.

Docks and merchant ships are peculiarly vulnerable to air attack and in the case of an island state, such as Britain, the screw of starvation could easily be put on the will of the people. Again, it would be ridiculous and hopeless to assert that troops can only be attacked when "at the front". They have to train and assemble in camps at home, to travel by road and railway, passing through cities, and this very fact will make it impossible for an honest foe to discriminate, and easy for a dishonest foe to combine military damage with civil terrorization. War could be kept within bounds so long as fleets were confined to the sea and armies to a flat plane. They formed a barricade behind which the civilians could shelter. Now the aeroplane can jump over it. War has changed from draughts to halma. Perhaps it is not all evil. For the people at home, securely sheltered, have often egged on their "gallant defenders" long after these were weary of war and wishful for peace.

BRITISH UNEMPLOYMENT AND ITS MEANING

BY SIR LEO CHIOZZA MONEY

UNEMPLOYMENT has cost the nation since the Armistice about £700,000,000, and by the end of the financial year upon which we have now entered the figure will have risen to nearly £800,000,000. This gigantic sum represents expenditure upon unemployment benefit, out-of-work donations, Poor Law relief, training of the demobilised, grants from the Road Fund and other Exchequer payments. Almost entirely it stands for the relief of the unemployed and their dependents. It has maintained meanly, during enforced idleness for varying periods, a great army of workpeople the dimensions of which we do not precisely know, but which is partly revealed by the process of counting those simultaneously unemployed. These have been rarely less than one million and have sometimes, as in 1921, risen above two millions. In 1929 the day count of the unemployed, made once a week, always exceeded one million, and rose at times to nearly 1,500,000. In 1930 the day count has risen to over 1,500,000; on the latest date of which there is record as I write, March 17, the figure for Great Britain only was 1,621,800. This is the worst record for eight years.

It must be made perfectly clear that the day count does not refer to a standing army of unemployed persons; it is a count of the persons who happen to be all unemployed on the same day. It does not tell us what interval has elapsed since they were last employed. To that point we shall come presently, and we shall find that the more closely the facts are examined the more serious they appear.

Once a month, in *The Ministry of Labour Gazette*, we are given more complete figures than those of the weekly count issued to the press. As I write, the latest date available for this extended information is February 24, 1930, when the day count revealed that in Great Britain and Northern Ireland the registered unemployed numbered 1,582,000, of whom 1,160,000 were men and 338,000 women, the remainder being boys and girls. Of

the aggregate as many as 1,200,000 were wholly unemployed; the remainder were out of work through temporary stoppages.

This day count, although undoubtedly revealing the great majority of the unemployed, is not quite complete. The Unemployment Insurance Acts compulsorily bring into insurance the majority of employed persons aged 16 to 65, including the manual workers in almost every industry except agriculture and domestic service, and including a large proportion of the non-manual workers earning less than £5 per week; altogether these insured persons number approximately 12,100,000. Every insured person is given an unemployment book, and this has to be lodged at the Employment Exchange when claim is made for benefit. A proportion of uninsured persons also register themselves as seeking jobs, and from the registration of both insured and uninsured the official day counts are made. An unknown number of uninsured unemployed persons do not register, so that the day count is not a full record. The latest amendment of the Acts (1930) brings into benefit, registration and computation an actually large but relatively small number of workpeople before excluded from the figures; thus the count of March 17 rose by some 30,000 on this score. I do not spend words upon this addition, for in relation to the enormous dimensions of the whole body suffering unemployment it amounts to a small factor. The serious issue of unemployment is too often confused by concentration upon exceptional cases.

Let us try to get some further light upon this day count. As we have seen, it shows us how many people are simultaneously unemployed, but it does not tell us what degree of general unemployment is required to make it possible for so great an army as 1½ millions to be simultaneously unemployed. I have made special enquiry of the Ministry of Labour on this point, and am informed that to produce an army of 1½ millions unemployed all on one day, the persons thrown out of work for some period or other during a year would probably number 5,000,000 or more. There is no separate army of 1½ millions of unemployed persons, but there is in 1930 an army of about five million workers, none of whom is safely in work. These five millions of the intermittently employed, with their dependents, probably account for some 15 millions, or one-third of the entire population (that is my estimate and not official), a consideration which may help

us to realise the extent of human suffering involved in the problem.

Also we have some valuable information as to the periods of unemployment experienced. The Ministry of Labour conducted special enquiries on two days, March 18 and September 16, 1929, proceeding by the excellent and approved method of sample investigation, the number of cases actually examined being about 10,000. It was found:

(1) That the average number of days of unemployment suffered in the year was 140 for the men and 93 for the women.

(2) That about 30 per cent. of the men and about 50 per cent. of the women had had less than three months unemployment in the year; about 30 per cent. of both men and women were unemployed between three months and six months; and about 40 per cent. of the men and 20 per cent. of the women had had more than six months of unemployment in the year.

(3) That the amount of unemployment experienced increases steadily with advancing age. In the age group 60-64 the amount experienced in the year is over 50 per cent. greater than in the age group 18-24.

These are impressive facts. It is useless to seek comfort, as we have been asked to do, in the reflection that when 1½ millions of persons are unemployed all on one day a proportion of them were in work three months ago; it is much more to the point to remember that the average man brought to light by the day count suffers 140 days of unemployment in a year.

Even in the best cases these intermissions of employment amount to a very serious social problem. For consider the effect upon a carpenter or builder's labourer of the substitution of unemployment benefit for wage during one-twelfth, one-sixth or one-quarter of a year. The full earnings of these important factors in wealth production (amounting as they do in England to between 1/- and 1/4d. per hour in the provinces and to between 1/4d. and 1/9d. per hour in London) even if the recipients are fortunate enough never to lose wages on account of illness, and are so austere as never to take a holiday at their own expense, do not allow of any dispensable margin. It is still true, however, that one-half of the world does not know how the other half lives; if it were not so we should not find, as we have recently done, a statesman of great ability and generous disposition re-

ording his opinion that a large proportion of our unemployed might well be omitted from the unemployment returns because they consist of just such cases as I have here mentioned; cases so thoughtfully provided for by an indulgent legislature in giving them the opportunity to subscribe out of fat weeks (in which they draw 40/- to 60/-) for lean weeks in which they draw nothing. Personal touch with such cases makes one indignant with the common use of the word "dole" to describe unemployment benefit.

I have pointed out that our unemployment statistics, good as they are, are not complete because of the uninsured. They are also less than the truth for another reason; and that is the practice of working short-time in some industries. Thus, in the cotton trade in January, returns from firms employing 72,600 work-people show that 20 per cent. were working short-time, with the loss of about 14 hours each in the week on the average. Short-time means the distribution of unemployment among a number of work-people as an alternative to throwing a proportion of them entirely idle.

Examination of the details for February 24 shows that unemployment is widespread in our industries, and that it is rarely that the percentage unemployed in a trade is less than 5 per cent. of those insured; indeed, the only trades with less than 5 per cent. were the tramway and omnibus services, the group commerce, banking, insurance and finance, and professional services. The percentage unemployed of the entire insured twelve millions was 13.1 per cent., and it is not surprising to find, therefore, that the great majority of the groups have unemployment exceeding 8 per cent. It is only too apparent that the great British staples, the foundation of modern British wealth, are the worst sufferers. Thus mining, metal manufacture, engineering, shipbuilding and ship-repairing, the metal trades and the textile trades between them account for 690,000 persons, or nearly 44 per cent. of the entire body of unemployed. Apart from the textile group, this unemployment is mainly that of adult men, which makes the proportion all the more significant.

In addition to the groups just mentioned, the main contributors to the formidable aggregate are building and construction 195,000, transport and communication 134,000, and the distributive trades 139,000. Adding these to the total already

given, we account for 1,158,000 of the aggregate of over 1,500,000.

It follows from the distribution of unemployment amongst industries that the chief suffering is in the industrial north; the north-eastern and north-western divisions had as many as 714,000 unemployed, or nearly one-half of the entire aggregate; the London, south-eastern and south-western division accounted for the relatively small number of 317,000.

We may next turn with advantage to the record of the *variation of insured persons in the various industries*. Here again the Ministry of Labour helps us with an analysis of the changes in 1923-1929. This is very important because it is good to know that, while so great a body of unemployment exists, *there has been a marked increase in the total number of persons engaged in industry*. The official analysis shows that the number of insured persons rose from 11,485,800 in July, 1923, to 12,094,000 in July, 1929. When we make allowance for the fact that some 60,000 of this increase was due to administrative changes, we have left a substantial increase in the personnel of British industry. There were increases in 71 industries and decreases in 29, the 71 increasing industries covering some 65 per cent. of the total insured population.

Among the increasing trades were the group silk and artificial silk (which doubled its employees), artificial stone and concrete, tramway and omnibus service (which rose 50 per cent.), the distributive trades (whose workers rose from 1,253,980 to 1,679,000), furniture and upholstery, motor vehicles, laundry work, dyeing and cleaning, building and hosiery. The chief trades which declined were cotton, wool, general and marine engineering, coal-mining, iron and steel, watches and jewellery, and shipbuilding. These changes in the total *employment* in industries confirm the estimates of the *unemployment* statistics as showing that the old staples now count for a smaller proportion of the nation's activity. Between 1923 and 1929, mining fell from 11.9 per cent. to 9.9 per cent. of the total insured working population, while the metal trades fell from 19.2 to 17.6 per cent, and textiles generally, despite the advance of silk, from 11.4 to 10.9 per cent. Not the least astonishing in the changes which occurred in this period was that the distributive workers in the insured population rose from 10.9 to 13.9. The middle-

men and their agents are thus greatly increasing, and it is matter for grave thought that in 1929 as many as 1,646,070 persons were insured in the distributive trades. While the things sold do not increase in quantity as they ought to do, we find an enormously increased number of persons engaged in selling. The last census of production showed what a small proportion of our people are engaged in material production, and the proportion still declines.

From this survey of British unemployment let us pass to the foreign records.

There do not appear to be any foreign unemployment statistics which are strictly comparable with our own. Moreover, Britain is the most industrialised country in the world, so that industrial unemployment hits a greater proportion of the British than of any other population. The United States, the leader of industry in the twentieth century, constitutionally leaves labour legislation and the collection of labour statistics to state authority, with the consequence that some states, such as New York and Massachusetts, give us useful figures, while others offer no data at all. Mr. Davis, the Federal Secretary of Labour, estimated the unemployed in the whole of the United States at 3 millions at the end of February, 1930, and presumably this figure is intended to represent a day count corresponding to an enormously larger number of persons intermittently employed. The estimate of Mr. Davis is thought to be an understatement by many qualified American observers, but any American estimate, official or other, must amount at best to intelligent guesswork. I am indebted to Sir Josiah Stamp for the following quotation from a report by the Alexander Hamilton Institute's Bureau of Business Conditions, dated March, 1930, which runs:—

Outside of farming 38,000,000 persons are available for gainful occupations. It may be assumed that about 2,000,000 persons represent the number normally unemployed. Applying the 7 per cent. decrease in factory labour to the 36,000,000 persons normally employed, we arrive at the conclusion that about 2,500,000 persons usually employed are now out of work. By including the 2,000,000 normally unemployed we could raise the present unemployment figure to 4,500,000, but such a figure would grossly exaggerate the effects of the current business recession.

On the Continent of Europe, French official estimates put the

unemployed at a few hundreds, and indeed it is common knowledge that since the close of the War a large number of foreign workmen have been imported into France to cope with her economic reconstruction. In Italy also the unemployment problem appears to be of relatively small dimensions. The *Bollettino Mensile di Statistica* gives the unemployed for January, 1929, as 461,889, for June, 1929, as 193,325, and for December, 1929, as 408,748. The last-named figure is declared to be due as to one-half of seasonal causes, which appears to be confirmed by the summer figure.

Turning to Germany, it is officially reported that at the end of January, 1930, the German Unemployment Exchanges had 3,394,000 persons registered as seeking work; 2,394,000 persons were in receipt of the standard unemployment benefit and 250,029 in receipt of emergency benefit. The returns of the German National Trade Unions show that on January 25, 1930, 22 per cent. of the membership were wholly unemployed and 11 per cent. working short time.

So we have it established that, while strict comparisons are impossible, *each of the three great industrial nations of the world, Britain, America and Germany, which between them possess the greater part of the world's coal-measures, and which therefore, have an overwhelming advantage over all other nations, suffers in 1930 unemployment on the million scale.* This is surely a fact of outstanding importance, which should serve to clear away many misconceptions. It is not less important that each of these three industrial leaders knows considerable unemployment in its best years, as America did even in the spring of 1929.

It is well to remind ourselves that unemployment of a serious character was not uncommon in Britain before the World War had dislocated our national economy.

Modern work as we know it has an inherent irregularity due to many causes, and that irregularity was faithfully reflected before the War, not, of course, in insurance statistics, for the National Insurance Act was not passed until 1911, but in the records of the Trade Unions. Thus, whereas owing to the hectic boom caused by the Franco-German War, Trade Union unemployment in 1871-1874 was under 2 per cent., it mounted to 10.7 per cent. in 1879, in which year 15.3 per cent. of our

engineers, shipbuilders and iron and steel workers were unemployed. In 1886, the Trade Union unemployment rate was nearly 10 per cent., in 1893, nearly 8 per cent., in 1904, over 6 per cent., in 1908, 9 per cent. These bad periods alternated with good years like 1883, 2.6 per cent., 1890, 2.1 per cent., 1906, 3.7 per cent. and the year before the War, 1913, when we got down to what may be called the irreducible minimum of under 2 per cent. Before the War, as now, certain trades suffered in especial; engineering, shipbuilding and the metal trades have always been hardest hit in times of depression. And foreign experience matched our own; irregularity of work was a commonplace everywhere in the world. It was, indeed, the recognised intermittency of the call for labour which led to the establishment of the Employment Exchanges and to the Unemployment Section of the National Insurance Act of 1911.

Why is work normally irregular? There are unfortunately many answers to this question and here are the chief of them:

(1). There are the effects of season, which are pronounced in building, clothing, gas manufacture, brick and tile, and many other industries; the workers in these trades, before unemployment insurance, had either to find alternative employments in their slack seasons or struggle along as best they could.

(2). There are the results of climatic variations, which are particularly severe in some trades and which may easily influence our work even when experienced abroad, as when crops of food or organic materials are too small or (exhibiting the most curious result of Alice-in-Wonderland economics) too great.

(3). Shortages of material and consequent slackness arise from both home and foreign causes apart from climatic variations, and these causes cannot be controlled by us.

(4). Unemployment is caused frequently by changes in fashion, especially in trades which serve women. The abbreviation of women's dresses, for example, has had a pronounced effect upon work, and no trade which serves the caprices of fashion is safe at any time. This particular and considerable cause of irregularity may disappear with the dethroning of the fashion-plate, but that disappearance would only be possible in a society in which women were sufficiently cultured to adopt an individually suitable, but not necessarily constant, form of attire. The play of a multitude of individual tastes and caprices would create a fairly constant demand by striking an average call for various dress materials. It is the universal dressing in one way at one time which makes fashion the enemy of regular employment.

(5). Irregularity of work is caused by the sudden introduction in an industry of new machinery or new methods, and this is a factor of growing

importance. In the nineteenth century, trades changed slowly, so that there was plenty of time for the adaptation of labour. Even before the War, however, it was becoming not uncommon for the methods of a trade to be revolutionised in a few years.

(6). The amalgamation of firms and the closing down of firms have always played a considerable part in unemployment. Recently this factor has gained in importance through the impetus given to what is called Rationalization, about which there is nothing new except the name. The rationalization of an industry means that its various units are subjected to ruthless re-organisation, in which every factor of inefficiency, whether a firm, a building, a unit of plant or a human being, is discarded. The call for thorough-going organisation in all trades is necessarily having a serious effect upon employment and all that is new in the matter is that as compared with pre-war re-organisation the process is more thorough, more rapid and therefore more inhuman.

(7). We have the influence of war in the preparation of armaments (often subject to change and caprice), in its continuance and in its sequels. These very unequally affect combatants and neutrals.

(8). Irregularity of work may be caused by financial trouble, as, for example, in the United States in 1907, when one man out of four was thrown out of work in the course of a few months, and as again in the United States last year, when the Wall Street panic was followed by great distress which remains at this hour.

(9). It was observed in the nineteenth century that trade did not progress in the world as a whole or in any country regularly, but in a wave of alternate advances and regressions. This phenomenon, termed the "Trade Cycle", has been made the subject of many conflicting theories. For my part, I have regarded the trade cycle as an inevitable consequence of competitive industry, in which it is impossible to relate demand to production, and in which production, therefore, must periodically run ahead of demand and cause depression.

(10). Foreign competition in both overseas and home markets is a potent cause of unemployment. In every market competition grows keener, and the British exporter has to meet in each nation not only the national producer but the exports of other nations. In the home market there is also increasing pressure, as our own productions face the competition of goods the produce of foreign science, artistry and organised production.

(11). The growth of protective tariffs, both in foreign countries and the British Dominions, has continuously checked exportation (not, of course, British alone) and therefore created unemployment. This factor, however, important as it is, had little effect in the opening years of the twentieth century, for the markets of the world generally were expanding so that a check in one direction was off-set by expansion in another. British exports rose enormously in the fifteen years preceding the War, and in the year before the War broke out British unemployment was negligible, in spite of tariffs and competition.

(12). Last, but not least, we may note that unemployment is a necessary by-product of competition and enterprise. I know of no better illustration

of this fact than that much belauded thing the American motor-car industry. In the history of all industry never has enterprise received so much praise and adulation as this particular trade. Yet I have before me, as I write, the Official *Monthly Labour Review* of the United States Department of Labour for February 1929, containing a special monograph entitled, *Instability of Unemployment in the Motor-car Industry*, in which it is shown that "for every year since 1923, except 1926, the stability index for more than half the plant was under 85". It is also shown that in 1928 in many cases the index was as low or lower than 70, and in one case, Buffalo, only 48.3. Why this amazing degree of unemployment? The answer is Enterprise—enterprise which suddenly puts up one make of car and puts down another, and which surrounds each plant with a band of in-and-out workmen. Detroit, the Mecca of the worshippers of mass production, was not long since flooded with unemployed.

This catalogue of causes is not by any means exhaustive, but it covers the main heads, and it is sufficient to remind us that we have to deal with a Hydra-headed monster.

When we examine the many causes of unemployment, we not only cease to be surprised at its existence at any given moment, but we are rather inclined to wonder that a great nation, dependent for its living upon the winning of an enormous bulk of imports, should in so many years before the War have escaped with so small a proportion of unemployment. We have noted in passing the reason for the degree of success which was won. All the world lay open to our enterprise, and as the first of the few great coal powers to work coal profitably, as the inventors of the factory system, we remained, despite the growth of competition, expanding producers and exporters in a world ever offering bigger markets. At the slump point of each trade cycle unemployment became serious; at the intervening booms unemployment was reduced to what I have termed the irreducible minimum.

Then came the World War, in which, as is not yet generally understood, we were driven to measures which dislocated our trade and dissolved our shipping lines. We had to sell out a large proportion of our overseas investments and to incur heavy indebtedness to America, even while America, together with Japan, profited by that which injured us. The world of after the War no longer presented markets expanding as in 1900-1913, while new tariffs sprang up as a phase of exacerbated nationalism, and while an intense competition fought for shares in a frustrated commerce. The United States, becoming the

residuary legatee of the war, became possessed of one-half of the world's gold and put it largely out of action as a basis for credit. In these circumstances it is not a matter for surprise that British exports suffered, for many of them enjoyed before 1914 a dangerous predominance. The real cause for wonder is that British cotton mills and British ship-yards should have obtained such an overwhelming supremacy as was theirs when the War broke out, and I do not know how any thoughtful mind could imagine that such a supremacy, not over one nation but over the entire world, could forever continue to exist. That Lancashire in 1929 should still be exporting one-half of the cotton goods exported by all the nations of the world is a matter for congratulation, not for reproach.

Sooner or later, the world as a whole will resume the expansion which it knew before the War, and there is good reason to suppose that, although supremacy may not be retained in certain trades, Britain will be able to win from larger and ever-growing world markets the imports which she needs to sustain her fabric. In this endeavour she must neglect no possible means of achieving a better industrial organisation. Those who understand the process will not believe that either now or in the future rationalization will prevent normal unemployment. Indeed, in the process of execution it is productive of a special degree of unemployment.

We are, therefore, left with an abnormal and immediate problem of unemployment which calls for commensurate operations. *Already, as we have reminded ourselves, we have spent £700,000,000 in various forms of alleviation*, and we are rapidly heading for an aggregate expenditure of £1,000,000,000 in the mere relief of unemployment without blotting out a line of it.

There exist wide differences of opinion upon unemployment policy, although there is general agreement upon some things. Thus, those who framed and passed the Unemployment Section of the National Insurance Act of 1911 may congratulate themselves upon having enacted a measure which no-one now opposes, despite the application of the misleading epithet "dole" to benefits which (for the most part) are properly and jointly subscribed for by the workman himself, by his employer, and by the state as representing those who would otherwise escape

contribution because they are neither large employers nor persons subject to unemployment. Again, as to rationalization, there is general agreement that British production (and, for that matter, distribution) must be scientifically re-organised; it would, however, be a profound mistake to proceed except in the closest accord with the Trade Unions.

Leaving this common ground, we come to the suggestion that a protective tariff would abolish unemployment by setting British hands to work upon goods now freely imported into Britain from abroad. Here we touch matters of bitter controversy. Unemployment is so serious a thing that I do not know why controversy on any point touching it should be bitter. Let me, then, endeavour to present both sides of the argument with fairness.

The Free Trader holds that British wealth is based upon using our two great natural resources, coal and an admirable geographical position, to attract and work upon the wealth of the entire world. He regards Britain as a great free port which through free dealing has become the greatest world market even for many exotic commodities. In the process, it is urged, Britain came to possess most of the world's ships and shipyards, and £4,000,000,000 of oversea investments. The British manufacturer has had the advantage of working upon an unrestricted supply of raw, crude and manufactured materials. The Free Trader denies that there are enormous imports of manufactures for final consumption, and urges that the greater part of the manufactures imported are used not by the householder but by the British manufacturers as materials. He argues that to disturb this system, in which exports of goods and services amply pay for our gigantic imports, would be to reduce British wealth and to diminish the entire volume of employment. He also points to the existence of unemployment in every protected country, from the United States to Australia. As for the safeguarding experiments, the Free Trader holds that the few favoured industries enjoy Free Trade in buying and Protection in selling.

Against these arguments the Protectionist urges that while he admits that imports are paid for by exports, it is the bounden duty of the state not to leave the matter of imports to individual choice, but to direct them into the most suitable channels by a

scientific tariff or by safeguarding such trades as may seem to need it. Having earned our imports, says the Protectionist, let us mould them into the form best suited to our economy, after the example of Germany who, following the great economist Friedrich List, adopted the fundamental doctrine that the true wealth of a nation consists, not in the volume of exchange-values which it possesses, but in the full and varied development of its productive powers. Thus the Protectionist holds that Britain should have preserved her agriculture and not have sacrificed it to industry, and that the sacrifice enforced upon Ireland was particularly cruel. As to industry, the Protectionist urges that the rapidity of modern industrial change and the facility of mass production makes it possible for foreign manufactures to use a Free Trade market to its great disadvantage, and to cause at times catastrophic unemployment through sudden dumping. The Protectionist also declares that the increasing importation of manufactures at the present time of depression is a matter which calls definitely for state interference, and that the experiments made with safeguarding duties have been on the whole strikingly successful. We can, it is argued, while retaining all or most of the advantages of recourse to untaxed materials, give security and stability to national industry and therefore give steadiness to employment.

Next we come to the suggestions which have been made that, as Britain at one and the same time stands in need of capital developments even while she has so many unemployed, she could develop a great scheme of strictly economic works, dealing in especial with Transport and Communication in all their forms (railways, roads, docks, harbours, canals, telephones, etc.), Power in all its forms (coal, electricity, etc.), and Land Development (drainage, reclamation, afforestation, etc.). Such work, it has been urged, would add permanently to the national income, while having the immediate effect of calling hundreds of thousands into economic employment directly, and giving an impetus to the national economy which would call upon the goods of every industry. Such an endeavour, it is hoped, might reduce the problem to its normal pre-war dimensions. The Lord Privy Seal, as Minister of Unemployment, has already to some degree favoured this policy in practice by promoting work upon various capital improvements, estimated to cost some £60,000,000, spread over

a considerable period. Those who call for a much larger effort point to the enormous character of the problem and to the fact that we have already spent hundreds of millions upon mere relief without producing a penn'orth of material goods. Against this policy of large scale treatment is urged the "Treasury view" that for the state to use capital to employ labour would be merely to prevent private enterprise from giving a corresponding amount of employment, so that the net addition to employment would be nil.

The Treasury view was very clearly and forcibly expressed by Mr. Winston Churchill in his Budget speech of April 15th, 1929, when he said:

Let us address ourselves to the burning question of whether national prosperity can be restored or enhanced by the Government borrowing money and spending it on making more work. The orthodox Treasury view is that when the Government borrows in the money market it becomes a new competitor with industry and attracts to itself resources which would otherwise have been employed in private enterprise, and in the process it raises the rent of money to all who need it. This orthodox view holds, therefore, that a special and even perhaps a double, responsibility rests upon the State when it decides to enter the money market as a rival to the ordinary life and trade of the country. The onus is laid upon the Government to prove either that the need is paramount, as in the case of national safety being in danger, or that the work is necessary and would not otherwise be undertaken; or that the spending of that money by the Government would produce a more beneficial result than if it had been left available for trade and industry. No absolute rule can be laid down, but each case must be judged upon its merits and in the prevailing circumstances.

We, ourselves, have not followed any absolute rule. On the contrary, in the desire to induce a speedier return to prosperity and to diminish unemployment we have during the last five years ventured upon very heavy capital outlay. We have set on foot the carrying into effect of far-reaching though carefully considered programmes of housing, roads, telephones, and agricultural development. The expenditure provided for this purpose, either from revenue or from loans raised on Government credit, during the past four years amounts, in round figures, to £260,000,000.

As far as we can tell, it appears that Mr. J. H. Thomas, our Minister of Unemployment, entirely endorses the Treasury view as propounded by Mr. Winston Churchill, so that we have responsible Conservative and Labour ministers in agreement. Both ministers, however, while paying lip service to the "orthodox view", have been heretics in practice; the dimensions of their heresies have been stated.

It should be added that the Treasury view is countered by economists who urge that if it is true, for example, that for the state to build a cottage prevents private enterprise from building a cottage, it must also be true that any private builder does nothing for employment by building a cottage, since his doing so must prevent somebody else from employing a similar amount of capital. Moreover, in 1930, money is cheap and capital also largely unemployed, and it is argued that the opportunity is ripe to direct idle capital to employ idle labour; that it is surely better to pay wages for good and necessary work done than for the relief of enforced idleness. The building-trade workers point to their 200,000 unemployed and ask: "Why not let us build, seeing that so much building needs to be done?" I find it difficult not to join with them in asking that pertinent question. We may also observe that President Hoover, faced in America with the immediate fear of catastrophic unemployment, has urgently promoted the execution of all needful and economic works, public and private. As I write, a message from Washington states that the United States Senate have passed agricultural and public building bills embodying appropriations for various works calling for an immediate expenditure of £76,000,000; it seems difficult to believe that it is not better to spend this money directly upon work of permanent value than to meet bills of distress.

I have thus endeavoured to state with fairness the opposing views of the two most vexed questions in connection with the problem of unemployment. Time will show, not necessarily which of these views is right, but which of them is to triumph. As things are, Britain at this moment is neither a Free Trade nor a Protectionist country, while, as to the Treasury view of national works for development, it can only be said that the argument against such efforts is so far respected that the works put in hand have been tentative and small in relation to the magnitude of the problem.

The Labour Government has for the first time entrusted the problem of unemployment to the care of a Minister of Cabinet rank. Mr. J. H. Thomas, charged with this great responsibility, has dealt with it in two distinct ways. In the first place, he has devoted himself to the stimulation of British industrial and commercial re-organisation, in an endeavour to increase British exports and to strengthen the national economy. In the second

place, he has given himself to the promotion of such capital works as seemed in his judgment to give value for the money spent, and to mitigating the immediate effects of rationalization upon employment. Thus the Lord Privy Seal seems to be combining functions proper to (1) a Minister of Trade and Commerce and (2) a Minister of Labour. Obviously there is nothing in the furtherance of rationalization which is not within the ambit of the President of the Board of Trade, and there is nothing in the promotion of public works or the alleviation of the temporary distress arising from rationalization which is not relevant to the functions of a Ministry of Labour. Mr. Thomas, indeed, is in a very difficult and anomalous position which has, however, compensating advantages in that he can make his own precedents and, with the consent of the Cabinet, give effect to his own views of his functions. It is clear that in furthering rationalization he adds as a Minister of Trade to his own difficulties as a Minister of Labour dealing with unemployment. On the other hand, there may be great advantages at the moment for a man of resource and force of character in dealing simultaneously with both sides of an industrial problem. A great part of Mr. Thomas's energy has been expended in the excellent conception of strengthening Britain's industrial future, but most obviously the Ministry of Unemployment was set up to deal with an urgent and most immediate problem. I am not sure that there has been clear thinking about all this. If a Minister of Unemployment were to-morrow to persuade the cotton industry to adopt a new loom dispensing with three-fourths of the labour hitherto demanded in weaving, he would undoubtedly strengthen the industry as a competitive factor in the world, but he would make an immediate and serious addition to the number of unemployed. To take a recent case, the rationalization of the iron and steel industry has just shut down Cammell's fine works at Penistone, and discharged a thousand men earning from £2. 5. 0. to £7. 0. 0. a week.

I cannot leave this brief outline of a very important subject without reference to the future of work. It must surely be apparent to us all that the time is coming when machinery and scientific work will make it possible to produce all human needs with the work of adults exercised for a few hours a day. That is the final outcome of what is called "technological unemploy-

ment". What we must set our minds upon is therefore the solution of the problem: *How is a scientifically created and expected unemployment to be distributed as leisure?* In the time to come, the further "rationalization" of an industry, making it possible with 100,000 men to do what was previously done by 150,000, will be regarded as a joyful occurrence, either making it possible to employ 50,000 men on the production of new satisfactions, or of spreading a reduced number of working hours over the original 150,000 men. In America we see the beginnings of a five-day-week, which is another step on the road to greater leisure. In Britain in 1929, the presence on any day of a million or more drawing unemployment benefit was equivalent to an exceedingly clumsy and stupid apportionment of enforced leisure, the actual production of wealth in Britain in 1929, minus her exports and plus her imports, being really sufficient to provide a living of some sort for the entire population. The problems of distribution of wealth, work and leisure are bound up with the final solution of the problem of unemployment, and it is all for good that at long last the imperfections and frustrations which accompany our existing methods should be discussed and understood.

CAN WE CONTENT INDIA?

BY T. EARLE WELBY

AVOIDING the political issues to which most attention is now directed, I wish to ask just that one question. Can we, by meeting in full or in part the demands made by most Indian political leaders, give India contentment? The cost I do not propose to discuss: neither the cost to Great Britain nor the cost to India. Take what view you will of the effect of vast political concessions on efficiency, on the integrity of the administrative services, on internal peace, on security against attack from without: no estimate, from either side, will here be challenged. The argument here will be, not of the price of Dominion status or independence, but of whether the thing purchased can make India happy, in the degree in which happiness is attainable in a distracted world.

It is a large question, as large perhaps as the question whether any one political act could make Europe happy in what would be no longer its international but its national life. For geographically India is as extensive as Europe without Russia. The Madras Presidency has a larger population than France and a not much smaller area, Bengal a still larger population, while Bombay is closely comparable in both area and population with Spain, and the Native State of Mysore with Bulgaria. I refer readers to an instructive tabular statement in Sir Reginald Craddock's *The Dilemma in India*, and pass on. To be sure, India has been in one sense unified as Europe has not, since most of it has been under one government, the British. But this unifying power is to be removed altogether or so limited in its operation that it will not count for anything. And in every other respect India has been considerably less unified than Europe. The Mogul Empire even in the reign of Akbar did not nearly cover the whole of the sub-continent, and with all its glory in that epoch did not affect the life of the peoples of India, in those things which survive when Empires fall, anything like as profoundly as Rome affected Europe. Nor was India ever held

together, comparably with medieval Europe, by the one religion, or animated by any such common purpose as that of the crusades. And, to look at conditions in the India of to-day, there is certainly much less cultural unity in India than in Europe. The literacy statistics for India, as ordinarily presented, tell us no more than that there is a vast amount of illiteracy in India; but that is not the point. What we have to consider is, not a low literacy figure in a homogeneous population, but the very uneven distribution of literacy in a population sharply divided even within the main linguistic and religious compartments, by the unique institution of caste. Grouping together a few relatively small sections of the population, less than forty million out of eight times that number, we find more than twenty per cent. literate, and of the huge residue only a little more than four per cent.

The question, then, is whether, by precipitate retreat or dramatic suicide on the spot, we British can content a country which may in area and population be likened to the Europe of to-day, but which in many spiritual and intellectual respects must be likened to a Europe in which should co-exist the conditions of every century from the tenth to the twentieth.

Though I spent many years, including the invaluable years of childhood, in that country, knew two widely separated Provinces very intimately and most of the others in some degree, or, rather, just for those reasons, I lack the impudence to answer the question I have asked. I can but suggest a few of the considerations which should be present to the mind of anyone seeking to answer the question, and leave it at that.

That a part of the East, and a part with a very ancient and highly remarkable civilization, should wish to live its own life is the most natural thing in the world. No man was ever happy in another man's clothes, however superior to his own. But that platitude does not take us far—unless, indeed, we perceive the irony of India proposing to be itself with the aid of institutions imported from the West. And even then we cannot be sure that we are not being rather cheaply ironical. For in what other form could the Indian demand, or, rather, the demand of India's intellectuals, be formulated? We have obliged a non-political people to think politically, so far as they bother about the larger issues of their mundane life, and it is hardly for us to complain if they do so. A vague aspiration to live as Indians, in conformity

with Indian ideals, would hardly elicit a response from Parliament and be met by a new Government of India Bill. A problem that is fundamentally not political has been forced into a political form, and we need not be surprised that the consequences are extremely inconvenient for all concerned.

What evidence is there that India under the British has been hindered from living her national life? What hope that, with Dominion status or independence, she would live in closer accord with the true temper of her peoples?

In some ways, too obvious to be specified, British rule has meant interference with the natural inclinations of her peoples, but that interference has not gone very far. Justice and expediency alike dictated that the alien authority should not meddle with the religious and social life of the population. But that is not all. By formal and legal recognition, many institutions, chiefly Hindu but in some instances Mahomedan, which would have weakened under influences from the West, have been petrified and preserved. If in a hundred ways Great Britain has sped India forward; in a few, of intimate concern to Indians, she has artificially but inevitably arrested change. And then there have been the social consequences of the British habit of conceiving of all progress as political.

Time was, within living memory, when most of the leaders of Westernized India were in some sort social reformers. But social reform cannot be effected without vigorous denunciation of social evils; and it was pointed out to them that such denunciation displayed to the world a country unfitted for even an instalment of autonomy. From a policy of "Hush!" in political interests it was an easy enough transition to a policy of defending all things Indian simply as such. There are social reformers still, but their position is very difficult, not only for the reason just indicated but because what is gained by their embarrassed efforts is at least partly lost through the efforts of inferior castes to rise in the social scale by adopting some of the usages of higher castes. It is always, everywhere in the world, the parvenu who is the stickler for etiquette, and there are on record instances of small Indian communities which have found in migration to where they were not well known and the adoption of the strictest social conservatism the first rung of the climber's ladder. In a certain lurid example, a group moved out of its

district, set up a claim to Rajput descent, sought to confirm it by declining to marry its daughters to others than Rajputs, and as virtually no Rajputs would respond, took to wholesale female infanticide. That was a very extreme case, but in milder ways something analogous occurs from time to time.

Would there be more or less social reform after the British had been eliminated or reduced to mere figure-heads and consultative but impotent experts? There would be this much gain, that the motive to hush up social evils, for a political reason, would have disappeared; and this much more, that in theory, the government no longer being alien in race and professed religion, there would no longer be an obligation not to intervene in such matters. But the latter gain would be illusory, for a Hindu meddling with Mahomedan social usages would excite ten times the resentment caused by any action taken by an alien and impartial British authority.

But we are in danger of irrelevancy to the matter under discussion, which is not the desirability of social reform from any Western point of view but the possibility of Indians attaining to a more truly national life without the British. Child marriage, the purdah, life-long loneliness for child widows, the caste system, and many other institutions, may be judged good, evil, or as remediable corruptions of fine ideals: that is here beside the point. Historically, they are characteristic of the population in which they are found. What will happen about them when it is no longer on the one hand a part of political strategy to hush them up or glorify them, according to the temperament of the politician, and on the other hand part of another kind of political strategy to show that India is trying to rid herself of them? What will the play be when there is no gallery of outsiders to which to play?

We are brought, by a devious and clumsily traced route, back to the original question, which may now be put in another form. Has or has not India been prevented from living her true life by the presence of the British as administrators?

Beyond question, whatever of unity, superficial as it is, that she has achieved is due to British rule. In its political aspect, Indian Nationalism has gained enormously by having as something to recoil from, or batter at, the British Raj. Certain Indian institutions have been preserved because an alien government,

unless insanely tyrannical, could not dream of interfering with them, and for practical reasons, especially in the law courts, was bound to give them both definition and sanction. Some of those and some others have come, naturally enough if not always wisely, to be ardently championed as "national" by Indians who, if without political motive, would have set little store by them. Remove the government that is precluded from meddling because it is alien, remove also a British public that must in one way or other be impressed, and what will happen?

I do not know; I can but ask. If those institutions are not historical accidents, if they are truly expressive of the genius of the peoples of India, they ought, on the severely limited view here taken, to be preserved and strengthened. But they are really dear to few among those who will exercise power in a self-governing India. Most of the intellectuals, to be sure, take or profess pride in them, but largely because, face to face with the British, they are inspired to assert the worth of Indian civilization. Eliminate the British, and that gesture becomes superfluous. What, then, will be the chances of a strictly Indian way of life with virtually all political power in the hands of those who are too Westernized to pursue it for its own sake? Mr. Gandhi is all for the ancient indigenous modes, in protest against a foreign and "Satanic" Government. Well, it would appear that the presence of Satan is necessary for his sort of recoil into virtue.

No doubt, under any sort of rule, the Indian peasant will continue, in his simple stoicism, the life he has lived down the centuries and under the drums and trappings of many conquests. No doubt, at the other extreme, there will always be, in the holy places of Hinduism, at Benares, or at the confluence of the sacred rivers by Allahabad, or in the famous shrines of the South, men who have abstracted themselves from the world to meditate the Absolute. Neither these, who have placed themselves beyond the touch of mortal circumstances, nor those, who for a hundred generations have accepted political vicissitudes as they accepted pestilence or the failure of the monsoon, knowing that never would they be consulted as to their fate, really enter into this argument. The discourse, wandering and hesitant, is of an urban minority, large enough to populate any major country in Europe, which will have contact with the new political machinery, whatever form it takes, and the actuality or the show of a share in

operating it—a minority not as we understand the term in the West, but one divided by religion and then by caste.

Leaving aside those who care for none of these things and those whose traditional part it is to accept whatever befalls them, we must enquire into the prospects of a truly indigenous way of life, consequent on self-government, for the residual population.

It may be, on a philosophical view of the world, that human beings need to be severely conditioned in order to be themselves. Possibly it is our weather that has driven us British to the indoor pastime of politics, which does seem to be less seriously and successfully engaged in under brighter skies. And who shall rule out the possibility that the British incubus is a condition of nationalism in India?

A condition of nationalism, and yet one may venture to think of something more important in national life. The East surely should know, what is hidden from so many in the West, that national life is but uncertainly related to nationalism. The phrase, "self-determination", came out of America, a country, to a very great extent, of deliberately denationalized persons striving to achieve a new nationality. The consciously "hundred per cent." nationalist, it may be suggested, is not typical of his nation, whatever it may be. To be for ever differentiating oneself from others is an excessive homage to them, though it take the form of flouting them. And, at least to one man who has known India pretty well, who can never extricate himself from the complication of charms she casts about the susceptible alien, to one such it does seem accordant with the genius of India that she should acquiesce in joint control of merely political affairs by the busybody British and the "politically minded" of her own sons while she lives on her old life, lapses deeper into her age-long dream, and, in a courtesy not unmingled with disdain, the true manner of the East at its best, abdicates to be more herself.

This at least I know, that at bottom the problem is not political. The material consequences of our staying or our going will be vastly important—in our eyes, in the eyes of the Western world. But for India herself, the real India, these things do not count for much. And, though it be impudence for any one man to address three hundred million, may one not ask India, strewn with the wrecks of empires and kingdoms, whether, assuming

that this particular bit of *sabotage* can be achieved, there can be any profit in adding to the wreckage.

Plainly, can it be helpful to the true national life of India that her genius should be diverted, even in part, to the dreary, and for her, uncongenial business of politics? In that miraculous, deserted, intact, "city of victory" built by the Mogul Emperor near Agra there is the triumphal arch, the highest in the world, a fanfare in architecture, and also the strangely moving inscription bidding men to regard the world as a bridge—"pass over it but build not upon it."

Is it accordant with India's genius to build on that bridge? Shall we be helping her to national life by obliging her to look after her own affairs without British supervision? These are the important questions; and upon the answer given depends the future happiness of India.

THE OCEANIC POWERS

By AUGUR

WRAPPED up in that somewhat vague Five-Power treaty, produced by the Conference of London, we have an important document—the Three-Power Pact. The British Empire, the United States and Japan, by abolishing rivalry, have now stabilised for a time their relative positions as the leading oceanic Powers of the world. Apart from other considerations the arrangement is valuable, because it removes the danger of financial exhaustion through competitive building.

President Hoover has announced what this Pact means to his countrymen: for the first time in history the United States has obtained naval parity with Great Britain. There is a justifiable note of triumph in this statement. The work, started by the Washington Conference in 1920, is now carried on a step further. In 1914, at the outbreak of the War, Britannia did indeed rule the waves. No other power could boast of a navy even half the size of Britain's. But to-day she shares the distinction of being an oceanic power with the United States, and Japan is a runner-up. These three Powers are in a group by themselves, because they have kept the capital ship as the kernel of their fleets on the high seas.

It is significant that Great Britain accepts the claim of the United States to parity, not after an armed clash, but as proof of the partnership of the two nations in this time of peace. The Pact of Paris (better known as the Kellogg Pact) has outlawed war, but that in itself does not suffice to explain British willingness to share the ocean with America. Rather this is the consequence of a sane view of the existing balance of forces. The Americans, proudly expanding, are inclined to look upon the concession to them of parity as the payment of a debt, long due. The British, more accustomed to power, prefer to see in it the forerunner of association in the future, destined, by peaceful means, to secure lasting prosperity for all the world. In this country at least, the idea is gaining ground that the peoples on both sides of the

Atlantic may quarrel, but they cannot break the tie between them.

In its eagerness to smooth the way to an understanding of the Oceanic Powers, the British delegation at the Conference of London neglected the link with Europe. Co-operation with our neighbour, France, still remains the cornerstone of British policy in the affairs of the Continent. The tactics of Mr. Macdonald put a strain on it, so that time is now needed to repair the damage he has caused. Also the British delegation joined with the Americans in pressing the Japanese to reduce their demands. Until the Washington Conference, Japan had been historically the ally of Great Britain. The London Conference has reopened the wound of the denounced alliance, and people in Tokyo wonder if the 70 per cent. ratio, conceded to them, is not actually only one of 35 per cent. when the combined forces of the two principal Oceanic Powers are reckoned against it. Last, but not least, in order to make the American position at the Conference less difficult, the British delegation refrained from emphasising the fact that the discussion in London is a subsidiary to the work which is being done at Geneva. British prestige has suffered in consequence in the circles of the League of Nations. Great Britain accepted these inconveniences because of her strong desire to settle with America. But the sacrifices will have been in vain if they are not appreciated at their proper worth on the other side of the Atlantic.

The reception of the fruits of the Conference by the British public was lukewarm. The *Daily Herald*, although an organ of Mr. Macdonald's party, in a leading article entitled *Success or Failure* warned statesmen not to rest on their laurels since their achievement had been far below popular expectation. Mr. Macdonald had led the British public to believe that the Conference would produce, if not disarmament, at least a serious reduction of naval tonnage. Yet the "holiday", which is the chief characteristic of the Three-Power Pact, could have been obtained without a Conference. It means, at the best, only a limitation of the number of capital ships in the future. Mr. Macdonald, for the reason given above, failed also to bring into prominence the connection between naval disarmament and the principles of the Covenant. This involved him in trouble with the most vocal group of his supporters—the intellectual radicals, who are ardent supporters of the League and have no objection

to "entanglements" with Europe, though not with France. Conservative elements applauded Mr. Macdonald's vehement declaration against "entanglements", but they are afraid that Mr. Macdonald is entangled in the American connection without sufficient compensation in return. The Admiralty cannot like the idea of being tied (even with a safeguarding clause) to parity with the United States, whilst France next door goes free to build submarines at her pleasure. The man in the street, who in Great Britain is not so devoid of political sense as he is reputed to be, suspects that the concession made is important. He refuses to be rushed into a joyous approval of it, as long as he is not clear in his mind about the advantages of the change. The supremacy of Great Britain on the seas has been a national tradition since the days of the Spanish Armada.

The chances of a real Five-Power treaty were wrecked on Sunday, March 16, when M. Tardieu and M. Briand went to Chequers to confer with Mr. Macdonald over the Italian demand for parity with France. Or, to be exact, the Conference, as a Five-Power one, became a loss on the following day, when the French delegation received the impression that they had not been given a square deal. As the parties give divergent accounts of what took place, and as an agreed stenographic report does not exist, it is difficult to judge the truth. For the purpose of understanding the course run by the Conference, it is sufficient to say that on that Sunday M. Tardieu and M. Briand returned from Chequers confident that Mr. Macdonald had agreed to immediate diplomatic action in Rome. On the Monday they were informed that the words of Mr. Macdonald had been misinterpreted. They were deeply hurt. Naturally, no diplomatic steps were taken to approach Signor Mussolini, but the matter got into the Press and there was much bitter comment on all sides.

Later Mr. Henderson intervened and took up with M. Briand the discussion of the political aspect of the problem of naval disarmament. M. Briand met him half-way by making it clear that France would be content if, instead of a separate Mediterranean Pact, she could be accorded a definite interpretation of the obligations for mutual assistance contained in the Covenant of the League of Nations. Agreement in this direction was made easier by the fact that on March 6 the Commission charged by

the Council of the League to make suggestions for bringing the Covenant into harmony with the Pact of Paris had presented its report, which had been drawn up with the concurrence of Viscount Cecil, the British representative. Mr. Henderson and M. Briand reached an agreement on an interpretation of Article 16 of the Covenant, which gave satisfaction to the French without further committing the British. Unfortunately, public opinion, alarmed by malicious rumours, was aroused; questions were asked in the House of Commons, so that Mr. Macdonald thought himself obliged to declare that on no account would he accept new entanglements, thus giving the impression that the French had asked for new British commitments of a warlike nature on the Continent. The situation became so bad that two days later, whilst the House gasped (as *The Times* put it) in surprise, Mr. Macdonald at the suggestion of M. Briand made an attempt to improve things by stating that the French proposals had not gone outside the framework of the Covenant or of the Locarno Treaties. Still the atmosphere was so unfavourable that the Henderson-Briand conversations had to be dropped. If on this occasion Mr. Macdonald really was anxious to give satisfaction to the French, so as to ensure necessary co-operation later at Geneva, he paid the penalty for having allowed the public to be kept in the dark too long as to the true state of affairs at the Conference. Instead of insisting on his refusal to accept new entanglements, he should have told the British people—what they have never been told with sufficient clearness—that the Covenant of the League of Nations does impose upon the British Empire definite and serious obligations which may at any time culminate in war.

LABELS

PORT SAID

BY EVELYN WAUGH

THERE are two large hotels in Port Said, the Eastern Exchange and the Casino, whose marked differences in character typify the change which has come over the town in recent years. The Eastern Exchange is the older and less esteemed; it stands at a busy street corner among the shops and cafés and rises above them in tier upon tier of glass-fronted, steel-framed balconies. The bar is very large and full of rather decayed leather arm chairs and steel pillars. A great deal of heavy drinking goes on there and the whole place has a distinctly dissolute air. The servants are all Sudanese or Berbers in native costume; shop girls from Simon Artz store dance there in the evenings; it is unusual to see anyone in evening dress; Egyptian officials give parties there; English commercial agents stay there; jolly groups of officers from the liners; the food is by far the best in the town and the drinks expensive but pure. The bedrooms are for the most part arranged in large, underfurnished suites. There was always a bustle of coming and going, people recognising old acquaintances, quarrelling with the servants, consulting the blackboard on which were chalked up the times of the departure of ships.

The Casino stands at the corner of the sea front and the harbour, well away from the shops and cafés, among shipping offices, apartment houses and government buildings, looking out along the backwater to the Lesseps' statue. It is solidly and pompously built of concrete and advertises a minute but carefully tended garden at the back. It would like, if it could, to achieve an air of the French Riviera. The servants are mostly Europeans and Greeks in shabby evening suits, the food is vile. On Gala nights there is a boule table the proceeds of which go to local charities.

Every Saturday evening there is a dance to which printed

invitations are issued and the European society of Port Said turns up in force, very self-conscious in dinner jackets and tulle. Balloons, cardboard trumpets, dolls and artificial noses are distributed. Every consulate has its table and maintains a certain diplomatic reserve. Next to them in social importance come the three British doctors, the two lawyers, the chaplain, the A.S.C. officers and their wives from Navy House, the British head of police, the shipping office and bank managers. Anyone in British service counts higher than anyone in Egyptian service. The nurses from the hospital are eagerly pursued as partners. But the standards of Port Said society, though wide, are rigid. At the Casino one sees the young men at Cook's office who sell one railway tickets but not the young men at Simon Arzt who sell sun helmets. Egyptians are not excluded but very few of them attend. Sometimes passengers off the liners appear, inclined to gaiety after the dull canal passage. These are welcomed but freely criticized. While I was there a young woman from an outward bound P. & O. danced without stockings. I daresay she is still being discussed. There was also a young man who put on a taboosh and was officially rebuked by a glance from the British consul. Nearly all the gentlemen of Port Said drink a little too much on these Saturday evenings and may be seen at half past eleven next morning sitting round in the club with cups of Bovril and worcester sauce—declaiming ungratefully against the Casino's whiskey.

This club is a very important part of Port Said life. All tolerably respectable British male residents are members and strangers are hospitably enrolled for the period of their visit. Everyone we encountered, Mr. Bodell, the doctors at the hospital, the Chaplain, the manager at the bank where we cashed our letters of credit, kindly volunteered to introduce us to the Club. It occupies the floor above the Anglo-Egyptian Bank and consists of a billiard room, writing room, smoking room, balcony, and bar. It is furnished with large arm chairs and photographs of the Royal Family and of Generals and Admirals in the last war. The smell of deodorizers predominates until evening when tobacco smoke takes its place. Bridge, snooker and poker dice (for drinks) are the chief occupations; *Punch*, *The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News* and the Weekly edition of the *Daily Mirror* the chief intellectual interests.

Conversation is vigorous and emphatic, though limited in scope. There seemed an abundance of genuine, if indiscriminating, good-fellowship. "All the trouble in this town is made by the women," one of the members told me, and except for some mild intrigues at the time of the committee election I saw nothing but harmony and concord on all sides.

It seemed to me that the life led by these oversea business men and officials was in every way agreeable and enviable when compared with its counterpart in modern England. There was, of course, no nonsense of tropical romance; no indomitable jungle, no contact with raw nature, no malaria, delirium tremens, or "mammy-palaver"; no one showed the smallest inclination to "go native"; no one was eating out his heart for the lights of Piccadilly or the yew walks of a manorial garden; they did not play their bridge with greasy cards or read and re-read a year old newspaper; no one was "trying to forget". One must go to other parts of Africa for that. Port Said is highly respectable and almost up to date. They certainly did not read new books but then they did not read old books either; they had gramophone records of musical plays still running in London; their newspapers were ten days old but they had their own *Tatler*, an illustrated gazette of English and American society called *The Sphinx*. The routine of their day was leisured, broken by a very long luncheon interval during which the younger people played tennis and their elders dozed; everyone assembled at the club at six o'clock to read the papers and chat. In the evening there were rehearsals for amateur theatricals and a great many dinner parties. The women seemed peculiarly care-free; they lived in manageable modern flats and were served by quiet native men-servants, whose response to all orders, however ill-comprehended, was a deferential inclination of the head and a softly spoken "all-right". No one was troubled by social aspirations because there was no direction in which to aspire; everyone knew everyone else, and there were no marked disparities of income. No one wanted particularly to keep a car as there was nowhere to drive except to the French club at Ismalia. The men lived within five minutes' walk of their work; they have none of that feverish bustling in and out of railway trains and omnibuses which embitters middle class life in London. More than this they are,

almost without exception, the employees of important firms; they act merely as local agents, with strictly limited responsibilities and nicely defined powers, enjoying absolute security of income, and looking forward to regular degrees of promotion, and ultimate superannuation and pension. They are thus serenely ignorant of the anxieties that beset the small company director; the yearly struggle to present a plausible balance sheet to the shareholders' meeting; the harassed perusal of the national budget which may by some new incidence of taxation close carefully prepared markets and turn a marginal profit into a dead loss. They live in an Utopian socialist state untroubled by the ardours and asperities of private enterprise. I think many of them were conscious of the peculiar felicity of their lives. Certainly those who had lately been home on leave, had returned with a slightly dissatisfied air. England was changing, they said, damned Bolshies everywhere. "You have to come outside England," one of them told me, "to meet the best type of Englishman."

I saw practically nothing of the French colony, but I imagine that their life is very similar. They have their own club, but I think that most of their social interests centre in Ismailia, a newly-built residential town up the canal. The French consul was the only man I ever saw win consistently at boules at the Casino. There are a great number of Greeks, but all of a poorer class, artisans, hairdressers and the keepers of small shops. They have the largest Church in a town bristling with ecclesiastical architecture. Except for Simon Arzt and one admirable French confectioner the shops are uninteresting and mainly in Coptic or Egyptian hands. Simon Arzt is a magnificent emporium selling almost everything you could hope to find in Harrods at a considerably higher price. It opens for all big ships no matter at what hour of the night they come in.

One of the curses of Port Said and, indeed of the whole of Egypt, is the street hawking. One cannot sit down for a moment at any café without being beset by tiny Arab urchins, mostly with moist opthalmic eyes and nasty skin diseases, who attempt to clean your shoes. Mere verbal refusal has no force to discourage. They squat at your feet crying "clin-büts, clin-büts" and tapping the backs of their brushes together. The experienced resident then kicks them as hard as he can and they

put out their tongues and go on to the next table; the visitor pretends not to notice and taking this as a commission, they then proceed to befoul his socks and trouser ends with black paste. Nor is it sufficient protection to allow the first comer to do this and be done with him; not only will a queue of little boys wait until he has finished and then begin their importunacy, but the same boy will be back in twenty minutes and attempt to clean them all over again. The nuisance only abates as one's reputation as a kicker spreads.

I suppose that this cleaning of boots is the early training for the more ambitious salesmanship which menaces one's peace of mind in the open air. These elder pests usually stay at home when there is no ship in, but that is a rare remission. They peddle European newspapers, chocolates, cigarettes, bead necklaces, amber and ivory cigarette holders, cigarette cases of inlaid brass and gun metal, *appliqué* embroidery from debased hieroglyphic designs, and picture postcards of unexampled lewdness which they flourish very embarrassingly under one's eyes. The original plates of the photographs are, I learned later, of some antiquity, having been made for sale at the First International Exhibition at Paris and being brought to Port Said for the celebrations at the opening of the Suez Canal. There have been innumerable imitations since, of course, but it seemed to me that these earlier examples left little room for improvement; and it was interesting to observe that, for all their nudity, they were unmistakably "dated" by an indefinable air of period.

Besides these there were the "gully-gully" men and numberless fortune tellers; the latter carried with them printed extracts from testimonials purporting to be written by Lord Allenby, Lord Plumer, Lord Lloyd and other distinguished Englishmen, but their predictions were invariably monotonous and non-committal. Europeans have a superstitious respect for oriental soothsayers which the town Arabs have been quick to commercialize; all camel boys regularly offer to tell their customers' fortunes before proceeding to offer other, and often less acceptable, services.

The Dragomen who infest the tourist quarter of Cairo are of a very much higher class; they all speak at least one European language tolerably well, have a superficial but fairly extensive

knowledge of the antiquities and exhibit great courtesy and social charm. They are richly clothed and live in some degree of comfort usually with four or five wives. Most of them have small farms in the country where they retire at the close of the tourist season. But at Port Said I only met one—a fine ingratiating rascal with a great black moustache and gold teeth. He took me to the mosque—a tawdry, modern building overlaid like a teashop with cheap oriental decorations—and offered to procure me some hashish. I gave him thirty piastres; he returned with admirably simulated circumspection and slipped a packet into my hand, telling me on no account to open it in the street. I bore this furtively back to “Bodells” and opened it in my bedroom. Inside I found a ten piastre tin of amber cigarettes. The laugh was on me. I made several other attempts to obtain hashish, which is a common commodity in Arab town, but was always met by expressions of blank incomprehension. Every European is assumed to be a spy until proved to the contrary. The drug trade, however, is one of wide ramification in Egypt. The hashish crop is grown in French Syria and brought either by rail to Cantara or by sea to Port Said. Every imaginable device is employed to smuggle it through the customs, and apparently pregnant Arab wives are subjected to a rigorous pummeling which often results in the discovery of bales of contraband under their black gowns; once in the country the distribution is apparently undetectable and all important seizures of stock take place at the frontier.

A way of making a fortune which I have been commending to all my more avaricious friends, is to start a night club in Port Said. At present there is nothing of the kind. Large ships are continually arriving for a stay of two or three hours and disgorging a horde of fairly wealthy passengers. Port Said still retains a reputation for low life and half of them at least are avid to see it. They come prancing on shore. Gambling? Why, certainly, there is the boule table in aid of Christian charities at the Casino. Dancing? This way to the Eastern Exchange Hotel. Drinking? Here is a clean, airy café—Bass, Guinness, Johnny Walker, English spoken. Theatre? Why, yes. The Port Said Amateur Operatic Society are performing the *Mikado* or else there are three excellent American dramas of mother love at the three cinemas. It is not at all what they

have been led to expect. So they go off to the Casino and dance for an hour, buy a few frightful trinkets or embroidery or brass work and go back disconsolately to their ships. I firmly believe that anyone enterprising enough to give them what they want, could become a rich man in one season. There are no licensing laws, and he could follow the economical example set by the proprietors of the fashionable London and Paris resorts—in making their own champagne downstairs in the basement. Rents are low, particularly in the old part of the town round the docks, where the houses are wooden, two storied buildings with slightly romantic associations. “The Eldorado” Cinema with its double tier of match-board boxes would serve excellently. I should imagine that it had been built for this purpose in Port Said’s disreputable days. It is, in construction, almost exactly like those breath-taking dancing saloons in films about the Klondyke gold rush. It would be easy to collect a sufficiently amusing cabaret of Arab can-can dancers, snake charmers and so on. A few outcasts might be imported from the “Blue Lantern” and ranged round the walls to give the place a nasty look. “Jungle-wallahs” returning from lonely outposts of commerce would find it delightfully civilized and up-to-date, while at the next table parties of tourists and officials going out for the first time would sit no less entranced at this introduction to the glamour of the East.

It is only since the war and largely, I understand, owing to the efforts of the present head of police that Port Said has become so respectable. From the years when it first grew up round the mouth of the canal it became a harbour for all the most thorough-going type of international riff-raff and its reputation as a sink of iniquity grew with the town’s importance. And, as is always the case the literary myth survives long after the event. While I was at Bodell’s he showed me a recently published magazine story about Port Said, describing “the evil-smelling, green canal winding its way between the narrow alley ways where sin and crime walk unashamed.” Well, the canal could never have wound its way among the alleys, nor, I think, was it ever evil-smelling or green, but from all the older residents told me, it was certainly quite true about sin and crime walking unashamed until the militant cleaning-up by Teale Bey. Robbery with violence and murder were common occurrences in the streets

and people were unwilling to venture out after dark even into the European quarter except in twos and threes. Now it is nearly as safe as Plymouth and very much safer than Marseilles or Naples.

Arab town in Port Said, at any hour of the day or night was a fascinating place to us and it was astonishing to discover how ignorant the English colony were about it and how uninterested. Many of them had never been there at all. Although it was only a few streets away they were as vague about it as Londoners are about Limehouse. They had an idea that it smelled and crawled with bugs and that was enough for them, though they showed a tolerance of my interest, remarking that every chap had his own game; I was one of those writing johnnies, so of course I had to nose round a bit collecting local colour; jolly interesting too for a chap who was interested in that sort of thing; they would read about it all in my book when that came out; meanwhile snooker and whisky-soda for them. But it was not local colour or picturesque bits or even interest in the habits of life of another race which drew me there day after day, but the intoxicating sense of vitality and actuality. I do not suppose that this part of Port Said is more interesting than any other oriental town; indeed probably much less so, but it was the first I visited and the only one where I stayed for any length of time. Their intensely human joviality and inquisitiveness, their animal-like capacity for curling up and sleeping in the dust, their unembarrassed religious observances, their courtesy to strangers, their uncontrolled fecundity, the dignity of their old men, make an interesting contrast with all the wrangling and resentment of Northern slums, lightened by fitful outbursts of hysteria. You cannot walk down a poor street in England without hearing some woman in a rage or some child in tears; I do not remember once hearing either of these things in Port Said.

While we were there, Ramadan came to an end with the feast of Bajiram. All the children were given new clothes—those that could not afford a frock wearing a strip of tinsel or bright ribbon—and paraded the streets on foot or in horse cabs. The streets of Arab town were illuminated and hung with flags and everyone devoted himself to making as much noise as he could. The soldiers fired cannonade after cannonade of artillery; civilians beat drums, blew whistles and trumpets, or merely

rattled tin pans together and shouted. This went on for three days.

There was a fair and two circuses. The head of the hospital and I went to the circus one evening much to the bewilderment of the club. The hospital nurses were very shocked at our going. "Think of the poor animals," they said, "We know the way the gypsies treat their animals." But unlike European circuses, there were no performing animals.

We were the only Europeans in the tent. The chairs were ranged on rather unstable wooden steps ascending from the ring to a considerable height at the back. Behind the back row were a few heavily curtained boxes for the women; there were very few there; most of the large audience consisted of young men, a few of them in ready-made suits of European pattern, but all wearing the red taboosh. A number of small boys were huddled between the front row and the ringside and a policeman was employing his time in whisking these off the parapet with a cane. The seats seemed all to be the same price; we paid five piastres each and chose places near the back. Attendants were going about between the rows selling nuts, mineral waters, coffee and hubble-bubbles. These were of the simplest pattern, consisting simply of a cocoanut half full of water, a little tin brazier of tobacco and a long bamboo mouth-piece. The doctor warned me that if I smoked one of these I was bound to catch some frightful disease; I smoked one, however, without ill-effect. The vendor keeps several alight at a time by sucking at each in turn. We all drank coffee, which was very thick and sweet and gritty.

The show had begun before we arrived and we found ourselves in the middle of a hugely popular comic turn; two Egyptians in European costume were doing cross-talk. It was, of course, wholly unintelligible to us; now and then they smacked or kicked each other so I have no doubt it was much the same as an English music hall turn. After what seemed an unconscionable time the comedians went away amid thunderous applause and their place was taken by a very pretty little white girl in a ballet dress; she cannot have been more than ten or twelve years old; she danced a Charleston. Later she came round and sold picture postcards of herself. She turned out to be French. To those who enjoy moralising about such things

there is food for reflection in the idea of this African dance travelling across two continents from slave to gigolo, and gradually moving South again towards the land of its origin.

Then there were some Japanese jugglers and then an interminable comic turn performance by the whole company. They sang a kind of doleful folk song and then, one at a time, with enormous elaboration of "business", came in and lay down on the ground; after all the grown-ups were settled the little girl came in and lay down too; finally a tiny child of two or three tottered in and lay down. All this took at least quarter of an hour. Then they all got up again, still singing, one at a time in the same order and went out. After that there was an interval during which everyone left his place and strolled about in the ring as people do at Lords during the intervals. After this a negro of magnificent physique appeared. First he thrust a dozen or so knitting needles through his cheeks, so that they protruded on either side of his head; he walked about among the audience bristling in this way, and thrusting his face into ours with a fixed and rather frightful grin. Then he took some nails and hammered them into his thighs. Then he stripped off everything except a pair of diamanté drawers and rolled about without apparent discomfort on a board stuck with sharp carving knives.

It was while he was doing this that a fight began. It raged chiefly round the exit which was immediately below our seats. The heads of the combatants were on a level with our feet so that we were in a wholly advantageous position to see everything without serious danger. It was difficult to realise quite what was happening; more and more of the audience joined in. The negro got up from his board of knives feeling thoroughly neglected and slighted and began addressing the crowd, slapping his bare chest and calling their attention to the tortures he was suffering for them. The man on my right, a grave Egyptian with a knowledge of English with whom I had had some conversation, suddenly stood up and leaning across all three of us struck a resounding blow with his umbrella on the top of one of the fighting heads; then he sat down again with unruffled gravity and devoted himself to his hubble-bubble.

"What is the fight about?" I asked him.

"Fight?" he said. "Who has been fighting? I saw no fight."

"There." I pointed to the seething riot in the doorway which seemed to threaten the collapse of the entire tent.

"Oh, that!" he said. "Forgive me, I thought you said 'fight'. That is only the police."

And sure enough when the crowd eventually parted some minutes later, there emerged from its depths two uncontrollably angry police constables whom the onlookers had been attempting to separate. They were ejected at last to settle their quarrel outside; the crowd began sorting out and dusting their fallen fezes; everything became quiet again and the big negro resumed his self-lacerations in an appreciative calm.

Various forms of acrobatics followed in which the little French girl displayed great intrepidity and style. It was in full swing when we left and apparently continued for hours nightly until the last comer felt he had had his money's worth. One day after this we saw the French child in the town seated at a table in the confectioner's with her manager, eating a great many chocolate éclairs with a wan and emotionless face.

There were many other stimulating and delightful experiences in Port Said—tea at the vicarage, dinner at the consulate, cocktails at Navy House—which approximate too nearly to English life to warrant description in an article of travel. There was an evening when the Club entertained the ward-room of a visiting battleship; and on that occasion I was slapped on the back, as I entered the bar by a red-headed youth who said, "Will you take a drink with the senior service, sir?" What does he know of England, who only England knows? When I come to write my novel of Port Said life there will be many such incidents to recount, but for this purpose only one other episode in my visit deserves mention. That is a trip which I took on the Menzaleh canal to a fishing village called Matarieh.

The Menzaleh canal is a term used to dignify the navigable track across the lake from Port Said to Damietta, where the bottom has been artificially deepened in places to a few feet, and the shallows marked off with piles. There is a daily service down this shallow trough worked by a paddle steamer and a motor launch. Matarieh is a convenient half-way point. One starts at eight in the morning on the steamer and arrives at noon.

In an hour the motor launch on its way from Damietta picks one up and takes one back to Port Said by five o'clock. Except for the manager of the canal company, only one other English resident had ever been on this journey; he was the retiring doctor who, in his first weeks, had set out that way in the hopes of shooting snipe and had "collared a jolly good bag, too."

Mr. Bodell gave me sandwiches and the manager came to see me off from the quay opposite the Maison d'Orée. It was a fine sunny day. The only other first class passengers were two American missionary women who sat in their cabin sewing. I had brought beer, tobacco and books; the manager lent me an easy chair from the office.

"Paddle steamer", gives a wrong idea of this boat. It had nothing in common with the floating club-houses of the Nile or the Mississippi, except its means of propulsion. This was a single paddle set in the stern which acted also as a dredger, churning up sand and gravel from the bottom as we went along. Our boat had no name. It was built in two stories, with a flat roof and flat bottom; it drew about nine inches of water. The lower floor was engine room, hold and second class saloon rolled into one. Twenty or thirty Arabs and Egyptians, men, women and children, sprawled among heaps of fuel and a cargo of sacks. The top floor was approached by an iron ladder. Here there were two cabins and some breadth of grubby deck. This ship had once been to sea; the manager had brought it himself from Alexandria to Port Said in the first months of the war, with six terrified and sea-sick Egyptians on board.

The Canal led past many flat islands, some mere sand dunes, others covered with grass. On one there was a large ruined mosque. There were hundreds of little fishing boats all over the lake, most of them apparently navigated by small boys; they are of identically the same construction as those depicted in hieroglyphic drawings; fish shaped, with a single sail on a long flexible cross beam and short mast. There were also fishermen wading about with hand nets like those used for shrimping. The catch from this lake are the very tasteless little fish that are inevitable at any Port Said dinner table. Once or twice we narrowly escaped collision with some of the fishing boats and once we ran aground and had to be pushed off by hand. It was a delightful, lazy morning in the sun.

Matarieh seemed very remote indeed from Cairo or Port Said; a little collection of one-storied cabins built on a promontory and joined by a strip of railway line to the mainland. I suppose our arrival there was nearly as surprising as would be the arrival in a Dorset village of an Arab sheik in native costume. At any rate it created enormous excitement. The clerk of the Canal Company received us with great courtesy and a few words of English; he bowed us into the hut which served as his office and gave us each a bag of pea-nuts and some ginger beer. There was a framed photograph of the Great Pyramid on his desk. We attempted to walk round the village but soon collected the entire population at our heels. They followed at a few paces distance, giggling and nudging one another; when we stopped, they stopped; when we turned round and glared at them, they backed away and attempted to take cover. Somebody took a snapshot of them which, unfortunately, failed to develop. Their attitude was certainly not hostile, nor, I think, really derisive; it was merely uncontrolled curiosity of the kind which impels Englishwomen to jostle round one as one goes into a wedding, but it was acutely embarrassing so we returned to the Menzalez Canal Navigation Company's office, where the agent was most apologetic.

"This is a dirty hole," he said. "All full of savage sailors—like in resemblance to your own Malta." (Those were his exact words. We could all make up remarks of that kind; the only reason why this one is worth recording is that it happens to be genuine).

Presently the motor launch came to take us back. There was one other passenger with us, a finely dressed Arab with a big gold-topped walking stick. He was sitting back in the stern seat eating bread and olives; his four wives and nine or ten children were travelling second class, separated from us by a wicker screen. When he had finished his luncheon he offered some to us and, when we refused, passed the remains through to them. The women poked henna stained fingers through the lattice, asking for cigarettes. When we arrived at Port Said we saw him get into a carriage and drive away leaving his women to follow on foot with the luggage. A right-minded, high principled man.

THE UMPIRES ARE OUT!

BY SIR HOME GORDON, BART

"THE Umpires are out!" That is the familiar phrase with which the dressing-room attendants inform the two sides in a first-class match that they are to take the field. It seems a happy introduction to the new cricket season, and to some consideration of its prospects. Beyond dispute what the cricket community best loves is a summer when the Australians come over here, and one in four from that point of view forms a jubilee year. This one affords even higher anticipations than usual because so many of the visiting side are new-comers.

Thanks to cabled communications we at home are far better acquainted with the calibre of Australian players than was the case before the war, and it is possible to have some reasoned conception of their form. In the earliest teams—those of 1878 and 1880—the strength lay in bowling, for the batting, apart from that of Mr. W. L. Murdoch, was of the crude and dogged type. To-day the strength of our visitors decisively lies in batting. The stolid impassivity of Woodfull and Ponsford is more formidable than spectacular. Mr. Kippax may prove another Mr. Victor Trumper, though report has it that, like Hammond last summer, some of the fire seems quenched below more careful methods. Jackson and Bradman arouse intense curiosity and should make runs galore, whilst Mr. Victor Richardson, also reputed the finest fielder in the world, all too tardily comes to afford us thrills.

It is with no wish to discount expectancy that it must be pointed out that on no tours has every member proved as successful as had been hoped. Newcomers have to grow accustomed to differences of light and climate. More than one Australian team which has shivered to the brink of disaster during a chilly May has recovered to a series of successes in the later portion of their visit. Those Englishmen who have in the last

two winters played in Australia make no secret of their conviction that the bowling of our visitors will not be good enough to recover the ashes. Certainly the figures in Australia of those selected bear this out. Yet it may be recalled that Macdonald's previous achievements did not foreshadow the way in which he, in conjunction with Mr. J. M. Gregory, devastated English wickets in 1921. Still it would not appear that either Mr. Wall nor the lately discovered Mr. Hurwood possess the pace of these predecessors. Good as Mr. Grimmett may be, he was never the equal of Mr. Mailey, who is now relegated to journalism. Mr. Hornibrook is the solitary left-hander. The rest seem to be what is colloquially termed "change bowlers!" If Australia has been convulsed over the omission of Mr. Ryder—who was not chosen by Mr. Warwick Armstrong for a single test match in 1921—it may be suggested that the non-selection of Mr. Oxenham seems more perplexing, one for which Englishmen may be thankful. Mr. Blackie is no doubt left behind on account of age.

The task of the English selectors is never an easy one and in the coming months it will prove unprecedentedly difficult. It is true that certain cricketers, if in form, choose themselves by sheer merit. Such are Hobbs, Sutcliffe, Woolley, Hammond, Tate, and Hendren, whose amazing batting in the West Indies gives an added value to his versatility in the field. Hobbs certainly will not allow himself to be put into the side unless he feels he can do himself justice, but there is then an admirable understudy in Bowley. A sub-committee, appointed by the M.C.C. will have dealt with the qualification of K. S. Duleepsinhji who has spent many more years in this country than his even greater uncle when he was chosen for England. Report runs that the decision is in favour of his playing for this country, in which case he would not be qualified to play for India in the 1931 tour. The way he swept Freeman round to leg, jumping out to him, at Hastings last August set the seal on his superb skill, whilst he also achieved the catch of the season by the magnificent one with which he sent back Mr. Earle at Brighton.

The captaincy would appear to be a very open question should Mr. A. P. F. Chapman not regain his batting form. He has never yet led a losing English side and is an inspiring personality.

Mr. A. W. Carr returned to his former leadership against the South Africans at the Oval. That vitalic Gloucester leader, Mr. B. H. Lyon, has been suggested in print by his own brother, but last summer he did not seem able to do himself justice when away from his county side. If Mr. A. H. H. Gilligan possessed consistency equal to his brilliance as a bat, his claim to the captaincy would be undeniable, especially as he has just met our coming opponents on their own wickets. In the view of one of the best judges, Mr. R. E. S. Wyatt is intrinsically the only amateur batsman except K. S. Duleepsinhji really sound enough for our test side. His stubborn pertinacity possesses kinship with that of typical Australians. Few would echo the notorious and fatuous prayer of Lord Hawke, that never may a professional captain England, and I feel sure no amateur would object to being led by either Hobbs or Woolley. More than one former England captain has told me that a test team is one of the easiest to skipper though sometimes individuals have to be placed in positions where they are not accustomed to field.

The late Dick Lilley, himself a beautiful run-getter, once told me he thought it was more difficult for a wicket keeper than for others to be a good bat because having watched his own side bowl right through an innings at a little over twenty-two yards, he then had to play the opposing bowling at twenty. In the past England has had other fine batting stumpers besides Lilley; for instance, the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton and Mr. E. F. S. Tylecote. On the other hand, this important post has more often been entrusted to a specialist with consequent weakening of the batting. Ames is, of course, a splendid batsman, but though his achievements behind the wicket are excellent, he has not inspired complete faith among all who have watched him. The South Africans were frank in expressing their disappointment with Duckworth, after being eager to see him. Cornford is clever and has the advantage of being accustomed to taking Maurice Tate, who makes exceptional demands on his wicket-keeper. I have not the slightest hesitation in saying that Farrimond is by far the best wicket keeper in England to-day and no bad bat into the bargain.

To support Maurice Tate with the ball at greater speed if Larwood be at his best one need go no further. Apart from him, Nichols is a good player, but I have never yet seen

a fast bowler attain the highest class who bowled flat-footed. Mr. R. W. V. Robins might be invaluable. Voce, with his left-handed fairly fast swinging and spinning deliveries differing from all the rest, may hope to be chosen at least for the first test on his own ground. After the University match the inclusion of Mr. I. A. R. Peebles may have to be considered. He improved every week last summer and now seems to realise what sort of ball is advisable. Freeman has never taken Australian wickets at the Antipodes though Mr. J. C. White enjoyed unprecedented spells out there of "making them play at the ball". Geary possesses more accuracy than deadliness and Clark seems somewhat unconvincing. Goddard, Wellard and Herman may be justified in considering themselves as possibilities, and Mayer, on a side that dropped an unusual proportion of catches, had the notable figures of 121 wickets for 22 runs each with no other Warwickshire bowler claiming 60. As all-rounders with emphasis on the batting, and—most important—the fielding, Leyland, a great-hearted player and O'Connor will be on the fringe of the team. Of course, there are only eleven places. Mr. A. P. F. Chapman in an interview goes out entirely for the old guard. This is a view not universally accepted. But it is highly important to play as nearly the same side throughout as practicable. We want no repetition of the chopping and changing which occurred in 1921 when over thirty cricketers appeared in the five test matches.

From time to time entirely unjustified statements have been published that the claims of the north have been systematically overlooked by the selectors. Nothing can be more erroneous. I have been on confidential terms with almost every selector in the present century and I have never once heard even a suggestion of the sort though I could give at least three instances where a bowler has received preference for an England match in the north because the game was played on his home wicket. It is true that the county championship has been far more often in the north, but in many cases—for instance, Notts last year—the supremacy was due to splendid team-work rather than to outstanding individual form. Without being certain that the present definition geographically has always been the same, approximately 58 from the north against 72 from the south have represented England in England, whilst in Australia 60 from

the north and 69 from the south have been chosen for test matches.

England has met Australia in 119 matches of which 46 have been won and 48 lost. England has scored 52,713 runs averaging 27.35 per wicket: Australia 51,761 runs averaging 26.10. Hammond and Mr. Victor Trumper have respectively had the highest aggregates in a rubber; Maurice Tate and Mr. A. A. Mailey claiming most wickets. England's largest total at home is 576, in the Antipodes 636; whilst Australia's highest over here is 521 and on the native soil 600. England's smallest score is 45, Australia's 36. This epitome may be interesting.

It is devoutly to be hoped that our visitors will not emulate the pernicious example of the last Australian side in England and regard their other engagements only as exhibition gate-money fixtures, concentrating too exclusively on the test matches. Some of their players made no secret about it and this is not calculated to promote keenness.

I am not one of those who believe that the county championship will be devastated by the demands of four-day test matches and other representative encounters. Mr. B. H. Lyon has already intimated that if a test match begins on a Friday he intends to play Hammond for Gloucestershire in the game commencing on the Wednesday, playing one short on the last day. The selectors will probably object to bowlers being thus utilised. But comparatively few counties should lose more than a couple of players except Sussex who may be the chief victim of patriotic cricket. It must be remembered that the omission of one gives opportunity to another. J. T. Hearne, Hayes and Braund were all given their first chance owing to the stress of a season when the Australians were visiting us.

In no summer of the present century were so many new-comers of high promise introduced into county cricket as in 1929. Just as Sandham always rises to his highest when Hobbs is away from Surrey, others given their opportunity may show their fitness. The colt of to-day may be the England player of to-morrow. So let there be no moaning among county committees because their best are taken for representative engagements. On the other hand, one wishes that others would imitate the current policy of Surrey and remove from their ground staff cricketers who will never be good enough for the county. These

unsatisfying unsatisfied men, who are kept on season after season, inevitably destined to be outstripped by younger and more skilled players, ought in their own interest as well as that of the county to be released to seek other engagements: they can qualify to be school-coaches, club-professionals or capable groundsmen.

There is one feature that the new-comers from Australia will appreciate, namely the high standard of umpiring in England. The chief detriment to cricket not only in Australia but also in New Zealand is the quality of the umpiring, whilst last year the South Africans complained to me about the same thing in their own country. This has not been vigorously stated in print though it is common talk in the county dressing-rooms. The public are not aware of the pains taken to insure good umpiring in this country. After each county match the respective captains have to sign confidential reports which are forwarded to Lord's, and if an umpire receives three bad reports from both captains he is at once suspended. This actually happened in more than one case by the middle of last season. Even without such action, the umpires to be selected for the following season are individually considered by the assembled captains in order that the highest efficiency may be maintained. The umpires are a fine body of men. I have often talked to them in many pavilions, and I can testify not only to their impartiality and unflagging interest, but also to their good nature in giving young cricketers valuable hints. It could be wished that more care were taken, officially, to save umpires long journeys, a point somewhat overlooked. Nor are their services adequately remunerated. If they were to receive two pounds more for each county match it would be well deserved. Their attention has to be incessantly concentrated and though of greater age than the players they have to stand right through the hours of play.

After the coming season, the permanent adoption of the larger wicket may be anticipated. A curious fact, not hitherto related, is that Cornford, the most diminutive player in county cricket, wore the gloves for several matches without even discovering that the stumps had been enlarged. Another unexpected result was that Maurice Tate, who had naturally been enthusiastic about the augmentation, told me at the close of last summer that he had not found it of perceptible assistance to his bowling. This

is notable because he is one of the wise men who bowls on the stumps and does not abuse the away-from-the-wicket method which is overdone, to the relief of batsmen and to the increasing dullness of cricket. The let-alone theory of batting cannot be exploited when the bowler is on the wicket.

As I was perhaps the first to propose results on the first innings, it may be permissible tersely to defend what is so abhorred in some influential quarters. County cricket is a gate-money business for no county can support its matches on the subscription of its members. Were results on the first innings abolished, what possible interest would there be in a match which, owing to rain, could not begin until well on in the second day? If there be no interest there will be no attendance. The listlessness which often attends the third afternoon when no complete result can be attained would be imparted to the entire duration of fifty per cent. of county matches if the first innings points were abandoned. Let me add that my scheme suggested ten points for a win outright and only four for a result on the first innings, with nothing to the opponents, making a far greater incentive to both sides to go out for a full victory than has ever been held out by the mitigated mathematical complications which at various times have been altered by the authorities.

Having been enthusiastically devoted to cricket ever since I saw the whole of the first test match played in England, and having watched more than a thousand first-class matches, I hope my experience justifies my temerity in giving as my considered opinion that the standard of the game to-day is again as high as it was in pre-war years, apart from a surfeit of superfluously slow batting. By all means let the strictest defensive be played when the situation demands it, but the too prevalent listless occupation of the wicket is to be censured and entails the consequence that the public will stay away in greater numbers. The only county balance sheets which were on the right side last year were those whose home side showed attractive cricket. It is to be hoped that such a scandal as the match when Yorkshire came to Trent Bridge last June may never be repeated.

It may also be original to put forward that if the giants of the 'eighties had been compelled to play first-class cricket, day in and day out, for over four months, as their overworked successors now must, they might not have maintained their form with the

consistency shown by many of the present players. A remarkable feature about cricket to-day is not the occasional staleness, but the absence of a prevalence of staleness owing to the plethora of matches at home and of over-seas tours. The endurance of the modern prominent cricketer is as notable as his prowess. In the early 'eighties one or two made a thousand runs or took a hundred wickets. Nowadays a dozen exceed two thousand, and four score run into four figures: nearly thirty take over a hundred wickets and the best known go on tour or coaching over-seas through our close season. A first-class player's existence is certainly not an idle one. He valiantly assists in proving that the game of the Empire is cricket.

INTO QUIET FIELDS

— *** —

By WILLIAM SOUTAR

Forth from the noisy city men shall haste
 Into the quiet fields: what heart has had
 No wintry season and again grown glad
 Sensing the Spring? Come now, her hands have plac'd
 Pale blossom on the plum for minds to taste
 Where the bee feasts. There is nor good nor bad
 Under this sky: no singing bird is sad
 In its green solitude; no song disgrac'd.
 At such a season are we not at one
 With the young earth: the mind that from us yearns
 Was sir'd within no city: there is none
 That turns unto the houseless air, but turns
 Beside a naked man who sought the sun
 And learn'd what he forgot and still forgets and learns.

FRANCE UNDER TARDIEU

BY JOHN BELL

I FIRST met M. André Tardieu during the Peace Conference in 1919. After M. Clemenceau he was certainly the most important member of the French Peace delegation, and the rôle he played was a great one. It was played behind the scenes. M. Tardieu rarely came into the limelight. He had something more than a feeling of veneration for his chief, and the "Tiger" had in him one of his greatest admirers. "Père la Victoire" knew the worth of his young lieutenant. He valued his counsel. He was amazed at his tremendous activity.

During the tedious negotiations there were times when M. Tardieu had to show himself. The French point of view on certain problems which seemed to defy solution had to be given to the French journalists and the foreign correspondents, and M. Tardieu, as a journalist himself, was deputed to furnish the necessary explanations. It was on these occasions that I was able to study the man who was destined to become Premier of France. I was struck then, and have been more forcibly impressed since, by his intelligence, his vigour and his masterly grip of all the subjects that came up for discussion at the press receptions. Another thing which struck me was his good humour. Let it be said here that M. Tardieu is the most good-humoured Premier that France has known for a very long time. It is by his good humour that he is able to confound his adversaries.

M. Clemenceau knew what he was about when he appointed M. Tardieu as one of the Peace delegates. Already he had had a useful and brilliant career, a training in administrative and diplomatic work which many politicians of to-day, whether in France or in England lack. He had served his country as the head of a diplomatic mission in America during the war, and he had filled for a number of years the very important journalistic post of foreign editor of the *Temps*, and was responsible for the

views of the leading journal in France on international questions. It was in these several capacities that he rendered invaluable service to M. Clemenceau. It is not generally known that it was M. Tardieu who was largely responsible for the French draft of the Peace Treaty, a monumental work.

The career of M. Tardieu cannot be associated with that of the ordinary French politician. His is not the mind of the ordinary politician as will be seen when comparisons and contrasts are made. The parliamentary arena was not big enough for him after peace was signed. He had need of an additional platform, and he returned to his old *métier*—journalism. Very remarkable articles, particularly notable for their documentation, were those which he contributed daily to *La Voix Nationale*. When M. Poincaré embarked on that daring adventure of having the Ruhr occupied by French and Belgian troops, he had no keener critic than M. Tardieu. There was a feeling in England at the time that M. Poincaré had taken this decisive step against the wishes of the majority of the French people. There never was a greater misinterpretation of French national sentiment. M. Tardieu was in favour of making Germany pay, and he therefore accepted the occupation of the Ruhr. His complaint against M. Poincaré was that the job was not being properly done, and day after day he wrote biting, critical articles which were quite in the note of the sledgehammer diatribes of Clemenceau when he edited *L'Homme Libre*. M. Poincaré took this criticism in good part. He, too, had a very high opinion of M. Tardieu, and when, after the cataclysm of 1926, he was called back to the helm and was charged with the task of getting France out of the financial mess into which the Radical Socialists, abetted by the Socialists, had plunged her, he gave M. Tardieu the post of Minister of Public Works.

M. Tardieu had just returned to parliamentary life after an absence of two years. He had had a bitter disappointment in the Seine et Oise which he had represented in the Chamber for years. The general election of 1924 was contested on what was called the *scrutin de liste*, a hybrid form of proportional representation. It was a question of voting for lists of candidates, and though M. Tardieu received a tremendous number of votes the list of which he was at the head was beaten by that headed by M. Franklin-Bouillon, and he lost his seat. He was chagrined.

His good humour left him. It looked as if he had retired from the political stage. He resigned from the Conseil General (County Council) of the Seine et Oise. He closed down his paper, *La Voix Nationale*. He suffered an eclipse.

But it was only temporary. A man of his striking qualities could not remain in the background. A constituency was found for him at Belfort, and back he came to the Chamber, to the joy of his old chief Clemenceau, and to office when M. Poincaré formed his Government of National Union. The Ministry of Public Works is a very important department, and as soon as M. Tardieu was put at the head of it he gave eloquent proof of what could be done when a minister was not hampered by the considerations of political parties. France was living under a political truce. The finances had to be restored. The politicians had to forget their party quarrels and to work in the interests of the country.

M. Tardieu showed that he was a born administrator, a man of vision. He learnt much during the year (1919-20) when he was Minister of the Liberated Regions, and he forthwith put the experience he had gained into practice. He saw that France was a country of tourism and that if tourists were to be attracted, roads, which had been sadly neglected, should be repaired. He obtained and spent millions of francs for this purpose. Millions more were spent on the ports. There is no doubt whatever that while he was Minister of Public Works M. Tardieu did a great deal in laying the basis of the economic prosperity which France has enjoyed during the last four years.

He did so well in his job that people began to speak of him as a great statesman of the future, as the successor of M. Poincaré in the premiership. But his hour had not yet struck. The Radicals were chafing, itching for power. They who had made so lamentable a show when they ruled the country from 1924 to 1926 had had enough of national union, and they were preparing to sweep the country at the general election of 1928. The minister whom they feared on account of his cleverness and energy was M. Tardieu, and they made a special effort to defeat him at Belfort. They did not succeed. The result of the election was a majority in favour of the continuance of the policy of national union and against the old political cartel formed of the Radicals, Radical Socialists and Socialists. But it was an

uncertain majority—so uncertain that the Radicals and Socialists embarked on a policy of intrigue against the Government. The Radical ministers had to resign. M. Poincaré had done great things. He had saved France from bankruptcy. He knew that he had the country with him, but he saw the writing on the wall. It told him that sooner or later the intriguers would bring him down. When, at last, he was forced to resign for health reasons it was the silver-tongued M. Briand, the subtle dialectician, the man of compromise who found himself premier for the twelfth time. Even he, a politician of the Left, ex-member of the Socialist party, the great peace crusader, the promoter of the Locarno agreements and the real originator of the Kellogg pact against war, had to run the gauntlet of the intriguers, many of whom posed as his personal friends.

When M. Tardieu was invited by the President of the Republic to form a cabinet he was under no illusion as to the magnitude of the task which lay before him. What could he do with a small and uncertain majority? How could he thwart the intriguers? A man of courage and daring conceptions he accepted M. Doumergue's invitation and formed a cabinet. He was young for a French premier, in service as well as in years, and particularly in appearance. He gave the impression of a man of 44 rather than 54 as with nimble step he mounted the tribune and with a courage born of confidence in himself he faced the Chamber and proceeded to read his declaration of policy.

November 7, 1929 was a historic day in the French Chamber. Here was M. Tardieu, after something like thirteen years' service as a deputy, leading it and the country. Behold him premier of France, with a fine record behind him. His gestures, the firm timbre of his voice and his eloquent words revealed youth, optimism, faith and will, and something else—hope in the future of France. It is no exaggeration to say that not for decades had a ministerial declaration thrilled the Chamber and the country as did that of M. Tardieu. His supporters punctuated it with rounds of applause; his opponents, the Radicals and Socialists, were clearly amazed, puzzled and crestfallen.

It was an entirely new and fascinating programme that the premier put before the Chamber—a programme that had not been drawn up in the interests of political groups and cliques of

which the Chamber is made up, but in the interests of the country as a whole. By its realism it appealed to the saner elements of the country, and it was not surprising that on the morrow M. Tardieu should be hailed as a realist premier. He had shown what he wanted and what the country needed. The boldness of his policy robbed the older politicians of breath. They had been accustomed to listening to definitions of political formulae by which France had to be governed. Here was a statesman who had thrown these things to the winds. Construction and progress in France and the development of understanding among the peoples—these were the things that M. Tardieu stood for. By construction he meant the expenditure of huge sums of money for the electrification of the country districts, the provision of potable water, afforestation, agricultural research, rural telephones, broadcasting, the fight against consumption, the building of hospitals, laboratories for technical teaching, road-mending, the suppression of level crossings, and improvements in inland navigation.

And as a proof of how carefully he had gone into these matters, he gave estimates of the cost. The policy of M. Tardieu is a policy of prosperity for France. For him prosperity means an increase on parallel lines of production, profits of enterprises and the wages of the workmen and the raising of the standard of living, particularly that of the least fortunate classes of the community. His audacious but essentially practical scheme of national equipment which had to cost something like five milliard francs and had to be completed in five years laid hold of the imagination of Frenchmen in the mass. M. Tardieu was hailed as the political saviour of the country who knew what should be done in order to remove the scars of war and bring peace and prosperity to France after the heavy sacrifices she had borne.

M. Tardieu had made an excellent beginning in his premiership, and there was naturally much curiosity as to how he would comport himself when he was pitted against the statesmen of other countries in conducting international negotiations. French prestige had suffered at The Hague during the negotiations in connection with claims of the various countries entitled to share in German reparations. Mr. Snowden succeeded in rolling-up M. Chéron, the bluff, farmer-like Minister of Finance, but at the second meeting at The Hague when the Young Plan for

furnishing German reparations had to be accepted he got on very well with M. Tardieu whose knowledge of English served him in good stead. When M. Tardieu returned from The Hague, France had the satisfaction that he had safeguarded her interests.

The world knows how he imposed himself on the Naval Conference, not only by his pleasing personality which it is not too much to say dominated that assembly of statesmen and naval experts but by the thoroughness with which he presented the French view on this thorny question of naval disarmament. In the light of what has happened it can be said that if the other delegations had defined their needs as M. Tardieu had done for France unpleasant deadlocks would have been obviated, and possibly the result of the Conference would have been vastly different. Its net result for the French premier was that he established a world-wide reputation as a statesman.

Small causes sometimes produce grave results. Certainly the fall of his first government was indirectly due to the influenza cold he caught in London. If instead of being confined to bed at the Ministry of the Interior he had been able to attend the debate in the Chamber on the Budget, he would have dealt with the intriguers as he had done on more serious occasions. After all the Radicals and Socialists did not gain a great victory. They brought the Government down on a very minor point in the Budget, and the infinitesimal majority they obtained was an eloquent presage of what was in store for them when they presented their Government to the Chamber. I was at the Ministry of the Interior when the defeated ministers arrived, visibly distressed, in order to inform their bed-ridden chief what had happened. M. Tardieu received them in his bedroom and heard what they had to say. His good humour surprised them. They had come to console him, but it was he who was the consoler.

The majority of Frenchmen knew that he would return, and they rejoiced when, the Radical Government of M. Camille Chautemps having been strangled at its birth, M. Tardieu was again asked by the President of the Republic if he would form a Government. I was standing on the steps of the Elysée palace with several scores of journalists when he emerged smoking a cigarette with a smile on his face and a slip of paper in his hand. He had written the communiqué telling of his interview with

M. Doumergue. He was his own reporter. The communiqué announced his consent to form a cabinet.

A great surprise was reserved for France when M. Tardieu had to tell the story of how he had to form his second Government. The country saw in him a master tactician. He wanted things done. The Budget had to be passed; the Young Plan had to be ratified; the naval Conference had to be got out of the way; he desired to get on with his programme; he wished to do something for France. It was immaterial to him who the men were who had to carry out this programme. What he sighed for was a Government of Republican Union which would govern in the interests of France. He approached the men who had defeated him. "You want office," he said in effect. "Well, you can have seven posts in the Government. Work with me in doing things that should be done immediately. Let us call a truce to political bickering, and after we have done the necessary I shall resign."

The intriguers spurned the offer. They even insulted the man who had offered them office by labelling him a man of reaction and of the Right. M. Tardieu formed his Government without them. He had shown his disinterestedness. He had proved that he was not a party man, that his principal preoccupation was the welfare of the country. His declaration of policy in the Chamber on February 25, attracted the country quite as much as his first pronouncement in November. The same realistic touch was in it. The heavy taxes were paralysing industry and would have to be reduced if an economic crisis were to be averted. The policy of national equipment had to be proceeded with, and France would work for a general organisation of peace in the world and for a new order in Europe founded on the free and pacific confederation of the productive forces.

As head of the Government and leader of Parliament, M. Tardieu gave signal proof of statesmanship during the last week of March when he had to put up a stiff fight not only in the Chamber but in the Senate. In the Chamber the Young Plan had to be ratified. Now, though the Radicals and Socialists, apostles of universal peace, were in favour of ratification, they sought an opportunity of hampering M. Tardieu by suggesting that he and M. Briand had not the same ideas of peace. The leader of the cabal against him was that ambitious politician and

political misfit M. Herriot who I have no hesitation in saying was one of the least satisfactory Premiers that France has had.

M. Herriot has falsified the generally accepted opinion that municipal experience is a good training for statesmanship. He has been mayor of Lyons for something like twenty years. A good mayor, too. But when he attained the summit of his ambition and became Premier in 1924 he made a mess of things. He was at the head of the Government which brought France to the brink of bankruptcy in 1926, which was responsible for the fall of the franc to 240 to the pound. Ambitious and intriguing politicians have short memories. Has M. Herriot forgotten that turbulent scene in front of the Chamber? A very ugly crowd had assembled when, his disastrous Government having fallen, he brought down its successor and formed another? Popular feeling was arrayed against him. He wanted to resign, but the President of the Republic compelled him to go to the Chamber and face his responsibilities and suffer the ignominy of a well-merited defeat.

Poor Herriot. I first encountered him in London in 1916 when he occupied a minor post in the ministry. These were the days of the *union sacrée* when political animosities were stifled. The opinion I formed of him then was confirmed when years later it was given to me to study him at close quarters. M. Herriot is a demagogue. And yet he is one of the foremost intellectuals in France, one of her best writers, who would go very far, indeed, if he eschewed politics and stuck to his pen. Return to literature, Monsieur Herriot. You are a great writer. Your books on Madame Recamier, the Normandy forests and Beethoven are really charming. As a writer you have a large and sympathetic public. As a politician your influence, in the opinion of a large number of your countrymen, is frankly bad for France.

M. Tardieu has taken the measure of M. Herriot and M. Léon Blum, the leaders of the Radicals and Socialists. The weapon he employs against them is one that they do not like—his pitying smile and eternal good humour. They would prefer explosions of anger to that smile. But ebullitions of wrath are incompatible with good humour, and so M. Tardieu's trenchant reproaches, never lacking in argument, are invariably accompanied with the smile that smites.

M. Tardieu would go very far and France would benefit amazingly under him if the atmosphere in the Chamber was less charged, if the opposing parties were not so nearly balanced. He is a tireless worker. There is not another statesman in France who has a better and surer comprehension of her necessities. He studies his country not from the point of view of political doctrines but from the standpoint of its immediate needs. And he knows these needs and is in a hurry to fulfil them. His is not a purely national programme, however. While his vision embraces the whole of France, and while he has worked out to the most minute detail a scheme for increasing her capacity of production and thus augmenting her prosperity, which should be the duty of every statesman worthy of the name, his gaze is also fixed on the outer world. He is solicitous that other countries should march with France in realising the blessings of peace and well-being.

"We desire more than economic understandings. We want the entente of the peoples. These are the reasons for which we shall vote the Young Plan, without any political thought, with the firm confidence that it is the end of a rather sinister period and the dawn of a brighter era."

There we have the mind of M. Tardieu. It is the nimble mind of a practical statesman, not that of a political dreamer. He is a refreshing force in French politics, an *animateur* with an extraordinary breadth of outlook, a surprising knowledge of world problems, stupendous energy and whole-hearted enthusiasm. Frenchmen who are not slaves of political doctrines or prisoners of parties see in him a statesman who, given the opportunity, is capable of accomplishing great things for France. A France under M. Tardieu, could he remain in office only a few years, would be a France transformed.

For the moment he is handicapped. His majority is a floating one and therefore uncertain. It is obtained from the Centre, most of the Right and a little of the Left. In the French Chamber it is not a question of three parties as in the House of Commons; it is a question of something like twenty groups. To a foreign observer this group system is the curse of the French Parliament. It is difficult, if not impossible, for a Government to always satisfy all the groups on which it depends for its majority. That is one of the main reasons why there is no stability

of government in France. Defections are brought about by lobby intrigues. It is in the lobby where the fate of most Governments is sealed.

At this moment the intriguers are working actively against M. Tardieu. They will defeat him in time, but they will never get rid of him. The eyes of France are fixed upon him. By the force of things this realist Premier is building up and consolidating a reputation for statesmanship. He has impressed the popular imagination by his bold schemes of betterment for France. It is a policy of construction and not of destruction that he is pursuing to-day, and whether he falls or continues in office this fact will be remembered at the next general election.

In France, as in other countries, there are critics of the Parliamentary institution. These critics consider that the country suffers on account of the time wasted in the Chamber and Senate by politicians who have no claim to the title of legislator beyond their ability to deliver speeches. There are many professional politicians in France. Theirs is the policy of the loaves and fishes. These things come first, the country afterwards. M. Tardieu has given an eloquent manifestation of his will to change the Parliamentary outlook, to inspire the elected of the people to sink their party differences, to abandon the weapons of intrigue and spite and keep their eyes fixed on one goal—the weal of France.

This was M. Poincaré's ideal, and for two years he was able to realise it because the men of the Left, their heads bent in shame, had to obey the crack of his whip. M. Tardieu's task, from the point of view of establishing Republican unity, is more difficult. The Radicals and Socialists mean to have his skin. He is a bonny fighter, and if he has to go down, depend upon it, it will be with flying colours.

THE WHIRLIGIG OF TIME

BY CLIFFORD BAX

I

A DRAMATIC critic is something of a monstrosity. He may be likened to a professional cyclist whose calves are fantastically developed. Bicycles are intended for the convenience of normal persons, and the theatre exists to give pleasure and stimulus to the normal citizen. A dramatic critic is an unnatural playgoer. He is not a true representative of the public because he does not see the theatre as the public sees it. He is like a man who must eat fifteen meals a day: and it is astonishing that certain critics should be able to keep their sensibility almost unimpaired.

I was led to this reflection when, as chairman of the Stage Society, I had been moved by curiosity to examine its portly volumes of press-cuttings. They extend over more than thirty years; and it is in the hope that other readers may share the interest and amusement which I derived from studying them that I have put together this collection of critical gems. The Stage Society, as everyone is aware, was always a fearless champion of the advanced drama. It produced so many dramatic works, which are now well-known, that the reader will probably be familiar with most of the plays to which I shall refer. Perhaps I should add that here and there I have omitted subsidiary clauses in the criticisms from which I shall quote. I have done this for the comfort of the reader, and of course have not intentionally misrepresented any critic.

II

IBSEN

To read the contemporary notices of Ibsen's work is to be carried back to a world that long ago passed away. It hardly

seems credible now that *The Lady from the Sea*, produced in 1902, should have been considered "quite incomprehensible" and "poor dramatic fare" (*The Whitehall Review*), "better suited to perusal than to presentation" (*Daily Graphic*), or "incomprehensible, unentertaining and irrational" (*Referee*): that the *Daily Express*, having called it incomprehensible, should have slipped so badly as to affirm that "the opportunities for acting are slight": that the *Athenaeum* should have thought that "the whole suffers from the parochialism of which Ibsen rarely divests himself": or, stranger still, that the *Daily Mail* should have asserted that "it can hardly be reckoned good art, even by the injudicious."

The *Daily Mail* and the *Referee*, however, spoke even more boldly about *When We Dead Awaken*. "Fortunately," said the *Mail*, "the English public has long since made it clear that Ibsen is in no demand here, and such a dolorous play can scarcely appeal even to the insignificant minority. Perhaps it is superfluous to state that the Stage Society was sponsor for the performance of the cheerless, morbid and uninteresting piece." The *Referee* dismisses Ibsen with the following Olympian utterance: "The dramatist who wishes to be heard should say what he means and mean what he says. When it is impossible to find what he does mean, he may be reckoned of small account as a dramatist, especially when, as in this case, he is not only distressingly obscure but deplorably dull." After these pronouncements nothing will surprise the reader, but he may be amused by the words of the *Morning Post* ("It would be presumptuous in the uninitiated to criticise a piece which evidently transcends the traditional or the classical standards"), the scorn of the *Era* ("ineffectual, incomprehensible and often absurd"), and the assurance of the *Weekly Dispatch* ("it is everything that a play should not be.")

III

BERNARD SHAW

In 1930 Mr. Shaw could write nothing that would not receive general eulogy. In 1901 the Stage Society produced *Mrs.*

Warren's Profession. The chorus of catcalls with which the press greeted the play began before it had been produced, for the *Pall Mall Gazette* warned the world that "playgoers will be invited to steep themselves in the moral miasma arising from *Mrs. Warren's Profession*." Subsequently the *Daily Telegraph* confined its notice to the words "the author himself rightly describes the piece as unpleasant. No further comment is called for." The *St. James's Gazette* "hoped that the Stage Society intends to eschew dramatic garbage in future." The *Globe* and the *Daily Graphic* were in close agreement, the former observing primly that "our dramatic critic finds himself unable to define the motive of the piece, lest he should outrage the susceptibilities of our readers," and the latter ruling that "the subject is, frankly, unmentionable in the columns of a newspaper. What could not be discussed at a mixed dinner party scarcely challenges the vivacity of stage interpretation." A paper called *The Manchester Umpire* said plainly "I can't write any more about it. The stirring of my recollections of it make me sick," and inasmuch as the *Sunday Sun* declared the play to be "nauseating and unsavoury," we may picture the two critics in an unhappy condition outside the theatre. And to us, who regard Mr. Shaw as a puritan, it is odd to hear the *World* complaining that "another defect is his inability to touch pitch without, so to speak, wallowing in it."

When we pass from execration to attempts at criticism, we find S.R.L. in the *Morning Leader* sorrowfully stating that "it is painful to see how little the play achieves. It presents no feasible or profound character, and its treatment of passions is puerile where it is not merely negligent." The *Daily Mail* says that "his seriousness is hard to take seriously." The *Birmingham Post* sums up the matter in the two words "dramatically worthless". Finally, the *Academy* announces that "*Mrs. Warren's Profession* is far beneath even the minor efforts of those despised playwrights Mr. A. W. Pinero and H. A. Jones. As a work of art, it stands about level with *The Last of the Dandies* and *Miss Hobbs*." The critic proceeded to say that "we note among the future productions of the Society *The Marrying of Anne Leete*, by Mr. Granville Barker; the title is a bad omen; also a translation of *La Nouvelle Idole*, by François Curel. Are there, then, no first-class plays?"

IV

GRANVILLE BARKER

Indeed, *The Marrying of Anne Leete* fared hardly better than *Mrs. Warren*. S.R.L. sighs heavily "If our young men of the stage would learn a little more of life and a little less of 'love', they would find the great passion figuring quite largely enough, but oh! how much more healthily." The *Sporting and Dramatic News* remarked that "we thought it exceedingly stupid", and the *Clarion*, not to be outdone, tells us that the play "is not, as its author probably imagined, a masterpiece of intellectual crystallisation, but a farrago of pretentious stupidity." More surprising is the contemptuous tone of the *Times* whose critic observed that "something was expected of Mr. Barker, who was one of the authors of that capital play *The Weather Hen*. After seeing his unaided attempt, one can only say that his collaborator must have been a very able playwright." I confess that, until I exhumed this notice, I had never heard of *The Weather Hen* and that I do not know who assisted Mr. Barker in its composition.

In 1907 the critics were still determined to suppress Mr. Barker. E.A.B. of the *Daily News*, in writing of *Waste*, begins by saying that "nothing could make the terrible and undramatic loquacity of the play tolerable," and proceeds, in a sad and avuncular tone, to express a wish that the author "may shake himself free from what, I hope, is only a mental affectation. If he does not, it is wrong to hold out any hope that he will ever write a great play." The *Referee*, faithful to the obsolete, says magisterially that "Mr. Barker has yet to learn, as Mr. Shaw has still to learn, that it is not dialogue but action which is the life and soul of drama." The *Outlook* certainly did not hedge. "A play," it commented, "which—judged by the standard of criticism which it challenges—can only be called bad."

V

SOMERSET MAUGHAM, TOLSTOY AND OTHERS

The Stage Society had started with the belief that it would be able to introduce a number of notable and undiscovered play-

wrights. In 1903, hoping to justify this belief, it produced *A Man of Honour*. This was a play "written" as we learn from the *Weekly Survey*, "by Mr. William Somerset Maugham who is, I understand, known as a writer, though not to me." How did the pundits greet him? The *Times* said that his play was "so ugly in subject and so dismal in tone, that it ought to give abiding satisfaction to all playgoers who take their pleasures sadly." The *Daily News*, making a most unhappy choice for its heavy sarcasm, "questioned whether the Stage Society is wise to have abandoned its policy of producing works of acknowledged merit for one of publicly presenting such examples of the great unacted as may be selected by the unaided judgment of its own Committee. Unfortunately for his success as a dramatist, Mr. Maugham's problem arouses much more interest than his persons or his action,—in fact, than his play." This opinion might stand, perhaps, as a sufficient warning to those critics of every period who regard "the great unacted" as fair game for their contempt, but it pales into insignificance by comparison with the breezy blunder of the *Sunday Times*. Indeed, the verdict of that paper upon Mr. Maugham ought to be written in letters of gold and hung up over the mantelpiece of every young playwright. Here it is. "Has the potential dramatist that the Stage Society has graciously revealed to us any special qualifications for the stage whatever? Has the play any particular sense of the stage about it? If we go on to ask ourselves such questions as these, I fear that we can only give them a reply in the negative." "No further comment" as the *Daily Telegraph* might have said, "is called for"; but a good many of us are glad that "the great unacted" decided to struggle on.

Ibsen was detested in those days, I think, because he was regarded as a peril to the home, but Tolstoy, I believe, was not looked upon with nearly so much horror. The reception of his play *The Power of Darkness* can only be explained, if I am right, by the supposition that his critics, although they could stomach the fatuous or the false, shrank daintily from a representation of the Russian underworld. The *Referee*, as we find without surprise, said that the Stage Society "went one worse than ever it had gone before." The *Academy*, still resolutely opposed to the serious drama, declared that "the details to which we were asked to listen were nothing short of disgusting. The play is not

edifying, and I am surprised that the Stage Society should have chosen it." "If it were not by Count Tolstoy," snarled the *Daily Mirror*, "it would be called degrading rubbish." The critic of the *Pall Mall Gazette* was even more emphatic. "'Faugh!'" he exclaimed, "is the best word to express our feeling toward this play."

Sudermann and Hauptmann, in 1906, could please our dramatic tasters no more than Tolstoy. The *Daily Telegraph* considered *Midsummer Fires* to be "a long dreary loquacious play." The *Daily Express* uttered the verdict that "the drama is of the slightest." And E.A.B. recorded his opinion that "Herr Sudermann's ideas are not crystallised into drama." And how did *The Weavers* by Gerhardt Hauptmann fare? The *Daily Telegraph* thought it "a singularly aimless and inconsequential piece of work." The *Daily Graphic* wrote it down as "formless, incoherent, reiterative, undramatic and most unpleasant." The *Daily Mail* triumphantly announced that "we did not glean the moral," though how it could fail to do so seems now quite unaccountable. The reader will probably have received by this time the impression that I received,—that our dramatic critics, a quarter of a century ago, almost generally resisted every important playwright whose work was put before them.

VI

TCHEKHOV AND STRINDBERG

The commonest dictum of these critics—one to which I began to look forward with the interest of a collector—is that the work which they have just seen is "not a play". They use this phrase of a great many works including *When we Dead Awaken*, *Cupid and Commonsense*, *What the Public Wants* (two works by Arnold Bennett), *The Lower Depths* (by Gorki) and *The Cherry Orchard*.

Tchekhov caught many of them napping. By 1911 the *Referee*, forgetting what it had said in 1902, remarks "Ibsen, however, was a great dramatic craftsman. *The Cherry Orchard* is a thing of shreds and patches." The *Sunday Times*, in a notice that was not unfavourable, nevertheless assured its readers that this work "is certainly not a great play,—it may not be even

a good play." The *Clarion* hankers for the familiar. "From the dramatic point of view," it states, "the value of the performance was nil, as there are no situations, dramatic or otherwise." And the *Times*, whose critic ought to have known better, said indulgently that "the players did their best, and it was not their fault that the entertainment was not entertaining."

The production of *Uncle Vanya* in 1914, did not cure some of the critics of their distaste for Tchekhov's genius. "All the glamour of Russia, its music, its melancholy and its mystery," said the *Daily Mail*, "could not prevent *Uncle Vanya* from becoming a bore." The *Daily Graphic* dismissed the play as "a most dismal affair". P.C. in the *Manchester Guardian* commits himself to the judgment that this is "not a great play. The technique is by no means a masterly technique. It is indeed quite baldly primitive." And as for the *Standard*, it provides us with one of the choicest jewels in the whole collection. "Handled," it says, "according to English notions the theme could make either a powerful drama or a gay comedy. As it is, we get nowhere." *Creditors*, by Strindberg—produced in 1909—provoked many of our critics to their usual outcry against a playwright who is destined to achieve European reputation. "Oh dear!" pants the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "what an afternoon!" "Absolutely objectless," grunts our old friend the *Academy*, whose critic it did not "amuse, interest or instruct." And the *Times* facetiously comments, "When the curtain descended, we felt that it was our turn to ask 'Why?'"

VII

LAST SPECIMENS

The *Academy* said blandly in 1908, "we have loyally supported the Stage Society." I have not been able to find any evidence for this statement, but even the *Academy* was rarely so severe as when it said of a play by Mr. Edward Garnett "we cannot admit that one of the functions of the Stage Society is the production of stupid plays by stupid beginners." Indeed, as I look at my large collection I am tempted to offer more and more specimens for the admiration of the reader; but I must content myself with showing him a final half-dozen. P.C., whom we

have already met, was so much distressed by the production of *Blanco Posnet* in 1909 that he remarked, "The play is not at all a work of art, and leaves the self-respecting critic with really nothing to say except, like the late Queen Victoria, 'We are not amused'." Let me say at once that nothing will induce me ever to see *Blanco Posnet* again either professionally or for my pleasure." Even so late as 1914 the *Sunday Times* bashfully says of *Wanderers*, by C. K. Munro that it is "a play which I must politely decline to discuss before the readers of the *Sunday Times*." *Augustus Does His Bit*, produced in 1917, when Mr. Shaw was not in general favour, seemed to the *Daily Express* "a farrago of rather stale japes" and to the *Referee* just simply "unmitigated bosh." Last of all I shall quote two opinions upon *Hindle Wakes* when it was performed in 1911. The *Sketch*, having admitted that this epoch-marking play, was "quite interesting," added the astonishing verdict that it was also "very stagey": and the critic of the *Referee*, to whose attitude toward anything new we have now become accustomed, reverts to the critical accent of 1901 and says to his readers, "Believe me, I am not squeamish. Such discussion is no better suited to the theatre than to the drawing-room or the family circle."

VIII

The titles of the famous plays which have been mentioned will carry a good many playgoers back in memory to the pre-war world, and the criticisms which I have cited will probably recall to such playgoers the mental atmosphere in which we then moved. In the hope of completing, not unamusingly, their sense of bygone days, perhaps I may add a few comments upon the audience. In 1901 a critic says of the Stage Society that his "only complaint against this association is that there is about it a suggestion of long hair, willowy uncorseted females, and supercilious superiority." In 1904 we hear of "an audience mainly composed of straight-haired English ladies with artistic tendencies." Fifteen years later, when the war is over, the audience is said to consist of "Society people, 'arty' women in wool-embroidered hand-woven jumpers, and stage folk taking a busman's holiday," and in 1924 a critic, still harping upon hair, like his predecessor of

twenty-three years earlier, notes that he "found the typical Stage Society audience—young men in comfortable tweeds and with longish unruly hair, clever-looking girls in embroidered jumpers and with their hair cut Knave-of-Spades fashion."

To us, of course, it is quite unthinkable that our present dramatic critics could so consistently oppose all playwrights of genius or distinction. We believe in our critics. We cannot conceive that the future will be able to make merry over their pronouncements; but we should remember that the playgoers of other decades also believed in their critics and that these critics were as confident as our own that they knew when a play was "not a play" and when a dramatist was "of small account". Indeed, however deeply we revere the critics who are guiding us in 1930, we should perhaps be wise to bear in mind that they see more plays than it is natural for any person to see, and that it is difficult for a man who is in the habit of passing judgment to retain any doubt of his ability to spot winners.

AN IMPRESSION OF INDUSTRIAL RUSSIA

By PETER S. H. ALEXANDER

WHATEVER vague doctrinaire form of socialism the Russian revolution assumed in its initial stages, the present experiment of the Soviet Government is in no way lacking in definiteness of form and purpose. It is an attempt to form a state without the basic conception of the existence of God or any Supreme Being; the State operating as a single organism, complete in itself, and composed of citizens who form the unit organic cells with restricted and fully controlled freedom of movement. It is very much more than a state which has appropriated all private property. It is a much larger thing than an attempt at a practical application of Western European Socialism of any well defined "brand." It may be most accurately described as a logical application of American methods of scientific management to the governance of a people.

The artists of the new régime in Russia do not seem to have as yet completed their busy activities of cataloguing and classifying the work of previous artists; hence little or no expression of the revolution and what it stands for is to be found in the realm of literature. The re-writing of fairy tales and school books, propaganda in novel, play, and film, together with administrative instructions and economic reports, may be said to embrace the whole literary effort of Soviet Russia.

The point of view from which the Soviet experiment can be best observed is that of the industrialist, because the main effort of the Soviet Government has been directed towards the industrialisation of Russia, and the appeal of the leaders found most ready response amongst the organised industrial workers. It is probable that no body of men, other than the rank and file of Russian trades unions, could have been induced to make this experiment, and it is also probable that sooner or later, with the relaxed hold of religion and the Church on modern trade

unionists, that some such experiment would have been made in some country or other.

I was acting as administrative manager of a factory in Moscow and also as a consultant to a State Trust which was starting a new manufacture. In our factory we were reducing the staff and two youths, A.P. and P.V., (the initials will be simpler for the reader than the full Russian names), who had been apprentice mechanics for over two years with me, were amongst the discharged. A.P. and P.V. had just the kind of training which suited them for the new manufacture in connection with which I was acting as consultant. I recommended the technical manager of the State Trust undertaking to secure these youths. He was only too pleased to do so, and asked me to send them along. They were interviewed, and as a result the technical manager was willing to engage them and they were willing to take on the work. The proper form of application was made by the manager to the Labour Exchange for two mechanics, and in a covering letter A.P. and P.V. were mentioned as suitable candidates. A.P. and P.V. applied to the Labour Exchange for slips which would authorise them to be candidates for the vacancies. A.P. was given a slip but P.V. was refused.

By a statute issued in 1925, *Narkomtrude*, the abbreviated name of the State Department of Labour, is given the sole right to act as employment agent, and must control the whole distribution of the labour forces throughout all Soviet Russia. Without the sanction of *Narkomtrude* a business may not act as its own employment agent—it may not directly offer employment to a citizen. In practice *Narkomtrude* usually does allow a concern to seek out its own higher administrative workers, and in some cases a proportion of its other labour staff, but the principle is adhered to very closely, that a concern can only engage staff through *Narkomtrude* or its organs. The citizen also may not become a candidate for employment without the sanction—the slip referred to above—of *Narkomtrude*. This is not to be understood as barring a man from seeking employment. A man may seek to his heart's content—outside working hours—but when he has found a suitable job he must get the slip or “leestock” from the Labour Exchange authorising him to be a candidate. A.P. and P.V. were for all practical purposes similarly situated, had followed the same procedure, yet A.P.

reached the “leestock” and P.V. did not—at any rate at first, although he did ultimately after some ten day's pressing both on the part of the technical manager and P.V. himself.

If, P.V. had been sent, in the meantime, by the Labour Exchange as a candidate for another situation and the employer had expressed his willingness to engage him, P.V. could not have refused that other situation without incurring penalties which would have involved his remaining unemployed for some months. The same penalties would have been incurred had P.V. failed to submit himself for the offered employment.

Under Paragraph 11 of the Labour Code, *Narkomtrude* may summon all citizens of U.S.S.R. to compulsory labour unless they are exempt on certain statutory grounds such as youth, age, or pregnancy. That is to say, labour may be conscripted.

The cumulative effect of these three features is that the State fully and completely disposes of the labour of the citizen. It thus appears that the most modern and advanced forms of Socialism in actual practice constitute a reinstatement of the slave trade. This may or may not constitute a limitation of freedom. The average Russian trades unionist would indignantly repudiate the suggestion that he is a slave, and in support of this he would point to the sections of the statute which impose limitations on the freedom of exploitation of labour by an employer—either a State undertaking or a private employer.

Thus the following actual case which occurred in England within the past three years could not possibly occur in Russia, nor yet anything remotely approaching it, for brutality of treatment under the same circumstances or any similar ones. A firm, X, contracted for work for a very large concern A. A filled the firm X up with contracts, and X thus became practically wholly dependent upon A for its business. The concern A then commenced to apply pressure to the firm X to reduce the price of the goods contracted for, and the firm X passed this pressure on to the workers. X was a non-union shop employing some 1,000 men, mostly imported from other districts, including the distressed districts of Wales. At Christmas a week's holiday was given for repairs and overhauling. Some ten or fifteen men, on returning from Wales after the Christmas week, were told they were not wanted, and were paid off with one hour's extra pay. They complained that after the week's holiday they had no

money to pay their landlords' bills or their railway fare home. That, they were advised, was no concern of the firm X. These men left without paying their landlords' bills, and tramped the way home to Wales. The next day a new squad of men was started by the firm X. The source of information for the above was the employment manager of the firm X.

In Russia a concern, B, had been working partly on three shifts and partly on two, when it was decided, for reasons considered adequate, to restrict production to one shift in all departments with full loading of the entire plant. This involved the discharge of over 300 workers. There were about 900 workers employed prior to the discharge. The concern B was compelled to give one month's notice to the Trades Union and the Labour Exchange. Every person discharged had the right to appeal on account of his or her economic position. Practically the whole staff of over 800 had to be combed through to pick out the cases which could best stand the disturbance of discharge, and when it was ultimately agreed between the Trades Union organ in the factory and the administration that a person was to be discharged, three weeks' average pay was given as compensation. The process of discharge and combing commenced in October and continued till December 20th. Whilst the English case is probably exceptional, the Russian example is no exception, but is in accordance with the statute.

The rates of pay of the industrial worker are, with only a very few exceptions, also outside his personal bargaining power. The Trades Union does not fix the minimum rates, as generally in this country, but the actual rates, and this applies to all persons within the categories. Very special technicians, known as "specialists," may make individual agreements at special ex-category rates of salary, but these cases are not numerous. Salaries of Russian technicians are low and very seldom attain to or exceed £60 to £80 per month. The industrial worker enjoys a very liberal measure of social insurance both for himself and his dependants. He is thus an economic slave with very limited bargaining power in the matter of selling his labour, but fairly fully and effectively protected from ruthless exploitation, and he has a considerable measure of security and stability of employment and economic status. The Russian leaders are pragmatists and are attempting by trial and error to find the best

working limits of bargaining power which should be allowed in order to avoid the economic inefficiency of slave labour. An attempt is being made now to restrict seventeen categories which had a range of pay from 1:8 to seven categories with a range 1:2½.

The completely scientific State applying the principles of American scientific management is logically compelled to assume for itself the position of the Supreme Being or God. The rapidly increasing hold which America is gaining on the Russian market is greatly explained by the fact that Russia is making a logical application of American methods of works management to the government of the State. One of the chief characteristics of the methods of the disciples of Taylor resides in the centralisation of the thinking function in any productive organisation and its subsequent decentralisation. Its purpose is to ensure quick response of the executive units, in administrative organs linked up to the controlling brain centre. In the Russian State the organic connection of the brain centre to the decentralised thinking organs is effected by the combination of the functions of the Trades Unions and the "Party."

The Trades Unions perform much of the functions of the organised Church in Western Europe. They constitute the channels through which the unifying forces in the society operate, just as the Church, being the house of the Father God, unites all the members of the society in a brotherhood as the children of God. The Party men, by their hold of the controlling positions in the Unions, and also in the productive undertakings and Trusts, may be said to form the nerve lines, linking the members to the brain centre. The policy of the Party transmitted through these nerve lines performs the function of the Divine Will. Thus in a court of law the interpretation placed on a statute in any given combination of circumstances is not materially influenced by what we term justice, which may be taken as the average accepted interpretation of the Divine Will, but is practically wholly guided by the policy of the Party.

The Trades Unions act directly on the workers through the workers' or factory committee, which is the statutory organ of the Trades Union inside the factory or other undertaking. This committee has very wide functions. It conducts the bargaining which decides the wage category to which any given task belongs.

The rate of pay is thus fixed by the task, not by the individual qualifications of the worker. Workers of the same category may earn different pay, the differences being determined by the amount of the bonus, which in turn is in some way or other made dependent upon results. The committee is also concerned with the development of the culture, sports, entertainment and general welfare of the workers. The committee does not, as yet, solemnize marriages, or pronounce any blessing, or register any pledge of consecration on the newly-born, but it may conduct the funeral services and act somewhat after the manner of executors or guardians of the dependants who have been deprived of their bread-winner. A funeral service conducted by a factory committee is quite a grand affair, and on one occasion, I recollect, there was not a dry eye amongst the audience when the funeral oration was made by the appointed officer of the factory committee. The factory band headed the procession, which started out from the factory club room. The committee is also employed as the agent of the anti-God league. At Easter, when the Paschal cake is taken to Church to be blessed and there is a very beautiful ceremonial and musical festival in the churches, the factory committee organises a concert and dance which is continued till 4 or 5 a.m., but does not seem to prove a very effective counter-attraction. About 11 p.m. on Good Friday found the club fairly empty and the churches crammed full and overflowing into the churchyard.

It will be understood that this building up of complete organism does not proceed without some opposition, but enough evidence has been submitted to show how deeply and thoroughly the Soviet leaders penetrate in their experiments, reaching to the very throne of God in Heaven, and this evidence could be increased. The remarks here made are concerned only with the organised industrial population and do not touch the great mass of the people of Russia, over 80 per cent. of whom fall within the ranks of peasants.

The methods of scientific management are carried by the Soviet Government to the extent of forming the well-known "five years" plan—this plan being framed by the Planning Department of the Supreme Economic Council. The plan, agreed upon by the Central Executive Committee and the Soviet of National Commissars, becomes the impersonal dictator for all the industrial

and distributive undertakings throughout the country. Whilst the first plan drawn up was exceeded in some respects, it was in many others beyond the limits of attainment with the technical forces available. The absence of capital is, without doubt, a great hindrance, but it is not at all certain that the withholding of foreign capital would ultimately prove fatal to the development of the Soviet plans for Russian industry and economy.

The new plan will quite probably be adhered to and attained in most of its broad features. Where difficulty arises is in the smaller, what might be called, "key" industries to the larger undertakings. Thus there is difficulty in making good workable sewing needles for the sewing machines which the State turns out of the appropriated Singer factory. The State factories can only turn out the simplest of circular frame knitting machines, which are hand-driven, but as yet cannot make the latch needles for these. The more elaborate high-speed power knitting machines are, of course, still quite beyond the manufacturing capabilities of the State factories. Their machine tools are of poor quality, very expensive and wholly useless for modern high precision work. All these are, however, difficulties which are surmountable. It will not be the lack of technicians or technical assistance which will hold up the onward march of Russian industry, for Russia is diligently concentrating her efforts on the creation of the necessary body of highly qualified engineers, chemists and technicians of all kinds which may be required to carry their five years' plan to a successful issue.

The Labour Code, in its provisions for the security and the stability of employment for the labourer, is exceedingly cumbersome and hinders the technical manager at all points. A managing engineer in Russia has to be rather more than half a lawyer. Production cannot be made economic or efficient in most of the smaller industries where the degree of mechanisation is not high. There are very few productive industries under State ownership, where the overhead charges are less than 300 per cent. of the wages bill, and in some cases they are very much in excess of this. In most of the smaller industries in all countries the individuality of the workman plays an important part in success, and the fact that wages in Russia are graded into cast iron categories prevents those fine adjustments of pay which are essential. Once a job receives its category the man cannot be

given the inducement of an increase in wages for attaining greater efficiency of quality or quantity of output. In practice, I have known Russian mechanics to cease giving of their best labour because they were classed equally with others who were unable to do such good work. This cannot be given as a rule, but such cases are known, and a considerable amount of downward levelling certainly does occur. It is the cumbersomeness of the labour code and labour administration, and the difficulty of obtaining the discipline necessary for high-class production, rather than any technical difficulties which will probably prove the chief obstacle to the economic progress of Russia. It is not to be considered that there is any lack of discipline of the bullying, bludgeoning kind. Of such discipline, the usual "Rules of Internal Discipline," which when sanctioned by the Trades Union have the force of statutes, provide plenty, although these rules are somewhat cumbersome to apply. The discipline referred to is that subtle discipline of a higher order, which induces a man to give of his best and tends to produce a narrow loyalty to the particular firm for which he is working. The constant strife between the workers' committee and the administration seems to kill all such feeling in the Russian worker, which would induce him to apply the needed self-discipline. Whatever the amount of patience there may be in the Russian peasant, the patience of the Russian industrial worker is a myth; he lacks the self-discipline necessary for the patient building up on a solid foundation. His work bears much of the character of a stage effect. In consequence, the time lost due to repairs and breakdowns caused by shoddy work is enormous.

In conclusion, it may be stated that the prospects of an economic success in the case of the Russian Soviet experiment are bright, but one is doubtful if that will mean the building up of a successful Russia. Whilst there is an excellent *moral* amongst the industrial workers at present, one can scarcely go so far as to say that they give the impression of a body of men buoyed up with the vitalising joy of a great hope. Moscow and its homes present none of the characteristics one associates with the new Jerusalem.

SOLO

BY DOROTHY JOHNSON

ON catching a glimpse of a screever at work, near Santa Maria Maggiore, I hazarded collision with a flock of wild bicyclists and crossed the street to see better. The art and (may I say tenderly?) the artfulness of the London screever I knew. But I had not, somehow, expected to find the business going on in Florence.

Here it was, the same yet not the same. To begin with, there was the artist's attitude. He did not kneel or squat, while putting final touches; nor did he, the final touches all put, sit cross-legged swinging a suggestive cap. He lay along, in a curve of lordly ease, as though the flagstones had been silken cushions. And yet he was far from being idle. Indolence governed him up to the waist; his legs were careless baskers in the sun; but the upper half of him was making amends by its haughty concentration on a drawing. He never lifted his black shock-head. From the look of him, he might have been miles away from any other human being. He was enfolded in an aura of his own, an atmosphere of absorbed and creative melancholy.

A screever he was, in the strictest sense. One who embellishes the stones themselves is not, it seems, entitled to the term. This youth was not adorning the flags; I will undertake to swear by the Nine Gods, a suitable oath in this land of Lars Porsenna, that there is a *regolamento* against it. His designs were set out on sheets of cartridge-paper, laid flat, edge to edge, and weighted at the corners with pebbles of *pietra serena*—the local stone, the "calm stone", which is neither green nor grey, but the nameless hue of tranquillity; the stone in which Donatello carved his gold-flecked Annunciation.

But we are not talking about Donatello.

This possible descendant of Donatello might affect to ignore the public. But the public was present and taking an interest. No British screever is attended in his studio by so large and fair

a company. There was an officer of the royal army, and a very comely officer, too; the Romance of War personified, with a faultless profile, and an eye like Mars, and a uniform of grey and silver. Next him stood a portly dame in black, of strikingly regal carriage, who must have been Catherine de' Medici, revisiting her native city. At least, she was exactly like that lady as portrayed in the Uffizi tapestries. Then there were some of less imposing quality, including that invariable errand-boy, whom I meet every day upon the road to nowhere, and always in charge of the same minute parcel. On the previous afternoon I had seen him standing in the very midst of the tram-lines, and meditating, with visionary eyes, on his next move in the game of life, while a tram-car was coming up in his rear and ringing its bell hysterically. I could not stay for the end of that encounter, but the tram must have got the worst of it. For there was the boy, twenty-four hours afterwards, unflattened and undivided; his parcel dangled from his little finger; and he could not have been more placid, or more motionless, if he had been made of the "calm stone".

It is not correct to stand too close. These persons kept a respectful distance, as though governed by Sir Joshua Reynolds's dictum that pictures are not made to be smelled. Yet they, or others, must have approached within the cast of a copper, for the drawings were speckled freely with brown bits of five *centesimi*. After all, what *can* you do with a piece of five *centesimi*? You cannot buy anything with one, not even a blessing from a beggar; for a piece, however, of twenty *centesimi* he will bless you with modified rapture. The screever's upturned cap, among us the very symbol of his calling, was not in evidence here. You cast forth your offerings on the pictures. Were you supposed, I wondered, to hit your favourite? Was it by chance, or otherwise, that the (very good) likeness of *il Duce* had collected the lion's share?

So much for the spectators; and now—what of the spectacle? Were we to hail in this wild-haired youth a modern Botticelli? I was inclined to think not. Once, from this soil of Tuscany, there sprang such a fountain of artistic genius, so many-jetted, forceful, and glittering, that the like has hardly been seen elsewhere except once in Attica. It played for two or three hundred years, and then sank into the ground. It is latent there, and

may it spring again? One is always seeking, half-consciously, for a sign. One day a sacristan would show me some treasure hidden in the dark. He lit a taper, and, for mere convenience, coiled up its plastic tail into circles of cunning beauty. It is not much to tell, but it was a tiny miracle to see. Almost I took it for a portent. Now this poor screever was no portent.

And yet he could draw more than a little. St. Sebastian, his hands bound over his head, had bones and muscles beneath his skin, and was perceptibly in pain. Also, in feathering him with arrows, the artist had practised an elegant economy. So many painters make a martyred fowl of him. Mary Magdalene in the garden was graceful, wearing the same sweet oval face as the Florentine girl gazing down at her. These drawings were done in pencil, with sparing touches of colour; the arrows, for instance, dropped trickles, like tassels, of crimson blood, and the grass at Mary Magdalene's feet, if scanty, was very green. "Colour!" the screever might have said. "What need has Florence of colour? Look round the corner, and you will see the rich red cap of the Duomo, and abundance of marble both green and pink, and Giotto's Campanile (the Shepherd's Tower, as your Mr. Rooskeen used to call it) blushing coldly, like a slim maiden. I give you a rest from colour."

But he did not say this; he said nothing whatever; he had only two observations to offer, and these, for good and all, were printed and exhibited each upon a large white card. "GRAZIE," said one—laconic and dignified; the other read, "DISOCCUPATO E SOLO": and it was this, the final word especially, that wrought a spell upon me.

The Florentine screever disappeared, and in his place popped like a gay bubble my own pet pavement-artist. He is a tight, compact little fellow, with the freshness of the sea about him, and he squats cross-legged and radiant beside his picture-gallery. He has bright blue eyes and bright yellow curls, and coaxes the grim paving-stones of Bloomsbury to take a more cheerful view of life. He specialises in tiny lakes, that glow like sapphires under turquoise skies out of optimistic emerald woods. "If Worthy"—he modestly hints in chalk, with a neat border of scroll-work—"If Worthy"—mark the proviso!—"Many Thanks". Delicious ambiguity! The passer-by feels bound to show himself Worthy. "Striving", he reads as he stoops to

do so, "to Earn a Humble Coper, for 1 Wife and 3 Small Children."

"1 Wife and 3 Small Children SOLO". The vision beamed and nodded and vanished, and left me staring at a word of four letters, meaning *alone*, on a card. "They order," I said to myself, "this matter differently in Florence; not better, not worse, but differently. Your Italian pleads, or parades, his loneliness. Your Englishman, bless him, makes a merit of his lack of loneliness. Yet the upshot is much the same . . . And now for the Humble, the very Humble Copers." I went as near as I dared, and threw down some pieces of five centesimi. They flew all over the place. Most of them settled upon Saint Sebastian, thereby doubtless leading the spectators to credit me with a pretty taste in blood. The rest rolled into the gutter. "Sorry," I said in my curt English to the screever, "but I'm used to a cap or a hat."

He did not, of course, look up or speak. He cannot have understood me; and it may be that his magnificent gesture was not meant for me in the least. But it seemed to be a response; and, as such, it could not have been bettered. Out of the sombre tower of his loneliness and his artistic pride, down from a height, across a great gulf, he stretched forth a hand—no, not to me, but to his permanent GRAZIE. He pushed the card an inch in my direction—it may have been two inches . . .

A MISANTHROPE IN MAY

—***—

"Do you never tire of saying cuckoo—
Never want to learn another song
Telling of old love or ancient wrong;
Something kinder, sweeter,
In another metre,
Than this dreary, drowsy sameness of cuckoo?"

Do you never sicken
Of that limit of your note;
Never wish your throat
Like the blackbird's, held a lilt,
Golden numbers all unspilt,
Telling may-buds in the hedgerow they must quicken?

Do you never tire
When you hear the thrush and lark;
Or envy, in the dark,
(You, of the parrot-word)
That lone, mysterious bird
Who never fails to set man's heart a-fire?"

But the cuckoo held his peace;
For in that wanton cry
He had told the reason why
This word, that mocks the wed,
Holds all that can be said
To bring man's heart some ease:
"Man will tire of everything,
Save the Spring";
Then who that ever heard
Cuckoo's note,
Does not dote
On that uncouth, solitary word?

E. M. MARTIN.

THE NOVELS OF HENRY JAMES.

By H. M. WALBROOK

OF all our novelists, Henry James, in his choice of scenes and subjects, is the most international. That he knew the United States the land of his birth, and England the land of his adoption, would, of course, be taken for granted: but he knew and wrote about France, Italy and Switzerland quite as intimately. In Switzerland the passing social comedy, with the landscape as its background, mainly occupied him. In France, Italy and England, on the other hand, the setting appealed deeply to him. The descriptions of their cities, cathedrals, picture-galleries, theatres, ancient monuments, painters' ateliers, journalists' haunts, artists' cafés, and historical associations with which his novels and stories abound would make a highly informative anthology. One recalls from one novel and another vivid descriptions of Nôtre Dame and the Louvre: the Paris art-world: the ramparts of Boulogne on a fine afternoon: the art-worlds of Florence and Rome, and the music-laden scene of Venice: the City of London in the time of Hogarth, and Rotten Row in the days of Queen Victoria: the towers, cloisters, and quadrangles of Oxford in the luminous early dusk: the long galleries and vacant windows of Hampton Court and the chestnut avenues of Bushey: the shaded murmuring promenades of Interlaken and Lucerne: the Engelberg valley lying deep in the shadow of the Titlis snowfields: the lake of Geneva, the snowy crest of the Dent du Midi, and the grim walls of Chillon.

It was after reading one of these little pictures in words that his friend, Robert Louis Stevenson, wrote to him:

"You will happily never have cause to understand the despair with which a writer like myself considers the park scene in *Lady Barberina*. Every touch surprises one by its intangible precision; and the effect when done, as light as syllabub and as distinct as a picture—fills me with envy".

The temptation is indeed strong to quote one of these scenic descriptions. In the short story, *A Passionate Pilgrim*, written in 1871, we light upon the following:

"The next day we walked over to Worcester through such a mist of 'local colour' that I felt like one of Smollett's pedestrian heroes faring tavernwards for a night of adventure. As we neared the provincial city we saw the steeped mass of the cathedral, long and high, rise far into the cloud-freckled blue. And going farther yet, we entered the town, where surely Miss Austen's heroines in chariots and curricles must often have come a-shopping for their sandals and mittens. We lounged in the gravelled close, and gazed insatiably at that most soul-soothing sight, the waning, wasting afternoon light, the visible ether, which, clinging far aloft to the quiet sides of the cathedral tower, feels the voices of the chimes; saw it linger and nestle and abide as it loves to do on all perpendicular spaces, converting them irresistibly into registers and dials; tasted, too, as deeply of the peculiar stillness of this clerical precinct; saw a rosy English lad come forth and lock the door of the old foundation school which dovetails with cloister and choir, and carry his big responsible key into one of the quiet canonical houses; and then stood musing together on the effect on one's mind of having in one's boyhood gone and come through cathedral shades as a King's scholar, and yet kept ruddy with much cricket in misty meadows of the Severn.

That is only one of a thousand instances of the tender appeal England made to him. No native writer has displayed a friendlier and tenderer insight in describing the English scene than this visitor from America poured into his work during more than forty years.

His favourite "subject" for a book was the contrast between the young civilisation of his native land and the older ones of Europe. It is part of the basis of the earliest of his novels, *Roderick Hudson*, published in 1875. It forms the foundation of the novel, *The Sense of the Past*, on which he was occupied when attacked by his fatal illness in 1915. And we find him reverting to it again and again in the novels and short stories written between those two dates. In most of these stories an American comes to Europe, bringing with him or her all the fine human sincerities, together with certain innocences in regard to manners, morals, aesthetics. Occasionally the case is reversed and Europe crosses to America, as in *The Europeans*, in which a highly sophisticated and attractive brother and sister cross the Atlantic from "Silberstadt", on a visit to kinsfolk in the neighbourhood of Boston, taking with them an ideal of life as Pleasure, to find themselves in the midst of a circle where the ideal of life is Duty. Such a theme was obviously rich for him in dramatic possibilities, and considering how well he knew both sides, it is not to be wondered at that he returned to it again

and again. Indeed, he made it his own, and, though many have followed his example, no other writer has handled it with so masterly a completeness. In the character of Barnaby Striker, the long-legged, good-natured Massachusetts lawyer, we have it presented in the broadest spirit of comedy. Elsewhere it leads along roads gay with every sort of European picturesqueness to culminate in something near akin to tragedy.

Speaking generally, the author's sympathies are on the side of the Old World. He does not, of course, allow himself to make any sort of mock of the New. He would have recoiled from anything of the kind as not only a disloyalty but a vulgarity. In the European garden, however, he found the full-bloom flower of life, and its appeal to him was irresistible. One could quote many passages in which his appreciation of the types of character, the scenery, and the general "atmosphere" of Europe fairly glows. In one of his books we meet him sitting with a "bitter et curaçao" in front of a café in the market-place of Le Mans, surrounded by the good Manceaux in couples and little groups, and listening with delight, as they talk, to "the fine shades of French enunciation and the detached syllables of that perfect tongue." In another we catch him walking in a Roman garden, his volume of Ariosto in his pocket, finding everything in nature giving him a hint, everything in art offering a beauty—the blue sky, the serge-coated cypresses, the mouldering sculptured Tritons, and the sunny sadness of the dried-up fountain with its old marble, all suffused with "that lovely caressing consenting Italian light that you get so much of for nothing." In these old countries the voices of history and tradition, the visible merging of the Past in the Present, the pageant of art and literature, the endless variety of manners and morals, appealed to him irresistibly.

In all these countries, however, the un leisured class of the community play but a small part in his comedy. Only here and there in his books do we meet with people in humble life, and as a rule they are spectators rather than actors and perhaps amusing rather than realistic. In the short story, called *In the Cage* one of the figures is a girl behind the counter of a post-office; in the course of the narrative she displays an intellectual delicacy and subtlety worthy of a senior wrangler. In another, entitled *The Papers*, the leading characters are a couple of struggling Fleet-

Street journalists, a young man and a young woman, who pronounce the words play and tale as "ply" and "tyle," and on a day free from toil find relaxation in passages of mild gallantry under a tree in Richmond Park; from time to time they embellish their conversation with idiomatic French! Perhaps the most lifelike of his humble folk is the illiterate old governess, Mrs. Wix, whose dog-like devotion to the little heroine of the novel, *What Maisie Knew*, is the reader's main source of comfort in that harrowing book: though even she occasionally quavers forth sentences of the last elaboration and complexity. On the whole it may perhaps be said that Henry James's humble characters are as entertaining as George Meredith's, and as remote from real life.

Of all our novelists he is the least open-air. When the men in his books put on their hats it is far more likely to be for a walk on a velvet lawn adorned with statues and vases and trimmed yew-hedges than for one over a moor. The splendours of storms and sunsets, the magic of starlight, the comradeship of birds, trees and flowers—all these things play almost as small a part in his stories as they do in the work of Edgar Allan Poe. One of his shorter pieces called *The Story in It* opens with ten lines of description of a windy afternoon in May, of which one fine sentence—"Beyond the lawn, beyond the cliff, the great wet brush of the sky dipped deep into the sea"—has all the effect of a picture by Turner; but even here the scene speedily merges into the vision of two ladies conversing together indoors. On the whole, one may perhaps say that just as Lever is the novelist of the camp, Hardy of the cottage, and Conrad of the ship, so Henry James is pre-eminently the novelist of the drawing-room.

The questions surrounding his style and method are less easy to summarise. The word style may be defined as lucidity touched with beauty. In some writers this quality has been spontaneous. The right word, the beautiful phrase, have flowed as easily from their pens as perfume from the rose. These are the born writers, of whom Shakespeare was a king. Others, the made writers, polish and repolish until the desired effect is attained. John Henry Newman re-wrote whole chapters of his books over and over again. The story of Walter Pater's laborious re-writings strikes one almost as farcical and as a mark of intellectual idleness rather than industry. The Irish dramatist,

Syngé, wrote out each of his plays at least six times before he was satisfied; and from the jewelled prose of Wilde's *Salome* we get at last such a sense of artifice that we begin to think of the golden casket in Shakespeare's comedy which when opened contained only a grinning skull. On the other hand, Samuel Butler, the author of *The Way of All Flesh*, never took the smallest pains with his style, never thought about it, and did not know or wish to know whether he had a style at all. All he cared for, he said, was just common simple straightforwardness. He felt that no writer could take thought for his style without loss to himself or his readers—a view which seems as dangerous as the exactly opposite one of Pater. From all we know of Henry James he may be included in the fortunate company of the born writers. Certainly down to 1897, the year of *What Maisie Knew*, his prose flows as easily, and is as lucid and as comely as any in our literature: and we have his own repeated declaration that he was happy in his work.

The only important difference of method between the early Henry James and his contemporaries lies in the greater quietude of his manner. His development of a situation, his analysis of a character, is conducted in a fashion as soundless as the tread of a ghost. One could give many instances. There is, for example, the scene in the long novel, *The Portrait of a Lady*, in which Isabel Osmond gradually divines in a slowly rising horror and dismay that her fascinating friend, Madame Merle, has for years been not her friend at all but her contemptuous and unscrupulous enemy. This episode is described in the 49th chapter of the novel, and is as good an illustration as can be given of the effect a writer can achieve while working in little more than whispers. Another is the passage in the last chapter of the novel, *The American*, in which Christopher Newman, possessed with just and vengeful wrath against the man who has laid his dearest hopes in ruin, walks into Notre Dame, sits for hour after hour with bowed head in the splendid dimness of the great church, rises at last another and better man, with all thoughts of vengeance dead, and walks once more into the open air strolling soberly, his old good-natured self restored, and with no trace of past bitterness left in him save a little sense of shame.

A method so reticent naturally did not make for popularity of the "best-selling" kind. As George Meredith says in one

of his novels, "It is a good public, that of Britain, and will bear anything so long as its ribs are well tickled and its back well slapped with jovial thunderings of familiar things." In Henry James's stories the hints are but few of those physical concussions and explosions which are so eminent a feature of the "best-selling" novel. In *The American* the lovers never once address each other by their baptismal names. Even in the scene of their final parting, when Claire de Cintré has told Newman of her resolve to become a nun, he can only cry "Madam de Cintré, don't, don't!" Only once in the whole book is there the record of a kiss, and that solitary embrace is the lovers' first and last. The crisis and climax in the short story *The Madonna of the Future* (a composition which admittedly owes something to Balzac's *Chef d'oeuvre Inconnu*), the discovery of the blank canvas in the poor painter's poverty-stricken studio in Florence is as quietly done in a single sentence. In another short story of the same period, *Madame de Mauves*, all sorts of effects of beauty and anguish are produced with touches that never step from the same quiet level, and the drama moves along in a light that seems to be of silver rather than of gold. In the thrilling last pages of the short story, *The Beast in the Jungle*, the self-absorbed soul of John Marcher is suddenly overwhelmed by so small an incident as the accidental passing of a strange man in a suburban cemetery, a man of middle age, who has been engaged upon a neighbouring grave, but whose face, all scarred and ravaged with grief, suddenly lays bare to poor Marcher all that he himself has lost through his blindness to the love of the woman by whose grave he is standing.

This quietude of method is perhaps most strikingly of all exemplified in his ghost-tales. The best known of these is the story of two haunted children, brother and sister, called *The Turn of the Screw*. In this famous piece the evil ghosts of two dead servants, Peter Quint and Miss Jessel, creep quietly in and out of an old country mansion in Essex, seeking to corrupt the children. When the spectre of the man-servant first appears to their governess (who tells the story), looking down upon her from the roof of the battlemented tower as she is strolling in the grounds towards the close of a lovely tranquil sunlit afternoon, there is apparently nothing in the least alarming in the vision itself. It is from what ensues that the reader gets his thrill.

The governess proceeds:

"It was as if while I took in what I did take in, all the rest of the scene had been stricken with death. I can hear again, as I write, the intense hush in which the sounds of evening dropped. The rooks stopped cawing in the golden sky, and the friendly hour lost for the unspeakable minute all its voice. But there was no other change in nature, unless, indeed, it was a change which I saw with a strange sharpness. The gold was still in the sky, the clearness in the air, and the man who looked at me over the battlements was as definite as a picture in a frame".

That sudden striking of the scene with death is surely an extraordinarily fine touch. There is another, just before the story reaches its tragic close, in which the same malignant shadow, all its evil now fully exposed, appears for the last time, its "white face of damnation" pressed against the window, and its overwhelming presence seeming to fill the room like the taste of poison. But the stillness in which the story proceeds is unbroken until the last page is reached.

In 1897, Henry James signed a twenty-one years' lease of Lamb House, a charming old Georgian residence with a romantic past of its own, in Rye, and thence-forward, working in the tranquillity of what he could at last call a home, he produced the series of stories and novels which culminated in such books as *The Sacred Fount*, *The Wings of the Dove*, *The Golden Bowl*, and *The Ambassadors*. It is in these later books that the general public, so far as they took any interest in his work, found him at his most obscure. Very diverse opinions have been expressed regarding these productions. Mr. G. K. Chesterton has called them jewels; Mr. George Moore has dismissed them as symptoms of a diseased mind. As long ago as 1891, Oscar Wilde in his essay on *The Decay of Lying* penned these words: "Mr. Henry James writes fiction as if it were a painful duty, and wastes upon mean motives and imperceptible points of view his neat literary style, his felicitous phrases, his swift and caustic satire." And in 1915 Mr. H. G. Wells, with whom Henry James had for years been on the terms of a personal friend, suddenly and publicly, in the book entitled *Boon*, parodied and made fun of his work as a thing futile and void.

It may as well be frankly acknowledged that these books of the second period make hard reading. I should never have said that any of Henry James's work dealt with "mean" motives,

but here and there he certainly concerns himself with small ones. Take, for example, the novel, so musically and mysteriously called *The Sacred Fount*, which appeared in 1901, and which *The Athenaeum* promptly reviewed as "an example of hypochondriacal subtlety run mad." Its scene is a country mansion, its characters are the ladies and gentlemen of a luxurious weekend house-party, and its problem is simply which lady of the party has transformed one of its gentlemen, a certain Gilbert Long, from a dull fellow into a dazzling. The solution is left to the reader's perception, and it is part of the difficulty of the book that, about three-quarters of the way through, the author gently insinuates that perhaps Gilbert Long has not been transformed at all! Nearly a third of the volume is devoted to a single conversation between two of the characters, who stand facing each other at midnight in one of the reception rooms. Through three entire chapters occupying more than eighty pages the duel of wit goes on. The pauses of the speakers are shown to be as significant as their spoken words. They watch each other as a cat watches a mouse. The faintest flicker of a smile is immediately detected and charged with boundless significance.

A well-known novelist presented me with a copy of *The Sacred Fount* soon after it appeared, and I can still hear the desperate cry with which he handed it to me: "If you can tell me what the devil that book's about, I'll give you a guinea!" But I also remember talking it over one afternoon years later with another novelist, Mr. Morley Roberts, and his saying: "I read it when it came out. It struck me as longer than it need have been, but as a wonderful piece of analysis, with a passage in it—a description of a deeply wooded garden at twilight and a woman drawing near along a darkening avenue—which, if Henry James had written nothing else, would have stamped him as a master." Henry James himself, writing in 1902 to W. D. Howells, describes the book as having originally been conceived and commenced as a short story of from eight to ten thousand words and then growing into a full length novel "by a rank force of its own," and out of the author's superstitious terror of dropping a thing begun until it has been satisfactorily finished and rendered complete. No impulse could be worthier, but people who only read novels for the sake of a story had better leave *The Sacred Fount* alone.

On the other hand, the story of the much more shapely novel, *The Ambassadors*, first published in 1903, is clear enough. A young American painter, Chad Newsome, has settled in Paris, and his mother, far away in her New England home, sends her middle-aged and eminently respectable friend, Lambert Strether, across the Atlantic to the enchanting capital to find out what the boy is "up to." Strether duly discovers that his young countryman is enjoying to the full the larger latitude of the artistic life, rounding things off, as it were, with a love-affair with a bewitching French Countess, older than himself, a lady of thirty-eight, with a marriageable daughter, and an unsatisfactory husband somewhere in the background. The main theme of the book is the gradual conversion of Strether himself to the beauty of the larger latitude. The spell of Paris and of France gradually possesses him, deepens his character, broadens his outlook, awakes a stinging consciousness of the many precious things in life which he himself has let go by and has now irretrievably lost, and finally leaves him expounding to the young painter the blackguardism of any sort of disloyalty or failure of chivalry in his relations with the enchanting Countess.

"Live all you can," he said, "it's a mistake not to. It doesn't matter so much what you do in particular so long as you have your life. If you haven't had that what *have* you had? I'm too old—too old at any rate for what I see. What one loses one loses—make no mistake about that. The illusion of freedom remains; therefore, don't, like me to-day, be without the memory of that illusion. I was either, at the right time, too stupid or too intelligent to have it, and now I'm a case of reaction against the mistake. Do what you like so long as you don't make it. For it *was* a mistake. Live, live!" The book is full of vivid descriptions and masterly character drawing, and becomes finer and finer as it goes on. It is sprinkled with the writer's wit at its gayest, as in the description of the costume worn by one of the American ladies at a dinner-party, where we read of her as "dressed in a splendour of crimson which affected Strether as the sound of a fall through a sky-light," and in the whole delineation of the crude Mr. Waymarsh; and the author himself regarded it as the best, all round, of his productions, just as he considered *The Altar of the Dead* the best of his short stories. For all that, it remains difficult. And here comes the

vital thing that has to be said in this connection, and that has not been sufficiently made plain by the author's panegyrists, though Henry James himself made no secret of it.

He courted and cultivated difficulty. The harder his task the more he enjoyed wrestling with it. To W. D. Howells in 1908 he wrote: "I find our art all the while more difficult in practice, and want, with that, to do it in a more and more difficult way; it being really at bottom only difficulty that interests me." In the notes to the two unfinished novels which were published after his death we find him saying the same thing again and again. "I am in the presence there of a beautiful difficulty, beautiful to solve" he writes in his preliminary digest of *The Ivory Tower*. And again: "The process here is difficult and delicate to formulate, but I see with the last intensity the sense of it, and feel how it will all come and come as I get nearer to it." Well may the average man exclaim: "This luxuriating in complexity is all very fine, but what about the feelings of the average reader?" There is no denying that the art and its problems which gave so great a delight to Henry James himself, first bewildered, then irritated, and finally bored many who were not in sympathy with his ideals.

This irritation was to find its most vigorous expression in Mr. H. G. Wells's *Boon*, to which a brief allusion has already been made. In that work, published in 1915, merciless fun was made of Henry James and his work. Mr. Wells refers to him as "This artist, this man who seems to regard the whole seething brew of life as a vat from which you skim, with slow dignified gestures, works of art . . . works whose only claim is their art." He described him as "the culmination of the Superficial type" with a capital S by way of emphasis; compares him to the insect known as the water-boatman, which goes "spinning about . . . kept up by surface tension . . . as if when once he pierced the surface he would drown." Of the characters in his works he says "They never make lusty love, never go to angry war, never shout at an election or perspire at poker," and he continues:

"The only living human motives left in the novels of Henry James are a certain avidity and an entirely superficial curiosity. His novel is like a church lit . . . without a congregation . . . with every light and line on the high altar . . . and on the altar, very reverently placed, a dead kitten. . . . The elaborate copious emptiness of the

whole Henry James exploit is only redeemed and made enduring by the elaborate copious wit. Upon the desert his selection has made Henry James erects palatial metaphors. Having first made sure that he has scarcely anything left to express, he then sets to work to express it, with an industry, a wealth of intellectual stuff that dwarfs Newton. His vast paragraphs sweat and struggle and all for tales of nothingness. . . . It is leviathan retrieving pebbles. It is a magnificent but painful hippopotamus resolved at any cost, even at the cost of its dignity, upon picking up a pea.

In such terms did the popular realist denounce what he felt to be his friend's neglect of "the glow, the thrill of life." Mr. Wells afterwards regretted that he had allowed these sentences to be published. In a letter on *Boon* to Henry James he wrote: "Since it was printed I have regretted a hundred times that I did not express our profound and incurable difference and contrast with a better grace." He went further. In 1919, when Mr. Lubbock was collecting the letters of Henry James for publication, Mr. Wells sent him, with many more, the two he had received from Henry James dealing with "the bad manners of *Boon*." They are two of the most dignified ever written, and their perusal can hardly have given their recipient much pleasure. Indeed, the more we consider them the more we must honour the impulse which moved Mr. Wells to lay them bare for all the world to read.

There is, however, no doubt that the views crudely put forward in *Boon* are very much those of the average man. Yet they are not only rude but unjust. It was simply grotesque to apply to any part of Henry James's work such phrases as "copious emptiness" and "tales of nothingness," and the victim of the attack had no difficulty in answering it. Mr. Wells belittled his friend's whole view of life and literature, and Henry James wrote in reply:

"I have no view of life and literature other than that our form of the latter is admirable exactly by its range and variety, its plasticity and liberality, its fairly living on the sincere and shifting experience of the individual practitioner. . . . I live, live intensely, and am fed by life, and my value, whatever it be, is in my own kind of expression of that. . . .

In other words, Henry James's sole effort was to describe sincerely what he saw and felt: and, after all, life does not begin and end with "lusty love" and "angry war," neither are men for ever shouting at electic ps or perspiring at poker. A great poet

has called these violent things "an eddy of purposeless dust, an effort unmeaning and vain." And surely, even in "angry war," the most poignant moments in the soldier's experience, the most vivid and searing, have often been those in which all the horror has been unheard and unseen though not unfelt, and the man has stood with no other company than that of his own soul. And if this be so in real life, why should it be otherwise in the novel? Indeed, one would have thought that a mind so acute as that of Mr. Wells, seeking for a "culmination of the Superficial," would have found it far more surely in poor mankind's lustinesses and angers, roarings and perspirings, than in those noiseless intensities he so strangely underrated in the work of Henry James; those inward movements of thought and passion which underlie all the uproar we call life, inspire and shape every word and deed, every glance and tone, and dwell at the very heart and core of all we see and hear in the human comi-tragedy.

EBB AND FLOW

A MONTHLY COMMENTARY

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

MR. SNOWDEN has opened his budget of disillusionment. Disillusion for the million or so who hoped that somehow the inevitable extra sixpence on income tax would be avoided. Disillusion for those who dreamed of sweeping sickle-cuts into the still standing crop, and garnering of harvest to be distributed in new largesse. Disillusion for those who thought that Labour's Chancellor of the Exchequer would come forward with some proposal so extravagant as to bring the Socialist ministry down like Humpty Dumpty; disillusion for those who imagined Labour's Ministry once more greeted with such universal acclaim as filled the placards when Mr. Snowden was showing his teeth in a snarl to France and Italy. In short, an unpleasant quarter of an hour over the reckoning—not even lit up by hearing anyone say, "damn the expense"; and the worst of it is that no one denies the necessity of this unpleasant measure. Instead its proposals are condemned for their obviousness. Since pay we must, this is the simplest way of paying. But it does seem singular that when the worst leak in our vessel is the drain caused by unemployment, Mr. Snowden, otherwise so conservative, should introduce a change whose foreseen and foreknown effect will be increased unemployment. Why at this moment it should be considered wise to withdraw the safeguarding duties and expose, for instance, the lace-workers of Nottingham to competition with goods made where pay is lower and hours longer, is a conundrum; and we shall await the debates in which Mr. Snowden gives his answer. Is a decrease in the price of lace to the general public more important than an increase in unemployment?

Yet two things are manifest. First, this budget contains nothing vital that Liberals will not vote for, and consequently the Government is in no danger. Second, hardly anybody wants the Government to go out now. While the anti-Socialist parties

feel guaranteed against any drastic measure of Socialism, they prefer that questions like those of the Naval Conference and of India shall be faced while Labour is in power—not so much because they love the ministry's conduct of their affairs as because they fear what Labour might do in opposition, on issues that should rise above party.

President Hoover's comment on the result of the Naval Conference was noteworthy. "For the first time in history the United States has obtained parity with Great Britain for its Navy." It was agreed at Washington that if America chose to build up to the British level Britain would make no effort to keep ahead; but a very large expenditure would have been entailed. Now, parity has been fixed at a lower level, and America will be saved from one hundred and fifty to two hundred million pounds, in the process of attainment. On the other hand, Britain will economise from ten to fifteen millions a year for the next five years. Japan also saves money, without loss of relative power. So we have all some small mercies to be thankful for—and the United States has a big one. If we may really believe Mr. Henderson, these are only mercies on account: the Naval Conference virtually remains in being: discussions will continue. That being so, we who are under the harrow of taxation should really consider for ourselves whether the direction of these enquiries should not be altered. Must the task allotted to navies still be defined in the same way?

At present the governing theory is that each nation has the separate task of protecting its own seaborne commerce and its oversea communications; but in practice only the Great Powers attempt to equip themselves for this. Before 1914 England was more or less adequately equipped; yet, perhaps rather less than more. To-day under the assumptions which govern the agreements of Washington and London, no single power can have the preponderance which England then maintained. Each can only keep up an appearance of adequacy, if vessels are to be the legitimate prey of an enemy at any and every point on the sea surface which no power owns. Thus the task self-imposed by the powers is

**The Fruits
of the
Conference.**

**The Tyranny
of Armaments.**

parity—yet with a sort of reservation. Supremacy at sea is not in English hands, but rests with the English-speaking powers; sea-law, England thinks, will be dictated by the English-speaking folk. It will, if they can agree upon it; but that “if” is full of dangers. It is in fact scarcely conceivable that should the matter be postponed till the tests of wartime, England and America could agree upon the conditions regulating blockade. They have so far come to an agreement for parity which, to speak plain, is of no practical service to England. It is better than a course of competitive shipbuilding, in which the longer purse must win. But England has not yet seriously considered how to achieve her former security without her former supremacy. There is only one way, and that is by substituting agreed law for force: in other words, by inducing the nations to enact freedom of the seas for neutral vessels in time of war. This would mean that England could no longer starve out anybody, nor could herself be starved out. The latter is doubly ample compensation for the former.

Assuming that rule to exist and to be observed, the temptation to use submarines as Germany used them in the late war would disappear; such regulation of their use as the French and Italians contemplate could be enforced with good hope of success. There remains, of course, the question, who should enforce the rule. But even the experience of the last war showed that the penalties for breaking the most loosely formulated rules of war were formidable; and in ordinary life, Englishmen fully understand the value of having the law on your side. Mr. MacDonald’s government have shown great, though, I think, not rash courage in reducing armaments to facilitate general agreement; but that is a step which should be accompanied by a positive move for new security. Under existing conditions, no country in the world stands to gain so much as England by a law guaranteeing free passage to neutral vessels, except for contraband of war; and there is no country so well placed to negotiate agreement upon it. Resistance might conceivably come from America, on the ground that an obligation to enforce the law might be implied. Yet it is hardly probable that America would refuse to affirm the principle—especially if the refusal isolated her, morally speaking.

**The Law
Against
Misuse.**

As things stand, here is the position. Great Britain, under a Labour Government, convenes this conference for the reduction of armaments. Her proposal for the abolition of submarines is one that would in some degree add to her security, and in great degree increase the ascendancy of her fleet over that of other European powers. A proposal to ensure transit of food will be even more designed to increase her security; but not her ascendancy. France proposes to discuss the freedom of the seas in connection with submarines; and the connection is logical. Nobody supposes that so grave an issue is one that can be settled out of hand at this conference, but a direction may be given to public opinion; and at least the matter, which is vital for England, may begin to be seriously discussed. Up to the present the Labour Government, very much influenced in matters of defence by their technical advisers, have not made approach to this question. The result of their first concrete proposal has been to bring about a rejoinder from the Latin nations, backed by Japan, of a nature to convince the English public that Englishmen, in the same position as these lesser powers, would certainly not give up the submarine. Italy has done the further service of suggesting that if the battleship disappears, the submarine might go too. Yet this is no way certain; since, taking cost for cost, the submarine is a much more useful weapon than the battleship. It would probably be easier, more logical, and much better worth while, to negotiate the freedom of the seas than to abolish the submarine. But the Navy still baulks at a proposal which involves the recognition that supremacy has passed away. Meantime, the defeat of the French Government on a matter of domestic finance, followed by M. Tardieu’s resignation, imposes a check on the Conference. It seems possible that when the discussion is resumed, it may need to be widened by bringing in this larger, more efficacious, and in reality less contentious, project which the French propose to put forward.

Meantime domestic politics have been in the shade. It was perhaps a sense of the need to get into the limelight that inspired Ministers to threaten a quarrel with the House of Lords over matters in which public interest could hardly have been aroused. But the truth is that the

**The Coal
Mines Bill.**

he made the Anglo-French entente, or the Anglo-Japanese alliance; yet without his overseeing and fostering presence it is doubtful if these would have been made. Their author, Lord Lansdowne, was not only Foreign Secretary in the Balfour ministry, he was an intimate from Eton days (when the Prime Minister had been the Foreign Secretary's fag). It was characteristic of Lord Balfour to work by preference through and with his nearest friends and relations in great affairs; and he was reproached for it. I think unjustly. He and his did much to justify the theory of a governing class.

He made his fame, as everyone knows, in Ireland, and when he became First Lord of the Treasury after the fall of Lord Rosebery's administration, it was to his brother that **His Work in Ireland.** he entrusted the carrying on of work in which certainly he always retained a peculiar interest—and the better part of that work. As an Irish nationalist, and a student of Irish affairs, I think that those aspects of the Balfour régime in Ireland which earned fame for the Chief Secretary represent a disastrously mistaken policy and that they would have led to its early defeat but for a dramatic hazard. Parnell and Gladstone in union were winning all over England very largely by the dislike of the Balfour methods, when the O'Shea divorce upset all plans. The Balfour methods irritated far more than they intimidated, and some were certainly ill-judged. One of the law officers said to me that if it took an operation to get an idea into the head of a Scotsman, it took a major operation to get an idea out when the Scotchman was called Balfour. He instanced Mr. Balfour's decision that political offenders must be cropped and clothed like ordinary criminals. Mr. William O'Brien (as people of that time will remember) resisted and there were bulletins daily in the papers about the subject; the Irish, not needing to be convinced themselves, were able to convince many of the English that this was a wanton and spiteful humiliation inflicted on a formidable opponent; the law officers, ordinary politicians, saw the political damage, but could not shake Mr. Balfour, till finally they put it to him, and proved by documents, that the sentence did not carry the cropping and clothing; these had been merely imposed as sanitary measures and could be remitted when they were evidently unnecessary.

But even if we allow (as I see no historical ground for allowing) that the Balfour methods defeated Home Rule, it comes to this that Irish self-government was started under Michael Collins instead of under Parnell: a doubtful advantage to either England or Ireland. On the other hand, Mr. Balfour as administrator began and supported a vast deal of good work in Ireland. He was the first Chief Secretary who realised that very drastic amendment was necessary. About 1912 a large party of the Eighty Club came to Ireland and arrived in Galway City, for which I was then member. We received them at the hotel and the chief citizen, who was in more ways than one the biggest man in Connaught, was much beset with questions. "Of all the Chief Secretaries you remember, which did you like best?" said one enquiring Radical. "Arthur Balfour, of course," was the answer; and the enquirer's face was a study. "But I thought you were a Nationalist?" "I am, to be sure; but he was the only one that ever did a ha'porth of good for Connemara." Quite rightly "Arthur Balfour" got credit not only for what the Congested Districts Board did, but for what was added under the auspices of his brother Gerald, and for that matter, of Sir Horace Plunkett. But the Congested Districts Board was the first and in many ways the most remarkable of these measures, and it established personal supervision over the poorest parts of the seaboard counties carried out by a Board whose leading persons were two distinguished Catholic ecclesiastics—the Bishop of Raphoe, afterwards Cardinal O'Donnell, being chief of them. The Chief Secretary was also personally responsible for putting on his Board a Protestant Clergyman, W. S. Green, who was taken from his parish to be inspector and organiser of fisheries, and came nearer to success at that job than any before or after him. And in all probability no other Chief Secretary would have made that wholly unconventional appointment.

For although officials complained of Mr. Balfour's obstinacy, his mind lay open to new suggestions; and it was he who adopted the most drastic of all—State aided land purchase. The adviser in this case was Edward Gibson, Lord Ashbourne. I often wonder if these men realised that they had begun the buying out of the English garrison—which was adopted in completeness as a principle by Lord Balfour's other friend and ally, George Wyndham.

These are old "unhappy far-off things and battles long ago"; but I think Parnell's ghost may have had a grim ironic greeting for the newcomer.

Meanwhile in Dublin, Mr. Cosgrave, who was defeated and resigned the other day, has been reinstalled again, with the identical men in the identical posts; nothing having happened except that the Irish Labour Party definitely refused to support the candidacy of Mr. de Valera, on the grounds that he was not determined to accept the Treaty wholeheartedly, and that they were. But to-day nobody in England cares a row of pins what happens in the Irish Free State—whereas England was vastly excited for days over the question whether Mr. Balfour had been justified in causing Mr. O'Brien's civilian garments to be removed while he slept, and in ordering attendants to force him into the broad arrow suit.

There are many suggestions of William O'Brien about Mr. Gandhi's performances—which, like the Irishman's, at times savour of play-acting. But like the Irishman, Mr. Gandhi has an amazing power of stimulating passion in a crowd, and knows how a rag may be made into a flag. So far as one can read the facts, the Viceroy has determined that ceremonial breaches of the law, even if they be defiance, shall not be taken seriously. The making of small parcels of salt and the sale of them at the prices appropriate to their value as curiosities does not threaten revenue. From time to time the law's right to confiscate is ceremonially asserted; and a certain number of Mr. Gandhi's lieutenants have gone to prison, where one may be sure they receive polite and political treatment. But the serious question remains, whether Mr. Gandhi at large is a greater danger than he would be in prison. In or out, he is a danger, because of his personal magnetism. It probably weighs in the Government's calculation that Mr. Gandhi out of jail is capable of keeping the agitation to the lines he has laid down—if any one is; and this, by the latest news from Calcutta, seems doubtful. But it is more than ever certain that his arrest would

be the signal for violence; while it is just possible that if he is allowed to continue a ceremonial play-acting, his public will weary of the entertainment.

It is not easy for anyone to decide. Nothing can be easy in a country where European education has spread broadcast the theory that freedom means representative government, and that national self-respect demands freedom, and where at the same time a European overlordship has not established any but the most limited kind of representative rule. All this agitation against the restraint of a foreign raj is perfectly natural; and the symptoms in Egypt prove that even a virtually complete concession of self-government only breeds a demand for theoretical completeness.

The Indian problem is an infinitely complex one, and we may all of us thank God that we are not where Lord Irwin is—and I think also, may thank God that Lord Irwin is there. He cannot alone save India from a tragic struggle; but he has taken the best means to induce the best elements in India to help him in the work. There are said to be defections; that was to be expected. When the flag of national revolt is raised, it is not easy to withstand its appeal, nor pleasant to be called a traitor to your race. But it is essential to remember that no one can save India, nor the British interests in India, without Indian support; and so far as my observation of revolutionary conditions goes, Lord Irwin has left nothing undone to secure that support, and has done nothing to estrange it. Yet he cannot fairly be accused of neglecting to repress any action which threatens the existence of civilised rule.

Nahas Pasha, having come over to negotiate with Mr. Henderson, has felt obliged, like so many other extremist politicians, to make show of strength by avoiding moderation. He has asked, apparently, not only for what is Egypt, but for what is not. Egypt did not make the Canal, could not have made the Canal and could not guard the Canal. In this matter Mr. Henderson's original offer went—I think rightly—to the uttermost; and it is not likely that Egyptians will decline to come

to agreement concerning the disposition of British troops for the canal's protection. But Nahas has also asked for joint rights in the Sudan. Now, the Sudan is not Egypt. In a sense, it is the very antithesis of Egypt. It is no more Egypt than the desert. It is, like the desert, the permanent menace to Egypt's immemorial fertility and immemorial cultivation. It is the wild over against the civilised. But for Europe, represented by England, the Sudan would have swept over Egypt in a vast wave of destruction a little more than a generation ago. The Sudan is a region of wild peoples, peoples of the dry wastes and of the marshes, and both these can be reached and can be organised—up to a point—by Mohammedanism. That organisation if it were completed to the point which it can reach would be an organisation for the destruction of Egypt—Egypt which is neither completely African nor Asiatic, nor European, but a blending of them all. The other organisation, which is necessary to protect Egypt, and the canal, and civilisation, has been going on for more than a generation under English officers. Nothing has been more finely characteristic of England's civilising work than the breaking in of this uncivilised mass by young men whose lives give a reality to Kipling's writings. If Nahas Pasha were sent to take charge for a month among people like the Nuers or the Shilluks, and the English officers were withdrawn, it is doubtful that he would come back alive. These young men (though some have left youth far behind in that service) have worked in constant peril, from the climate and its endemic diseases first, but also from the wild peoples, continually pushing out the frontier of decent administration; creating roads, opening waterways and quays, constraining those who had always lived by plunder to find a new way of life in planting cotton; keeping the rifle in the background and at least in one case making their chief display of power by healing. The late Captain Fergusson may almost be said to have governed with the inoculating needle: forcing the sick into hospitals and seeing them come back cured to kiss his feet. His life, which he had so long carried in his hands, was sacrificed at last, but the lastingness of his work was made clear when the people whom he taught to revere him rose up and hunted his murderers till the last of them was brought to justice. Egypt had nothing to do with his work or that of his comrades. It has

been England's work. They are, no doubt, not the only people who could have done it: the French have achieved the like in other parts of Africa by their own methods. But there is no evidence that Egyptians could have done it; and the Sudan is England's task, at a pivotal point, of which no British government would be allowed by English public opinion to let go.

My Irish analogy, if studied, would provide copious example of that neglect I mentioned earlier as happily missing in Lord Irwin's policy in India. One need not discuss the toleration of Ulster's volunteer movement, nor the subsequent disregard of what became the Irish Republican army. But it is worth recalling here that Sinn Féin's historians have recorded how great a difficulty Mr. Birrell's passivity put in their way, and how easy matters became for them when they could claim martyrs. These passages will need study when the time comes to review the political career of the best abused administrator in the long series of Irish Chief Secretaries; just now, it is more profitable to point out how enviable a popularity attends what I suppose must be called Mr. Birrell's old age. At all events, forty-five years have passed since he published the first of those volumes of essays to which the latest has just been added; and *Obiter Dicta* carried the stamp of full maturity. He was already middle-aged in 1885; he is still middle-aged to-day when he brings out his *Et cetera*; he has somehow, despite all the dislike of "middle positions" which he proposed in that first volume, discovered a "Via Media" between youth's crudity and the saplessness of decline. The same voice is there, lusty and assertive, yet never browbeating; it is too admirably whimsical for that. There is one quality in his writing, for which I know no parallel—the added enjoyment which comes to those who can actually hear Mr. Birrell saying what meets them in print. This privilege is not confined to his personal acquaintance, for except Mr. Shaw, no well-known writer of his time has rivalled Mr. Birrell in popularity as a public speaker. To-day he is (fortunately for himself) known only for addresses that would be called non-controversial—though nearly everything that he ever has to say carries a pleasant touch of challenge and even of provocation. But in old times when the House of Commons knew

him, no other speaker there so enlivened the atmosphere. It did not profit him. "Witty and humorous men are always at a disadvantage except on the stage. The humdrum is the style for Englishmen." So he wrote in his study of Andrew Marvell for the English Men of Letters series—and what he wrote then in 1905 was amply borne out by his own fate from 1906 onwards. His picturesqueness of phrase constantly lent itself to misinterpretation or misrepresentation or both—as when he said that religious quarrels in the north of Ireland had no more religion in them than is in the collision of two billiard balls; and was indicted for insulting good Bible Christians. However, peace to those times; I owe him many a delighted hour, and can testify that I have seen him accomplish that rare marvel of affecting votes on a division. Not that he converted opponents; that would never have been a likely achievement for him; but he confirmed the feeble knees of many on his side and helped them to walk into the lobby.

This new book of his essays holds its own well with the *Obiter Dicta*—and turning back to these, we see how fresh their complexion is while, for instance, Stevenson's essays *Et Cetera: The Latest Essays* that were so much admired in the 'eighties, look (I acknowledge it reluctantly) a little jaded by to-day's light. The "Boswell Disrobed" of *Etcetera* is as good an essay as the Johnson of the earlier book, the Bunyan is excellent; but to find Mr. Birrell at his most characteristic, hear him on the theologians, whether Episcopalian or not. Dr. Codex (who knows who Dr. Codex was but Mr. Birrell?) makes almost as good a subject as that eminent Christian the nonconformist Doddridge—and who but Mr. Birrell could have made us read about Dr. Doddridge?

The odd thing is that when he goes away from the essay and spreads himself into a book, his hold on the reader slackens. Quotation which he uses with happy skill in the shorter medium begins in his books to remind us of a lawyer in a legal case who is loath to omit one syllable that can have relevance. His Marvell is a mine of erudition about the man and his time, and there are jewels of wit among the solid stuff. Yet somehow, though he makes us read much of Marvell's writing and learn a deal of detailed fact about Marvell, we do not

get the form and pressure of the man as we do in the more summary treatment dealt out to Johnson or Carlyle or Pope in his essays. The same is true of his book on Hazlitt. But what an essayist—commanding what an oddly assorted wealth of learning, and stud hobbies! He seems to have taken law for the solid fare of his mind and theology for its relish. No great judge of poetry, one concludes, (he is one of the few picturesque writers who very probably never wrote verse), he can glorify prose by his appreciation and by his example. Long may he continue to do both!

CORRESPONDENCE

UNSOLVED PROBLEMS: NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL.

To the Editor of The Fortnightly Review.

Sir,—In your April issue the author of this book is accused of condemning “every received economic doctrine: economic freedom, competition, price-determination by supply and demand, and comparative costs in international trade”.

First, however, every one of these doctrines stands condemned: industrial and trade legislation restrict our economic freedom; trusts, cartels and the rationalization of industries eliminate competition and tend to stabilize prices instead of leaving them at the mercy of an unbalanced supply and demand; while comparative costs in international trade have been dropped in favour of comparative prices, a very different thing.

Secondly, as the author proves the fallacy of these economic doctrines, to criticise him for condemning them recalls the experience of Galileo, or in fact of the majority of men who, by substituting sound principles for false, have made human advancement possible.

The author is also accused of imperfect acquaintance with the ideas that he condemns, as, for instance, by grotesquely misinterpreting the theory of final utility and attributing to modern economists the view that wages are determined by the workers' subsistence. In this connection it suffices to quote Professor Gide's interpretation of this theory (p. 19): “What this theory implies is that the marginal worker consumes all that he produces. No wonder the theory has lost its optimistic note. Somehow or other it does not seem very different from the old *brazen law*”.

As for the author's constructive proposals, they are said “to have the radical vice of rejecting everything that makes possible flexibility and quantitative measurement in economic affairs. His economic system is rigid and static.” On the contrary, the author makes quantitative measurement possible, and although he first solves his problems under static conditions he insists that all economic life is dynamic; he devotes many pages both to increasing the supply and variety of goods and new methods of producing them.

Your reviewer appears to regard stability as synonymous with stagnation, but the author agrees with him that the silk marker ought not to have been red.

Yours faithfully,

J. S. HENR.

April 12th, 1930.

M A Y

1 9 3 0

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

BOOK REVIEWS

and

PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS

INDEX TO BOOKS REVIEWED IN THIS ISSUE

BIOGRAPHY & HISTORY.

- LORD CARNOCK, by Harold Nicholson
(*Constable*) - 707
HAMMERSMITH HOY, by Sir Nigel Play-
fair (*Faber & Faber*) - 709
THEATRE STREET, by Tamara Karsavina
(*Heinemann*) - 709
MARY GLADSTONE (MRS. DREW), ed. by
Lucy Masterman (*Methuen*) - 717
FREDERICK THE GREAT, by Werner
Hegemann (*Constable*) - 717
THE EMPRESS ELIZABETH OF AUSTRIA, by
Karl Tschuppik (*Constable*) - 723
IL DUCE, by L. Kemechey (*Williams &
Norgate*) - 723
THE ELIZABETHAN HOME, by Claudius
Hollyband & Peter Erondell (*Cobden-
Sanderson*) - 716

INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS, ECONOMICS & CRITICISM.

- THE FUTURE OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE, by
General von Seeckt. (*Thornton Butter-
worth*) - 714
THE FUTURE OF EMPIRE, by W. Har-
butt Dawson. (*Williams & Norgate*).
713
THE BREAD OF BRITAIN, by A. H. Hurst.
(*Oxford University Press*) - 728
CALIBAN IN GRUB STREET, by Ronald
Knox. (*Sheed and Ward*) - 727
HOW TO DRAW IN LEAD PENCIL, by
Jasper Salwey. (*Lane*) - 722
COMPOSITION & EXPRESSION IN LAND-
SCAPE PAINTING, by F. J. Glass.
(*Seeley Service*) - 722

NATURE STUDY & TRAVEL.

- RETURN TO SCOTLAND, by Moray Mc-
Laren. (*Duckworth*) - 726
FISHER BOATS & FISHER FOLK, by Peter
F. Anson. (*Dent*) - 721
WILD EXMOOR THROUGH THE YEAR, by
E. W. Hendy. (*Cape*) - 711
THE LIFE STORY OF BIRDS, by Eric
Fitch Daglish. (*Dent*) - 711
SILVER BOY, by Vance Joseph Hoyt.
(*Chapman & Hall*) - 711

FICTION.

- PINK FURNITURE, by A. E. Coppard.
(*Cape*) - 710
HE—WHO—CAME? by Constance Holme.
(*Chapman & Hall*) - 718
THE PARTY DRESS, by Joseph Herge-
sheimer. (*Knopf*) - 719
THE SCHOOL FOR WIVES, by André Gide.
(*Knopf*) - 719
NONE SO PRETTY, by Margaret Irwin.
(*Chatto & Windus*) - 719
THE YEARS THAT TAKE THE BEST AWAY,
by Barbara Noble. (*Heinemann*) - 719
THESE GENERATIONS, by Elinor Mordaunt.
(*Hutchinson*) - 724
NOT SO QUIET, by Helen Zenna Smith.
(*Marriott*) - 725
A GENERATION MISSING, by Carroll
Carstairs. (*Heinemann*) - 725
THE CABARET UP THE LINE, by Roland
Dorgelès. (*Lane*) - 725
KINDNESS IN A CORNER, by T. F. Powys.
(*Chatto & Windus*) - 728
CONFESSIONS OF ZENO, by Italo Svevo.
(*Putnam*) - 712

OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED.

- JOHANNES BRAHMS, by Richards Specht.
(*Dent*).
MAZZINI'S LETTERS, translated by Alice
de Rosen Jervis. (*Dent*).
THE PRISONER OF VINCENNES, by Eric
Rede Buckley. (*Witherby*).
PEACE, by Arno Garborg. (*Allen & Un-
win*).
NEW ZEALAND IN THE MAKING, by J. B.
Condliffe. (*Allen & Unwin*).
THE WESLEYAN MOVEMENT IN THE
INDUSTRIAL, by W. J. Warner. (*Long-
mans Green*).
TENNYSON IN FRANCE, by Marjorie
Bowden. (*Manchester University Press*)
REACHING AFTER REALITY, by W. S.
Bruce. (*Allenson*).
THE EXPANSION OF ITALY, by Luigi
Villari. (*Faber & Faber*).
MUSSOLINI AND THE NEW ITALY BY
ALEXANDER ROBERTSON. (*Allenson*).
MODERN CANADA, by Harper Cory.
(*Heinemann*).
MYRON T. HERRICK, by T. Bentley Mott.
(*Heinemann*).

- A HISTORY OF MUSIC IN PICTURES.
(*Dent*).
A CULTURAL HISTORY OF THE MODERN
AGE, by Egon Friedell. (*Knopf*).
TREATMENT OF TUBERCULOSIS WITH
Umckaloato, by Dr. Adrien Sechelaye.
(*Frauer*).

FICTION.

- MEADOWS OF YOUTH, by Tobias King.
(*Lane*).
WHILE THE PATIENT SLEPT, by M. G.
Eberhart. (*Heinemann*).
CIMARRON, by Edna Ferber. (*Heine-
mann*).
MEN, by Karen Bramson. (*Chapman &
Hall*).
THE BROOMSCOD COLLAR, by Gillian
Olivier. (*Heinemann*).
EGYPTIAN PORTRAIT, by C. W. Grundy.
(*Dent*).
ILL WIND, by H. E. L. Mellersh. (*Chap-
man & Hall*).
PIERRE, by Herman Melville. (*Knopf*).

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

707

A STUDY OF A DIPLOMAT

by ARTHUR WAUGH

LORD CARNOCK, by Harold Nicolson.
Constable. 21s. net.

WHATEVER the criticism of the future may have to say about some of the developments of contemporary literature, it is fairly safe to prophesy that it will acclaim with glowing approval the changes which recent years have witnessed in the standard and practice of biography. The persistent, obese, undigested two-volume *Life and Letters* is now, it is to be hoped, decently interred forever; and when the work of Mr. Lytton Strachey, M. André Maurois, or Mr. Harold Nicolson is compared with the average laborious product of pre-war prolixity, it is really difficult to understand how the world put up for so long with such a mass of unilluminating compilation. After all, it is possible to tell everything that the general reader needs to know of even the most distinguished life and character within the limits of a single volume, if only the writer has trained himself in the elusive art of selection, after saturating his imagination first in the facts, figures, and fancies of his theme.

Mr. Harold Nicolson, of course, is a past-master in the mode, and his studies of Tennyson, Byron, and Verlaine are always to be found upon the shelves of the discriminating. In the *Life* of his father, Lord Carnock, he has had a much more difficult task, and the discreet completeness with which he has performed it will be generally recognised as the most distinguished achievement of an already distinguished career. It can never be easy for a son to write his father's biography, and the present test was one of exceptional difficulty. Arthur Nicolson, as he will be more commonly remembered, stood for an immense amount in the diplomatic history of the last fifty years; but, as his son concludes, he was by nature neither imaginative

nor intellectual; "he was merely intelligent, honest, sensible, high-minded and fair." He possessed, in fact, just those qualities upon which the typical Englishman loves to congratulate himself, and he bestowed them without stint upon the service to his country.

He did so, moreover, in an era of changing political ideals, while he himself changed with the prevailing sentiment. He entered the Foreign Office in 1870 and retired in 1916. When he began his diplomatic career, at the close of the Franco-German war, Britain had yielded to the spell of that theory of Splendid Isolation, which was gradually to break down under the crescent menace of Germany. Nicolson served his country in Constantinople, Cairo, Teheran, St. Petersburg, and Morocco, and in every new position he was brought face to face with a new danger. No man did more, as the policy of isolation collapsed, to inaugurate and foster the system of ententes, under which England's old, inveterate enemies were brought into the bonds of friendship and mutual confidence. In Constantinople he saw the danger of misunderstanding between England and France over Egypt, and was alarmed by the steady advance of German influence in that country. His task in Persia was one of peculiar complexity, and, if he did not accomplish all that he had at heart, he was mainly responsible for the foundation of the entente between England and Russia. Almost against his will, he was steadily persuaded of the menacing attitude of Germany's continental progress; and when, very unwillingly, he came back to Whitehall, to take up the duties of Permanent Under-Secretary of State, he was acutely alive to the thundery atmosphere in the air.

Nothing in this essentially vital study is

more impressive, in its direct and simple sincerity, than Mr. Nicolson's account of his father's experiences in the Foreign Office in the days immediately preceding the declaration of the Great War. The pictures of Lord Grey and M. Cambon, both uncertain of the situation and of one another, and both referring continually to the confidence of Lord Carnock himself; the courage with which the Under-Secretary of State stood up to Lord Grey in the hour of indecision. ("You will render us," he said, "a by-word among nations"), and the desperate isolation of M. Cambon at the last ("J'attends de savoir," he answered, "si le mot honneur doit être rayé du vocabulaire anglais.")—all these cameos of history will take their place among the permanent records of those terrible last years of Lord Carnock's devoted service to his country. But so, indeed, will every chapter of this finely sane, critical, and interpretative biography. For here is the stuff of history, sifted, analysed, and documented, and always with the true gift of the narrator, sympathetic and human at every turn.

ET CETERA: *A Collection etc.*, by Augustine Birrell. Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Birrell protested in his last book that he would write no more—"an author," he said, "should be the first to cry, 'Hold! Enough!'"—yet we are scarcely surprised that he goes on writing, for age has become few critics as it becomes Mr. Birrell. His view has shifted a little perhaps from literature to the lives of writers; he no longer discusses Milton or Wordsworth, and prefers to get hold of some eighteenth-century divine or the incredible Bozzy; but the least of these essays has a fine, full-bodied flavour.

No other critic is quite so learned and experienced, and at the same time, so comfortable (I might almost say, playful). He is as assured as Mr. Belloc, but less arrogant

and more trustworthy; he has probably read as much as Professor. Saintsbury, without imitating his crotchets. "Liberal" bears a particular meaning for most modern readers, but in its original sense it fits Mr. Birrell exactly.

I am told that to appreciate Mr. Birrell properly one should hear him addressing a full meeting with measured flippancy, but his books succeed admirably in combining talk and prose. One waits reverently, as if listening to one's host after dinner, for those wise axioms of experience to which there is no reply. So much of what Mr. Birrell has read is new to us, so much of Mr. Birrell himself is outside our experience. Thus, he writes of Nathaniel Hawthorne:

"He was as fond of cards as Charles Lamb, and as good a judge of wine as Cardinal Newman, though, oddly enough, he had not that ear for music usually found associated with a fine palate."

What truth there is in this relation between ear and palate, I don't know; but in any case, the remark is thrown out conversationally. In most of these essays—on Boswell, Lockhart, Bunyan, Hawthorne, Richardson and others—Mr. Birrell sticks close to the facts of the character about whom he is writing and yet manages to keep interrupting with his own observations. *Boswell Disrobed* the longest of them, a close account of Boswell's numerous self-revelations, is an excellent piece of literary history, and how readable! *The Province of the Reviewer Determined* is a delight from the title on; Denis de Sallo (1775) is spotted as the first reviewer, we are whisked past the *Critical Review*, edited by Smollett, and the *Edinburgh* up to the modern newspaper. And in the end Mr. Birrell gets away without determining the province of the reviewer. *Et Cetera* is an object lesson for any critic who thinks that learning cannot be combined with pleasure.

G. W. STONIER.

Before and Behind the Curtain

by IVOR BROWN

HAMMERSMITH HOY, by Sir Nigel Playfair. Faber & Faber. 21s.

THEATRE STREET, by Tamara Karsavina. Heinemann. 25s.

A HOY is definable as "a small sailing ship capable of carrying a modest freight for a small distance." The Margate Hoy we remember for its burly pleasures; the Hammersmith specimen, as we know from play-going in that area, is the last word in trim civility. Sir Nigel Playfair is a good minority man; he is a member of the Liberal Party as well as a believer in the drama as a fine art. He appears to have little palate for victuals, but a discreet taste for life, friends, and letters. He writes with that humorous urbanity which distinguishes his productions and his book has a leisurely swing and genial philosophy which suggests the carriage of a Whig grandee going about his business with a light in his eye. Sir Nigel was extremely "West End" long before he was a West End actor; born in Curzon Street, reared in Hanover Square, educated at Winchester, from which rough house he fled to kindlier Harrow, and later at University College, Oxford, he entered the theatre as it were by the door marked "Stalls." There was a struggle before he could take the path still deemed vagabondish by the members of the governing class; the stage was not yet a fashionable career for the sons of gentlemen, but the O.U.D.S. were giving it an academic tone and, in any case, young Mr. Playfair's performances "in chambers" suggested that the bar lost an indifferent counsel to give the drama a most amusing actor and an ingenious producer.

Few people could have the material for a better book of reminiscences than Sir Nigel; few could set them down with a

nicer blend of candour and comment. Usually I loathe such books as this. There is no bore to equal the actor who tells of his arrival in town with a shilling in his pocket, of his first engagement at one guinea per week, of his Bodega lunches, and of his final, roof-lifting triumphs, and of the diamond scarf-pin given him by King Edward. Such books convey nothing of the theatre but its lesser limelight. Sir Nigel has much to say of its art, its personnel, and its possibilities. Naturally and properly the Lyric, Hammersmith, occupies much of the story, although it has previously had a volume of its own. Its story involves a survey of all contemporary talents, of the hard plight of the intelligent manager whose good luck can hardly pay for his bad luck, and a plea, implicit and expressed, for a National Theatre where brains and taste would have security and the "costume" actor and producer would not live from hand to mouth. *Hammersmith Hoy* is a book, however, which not only theatre-goers will want to read. It mirrors Edwardian England and the London of Beerbohm Tree, with great vivacity. Perhaps it was a more amusing London than that of Mr. Coward and the Sitwells. The record, although it abounds in those personal anecdotes which are often so dull, lacks both triviality and pomposity. It has style and proportion. In short this lively survey of a busy life amid its passing shows is extremely unlike the customary recollection of a man who has made a place, won a title, and deemed himself an author.

Karsavina, introduced by Sir James Barrie, also writes with full justification. The Russian comment on the English background is delightful. Her story is the story of the Russian ballet and it brings on parade all the giants and genies of that astonishing foundation. She had Lopokova

for pupil. She danced with all the great masters and they appear with a convincing simplicity in her pages. There is high theory of ballet and the authoress can be learned on the nice points of leaping and twirling. Nijinsky, on the other hand, had no ideas. "He rose up a few yards off the wings, described a parabola in the air and disappeared from sight, but when asked how he did it he could only explain that you jumped into the air, paused, and came down again." Karsavina cannot have enjoyed London at first sight; she had two performances a day at the Coliseum and a hotel in Leicester Square. But she conquered the town and was drawn by Sargent when she came. Like Sir Nigel, she beautifully demonstrates the Edwardian scene. She learned English and writes it well. To educate yourself in the tongue by way of Lamb and Pepys is brave, but the results are evidently excellent. Last summer, I found the great Swedish sculptor, Carl Milles, busily learning English by reading one of the vilest of our cheap magazines. On the strength of Karsavina's admirable English I must recommend him in future to try Lamb and then Playfair, proceeding from the *Margate* to the *Hammersmith Hoy*.

PINK FURNITURE, by A. E. Coppard.
Illustrated by Nancy Bankart Gurney.
Jonathan Cape. 7s. 6d. net.

LONG before I ever read Mr. A. E. Coppard's volume of admirable short stories, I was attracted by its enchanting name—*Silver Circus*. I am sure that the children, for whom his latest book is designed, will find themselves equally attracted by such a title as *Pink Furniture*. It is a title at once descriptive and intriguing. Furniture is something with which all children are not only familiar, but intimate. Children know things about furniture . . . the mysterious hole underneath the seat of the armchair in the study—the loose knob on the chest-of-drawers in the night-nursery—the sofa that bears such

an unmistakeable likeness to our baker's wife in the village—Furniture, in the world of childhood, has personality. A too seldom is it pink. So that such a combination as *Pink Furniture* will at once arouse pleasant expectations. Let me hasten to add that these will not be disappointed. The book contains the fantastic and entertaining adventures of a little boy called Toby Tottel, who went in search of a book called *Open and Ask Me*—(another alluring title, by the way). Toby meets with a number of interesting people and animals, amongst whom I give my preference to the fox with a wish-bone in its paws, who kept a book-shop.

"What is your pleasure, sir?" enquired the fox, slightly waving its fine red tail. Toby told him what he was seeking.

"I am afraid we are out of that line," said the fox, "I have the *Open and Close It* or *The Bite that Failed*. I keep only books for animals."

"Oh," said Toby, "I am sorry."

"The trouble is mine," said the fox, gnashing his teeth pleasantly.

Toby also met, amongst many other creatures, a miller, and a faun, and a giant, and a princess. It was a satisfaction to me that he did not remain with the princess, but went home again, and found his friend Bridget, helping in his aunt's laundry. And, of course, the pink furniture that he had gone so far to seek, was there in his own home.

The verses that pleasantly sprinkle the book will please grown-up readers—which, however, is a comparatively easy achievement—but in all probability they will also find favour with that more critical public, whose ages lie between six and sixteen.

Pink Furniture is very much a book to be read aloud in the holidays—allowing long and frequent pauses for a close inspection of the clever and attractive illustrations of Nancy Bankart Gurney.

E. M. DELAFIELD.

Wild Life and Open Country

by HENRY WILLIAMSON

HAMMERSMITH HOY, by Sir Nigel Playfair. *Faber & Faber. 21s.*

THEATRE STREET, by Tamara Karsavina. *Heinemann. 25s.*

A HOY is definable as "a small sailing ship capable of carrying a modest freight for a small distance." The Margate Hoy we remember for its burly pleasures; the Hammersmith specimen, as we know from play-going in that area, is the last word in trim civility. Sir Nigel Playfair is a good minority man; he is a member of the Liberal Party as well as a believer in the drama as a fine art. He appears to have little palate for victuals, but a discreet taste for life, friends, and letters. He writes with that humorous urbanity which distinguishes his productions and his book has a leisurely swing and genial philosophy which suggests the carriage of a Whig grandee going about his business with a light in his eye. Sir Nigel was extremely "West End" long before he was a West End actor; born in Curzon Street, reared in Hanover Square, educated at Winchester, from which rough house he fled to kindlier Harrow, and later at University College, Oxford, he entered the theatre as it were by the door marked "Stalls." There was a struggle before he could take the path still deemed vagabondish by the members of the governing class; the stage was not yet a fashionable career for the sons of gentlemen, but the O.U.D.S. were giving it an academic tone and, in any case, young Mr. Playfair's performances "in chambers" suggested that the bar lost an indifferent counsel to give the drama a most amusing actor and an ingenious producer.

Few people could have the material for a better book of reminiscences than Sir Nigel; few could set them down with a

nicer blend of candour and comment. Usually I loathe such books as this. There is no bore to equal the actor who tells of his arrival in town with a shilling in his pocket, of his first engagement at one guinea per week, of his Bodega lunches, and of his final, roof-lifting triumphs, and of the diamond scarf-pin given him by King Edward. Such books convey nothing of the theatre but its lesser limelight. Sir Nigel has much to say of its art, its personnel, and its possibilities. Naturally and properly the Lyric, Hammersmith, occupies much of the story, although it has previously had a volume of its own. Its story involves a survey of all contemporary talents, of the hard plight of the intelligent manager whose good luck can hardly pay for his bad luck, and a plea, implicit and expressed, for a National Theatre where brains and taste would have security and the "costume" actor and producer would not live from hand to mouth. *Hammersmith Hoy* is a book, however, which not only theatre-goers will want to read. It mirrors Edwardian England and the London of Beerbohm Tree, with great vivacity. Perhaps it was a more amusing London than that of Mr. Coward and the Sitwells. The record, although it abounds in those personal anecdotes which are often so dull, lacks both triviality and pomposity. It has style and proportion. In short this lively survey of a busy life amid its passing shows is extremely unlike the customary recollection of a man who has made a place, won a title, and deemed himself an author.

Karsavina, introduced by Sir James Barrie, also writes with full justification. The Russian comment on the English background is delightful. Her story is the story of the Russian ballet and it brings on parade all the giants and genies of that astonishing foundation. She had Lopokova

THE PRISONER OF VINCENNES, by Eric Rede Buckley. *Witherby* 10s. 6d.

WHEN a historical biography lacks both preface and list of authorities, the reader is left in some doubt both as to the author's intention in writing it and as to the extent of the previous study he has thought it incumbent on him to devote to it. No-one who turns over the pages of Mr. Buckley's *Early Life of Mirabeau, Spendthrift, Profligate, Prisoner* would guess that there exists a large literature on the subject both in French, English and German, nor that in the four volumes of the *Lettres originales de Mirabeau écrites du donjon de Vincennes, 1777-1780*, we possess one of the famous love-letter-exchanges of the world. As to the biographer's purpose, it seems to be to provide light reading for an uneducated public. Otherwise, why does he explain twice over in the course of a dozen pages what a *lettre-de-cachet* was? Even the comparatively unsophisticated have sometimes read *A Tale of Two Cities*, or at least have seen *The Only Way*!

But seriously it is time to speak out strongly against the production of books of this kind, mere re-hashes of previous authors' work, with no sifting of documents, no weighing of authorities, intended apparently for an entirely indiscriminating library public, supposed to be more avid of "chatter about Harriet," or any other celebrity, than as a matter of fact it is. What is the use of saying that Mirabeau said this or that but probably it wasn't true because he was a liar, yet giving no evidence of the truth or falsehood of the statement made? Or of writing a historical sketch of a great figure in French politics, without any indication, except a couple of sentences in a so-called 'Epilogue,' of his greatness? Even the pathetic story of the loved and forsaken Sophie de Monnier is told as if it were a penny novelette.

JANET E. COURTNEY.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE STUARTS, by J. Desmond Gieson. *Cecil Palmer*. 7s. 6d. net.

THERE is nothing to show whether *The Tragedy of the Stuarts* is, or is not, a first book, but it is a vigorously written book, and its author, as the motto on the title-page shows, has a proper respect for history. Evidently he (or she?) shares Carlyle's view that it is the "fittest study" for mankind and the one which "includes all others," and would not subscribe to Mr. Henry Ford's very modern dictum that "history is bunk." The story of the Stuarts is here taken up at the moment when James V of Scotland, "after the crushing disaster of Solway Moss . . . crept away like a wounded animal" and but little later, when news was brought to him that the expected heir born to his Queen, was but "a fair daughter" turned his face to the wall and died. That "fair daughter" became the ill-fated Mary, Queen of Scots, who died, as she herself claimed, for the Catholic faith; as her enemies averred, because she had plotted for the overthrow of a Protestant Queen. The tragedy of the later Stuarts, Kings of England, consisted in one author's view mainly in this, that they stood for the Kingship in a period when the authority of the Crown was being undermined by the growing power of the great families. Monarchy in England was being replaced by an aristocracy which in its turn was, after 1832, gradually to give place to democracy. For the Stuarts, absolutist by temper and by traditions, such a transition could not but spell tragedy. The scheme of the book is original, and the writer who acknowledges a debt to Mr. Belloc and to other historians, has handled the material well. The result is a very readable account in small compass of a stirring period in English history. But it would have been better to supply a full list of authorities consulted

JANET E. COURTNEY.

VISIONS OF EMPIRE

by W. ALISON PHILLIPS

THE FUTURE OF EMPIRE: *The World Price of Peace*, by W. Harbutt Dawson. *Williams & Norgate*. 12s. 6d. net.

THIS book throws down not a challenge, but a series of challenges, and raises issues too vast and far-reaching to be dealt with even superficially in a short review. Briefly, Mr. Dawson's thesis is, that the establishment of a stable peace is the world's supreme need, and that such a peace cannot be secured by mere palliatives and make-shifts, such as the "much belauded treaties and pacts which, however useful in assuring tranquillity for the moment, yet evade altogether the deep-seated and permanent causes of international friction and strife."

One cause of the discontents which keep Europe in a ferment he finds in the one-sided settlement made by the Treaty of Versailles, with the needless humiliations and permanent causes of irritation imposed by it upon the Germans. In this it is possible to agree with him. The enforced confession of "war guilt", which violated all wholesome diplomatic precedent, was, for instance, a piece of almost inconceivable folly, which has done more than anything else to keep the minds of the Germans in a state of agitation. But Mr. Dawson hardly improves matters by championing the German view and trying to shift the blame for the war on to "two of our Allies." We may condemn the enforced confession, and yet hold that it is William II and his advisers who must bear the blame. We cannot forget the long years of "sabre-rattling" and, at the end, the precipitate action justified to the German people by a spate of lies.

We may admit the evil, but what of Mr. Dawson's cure? Germany, he points out, is boxed up, and so is Italy; and both are countries of rapidly expanding population. Meanwhile, France and Great Britain have secured a lien on the major part of the earth's surface; and this, he maintains, is a major obstacle to peace. The "world

price of peace," then, is that these Powers should abandon their imperialism. India should be left to the Indians, whoever these may be, and Cochin-China to the Cochin Chinese; the dominion over the backward races, as in East and West Africa, should be assigned to an international committee under the League of Nations; the Dardenelles, Straits of Gibraltar, and Suez and Panama Canals should be similarly internationalized. Great Britain must restrict her Empire to "our Dominions" of British race.

If there be no hope of peace save at such a price, the prospect is indeed dark! Doubtless, there is something to be said for marching out of India in a dignified way, before we have ruined the *raj* by futile democratic experiments; but there are such things as obligations of honour, by which we are bound not only to the voiceless millions of the Indian peoples, but to the Indian princes. And what of the Sudan, with its annual crop of Mahdis? Is it to be handed over to the type of "self-government" which experience shows is the only one likely to prevail there? Or is it to be restored to the rule of the hated Egyptians, whose right of conquest is scarce a century old? To ask such questions as these is to answer them. We cannot shed "the white man's burden," even if we would—as the Americans too have discovered. We may fail, as Rome failed, because we have taken too much upon ourselves; and the result may well be "dark ages," such as followed the fall of Rome. But, meanwhile, we can best ensue peace by making our imperialism as little irksome as possible to peoples "not so blest." The consolidation of the Empire on any basis of neo-Mercantilism has its dangers. In this, and in much else, it is possible to agree with Mr. Dawson. But his major propositions, if seriously put forward, would lead not to peace, but to war.

THE FUTURE OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE: CRITICISMS AND POSTULATES. *With a Foreword specially written for the English edition.* By General von Seeckt. Translated by Oakley Williams. *Thornton Butterworth.* 8s. 6d. net.

THIS book, as its sub-title suggests, is devoted partly to an examination and criticism of the social, economic and political conditions in post-War Germany, partly to an attempt to suggest the lines on which progress must be made if the Reich is ever to regain its legitimate position in the States' system of Europe. The author sees the main obstacles to such a recovery in certain changes of attitude which the War and its outcome have produced in the German people, notably the tendency to substitute pacifism for militarism and internationalism for the former exaggerated nationalism. Not that he is a fire-eater or a chauvinist. He admits that "world-citizenship appeals to the German mentality," but he holds, with Mazzini, that "the goal of a sound internationalism is not the creation of a great association devoid of national structures and institutions, but the league of many self-conscious and self-assured members for work in common." His trouble is that, as matters stand, Germany is neither secure in herself nor secured by such international organizations as exist. "Pan-Europe" is, he says, a long way off, and the various pacts which affect to guarantee peace will—as Bismarck said of all treaties—be valid only so long as they are reinforced by the interests of the parties to them. He complains, with some justice, that while the Kellogg Pact permits war in self-defence, Germany under the Treaty of Versailles has been deprived of the means of self-defence.

What is the proper course for the Reich to pursue in these circumstances? The first thing to be done, according to General von Seeckt, is to remove the causes of its internal weakness. The causes are many, and are both political and economic. The

chief cause of political weakness, he holds, is the Weimar Constitution, the outcome of "pallid theory, vague and fumbling efforts towards a unit State and, above all, hatred of Prussia"; for Germany cannot be strong until the little States have been absorbed in the greater and Prussia, the State *par excellence*, has been restored to her legitimate hegemony in the Reich. Economically, apart from the obvious fact that Germany cannot "live of her own," he sees the greatest danger in the increase of alien control over German industrial enterprise, which has been the result of the demand for foreign capital created by, *inter alia*, the "tribute" payable to the victors under the Treaty of Versailles. General von Seeckt is too honest a soldier not to admit that, had Germany been victorious, she would have levied a similar tribute upon the vanquished, and he makes no complaint of it in itself. But he sees in the consequent "alienization of industry" a serious obstacle to the re-emergence of Germany as a strong Power. "The material armaments of to-day," he says, "do not consist in the accumulation of ready-made munitions but in the preparation for their production," and it is therefore one of the functions of the State to "supervise the adaptability of industry in peace time for the task of war."

The General does not want war, but he does not believe in the permanence of peace; and, in view of the crazy patchwork that President Wilson and his colleagues in Paris made of the map of Europe, it is difficult not to agree with him. It is, therefore, of great interest to hear what he has to say about the small but highly-trained professional army that Germany is allowed to maintain under the terms of the Peace Treaty, an army which he himself organized. It is interesting that he cites the British Army as an example of the value of regimental traditions and territorial associations, which have been all but destroyed under the democratic régime in Germany, and ought, he maintains, to be restored. But even more interesting from the European

(Contd. on page 716).

JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

A new complete novel

THE PARTY DRESS

A penetrating story of a modern love affair from a married women's point of view.

352 pages. 7s. 6d.



FICTION

GENERAL

Shadows of Men

JIM TULLY

7s. 6d.

Sketches of tramps and convicts, none of whom is wholly imaginary. "One of the most powerful and terrible of recent books . . . indicative of the human spirit's power of endurance."—GERALD GOULD

Chapter the Last

KNUT HAMSUN

10s. 6d.

A long novel of life in a sanatorium, rich in character, incident and humour even for the author of *Growth of the Soil*.

The School for Wives

ANDRE GIDE

6s.

A subtle character-study of a husband as portrayed in his wife's diary. "In its simplicity it has the 'feel' of a classic."—ARNOLD BENNETT

Towards a New Education

Edited by WM. BOYD, M.A. 512 pp. 10s. 6d. "Contains the truest account available anywhere of the various currents of progressive educational thought."—SIR MICHAEL SADLER

The Human Mind

KARL MENNINGER, M.D. 528 pp. 21s.

A mental specialist describes the workings, eccentricities, and abnormalities of personality and the mind, with many fascinating case histories from his own experience.

Travels in the Congo

ANDRE GIDE. 356 pp., Illustrated. 15s.

"M. Gide is an accomplished artist . . . his travel jottings have a delightful living quality. . . . There are a series of admirable photographs."—NEW STATESMAN.

KRISTIN LAVRANSDATTER

By SIGRID UNDSET 945 pp. 8s. 6d.

"Possibly the greatest historical novel ever written."—SUNDAY REFEREE. "In every sense a big and vital book. . . . Kristin is vividly mediæval and vividly individual, but at the same time she is womanhood itself, of every epoch and place."—SPECTATOR. "One of the greatest novels I have ever read, in comprehension, imagination and humanity. . . ."—IRISH STATESMAN. "A book to go into and live in—one of the few great books of our time."—SYLVIA LYND in the *Daily News*.

Surely this is a Book to Buy

Third impression now ready

ALFRED A. KNOFF LIMITED 37 BEDFORD SQUARE LONDON W.C.1

point of view is what he says about the danger arising from such an army in the conditions to which it is subjected in Germany. "The army in peace time," he says, "is in a continuous state of preparedness and readiness for action," and, therefore, "to a certain degree in a state of impatience, an intelligible and natural eagerness for action"; a temper which "is more marked in the case of a long service professional army, especially if it lacks change and the opportunity for employment in colonial service, than in a conscript army that changes its personnel rapidly." This is true: and it lends colour to the view that the very natural impatience of the large and influential class of professional officers, whose days were spent in a weary round of preparation for war, may have had its effect upon the fatal decisions of August 1914.

These are but isolated comments upon a book which, though small in compass, touches on a great variety of subjects. The translation is on the whole adequate. But Mr. Williams rather exaggerates the practice of putting the German original in brackets after words for which it is difficult to find an exact equivalent in English. Certainly these "chameleon words", as he calls them, are difficult to render, but a careful study of the context will usually suggest an equivalent. Perhaps the most difficult of all is the word *Geist*, which may mean "spirit" or "mind" or "intelligence". Mr. Williams consistently translates it as "spirit", with odd results: e.g. "the spiritual currents of the nation, including the political, reflected in the Universities," where *geistig* surely means "intellectual". Or again, where he speaks of the "over-appraisers of mass labour as against direction by the spirit" (i.e. *Geist*, "intellect" or "intelligence"). And "crude" is not a good rendering of *ungeistig* as applied to members of Parliament.

W. ALISON PHILLIPS.

THE ELIZABETHAN HOME: *Discovered in Two Dialogues* by Claudius Hollyband and Peter Erondell. Edited by M. St. Clare Byrne. *Cobden-Sanderson*. 5s.

THIS book first appeared in a limited edition some five years ago. Since then we have been given a somewhat similar collection of dialogues, the extremely entertaining *Parlement of Praters*. And now Hollyband and Erondell, in very comely format, is brought within the reach of all who have five shillings to spend on a book full of meat and merriment. The dialogues are racy and familiar, delightful by reason of their idiom and their blunt humour, and invaluable to the student for the bright bustling picture they afford of everyday life in the age of Elizabeth. That picture at once amplifies and corrects the impressions derived from reading the incomparably rich, violent, full-blooded, robustious drama of the period. We see the schoolboy being reproved, for his table manners, by the outspoken but essentially benevolent master: "You fine gentelman, do you leane on the table? Where have you learned this goodly fashion? in some hogstie? Hoe, bring him a quishion to laye under his elbowe." We see the citizen at home, dealing similar measure to his butler: "William, geeve here som bread: take a ladder, and see what wanteth uppon the boorde: you will never learn to serve: why doo you not lead it with a trencher plate, and not with the hande? I have told it to you above an hundred times. . . Peter, take up my knife which is fallen under the table." And, finally, we walk with talkative ladies in a French garden. Miss St. Clare Byrne, who contributes an able introduction, justly claims that no other writer has given us what Hollyband and Erondell have severally provided in these conversation manuals (written solely for the use of language students)—"an amusing yet veracious picture of the normal".

G. B.

MARY GLADSTONE (MRS. DREW): *Her Diaries and Letters*. Edited by Lucy Masterman. *Methuen*. 21s. net.

THE diaries and letters of Mary Gladstone, as edited by her cousin, Mrs. Charles Masterman, a second Lucy Lyttelton, must inevitably challenge comparison with the two delightful volumes by the first Lucy Lyttelton (Lady Frederick Cavendish) which appeared a couple of years ago. They have hardly the same charm, but they are perhaps an even more interesting record of the political society of the second half of the nineteenth century, and they afford a companion picture of what must have been one of the largest and happiest home-circles to be found in the whole Kingdom in that, or any other century. The nineteen children of the two Glynne sisters who married, one the 4th Lord Lyttelton and the other W. E. Gladstone, were just one large happy family, by whatever surname they might be called. And they were a family abounding in good temper, quick intelligence and vivacity—"a family who talked all the time and all together," as Lady Frederick's editor parenthetically remarked when contrasting them with the taciturn Cavendishes.

Mary, the second of Gladstone's three daughters, was not the least gifted of the bunch. She was an accomplished musician and an omnivorous, though somewhat ill-trained reader. It would be curious, if it were not so characteristic of mid-Victorian girlhood, that the education of the daughters of such super-intelligent parents was left to the sole charge of a not too well-qualified governess. But even when barely grown-up and not yet out in the world, Mary enjoyed the advantage of highly stimulating companionship amongst her family connections, the Balfours, Talbots, Cecils, Cavendishes, and later, as a young woman in society, she seems to have had the gift of attaching distinguished men-friends. Lord Acton, Lord Rosebery, the Burne-Jones group, Joachim, Hubert Parry are only a few amongst the number.

A book like this would lend itself easily to copious quotation; and, indeed, large

extracts from it have already appeared in advance in the columns of a contemporary—a growing practice on the part of authors and editors somewhat to be deprecated as it certainly takes off the edge of the book-reader's appetite. This particular book, however, older readers will keep at hand and dip into again and again with lively interest, so vividly does it bring back to them their own remembered pictures of Victorian England and the great period both of English Liberalism and of Anglican churchmanship—a period "when churches overflowed and Eternal Punishment was a subject of dinner-party conversation," when Dizzy's two-hour speech on Schleswig-Holstein seemed to his young hearer "simply full of stuff and nonsense, ungentlemanlike and really inconsistent," whilst Papa "did look so grand and noble". And the little girl was next day awakened at 3 a.m. to hear that "the Government was triumphant . . . And it's mostly owing to Papa's beautiful speech on Monday".

The editing of the diaries has, on the whole, been carefully and ably done, but there are some unexpected lapses. The little boy born to the Princess of Wales on January 8th, 1864 was not our present King, but his elder brother, the little Prince "Eddie," who a page or two further on is seen "playing with his Mama's boots"; and "Ideal Ward" was not Wilfred Ward, but his father—the nickname dates back to 1844, twelve years before the son was born.

JANET E. COURTNEY.

FREDERICK THE GREAT, by Werner Hegemann. Translated from the German by Winifred Ray. *Constable*. 18s. net.

THERE must certainly be something about the sinister figure of Frederick the Great which provokes his analysts to indefatigable prolixity. Carlyle devoted fourteen years to the elaboration of his eulogy, and completed it in six large volumes. Mr. Werner Hegemann nursed his counterblast for a decade, and then gave it to the world

in a form which some German critics have described as a "political pamphlet." In the English version the pamphlet fills some 550 pages, and contains about 200,000 words. It must be one of the most Gargantuan pamphlets ever issued. Its object is to counteract Carlyle's "apotheosis of Prussianism," and to emphasize, what many German historians have already hinted, that so far from Frederick II being "a great King, worthy of international admiration," he was "one of the most obnoxious figures in the history of the world," and that "the fact that he could be held up for 150 years as the model for Kings," was neither more nor less than "a world tragedy".

Mr. Hegemann says that his book contains "many statements unpleasant to Germans," but at any rate it is cast in a mould, and clustered with decorations so essentially German in taste, that the reader, who is to enjoy it thoroughly, will need some affinity, or at any rate a keen degree of sympathy, with the Teuton spirit. The record is overlaid with facts as well as theories, but they are conveyed in a difficult and elusive fashion. The book is arranged as a series of dialogues, dealing with the different aspects of Frederick's character, as a philosopher, a gynaecologist, a literary patron, a soldier, and a King; and the principal speaker in these dialogues is an American student of European life and manners, who is represented as presiding over these symposia in a Neapolitan Villa in the year before the outbreak of the Great War. This historical critic, Manfred Ellis, we are told, had a "manner of striding through the intellectual world in seven-league boots," and his conclusions with regard to Frederick's character are reached by way of an infinity of anecdotes and comparisons, through which the great figures of French and German history and literature contribute, one after another, some sidelight or suggestion, bearing upon the final picture. It cannot be denied that the method is very elaborate, and that it demands the most faithful attention upon the part of the reader. At the same time,

given the necessary patience and adaptability, the reader will recognise that he has attended at a feast of carefully prepared, if somewhat imperfectly-digested, reason.

As for the conclusion of the whole matter, it is one that will be generally conceded, outside the limits of Frederick's own Prussia. History has fairly stripped Carlyle's hero of his tinsel decorations; and the State which Frederick governed, whether or not it was, as Mr. Hegemann declares, "alien to everything that bears the name of German," is now commonly recognised as "an arrant and despotic military state, with the most insufferable aristocracy" that ever masqueraded as a land of prosperity and peace. Frederick the Great, Mr. Hegemann does not hesitate to affirm, "crippled Germany for ever." At any rate, the seeds of his poisonous militarism came fatally to fruit in the horrors of the Great War.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

HE-WHO-CAME? by Constance Holme.
Chapman & Hall. 6s.

THE story of *He-Who-Came?* is slight and fanciful, but it affords Miss Constance Holme opportunities for revealing those qualities of her work which are so agreeable to the discerning reader. Aunt Martha arrives at Box Tree Farm as an unwanted sister-in-law with a reputation for being "daft"; Mrs. Walker, one of those deadly common-sense people, drives her almost to suicide; the children love her; she brings them health and happiness through her strange deep communion with nature—that is all the tale: but there is truth and humour and a sensitive beauty in its telling. The psychic Aunt Martha is, perhaps, not quite real, but the fresh glowing little songs with which she charms the butter and the pasture and the hay have the authentic note of genuine folk-lore. The incidental picture of farmhouse life in the Westmorland dales is admirable; regional novelists who lay on their local colour with a trowel would do well to study Miss Holme's quiet but convincing presentation.

P. B.

A Sea of Trouble

by V. S. PRITCHETT

THE PARTY DRESS, by Joseph Hergesheimer. *Knopf. 7s. 6d.*
THE SCHOOL FOR WIVES, by André Gide. *Knopf. 6s.*
NONE SO PRETTY, by Margaret Irwin. *Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6s.*
THE YEARS THAT TAKE THE BEST AWAY, by Barbara Noble. *Heinemann. 7s. 6d.*

THE young person found reading any of these four novels can not be accused of enjoying a frivolous pursuit, for he or she will be learning enough about the prolonged headache of lawful wedlock to provide warnings for a lifetime. Here realism, like the old lady who firmly held to her instructions and followed the tramlines, tiapses from street to street on her grim journey from the terminus to the depôt—and the onlooking reader may neither laugh nor cry. He may only stand on the kerb and glumly say, "How true! What a problem it all is." Comedy, looking down on the scene, has been driven from her bedroom window; kneeling tragedy, looking up from the victim to the gods, has been forced up from its knees. Realism lines us up along the kerb, makes us put on our thick-lensed glasses, so that no detail of greyness may escape the eye, and is satisfied only when the current of universal headache has passed down the line from man to man. So it is now that the problems, and not the comedies and tragedies of matrimonial conflict are the vogue, and our novels of domestic strife drag on from one frustration to the next. How low the temperatures of the spirit have sunk.

Mr. Hergesheimer's presentation of the "marriage problem" is specially depressing because he has chosen his creatures from that category where vitality is perhaps lowest: the American rich. One is oppressed and bored by the vulgarity of his scene of country clubs, eternal drinks, food refrigerators, automobiles, cigars,

THE TIMES BOOK CLUB

42, Wigmore Street, London, W.1.

supplies all the latest books published at the lowest London prices.

It also offers at less than half the published price—often at less than one quarter—slightly used (second-hand) copies of the best books issued within the last few months.

For a small annual subscription it sends to readers abroad regularly every week or every month one or more interesting books, which remain their property.

It forwards newspapers, magazines, reviews, and periodicals to any part of the world.



SOME TESTIMONIALS

(printed by permission).

"I would like to add that I greatly appreciate the care and trouble taken in selecting and sending me interesting books, which are a source of great pleasure in this out of the way place. I look forward to receiving them with eagerness." (BRITISH NORTH BORNEO).

"I am always pleased—your service is simply splendid for us Colonials, who ought to take every advantage of it. I am sure they could never be better served. I started in 1919, and have never been disappointed with one volume." (EAST LONDON, SOUTH AFRICA).

"I should like to say that we have been very pleased with the selection of books sent to us. It has been a great pleasure to get comparatively new books so promptly." (UGANDA).



Catalogues and Particulars sent on request.

THE TIMES BOOK CLUB

42, Wigmore Street, London, W.1.
England

middle-aged "necking", perfect bathrooms and expensive lingerie, as one is by the advertisement pages of an Americanised magazine. The whole book, though executed with the competence and perception one expects of an established novelist suffers from what can only be described as a kind of literary halitosis. One longs for a clear blast of healthy obscenity to drive this heavy air of furtive and boozy middle-aged amours away. Chalke Ewing, who falls in love with Nina Henry, the selfish young matron who is Mr. Hergesheimer's central character, seems at first to promise relief. He is home on holiday from Cuba and regards with bitter cantankerous disgust the rotten materialism of the community, but he goes the way of all the flesh. Nina is incapable of a decent, open love affair: she wants all the pleasures of sin with all the security of respectability, and in seducing Chalke she loses him. The party dress which transformed her from a woman of forty into a woman who was, in the characteristic words of the blurb, "almost indecently beautiful", is a device with which readers of Mr. Hergesheimer's are familiar. Like his characters, he has always been pre-occupied with the fustian and upholstery of life. Chalke is the only interesting character in the book, because he is the only one who has an idea in his head and who is recognisably different from the rest of the people. One wishes that his tragedy, and not Nina's boredom and her dress, had been Mr. Hergesheimer's theme.

M. André Gide's perception has guided him more surely. Though he provides a problem, he traces his way through it by the silver thread of life. In his book a young girl's disillusion in her marriage with a man she had idolised, is lifted from the ignoble rut of domestic dreariness, to the rarer air of comedy and tragedy. The book is divided between two journals: one kept at the time of the young girl's engagement, in which she unconsciously reveals her simple and absurd idolatry of a man

who is already a pompous prig, self-deceived and self-pitying, clever and sincerely insincere. The first journal is pure comedy of the most engaging kind; in the second the irony has grown bitter and sardonic. Twenty years have passed and though she has learned to laugh bitterly at the cowardice and hypocrisy of her husband's character, she is unable to abandon him. For, in her final "explanation" with her husband she realises that the ironic spirits are all powerful: she may have ceased to love him but he persists in loving her! The circle is complete. This scene is M. Gide's triumph. His sense of balance and form is perfect. His guiding hand on the diarist's arm has masterly invisibility. There is only one slight trouble. How, if the couple were engaged in 1908 and the wife died in 1916, was the second journal written by her *twenty years* after the marriage?

None So Pretty does not belong essentially to the dead level of the problem genre for it is an historical novel, and fortunately assumes that, in the days of the Restoration, the unhappy wife did not delay the pleasures of consolation by too protracted an examination of conscience. Nevertheless, the story is hardly at home in its particular climate. The difficulty in these historical pieces is to sail the manners and customs of a period upon the deep stream of eternal human nature; and in Miss Irwin's story one's impression is that the stream is shallow, and that the manners and customs have run aground in the pretty impersonal waters. However, the child bride whose coarse drunken husband disappears on her wedding night to bed with his mistress at the lodge gates, is an affecting creature and one follows her subsequent love affairs with a pleasure that is perhaps injured by their rather arbitrarily tragic consequences. There is nothing "Wardour Street" about the book, and if thin, it is passably entertaining. Miss Irwin won the first prize in the publishers' historical novel competition.

In The Years That Take The Best Away

we return to the kerb, though the familiar matrimonial headache keeps its distance. The main business of the book is the subdued story of a family of four children who grow up during the War. One is led through the great and little miseries of child life by Jennifer, one of the girls, a candid, sensitive and delightful being. But as no single episode ever fructifies or develops, and no governing drama is imposed from beginning to end upon the story—as, in fact, Jennifer never leaves the tram lines—her progress is often tedious. Miss Noble thus allows her interesting characterisation to run to seed. The two aunts, Clare and Sydney—one had considerable hopes of the latter towards the end of the book—have possibilities and they are haunting sketches. The episode which uncovers the narrative power that Miss Noble's analytical melancholy conceals, is that of Jennifer's visit to the German internment camp in the company of her aunt. This is very well done. Miss Noble's strong lenses have magnified the

minutiae of domestic tedium faithfully, and there is merit in that. But her book is a tiring one to read.

FISHING BOATS AND FISHER FOLK,
by Peter F. Anson. J. M. Dent & Sons,
Ltd. 12s. 6d.

THIS is not, as the unhappy title might suggest, one of those intolerable rambling gushing books that "artistic" ladies of the "old-world-warming-pan" school concoct after a short holiday. It is a detailed survey of each fishing village along the East Coast of Scotland, its history and present condition. This is preceded by a concise but clear account of the general history of the fisheries, methods of fishing and the fishing craft, and an astonishing chapter on the religion and superstitions of the fisherfolk. The whole book is well supported by authorities and admirably illustrated with over a hundred drawings by the author.

ANTHONY BERTRAM.

IS THE PRESS OUR MASTER OR OUR SLAVE?
Both: for it studies our moods, and then fixes them.
HENCE THE RELIGIOUS STUNT — THE SYMPOSIUM.

in

CALIBAN

IN GRUB STREET

(7s. 6d. net)

Fr. RONALD KNOX, aiming a little logic at the SYMPOSIASM of

Arnold Bennett
A. C. Benson
J. D. Beresford
Mrs. Besant
Augustine Birrell
Robert Blatchford
Warwick Deeping
James Douglas
Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

John Drinkwater
Geoffrey Gilbey
Dr. Glover
Julian Huxley
Dean Inge
Sir Arthur Keith
Sir Harry Lauder
Robert Lynd
R. H. Mottram
Middleton Murry

E. Phillips Oppenheim
Ernest Raymond
Bertrand Russell
H. de Vere Stacpoole
Hugh Walpole
H. G. Wells
Rebecca West
Sir Francis Younghusband
Israel Zangwill

"is like a champion shooting pigeons at Monte Carlo." *The Nation*

SHEED & WARD, 31 PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.4.

Form in Art

by ANTHONY BERTRAM

COMPOSITION AND EXPRESSION IN
LANDSCAPE PAINTING, by F. J.
Glass. Seeley, Service & Co. 15s.

HOW TO DRAW IN LEAD PENCIL,
by Jasper Salwey. John Lane, The
Bodley Head Limited. 5s.

MR. Glass's book is intended to be a guide to certain technical aspects of landscape painting, and it is designed not only for those who wish to learn the practice of art, but also for those who wish to learn its appreciation. The absolute necessity for knowledge, if one is to appreciate art in any but a fool's way is, as Mr. Glass points out, too frequently forgotten, and the books of the series to which his belongs—the New Art Library—are most laudably intended to supply that knowledge. I have found that most of the series fulfill their purpose excellently. This addition would have ranked with its predecessors if Mr. Glass had kept to his business, but unluckily Mr. Glass is in a temper. While he writes on the clear practical issues of which he has knowledge and experience, his book, though not elegant, is most useful: but when he touches on aesthetics and above all, when he smells the modern school he proceeds to cut the most laughable capers. His heresies are so numerous and self-contradictory that it is difficult, in a short notice, to know which to select for a specimen. Perhaps he surpasses himself when he writes: "The progress of art is steady and constant." It is a very peculiar thing that a writer who can make so monstrously unsupportable a statement is the very one who rails most violently against the modern artist for his supposed ignorant contempt of the past. And from where does Mr. Glass get that idea of the modern artist's contempt? Is it because the modern artist does not imitate the past? Then we might argue that every great painter or school was in the like case, back to the cave-dwellers. Mr. Glass is pleased

to sneer at Mr. Roger Fry for his support of Post-Impressionism. If Mr. Fry is to be taken as the spokesman of what Mr. Glass dislikes, then what becomes of his attack on the ignorant "highbrow" whose pose it is to admire the Post-Impressionists? With every respect for Mr. Glass, I am prepared to state that there is probably not one aspect of the art of the past in which Mr. Fry is not his superior in knowledge, if not in understanding. Indeed, I have found that men of Mr. Glass's views generally mean by the past the last two centuries or so, with special emphasis on Englishmen like Constable. But I must leave Mr. Glass, or perhaps I also should lose my temper. The violence of prejudice, that should be merely comic, is so often absurdly irritating. The illustrations in the text of Mr. Glass's book are uninteresting, but the examples collected at the end are mostly of high merit though the selection is very limited in scope. The limitation is obviously imposed by Mr. Glass's personal taste. In such a book catholicity would have been more desirable.

The plain keeping to business of Mr. Salwey's useful little manual is a pleasant contrast. It is beautifully produced and it would be difficult to find fault with its material if it were not for the illustrations. Surely the writer might have given a few examples of other work than his own. A man may be an excellent teacher without being an artist at all; and in any case, a sprinkling of the "best models" might be added to the teacher's own work. Mr. Salwey wishes to encourage people to draw. But if they did not like Mr. Salwey's drawing, they might not be inclined to follow his principles. But if he were to show by illustration that these principles are to be found in drawings of every style, that they are fundamental to all good drawing and not merely to drawing like Mr. Salwey, would he not then give his book a larger appeal?

THE EMPRESS ELIZABETH OF
AUSTRIA, by Karl Tschuppik, trans-
lated by Eric Sutton. Constable. 12s.
net.

THERE have been several previous lives of the Empress Elizabeth. One appeared in London and one in Berlin within a few months of her tragic end, and the sentimental and unreliable *Martyrdom of an Empress* little more than a year later. But this is the first considered and serious attempt to portray her faithfully and to account psychologically for her baffling and contradictory personality. Born a Bavarian princess, of a family which carried within it a hereditary tendency to eccentricity at least, if it went no further, Elizabeth at sixteen, in the full flush of her youthful beauty, captured the heart of the young Emperor Francis Joseph, for whom her elder sister, Helene, had been the destined bride. And not only caught his heart but kept it, for all her capriciousness and rebellion against the rigid etiquette of the Austrian Court and the narrow-minded discipline, to which her mother-in-law, the Arch-duchess Sophie, forced her for a time to submit.

True, after Solferino and the Emperor's determination to admit no fault in his own methods, Elizabeth, whose sympathies were Liberal and always on the side of reform, felt deeply her powerlessness to move him and was for a time estranged. But to say, as Herr Tschuppik says on p. 55, "Franz Joseph had not merely lost his finest Province; he had lost more than that—Elizabeth's love," is to deal in rhetorical exaggeration and, moreover, to make a statement explicitly contradicted by much of his subsequent narrative. After Königgrätz, and again on the death of the Archduke Rudolph, the Empress was her husband's main comfort and support. In all her wanderings and vagaries he saw to it that she was watched and guarded and supplied lavishly with the wherewithal to indulge her lightest fancy. No one could have been a more generous and indulgent husband, and it was more his misfortune

than his fault that he was married to a creature, half air, half spirit, half masculine vital energy, impossible to tie down to one place, one kind of life, or keep within the bounds marked out for feminine activities.

Elizabeth combined a love of art with a love of horses and the open air amounting almost to a passion. To a feminine tact in dealing with individuals she added a man's grasp of political questions—witness her work for the liberation of Hungary. But Francis Joseph had been brought up in the strictest sect of autocracy and had no mind to instal at his side a second Maria Theresa. That he worshipped her beauty and her charm, and that in times of sorrow and discouragement he leant on the support she never failed to afford him, is clear from this biography. That her restlessness and love of solitude grew on her was, perhaps, as much the heritage of her race as the result of domestic unhappiness, and that she bequeathed these qualities to the son she so dearly loved, and in so doing estranged him from his father, was a greater tragedy in both her life, and that of the Emperor, than the assassin's knife, which on the shores of Lake Geneva brought about its tragic close.

JANET E. COURTNEY.

IL DUCE: *The Life and Work of Benito Mussolini*. Translated by Magda Vámos from the Hungarian of L. Kemechey. Williams & Norgate. 12s. 6d.

THIS is a puzzling book. The author, a Hungarian diplomat, now dead, had an undoubted insight into and a real knowledge of the history and evolution of Fascism and the personality of its founder, Mussolini. But he is strangely inaccurate in matters of detail, even apart from the many errors implying haste and inadequate proof correcting. Proper names appear now in one guise and now in another (Caporetto is sometimes mentioned in its unfamiliar German form of Carfreit, and once is spelt *Cafreit*), while "*Cannibal ante portas*" is a good effort for a chapter-

heading! It is surprising, too, that Italy's intervention in the War is dated as July 24th, 1915, instead of May 24th, and that the name of the man who attempted Mussolini's life in September 1926 is given as Giannini instead of Lucetti. A more serious error appears on p. 195, where the writer states that the object of the creation by Mussolini of the *Milizia nazionale* was to find employment for the ex-service men, whereas it is notorious that the members of that force, except for a very small number of men on the permanent staff, are unpaid volunteers.

Nevertheless, Mr. Kemechey gives his readers an arresting and vigorous picture of the life of Mussolini and of the amazing driving power with which he has transformed every department of Italian life. He conducts us breathlessly through the strange vicissitudes of the Duce's career from his early childhood to the height of political power and enables us to some extent to realize the causes of his wonderful success. He is particularly happy in depicting the contrast between Giolitti and Mussolini—the clever, wily Parliamentary politician, for whom the intrigues of Montecitorio and the juggling with parties, groups and petty ambitions were the be-all and end-all of Italian public life, matched against the whirlwind-like onrush of a man who combined the burning fiery zeal of a patriotic enthusiast with the cool, level-headed practical instinct of a great organizing genius. When Giolitti found himself up against Fascism he avoided persecuting it because, "in future, thought the old tactician, his own force not being sufficient to face the Communists, the conflict could be left to the Fascists. The two parties should scuffle with each other and when the whole country was tired of the quarrel, then he would put both into his pocket". The country did tire of the conflict, but it was Mussolini who put Giolitti and all the old-time politicians into his pocket!

The author brings out one feature of the Fascist system which is not always realized. Fascism is not, as it is often claimed, merely a one-man dictatorship, but a system

whereby power is largely delegated and the various administrators and officials, have each in his own sphere, a wider authority and a fuller responsibility than ever before. "Full scope, full responsibility". In the chapter on the Labour Charter, M. Kemechey gives a clear account of the main principles of what is undoubtedly the most original and fundamental aspect of the new régime—the relations between capital and labour and the organization of the nation and people as a single productive whole.

LUIGI VILLARI.

THESE GENERATIONS, by Elinor Mordaunt. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

WHEN I read in the publisher's note that an old grandmother, "whose every wish is law", dominates the events of the book "by reason of her worldly wisdom and flashing wit", my heart sank low; there have been so many of these dominating grandmothers lately that the type has become distinctly passé. This "Gran'mère", however, though she rules her Spanish-Mexican-English household and her coffee plantation in the good old dominating way, is something a little new in ancestors; for she has had three husbands—or is it four? The status of one of the gentlemen is a little uncertain—and now rejoices in yet another, a lively French count of little more than half her age. We are allowed by way of digression to see Gran'mère as a girl, and watch her through one marriage and an elopement; then the interest returns to her grand-daughters by another of her marriages, Felicia, Caroline, Anna and Lilla Ricardo. Her grandson by her first English marriage, and the grandson of an old Dutch lover, whom she did not marry, turn up at La Paz together, and fall in and out of love with the three elder Ricardo girls. "There is this," writes the author, "about Spanish men: whatever they are they will never allow a woman to forget for a single instant she is a woman." It is a key sentence: in *These Generations* we are never allowed for a single instant to forget the fact of sex.

PHYLLIS BENTLEY.

UP AND DOWN THE LINE

by G. W. STONIER

NOT SO QUIET, by Helen Zenna Smith. Marriott. 5s.

A GENERATION MISSING, by Carroll Carstairs. Heinemann. 5s.

THE CABARET UP THE LINE, by Roland Dorgelès. Lane. 7s. 6d.

THE war still offers the excuse, without the material, for writing a novel. Almost everyone who fought in France seems to imagine that he has some unique experience to impart. "If only," he complains, "I could get it all down on paper, it would be a wonderful book." He goes on to recall incidents which impressed him, and you soon see that it would be a wonderfully boring book. He wouldn't invent anything—no, he would just alter his pals' names and disguise the scenery and there it would be—his little bit of truth, a cross between a mission report and the jokes page of *Tit Bits*.

There is a pretence that the author is only recalling facts ("telling the truth," as he puts it) and not writing a novel at all, but in reality he pumps sensation into it for all he is worth. The old *Punch* joke, "What did you do in the great war, daddy?" is answered in each succeeding book with a more devastating frankness. Faced with the dead material of monotonous trench warfare, the standardised public school or Cockney spirit and a lack of individual thought and action, the novelist falls back on startling or shocking the reader; hence the orgy of sensational horrors and obscenities which have made war books belatedly popular. I do not say that all these authors are insincere, but many of them are still mentally shell-shocked, and their books are neither valuable as documents nor moving as literature.

The best advice about war books was given by a man who said that he had managed to keep out of the war and that he wasn't going to be dragged into it now. However, many people continue to read

about the war, and some books are more worth reading than others. *Not So Quiet* belongs to the category of "revelations." It comes rather late, but no one before has apparently shown up the life of a girl ambulance driver in France, and Miss Smith does it vigorously and well. The tone of the book is one of defiant cynicism, tinged at times with hysterics. It begins with an exaggerated mannish air, and the swearing is a bit self-conscious; but the author gets into her stride, and she gets her own back on two years of dirt and discomfort with a really effective take-that air. There is a pathetic bitterness and futility about the end of the book which is genuinely moving.

A Generation Missing is a type of war novel which I have not met before. It is gentlemanly and has the sort of amateur

Just Published

MEN

By

KAREN BRAMSON

Author of "The Case of Dr. Morel"

Madame Karen Bramson is a Scandinavian by birth, who has written with equal facility and effect both in Scandinavian and French. "Men" is a powerful story presenting the spiritual conflict of a young man, son of a Dane and an Italian woman, who grows up under the shadow of his own conviction of the everlasting enmity of man for man, and of the antagonisms of society, growing out of ambition and rivalry. In the course of his wanderings he stays in most of the European countries, including England, Germany and Russia, finds each in turn unsatisfying, and after vehement experiences of the heart and soul, returns to his native island in the West Indies, persuaded that life in communion with nature is the only possible life for a man who would save his soul alive.

CHAPMAN & HALL, LTD., 7/6 NET.

polish which suggests that it must have been written by someone in the diplomatic service. It is all a little too pat and knowing: the author goes into the war as a careless gracious adventurer (but of course among the right people), and just as inevitably he is convinced by the end that all war is a futile, a terrible, mistake. He runs up a bill of £80 for cocktails at the Bentinck Hotel, gets leave without difficulty, and has, of course, a little girl to dine with him at Ciro's. The author even shows his smartness in an epigraph: "I hope the people whose names I've mentioned won't mind. I hope those whose names I have not mentioned won't mind." If you prefer this sort of whimsicality to the usual uncouth blatancy of war books you may find it as impressively truthful as did Mr. Osbert Sitwell, who writes an introduction.

The only book of the three which shows any attempt on the part of the author to make use of themes of emotional value and to work them into shape is M. Dorgelès' *The Cabaret Up the Line*. Some of his stories are conventional and the slick finish is once or twice unnecessarily applied; but M. Dorgelès has picked the right things to write about—a morning when No-Man's Land is unexpectedly white with snow and the cartridges lying on the parapet look like peppermint creams; an old port-drinking major at the base who regularly gets drunk and weeps over the horror of war. *The Cabaret Up the Line* is very readable, lifelike and unbiassed—the author is not a pacifist or militarist, but a man writing stories about soldiers. The book is good-humoured, and its occasional emotional flights are the more effective for that reason. The explosions and the gangrened limbs are there, but they are the background, quietly and unhysterically felt.

RETURN TO SCOTLAND, by Moray McLaren. Duckworth. 8s. 6d.

THOSE who enjoyed Mr. Belloc's *Path to Rome* will enjoy this book because it is

written on the same sort of plan, and its only real fault is that it has no map and would be very much better for illustrations. It is an account of long walks among the Western Highlands and of a journey to the Outer Hebrides. Apart from the vivacity of the narrative there are good passages on the psychology and scenery, and the passage on page 15 in regard to the passion of the Scot is very shrewd and explains a great deal of the Scottish character. One sentence of it is illuminating, "There is no one so upright as the Scots puritan; no one so abandoned as the Scots libertine". The following description of the Hebrides is a good specimen of Mr. McLaren's admirable style:—

"I knew that the West Coast of Scotland could assume any climate almost that it chose, and I had often felt the strange, persistent heat of the north-west sun by the Atlantic coast; but the Hebrides! I had never thought of those islands except as in a mist, lonely rocks and peat hags floating far out in the desolate sea, and I had always seen them in my fancy enclosed in an indeterminate white cloud. But this—this was an Italian sea. It was blue enough to be painful to the eyes; it was as undisturbed as the sea of Paradise; and behind us there arose the great coloured mountains of Scotland. We were not too far out to see the little white crofts at the bases of those nearest to us; and I was reminded of the houses of the vine-growers, which cluster round the foot of Stromboli in the Mediterranean. Italian—in a way that word fitted an element in the scene, in a way, it missed so much. It missed the truly heavenly peace of the Hebridean sea on such a day."

The reader should note the remarks on the old Franco-Scottish alliance based on the dictum that "the two nations have always had as common qualities an antipathy for the English and a love of clear logical thought."

E. S. P. HAYNES.

GRUB STREET THEOLOGY

by ROGER B. LLOYD

CALIBAN IN GRUB STREET, by Ronald Knox. Sheed & Ward. 7s. 6d.

THE wit and gently derisive humour which went to the making of *Absalom and Ahitofel*, one of the most competent and amusing satires in the language, Father Knox has here turned upon some of the eminent contributors to newspaper symposiums on religion, which have lately been so much in evidence. He has a much easier task with Caliban than with Absalom. Absalom stood for the best theological scholarship in the Oxford of that day; Caliban stands for the theological characteristics of Everyman, as interpreted and shared by literary pundits, who disclose at the editor's command all the subtleties of the intuitions about God and their souls, and these intuitions are weird and wonderful.

Miss Rose Macaulay somewhere remarks that politicians usually possess first-rate minds until they direct them to politics, when they immediately become second or third-rate. She might have said it with far greater truth about many eminent literary men who desert letters for theology. They are invited to contribute to a symposium on, say, "God in our Times." It would never do to profess the orthodox Faith, for orthodoxy is a synonym for obscurantism, and similarly all dogma must be shunned like the plague; so the best thing to do is to attack the credal presentation of Christianity, but to avow a vague belief in the Beatitudes and immortality. The dogmas are thus attacked with withering contempt, and the method employed is the delightfully simple one of stating them in such a way that no informed Christian would recognise them. Even the two ablest of the symposiasts dealt with in this book, Bertrand Russell, and Rebecca West, resort to these highly questionable methods of controversy, and state respectively the usual argument for the existence of God from design, and the doctrine of the

Atonement in forms which no responsible theologian has ever employed, and so have no difficulty whatever in demolishing them. They set the pace for the less able, and, after all, any argument is good enough for religion.

Father Knox has thus no difficulty. His method is simple and deadly. He just analyses the arguments—and then smiles. To drive it all home he rewrites the First Gospel, leaving out no single verse that the symposiasts could possibly wish to quote. The result is the Sermon on the Mount, with the references to adultery and divorce bowdlerised away, and bare statement of the Crucifixion. It is to be hoped that some of these symposiasts will read this book, and blush. For their reputation's sake they would be well advised to refrain from trying to answer it.

MR. DUVEEN

An Allegory

By MRS. NEWTON

6s. net.

"It is comforting to be able to turn for solace to so exquisite an allegory as 'Mr. Duveen.' One is persuaded that Johnson would have commended the work, for it possesses those excellences of invention and imagination which he perceived in the illustrious tinker's masterpiece." —*East Anglian Daily Times*.

John Lane The Bodley Head Ltd.

KINDNESS IN A CORNER, by T. F. Powys. *Chatto & Windus*. 7s. 6d.

To say that this is the most charming of Mr. Powys's books will perhaps bring small encouragement to those of his readers who were repelled by what seemed to them the unnecessary spleen, the perverse pleasure in castigating humankind, that marked his earlier work. But the scene of his new story, *Tadnol*, is distant by a thousand spiritual miles from the aptly named villages of *Madder* and *Dodder*. All the usual Powys ingredients are to be found here, but their proportions differ: the mixture is not quite as before. There is more comedy and less satire. In a word, the book goes a long way towards justifying its title. In the Reverend Silas Dottery, the Rector of *Tadnol*, we meet again, in a new and lovable incarnation, the Saintly Simpleton. His saintliness, indeed, is not excessive, nor his asceticism all-embracing: more than duty, more than his fellow-men, he loves comfort, quiet, and the pleasures of the table. But his heart is as innocent of pride as of malice. When Canon Dibben, spoon-fed with slander by his wife, begins a campaign of spying and persecution against him, we tremble for our Mr. Dottery. But we tremble needlessly. For the rest, there is the usual sprinkling of wanton young women and casually lecherous young men, whose behaviour is described with a discretion that too easily degenerates into slyness; and there is Truggin, the sexton, who takes a more than professional interest in death and burial. This mortuary enthusiast dresses up his one idea in language of considerable quality, and provides a sub-theme that seems to be singularly (and perversely) dear to the heart of Mr. Powys.

GERALD BULLETT.

THE BREAD OF BRITAIN, by A. H. Hurst. Oxford University Press. *Humphrey Milford*. 2s. 6d.

THE daily bread of Britain is the wheaten loaf, and the constant factor in the wheat situation is that Britain is dependent for

more than eighty per cent. of its supply of the cereal on outside production. Till recently, except during the 'Great' War, wheat flowed to the free market offered by London regularly and abundantly. That market was organised by the grain merchants, whose operations maintained a reservoir of wheat supplies at fairly steady prices, subject of course, to world fluctuations in production and consumption. The burden of Mr. Hurst's book, which has an importance out of all proportion to its small size, is that the grain "merchant has disappeared for all practical purposes, crushed by the irresistible pressure of the upper millstone of concentrated selling and the nether millstone of concentrated buying." He still exists, but as "an anachronism—he survives on economic crumbs." Mr. Hurst has been engaged for many years in the grain trade, and knows his subject. He tells us why the grain merchant has been or is in course of being eliminated, with probably unfortunate consequences to the consumers of wheat. Both economic and political developments have been adverse. Among these are farmers' co-operative marketing pools in Canada and Australia, backed to some extent by their Governments; the concentration of the Argentine export trade in a few hands; the Farm Board in the United States with its strong political colour; and the trustification of the flour-milling trade in Britain. The result is that the Bread of Britain is practically at the mercy of outside pools, combines and manipulators, and inside trusts, now that the British grain merchant functions no longer. How is all this to be met? Mr. Hurst's remedy is the intervention of the British Government in order to control the growth of monopolies. But how, for example, is that Government to deal with pools even in Canada or Australia, as things are at present? Mr. Hurst's book is interesting and suggestive; it should be read by all thoughtful people; but it is evidently not conclusive—much more discussion is wanted.

ROBERT MACHRAY.

FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

JUNE 2, 1930.

PROGRESS IN MEDICINE

A REVIEW OF THE ADVANCES IN MEDICINE DURING THE LAST TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

By SIR HUMPHRY ROLLESTON, BART., G.C.V.O., K.C.B., M.D.

MEDICINE, formerly restricted to the art of healing, has, with the advance of knowledge and the elaboration of skilled technique, become divided up into a mosaic of specialties, and this comparatively recent development has, acting in a beneficent circle, greatly increased the efficiency of curative medicine. A much older division is that into surgery and physic, to use an obsolescent word, or internal medicine; this, however, is really an artificial distinction, for it depends on the presence or absence of sufficient manual skill to treat morbid conditions by surgical measures. But it is a convention fortified by ancient custom. The results of surgery are, as a rule, much more obvious than those obtained by the physician, and have naturally attracted more attention. The ideal of medicine is to prevent disease, and to ensure a healthy, happy, and useful old age. Logically, therefore, the need for ordinary curative (medical or surgical) treatment reflects on the efficacy of the existing means for the preservation of a normal state of health; indeed, many of the diseases, as apart from accidents, in which surgery is most successful, are those in which efficient treatment in an early stage has not been employed or has not been properly directed. Though prevention of disease naturally impresses the man in the street much less than its cure, it is in this direction that the future of medicine mainly lies, and in this necessarily brief and incomplete account of the advances in medicine during the last quarter of a century reference to this aspect will frequently be made.

The foundations of public health administration were laid in this country nearly a hundred years ago, and the present century has seen not only a great extension in the measures for the prevention of disease, but in connection therewith realization of the importance of recognizing the earliest stages of disease,

CXXVII

N.S.

3A

when symptoms or the manifestations of disordered function are commencing, and before gross structural changes in the organs of the body have taken place. This has coincided with the increased study of metabolism and the functional efficiency of the body by chemical tests of the blood and other methods. The Ministry of Health, established in 1919, has done much to improve the health of the nation by ante-natal, child welfare, school, dental, and other clinics, and by insisting on education of the public in personal hygiene. During this period there have been far-reaching organization and endowment of medical research; the Rockefeller Foundation, established in 1913, has literally acted up to its motto: "the well-being of mankind throughout the world"; it took over the Rockefeller Sanitary Commission, started in 1909 for the control of hookworm disease or ankylostomiasis in America, and re-organized it as the International Health Board. Exerting wise selection, it has created or strengthened institutions for medical and public health education, such as the Peking Union Medical College and the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine; provided for the further education of medical men, health officers, and nurses; built up official health organizations against malaria, yellow fever, tuberculosis and other diseases. Up to the end of December, 1928, 3,187 fellowships had been granted to representatives of 58 countries at a total cost to the Foundation of nearly five million dollars. The Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, New York, like many other research institutes, has greatly advanced medical knowledge. The Medical Research Committee (now Council), established in connection with the National Insurance Act before the War, has enormously promoted scientific research into the problems of disease both during and since the War (1914-18). The future of Medicine has been most favourably influenced by these endowments of research, which by creating new knowledge about the causes laid the surest foundations for the prevention or cure of disease. The Health Section of the League of Nations is an international organization, shared in by fifty nations, with the object of broadcasting information about epidemics of disease and so helping to control disease throughout the world.

The enormous strides that science and medicine, which is increasingly becoming an applied science, have made and are

making, render it difficult for anyone to keep up-to-date, and especially those busily engaged in medical practice. The essential need for post-graduate instruction has long been recognized and many attempts to supply this have been made in this country and elsewhere. In London the difficulties have been great, and the recent decision of the Government to meet this want by establishing the British Post-Graduate Hospital and Medical School is a most important step towards more successful prevention and cure of disease.

During the last twenty-five years several great advances in medical treatment have occurred. Especially to be noted is the use of insulin in diabetes mellitus (Bunting, Best and J. R. R. MacLeod, of Toronto) and of liver feeding in pernicious anæmia (Whipple; Minot and Murphy in the United States); these two discoveries were the outcome of scientific work, and the knowledge thus gained was then applied to medical practice. The outlook in these two diseases has thus been revolutionized by the prolongation and saving of innumerable lives. The existence of vitamins, a subject mentioned below, (page 740) was also discovered during this period. This epoch-making work was due to the exertions of many investigators among whom Eijkman, of Utrecht, and Gowland Hopkins, of Cambridge, stand out as Nobel prizemen of 1929. Bacteriology and radiology, both dating from the last century, have made great progress. The four years of the war exerted a remarkable influence by stimulating investigation and by bringing up many fresh problems in the forms of disease produced by the conditions of war, such as overcrowding, privation, nervous shock, poisonous gases, poisoning in the course of manufacture of explosives (trinitrotoluene, tetrachlorethane), and by the unusual opportunities of studying certain diseases in the mass. The long duration of stationary warfare gave rise to the conditions known as trench nephritis, trench fever, and a form of infective jaundice (*spirochaetosis icterohaemorrhagica*) previously seldom seen. In 1916-17 what appeared to be a new disease—*encephalitis lethargica*—became prevalent. Shell-shock, a popular though not strictly accurate designation for the varied mental disturbances following long-continued nervous strain, fear, the effects of explosions, being buried alive, and their repression and active forgetting, was extremely frequent and thus provided

unrivalled material for psychological investigation. It was then proved that, valuable as Freud's conceptions of the causation of psychoses and neuro-psychoses are in many respects, the explanation that these disorders are due to sexual trauma (of the mind) does not deserve the prominence previously ascribed to it. Curative treatment for these mental disorders made great advances on psychotherapeutic lines, such as sympathetic psychological analysis, re-education, and occupational therapy. Experimental psychology, which had made strides before the War, has become of economic value in industry; for by modifications in the conditions of work, such as minimizing monotony and the introduction of intervals of rest in factories and workshops, the output has been definitely increased. The circumstances in which industries are conducted have been more extensively and scientifically investigated, and steps to remove or obviate the dangers in certain trades can thus be effectively taken.

The prevention of mental disorder has been seriously taken in hand by means of psychiatric clinics at general, rather than at mental hospitals, a better name than the old one of asylums, and by means of social service workers who investigate the conditions in the home and as far as possible correct or obviate adverse environmental factors. There has been much research into the causes of insanity, especially as to the importance of toxic factors and focal infection.

Bacteriology, founded in the last century by Louis Pasteur and Robert Koch, has continued to reveal the exciting causes of diseases, and has done much to show that ultra-microscopical or filter-passing viruses, so small as to be invisible, or all but invisible, under the highest powers of the microscope and able to pass through the pores of a Chamberland filter, are responsible for many diseases. Thus a large number of animal diseases, such as foot-and-mouth disease, psittacosis, and dog distemper, for the last of which a method of protective immunization (by vaccines) has recently been employed on a large scale with success, are now with a fair degree of certainty ascribed to these viruses; diseases in man, such as influenza, measles, chicken-pox, small-pox, acute poliomyelitis (infantile paralysis), epidemic (lethargic) encephalitis ("sleepy sickness"), may eventually be proved to be due to their activity.

It may be pointed out here that, in the past at least, the practical study of disease has illogically been in separate compartments for men and for animals, and, therefore, curiously wanting in their proper intimate correlation. Comparative medicine and pathology should be part of comparative biology; reasons for this are (i) the identity of many animal and human diseases; (ii) the knowledge that man may contract diseases from animals, such as undulant fever (Malta or Mediterranean fever) and the allied *Abortus* infection from milk; psittacosis, which has recently been much in evidence; and milk-borne bovine tuberculosis which is responsible for the so-called "surgical" tuberculosis (of bones, glands, and abdominal disease) in young children and a very serious cause of crippling and mortality, (iii) the close resemblance between the physiology of man and of animals, (iv) that experimental investigation of physiological and pathological phenomena must obviously be mainly carried out on animals, and (v) the discovery originally made towards the end of the last century by Patrick Manson (1878), and Ronald Ross (1898), and much expanded since, that some diseases, such as filariasis, malaria, yellow fever, plague, trypanosomiasis, and typhus, are transmitted to man by insects, especially mosquitoes, biting flies, and lice. This knowledge of "carriers" or vectors of disease has been applied with great economical success to the prevention of disease, particularly in the tropics. A most striking example of this latter was the stamping out of yellow fever in Havana in 1900, and in the Panama area in 1904. The Panama canal, after previous failures, was completed as the result of the anti-mosquito measures organised there by W. C. Gorgas. The need for the study of comparative medicine and pathology in order to throw light on human diseases was advocated by the late Clifford Allbutt from 1888, and in 1923 he had the gratification of seeing established in Cambridge an Institute for Research in the Pathology of Animal Diseases and the appointment of J. B. Buxton, as Professor of Animal Pathology. Investigation of epidemics of infective disease among animals has recently been carried out at the Rockefeller Institute under Simon Flexner, and in this country by W. C. C. Topley, now of the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine with the collaboration of the expert medical statistician, Major Greenwood. Agricultural Departments are, naturally, also investigating the

diseases of plants and animals. It may incidentally be mentioned here that the numerical or statistical method of studying disease, originated in the first half of the last century by P. C. A. Louis of Paris, has been elaborated by biometric methods in the hands of Karl Pearson and Raymond Pearl and has thus thrown much light on difficult problems in epidemiology; for example, the occurrence and duration of epidemics were accurately foretold by John Brownlee. The apparently spontaneous origin of epidemic disease is now known to be bound up with the "carrier" problem; healthy persons may carry in their throat and alimentary canal the germs of diseases, such as diphtheria, cerebrospinal fever, pneumonia, typhoid and paratyphoid fever, and dysentery; these germs may infect other persons who become ill with the corresponding malady. The recognition and control of these "carriers" constitute a very important problem in preventive medicine, for in favourable circumstances they are responsible for epidemics of disease.

Treatment of infective disease by *vaccines*, or emulsions of germs, usually killed by heat, is of two kinds, prophylactic and curative. These are employed (i) to protect healthy persons against diseases which they have not previously had, such as small-pox, and (ii) to bring an active infection, such as boils, to an end. (i) The prophylactic use originated in Edward Jenner's vaccination against small-pox in 1798, was carried on by Louis Pasteur, especially in reference to hydrophobia, and applied by Almroth Wright at the end of the last century to typhoid fever, and later more widely. The anti-typhoid vaccine was used in the South African War, and in the European War reduced the incidence of this disease to negligible proportions. As showing the importance of new bacteriological knowledge it may be pointed out that troops protected against typhoid fever contracted paratyphoid fevers until rendered immune by the addition of vaccines against paratyphoid fever A and B, a triple vaccine (T.A.B.) thus being used. Another example of the further elaboration of bacteriology and its bearing on scientific treatment is seen in the case of the pneumococcus, the organism most commonly responsible for acute pneumonia. What was originally regarded as one organism has now been shown to be composed of four types, against only one of which has it so far been found possible to produce a curative antitoxic serum. As the result of

improved sanitation and protective inoculation typhoid fever is now a disappearing disease. Protective vaccines have also been employed against other infections, colds, influenza, pneumonia, plague, dysentery, and cholera. (ii) Curative vaccine-therapy has been extensively tried, for example, in tuberculosis by the hypodermic injection of various preparations of tuberculin.

The specificity of vaccine treatment or the necessity of employing one made up of the germ responsible for the disease in question has been shown in the case of typhoid and paratyphoid fevers. But the introduction into the circulation of dead bacteria, or indeed of proteins, such as milk, has been found, after setting up temporary febrile illness or a reaction, to be followed by improvement in diseases other than that caused by the micro-organism used in the vaccine. This is called protein shock treatment.

Serums, which are also used both to cure and to protect against disease, contain the anti-bodies produced by infective diseases and being present in the blood protect the individual; thus explaining why a second attack is so rare in a number of diseases, such as typhoid and scarlet fever. This condition of immunity can be brought about in man by the use of vaccines. The blood serum of persons immune because they have recently recovered from an infection is sometimes used to combat the disease when active in others. This introduction of serums into the circulation, so familiar in the use of anti-diphtheritic serum, is spoken of as passive immunity; in contradistinction to the active immunity obtained by injecting vaccines or dead germs into a man or animal, thus stimulating the body to manufacture its own anti-bodies or antitoxins for its safety. Serums are obtained from animals, especially horses, injected with the micro-organism responsible for the diseases against which an antitoxic serum is needed. Serums were extensively employed at the end of the last century for the cure of diphtheria and tetanus, and more recently have been employed to protect individuals against these diseases. Thus, in schools, children can now be rendered safe for a time against diphtheria, and during and since the War persons receiving wounds contaminated with earth, and so likely to contain the tetanus bacillus, have been widely inoculated with anti-tetanic serum. An important practical outcome of immunology, which itself is a further development of bacteriology, is the method of

determining whether or not an individual is liable to be attacked by certain diseases or disorders; thus by introducing under the skin the toxins (poisons) produced by the bacteria responsible for diphtheria (the Schick test, 1911) and for scarlet fever (the Dick test, 1923) it can be determined whether or not it is necessary to protect the individual against these diseases. The subjects of asthma and other allied disorders are hypersensitive to various foods and to some other substances, consumption of or contact with which precipitates an attack. Numerous tests designed to find out the cause of the idiosyncrasy and consisting of rubbing into the skin an extract of foods, feathers, horse dandruff, and so forth have been employed; a vigorous local reaction, as shown by considerable redness, constituting a positive result.

Some Killing and Incapacitating Diseases.

Cancer is becoming more prominent. It has been estimated that one out of every seven persons reaching the age of thirty will die of it. The increased incidence is due partly to its more frequent recognition and partly because more people live into the age period (45-65) during which it most commonly occurs.

In 1854 the expectation of life at birth for males was 40 years, and for females 42 years, whereas in 1922 the corresponding figures were 56 and 60. The statistics of tuberculosis and cancer mortality in this country show a remarkable change: in 1884 the annual mortality rate per million persons living was 563 for cancer, and 2,574 for tuberculosis which John Bunyan in the seventeenth century called "the Captain of the men of Death"; whereas in 1928 the corresponding figures were 1,425 for cancer and 755 for tuberculosis.

Keen research into the cause of cancer, carried on throughout the civilized world, has supplied much valuable information; for example, the disposing influence of irritation, such as that of certain oils and tar used in industries and of exposure to X-rays. But the essential factor has not yet been certainly discovered. Educative campaigns to impress the public with the urgency of obtaining medical advice about the early symptoms of possible cancer, so that, if it be found present, removal can be undertaken at a period when permanent cure is possible, are obviously valuable. The early detection of internal cancer, especially in the abdomen, has been greatly facilitated by the use of X-rays in combination with bismuth meals, a method dating from the end

of the last century. The irradiation treatment by X-rays and radium has become most efficient, and that by radium appears especially promising (vide p. 742).

The fall in the mortality, and the later age at which death occurs in *tuberculosis*, began before the adoption in this country of open-air and sanatorium treatment, and must be ascribed to other causes, such as improved hygienic conditions, better food and ventilation, and less overcrowding. Propaganda campaigns to educate the public about tuberculosis and the importance of fresh air and healthy living have done good not only in this disease but also with regard to the general health. Recognition of the limitations of sanatorium treatment for the tuberculous poor who, though undoubtedly benefiting from it and the hygienic education, are prone to relapse after returning to their former struggle in competition with healthy men, has led to the realization of the need for tuberculosis colonies or village settlements. These are conducted on sound economical lines, where these sub-normal men can earn a livelihood while continuing under medical supervision. One of the principles of treatment in tuberculosis is rest to the affected part; a recent advance in this direction is the method of artificial pneumothorax, or the introduction of air into the half of the chest containing the solely or chiefly affected lung which then collapses and becomes immobilized.

The advance in the knowledge of *venereal diseases*, and more especially syphilis, one of the most destructive diseases, not only of the original victims, but of their offspring and so of the race, has been remarkable during this century. The discovery in 1905 of the long-sought germ responsible for syphilis, the *Treponema pallidum*, a protozoon, by Schaudinn made it possible to detect the existence of this infection at an early stage, and so to start effective treatment. In the following year the Wassermann blood reaction became known; this enables the presence of this disease, when latent, namely in the absence of symptoms or any other evidence, to be determined; and in 1909 the treatment by organic arsenical preparations [salvarsan ("606"), neo-salvarsan] was established. This was the work of Ehrlich who originated the conception of chemotherapy, namely that by means of a specific drug the responsible germ may be destroyed without harm to the patient. This has been applied to other protozoan diseases, such as trypanosomiasis, or the sleeping sickness of tropical

Africa, and to amoebic dysentery, treated by emetine, though absence of any harmful effect on the patient has not been entirely achieved. Propaganda by lectures and films in order to make the dangers of venereal infection widely known have been vigorously carried out since the War, when the incidence of these diseases greatly increased.

Focal infection. Somewhat resembling, though of course far less important and dramatic than the conception and practice of antiseptics and asepsis in surgery, is the realization that a localized infection such as an inflammation around decayed teeth, or chronic tonsillitis, may be responsible for various forms of disease in other parts of the body, especially rheumatism and heart disease. Acute rheumatism or rheumatic fever is a prolific cause of heart disease and premature death in the young. In 1923 it was estimated that there were between 45,000 and 50,000 children of school age in Great Britain with organic heart disease, and there is an annual death roll of probably 30,000 from this cause. Cardiac rheumatism is, therefore, a killing disease.

The chronic forms of joint disease, rheumatoid arthritis, fibrositis, and other allied conditions occurring in older persons are largely, though not entirely, due to some form of focal infection, and their incidence among insured persons in 1927 cost the country 5,500,000 weeks' work and £17,000,000 for industrial incapacity. A better state of affairs should result from the prophylactic influence of school and dental clinics in the removal of tonsils, adenoids, and bad teeth, and from the attention directed to the importance of acute rheumatism as a cause of heart disease, and to the economic waste due to chronic rheumatic affections. Special schools for children with cardiac rheumatism and "rheumatism supervisory centres" have been established, and there are special clinics for the treatment of chronic rheumatism in London and at some spas.

Cardiac Disease.

Knowledge about heart diseases and disorders has been revolutionized during this century, so that a new cardiology may be said to have arisen. The significance formerly ascribed to abnormal heart sounds or murmurs, produced by changes in the *valves* of the heart, has been greatly modified by consideration of the functional efficiency of the heart *muscle* and of symptoms,

especially a degree of breathlessness, unusual to the patient, and pain on exertion. The irregularities of the heart have been classified, and those of importance separated from the others. This was accomplished by James Mackenzie with the help of an instrument of precision, the polygraph. The indications for treatment by the chief cardiac tonic digitalis have been more accurately defined; Thomas Lewis' observations with the electrocardiograph have added enormously to knowledge, especially the recognition of auricular fibrillation, a condition now known to be extremely common in heart failure. Fortunately, in many instances the data thus derived from skilled laboratory research have been correlated with some feature, such as the character of the pulse, which can be easily recognized at the bedside. The nature and treatment of angina pectoris have attracted much attention, and a disease formerly included in it, coronary thrombosis, has recently been distinguished from it.

Blood Transfusion. Medical history has repeated itself on several occasions. A definite advance has been made and yet it has not been adopted, perhaps because the time was not ripe, until it has been subsequently re-discovered, or some powerful advocate has revived it and forced it into general acceptance. For example, James Lind in 1754 advocated the use of orange and lemon juice to prevent scurvy which then ravaged the Royal Navy and all ships making long voyages, but it was not until 1795 that, as the result of Sir Gilbert Blane's influence, it was brought into official use with the magical disappearance of scurvy from the fleets and naval hospitals. Herbert Spencer utilized this interval of forty-one years, which the Admiralty allowed to elapse before acting on Lind's recommendations, as an illustration of the inertia and torpor of administrative bodies. Another example is the delay in the adoption of general anaesthesia for surgical operations. In 1799 Sir Humphry Davy induced general loss of sensation by means of pure nitrous oxide ("laughing gas") and recommended its use in surgery. William Allen demonstrated this at Guy's Hospital in the following year, and H. H. Hickman pleaded to the same effect. But no notice was taken of this or of Michael Faraday's statement in 1818 that ether had the same effect as nitrous oxide, until 1846 when W. T. G. Morton gave ether for a surgical operation in the Massachusetts General Hospital, Boston, and in 1847

James Y. Simpson of Edinburgh brought in the use of chloroform. An even more remarkable instance is the long delay in the general adoption of transfusion of blood and of the injection of drugs directly into the veins. In 1667 Jean Denys, Professor of Mathematics at Montpellier, adopted this method for the first time; and in the same year Richard Lower and Edmund King transfused the blood of a sheep into Arthur Coga, an indigent bachelor of divinity of Cambridge, who bore it so well that he desired its repetition. The procedure then went out of fashion, though it was revived in London between 1818 and 1824, and again in Germany between 1860 and 1880. But catastrophes occurred because, as was shown much later, the blood of one individual is not necessarily compatible with that of another. But after the four "groups" of human blood were described by Jansky (1907) and by Moss (1910), blood transfusion from one human being (the donor) to another became a routine practice, and has been widely employed to save life from haemorrhage and anaemia, especially in the emergencies of the war. In 1656 Christopher Wren injected wine and ale into the veins of a dog and anticipated that this practice would be useful in the practice of medicine. This reasonable hope, however, was not widely realized until after Ehrlich's treatment of syphilis by salvarsan was given to the world in 1909.

Vitamins.

Vitamins or accessory food factors are present in foods, but in such extremely small quantities that they cannot be regarded as foodstuffs. Their absence or removal from foodstuffs leads to serious results; such as cessation of growth, sterility, want of resistance to infection, and the group of deficiency diseases or avitaminoses, among which may be mentioned rickets, scurvy, dental decay, and a form of neuritis [chiefly seen in the east] due to living largely on polished rice from which the husk containing the anti-neuritic vitamin B has been removed. Rickets, described in 1650 by Francis Glisson of Cambridge, and formerly called *morbus anglicus*, has long been associated with want of sunlight, and it has recently been shown that ergosterol, a substance widely distributed in both the vegetable and animal kingdoms, in foods and in the human body becomes, after irradiation

by ultra-violet light, the most active anti-rachitic substance known. It is presumably the antecedent of vitamin D, for irradiation of various foods and of the skin apparently leads to the formation of the anti-rachitic vitamin D, which previously was mainly given to rickety children in cod-liver oil. The discovery of vitamins necessarily influences medical directions as to diet.

Physiology has been increasingly applied to medicine. A good example of this during the war was the important part played by physiological tests in the selection of candidates for the Royal Air Force and in the examinations of pilots.

Endocrinology. The endocrine, ductless, or glands of internal secretion, which discharge their products into the blood and not onto the surface of the body or into the alimentary canal, play a great part in maintaining the body in the state of equilibrium known as health. Knowledge of the disorders due to imperfections in their normal activity is continually growing, and recently much information has been gained about the four parathyroid glands in the neck and their controlling influence on the calcium salts in the body. Their inactivity diminishes the quantity of calcium, and the resulting irritability of the nervous system causes symptoms which can be controlled by the administration of an extract of the glands combined with calcium salts. On the other hand, excessive activity of these glands probably does harm by abstracting calcium from the bones, and produces bone disease. Recently removal of an enlarged parathyroid gland has been followed by recovery in a number of such cases. The islands of Langerhans in the pancreas pour into the blood insulin which controls the proper assimilation of starches and sugars; deficient secretion of insulin causes diabetes mellitus, and, as already mentioned, this can now be corrected by daily hypodermic injection of insulin. But an excessive dose of insulin causes serious symptoms by bringing about too great a fall of sugar in the blood (hypoglycaemia), and it has recently been shown that spontaneous hypoglycaemia, due to over-activity of the island of Langerhans, sometimes occurs, and in exceptional instances has been benefitted by surgical removal of part of the pancreas. Goitre, or simple enlargement of the thyroid gland in the neck, which is commoner in females than in males, is probably due to several causes; but the thyroid, which controls the iodine in the body, has been shown to enlarge

when there is a deficiency of iodine in the water, food and soil of a district. A good example of preventive medicine is the success which has followed the administration of small quantities of iodine to the inhabitants of such districts. By giving courses of small doses twice a year D. Marine prevented the occurrence of a goitre in the basin of the Great Lakes in North America, a region where it is extremely common. Organotherapy, or the administration of extracts of the glands of internal secretion to patients in whom their activity appears to be diminished, has been increasingly employed, but, it must be admitted, not always with full scientific justification.

X-rays, discovered in November, 1895, by the late Professor W. K. von Roentgen of Würzburg, were first employed for the detection of foreign bodies, such as needles or bullets, and later in combination with meals of bismuth or barium, which being opaque cast a shadow, for disease of the alimentary canal. Recently this method of detecting disease has been extended by the use of an opaque fluid, lipiodol, introduced into the lungs or spinal canal; an opaque dye, phenoltetraiodophthalein, is excreted in the bile and, therefore, makes it possible to obtain radiograms showing the condition of the gall-bladder and the presence of gallstones. The treatment of deep-seated malignant growths by intensive X-ray exposures has been much employed with good results. But these are not so uniformly successful as those obtained when the growths are in accessible positions, by the application of radium, isolated by the Curies in 1898. The Radium Commission has now provided a large amount of radium to selected centres in this country, and great advances may be confidently expected. Like other powerful methods of treatment, X-rays and radium may exert untoward effects; more than a hundred radiologists have died from cancer brought about by the chronic irritation produced by long-continued exposures to irradiations before this danger was realized. Radium may also produce burns very slow to heal, and in addition, by destroying the blood-forming tissues, may cause grave and fatal anaemia. Now sufficient means of protection by lead have been devised, and these serious consequences should no longer occur. The beneficial effect of sunlight is now fully recognized, especially in some forms of tuberculosis, and in its place ultra-violet light has been much employed and for a large number of conditions.

THE REACTION OF THE INTELLECTUALS

By G. K. CHESTERTON

I HAVE been asked if I think there is a reaction against the tendencies called "ultra-modern" and in favour of many things blasted by the term, "Victorian" and "virtuous" and "respectable", and other wild and wicked words. I answer that there is a reaction, and I am glad of it; but it is a reaction of a very peculiar kind. It is not what I expected. It is not even particularly what I wanted. But anything is a relief from the desolate dullness and staleness of the Bright Young Thing.

First, it will clear the human mind (and save the advanced mind from many disappointments) if we realise that there always *can* be a reaction, right or wrong, against anything, good or bad. Life is far too complex not to leave some desirable or defensible things behind with every movement it makes. We have reactions in favour of things much more remote than Victorianism. I always remember a confident and contemptuous phrase in one of Macaulay's speeches for the Reform Bill, which abolished Rotten Boroughs. "There has been no reaction. There will be no reaction. I no more expect a reaction in favour of Gatton and Old Sarum than a reaction in favour of Odin and Thor." I will not discuss whether there is a reaction in favour of Gatton and Old Sarum; there most certainly is a reaction against Reform Bills and Representative Government. But what amuses me is that, even while Macaulay said the words, there was beginning a most unmistakable reaction in favour of Odin and Thor. Carlyle already had pen in hand and his Northern genius was slowly turning into Nordic insanity. He was already telling us to go back to the stark Scandinavian beginnings. A little while afterwards Nietzsche took the next step by throwing over Christian ethics as well as theology, and invoking the old gods of violence and war. And it ended with a great German General (who had led through the Great War and might have had enough of it) actually filling Germany with pagan propaganda and a

publicity campaign in favour of Odin and Thor. So much for reactions in general. The most modern art finds the Ancient Greeks too modern and goes back to the Ancient Egyptians. We revive Primitive Art and may revive Prehistoric Art. We may paint on rock with red ochre, for all I know, or discover special qualities in stone hatchets and flint arrows.

There is a reaction; but that would not alone prove that the reaction is right. I think it is right; because it is a reaction in favour of civilisation; and against the destruction of civilisation. But with that word "civilisation" we come to the rather curious quality which this particular reaction shows. It is not, as I myself might have hoped or expected, a revolt of plain, old-fashioned people against the sophisticated. It is a revolt of the sophisticated. It is, at any rate, a revolt of the highly civilised; perhaps of the over-civilised. But if they are over-civilised, they are still highly intelligent. That is why they are kicking the Bright Young Thing down the street.

I will take one particular case which is rather a parable. Some time ago all the fine old English critics, Constant Readers and Conservative people generally, were in a ferment of fury and mockery against the impudent innovations of "the Sitwells"; that is, the three poets of that family. They were a proof that being modern means going mad. They were the very latest and loudest anarchists, destroying both rhyme and reason. I will not discuss their merits here. When Miss Sitwell accused the Dawn of "creaking", there were discussions as to her meaning. Her foes said it was random nonsense, like describing the sun as sneezing or the grass as blowing its nose. Her friends said it was a bold and novel way of suggesting something harsh and reluctant about the cold morning light. But everybody agreed that it was the very latest and newest experiment, whether in liberty or in lunacy. The Sitwells were accused of beating the big drum, or blowing their own trumpet; but it was agreed that their drums and trumpets were the newest musical instruments of the queerest shape; and that they used the newest methods of shrieking for what they wanted. But what did they want?

Now, what the Sitwells want is Victorianism. What they do definitely desire, demand and incessantly describe, is a reaction to Victorian habits; to Victorian manners; and even to Victorian morals. As certainly as Shelley wanted a lot of wind

and light and the rise of the pure pagan Republic, as surely as Walt Whitman wanted democratic breadth and a sort of bodily brotherhood among men out-of-doors, so certainly what the Sitwells want is Victorian flower-beds and hot-houses, Victorian coloured patchwork and curios under glass; and, in no small degree, Victorian etiquette, distance and dignity. This may be a fad but it is a fact; and it is a fact that vividly illustrates the real revolt against recent moral, or immoral, tendencies. The Victorian revolt is not a revolt of Victorians. It is a revolt of Post-Victorians or rather of Post-Post-Victorians. They are going back to something remote, as much as the Pre-Raphaelites, going back to the Middle Ages. In both cases the reason is the same; because the modern ages have become too unbearably stupid for intelligent people. But the more modern case is the more acute case; of this revolt against modernity among the moderns. To understand it, we must take a more general view of the singular situation in the world to-day.

Those specially called the Moderns, who are now most of them Ancients, conceived of human history as a progress in the sense of a procession. That is, they said that some slower people might bring up the rear, but all were moving onward. They also supposed that certain bold spirits, whom they called the Pioneers of Progress, went on in front and made a path for mankind. I have a great admiration for Walt Whitman; but it cannot be denied that he did exclaim, in a moment of weakness, "Pioneers, O Pioneers!" It was characteristic of all that world; first, that it relied upon a metaphor; and second, that it got the metaphor quite wrong. Whitman seems to associate his intellectual pioneers with the practical pioneers of the American Civil War. But a pioneer is not a person who leads the army, or decides where it shall go. The pioneers in front are as much under orders as any camp-followers in the rear. If Sherman had thrown out pioneers to clear his road to Atlanta; and if the pioneers had seen a futuristic vision and gone off to found the future city of Oklahoma, Sherman would have been very much surprised; nay, vexed. And the moral is that the marching column of mankind must have some kind of notion of where it wants to go, before it can decide whether a pioneer is a useful pioneer or not.

Now, at this moment, the marching column of mankind is in

an extraordinary position. For one thing, it is not marching. But it is marking time; because it still has the general notion that it ought to march. It may seem quaint to recur to Macaulay as well as Whitman; but it is better described in Macaulay's poem of Horatius than in Whitman's poem about the Pioneers; though to many, I fear, Whitman is now as distant as Macaulay. But it is really true that the exact and very extraordinary position of the procession at this moment is expressed with precision in the familiar lines:

And those behind cried 'Forward!'
And those before cried 'Back!'

The camp-followers may be charging; but the pioneers are retreating. In other words, it is exactly the sort of bold and enquiring spirits, who were always said to be in advance of the age, who are now most doubtful about the desirability of advancing. It is exactly those who are content to follow tradition or convention or familiar fashions who are still following (as they suppose, at least) the tradition of progress, the convention of movement and the hundred fashions, familiar to the nineteenth-century, of appealing to the hope of change. Men are Progressive because they are a little behind the times. They are reactionary because they are a little in advance of the times. It sounds like a paradox; but it is really a very practical and even inevitable state of things, given certain conditions. Those behind will still cry, "Forward!"; and only those far in front will cry "Back!"; when the vanguard of the army has come suddenly to the edge of a precipice.

In short, I maintain that it is the Intellectuals (for want of a more intellectual term) who have now suddenly discovered the dangers of mere novelty, of mere anarchy, of mere negation. It is not all the Intellectuals, of course; and certainly not those who modestly gave themselves that name in the middle of the nineteenth-century. For these, by the ironic operation of their own favourite argument, are now old and venerable and established and respected; and, therefore, of no importance whatever. Men like Mr. Arnold Bennett, and Mr. Bertrand Russell, and Mr. H. G. Wells, are left behind by the advance; and are, therefore, under the illusion that it is still advancing. The particular state of mind I mean (which is not always a very pretty

state of mind at present) is peculiar to a section of the younger Intellectuals. And, whatever it is, it is not a positive faith in the promise of the future or the tendencies of the present. If we take any typical contemporary poet of the sort that is sensitive and critical, say Mr. Humbert Wolfe, or Mr. Osbert Sitwell, it is quite obvious that they are *not* merely in revolt against the nineteenth-century; though the progressive theory was bound up with the nineteenth-century. They are in revolt against the twentieth-century; and potentially more in revolt against the twenty-first.

But the point is that it is because they are so very Modern that they have rebelled against Modernism. It is because they have themselves seen all the new tricks, and in many cases played all the new tricks, that they have realised before anybody else that the whole bag of tricks may soon be played out. Mr. Humbert Wolfe may be justified in beginning every line with a small letter; indeed, in that he is classical rather than revolutionary; for the old Latin texts were always printed so. But he is far too intelligent a man not to see that those who would prove themselves progressive, by abandoning all capital letters, can only prove themselves still more progressive by abandoning all small letters; and that this sort of destructive reform can only end in a blank page. So this kind of destructive progress ends in a blank wall. Mr. Sitwell may think himself right, in this or that case, in attaching a musical adjective to an entirely visual or pictorial substantive. But he can see, as well as anybody else, that if a hundred howling imitators come in and claim the right to attach any adjective to any substantive, it is not so much a question of literature being lawless as of its ceasing to be anything at all. And we see more and more, every day, this curious sort of new alarm spreading among the most intelligent of the new schools; which is almost unintelligible to many of the old schools; and especially to that very old school which supposes that the young have no business to be anything but reckless and revolutionary.

I will take the case of two of the most acute and individual among the younger writers, one probably younger than the other, at least in fashion and fame; one American and the other English, and the inheritor of a name already famous for a very English style. I will take the cases of Mr. T. S. Eliot and Mr.

Aldous Huxley. They are different enough, of course; but they exactly express two different ways of recoiling from the recent riot and vulgarity of the merely "modern" world. Mr. Eliot, who began like a child of his age with the recognised stark and jagged experiments in free verse, has come to have something like a suspicion of every sort of freedom. He has come to stand for an almost cloistered refinement, full of the virginal traditions of old religion and repudiating not only the demagoguery of to-day, but even the democracy of yesterday. There are passages in the works of Mr. Aldous Huxley which few will call cloistered, which few, perhaps, will call virginal. But he is none the less a representative of the same reaction against recent vulgarity and vice. Only he reacts more in the manner of Swift; showing the ugly their own ugliness; even pelting the filthy with samples of their own filth. But he is, if not on the side of the angels, at least horribly bored with the devils. Anyone who will read his admirable account of Hollywood, which he calls, "The City of Dreadful Joy", will find it more dreadful than joyful. There is a fight against the recent licence; but what is fighting it is a sort of fierce fastidiousness.

I am not imagining this reaction because I want it; for, indeed, it is not especially the reaction that I want. I should have hoped for a popular revolt against perversions and pedantries of vice, which have never, in fact, been popular. I should have liked the ordinary, old-fashioned, obstinate people, who still stick to the notion of some connection between themselves and their own babies, to rise and bash in the heads of the inhuman prigs whose ideal is a sort of prophetic infanticide. I should like a howling rabble of really respectable people (and the rabble is still really respectable) to burn down the houses where Luxury takes on its true Latin sense of *Luxuria*. I should like the normal people, who live on beef and beer, to make war on the hypocritical cranks who take their vegetarianism in the form of vegetable cocktails less wholesome than the fruit of the vine. I should prefer the Intellectuals to be slaughtered by what may be called the Morals; and the mob is still very moral. But the great point is that they should be slaughtered; if not by the clubs of the crowd, then by the rapier of the more intellectual Intellectual. God moves in a mysterious way and does not disdain the strangest or the humblest instruments; and we must not

be ashamed of finding ourselves, if necessary, on the side of the cultivated and the clever.

Or again, it might have been that picturesque paradox; a revolt of the old against the young. It might have been a rebellion of oppressed parents breaking the yoke of servile obedience now laid on them by their tyrannical sons and daughters. It might have been the heavy father breaking out of the coal-cellar with the original big stick, or the maiden aunt emerging from the bedroom armed with the poker; and the joyous spectacle of their smashing the gramophones and the saxophones and the ukuleles, hurling away the cocktails, wrecking the racing cars and generally showing that there is life in the old dog yet. But, as a fact, it does not seem to be coming through the fury of the father or the grandfather but rather with the slowly maturing disgust of the great-grandson with the manifest idiocy of the grandson.

It is not coming by the big stick or the cudgels of the populace; but by something which I have compared to a rapier; and might compare to a razor. Some young men of the school of Mr. Aldous Huxley have, indeed, a touch of pessimism that is only too suggestive of a razor; at once the symbol of elegance and of suicide. And, indeed, there is a broader sense in which this is perhaps rather too true. When the Victorians rebuked little boys for playing with razors or rapiers, or such acute instruments and arguments ensued, the elders often used a proverbial expression here very relevant; "If you get so sharp as that, you will cut yourself". The minority of the most intelligent, in the younger generation, has really become very sharp; and it has really discovered the peril of cutting itself. Men like Mr. Huxley and Mr. Eliot have the sense to see that the half-truths of the sceptic are not only edged tools, but double-edged tools. They cut the ground from under rationalism as well as from under religion; they can be used to wound democracy as easily as despotism; in the last resort they can inoculate the mind with doubts about doubt itself. More and more the really clever young man will find that he has grown sharp enough to cut himself; and, if he does not try something beyond scepticism, he will grow sceptical enough to cut his throat.

Lastly, why do I think this small minority of rather fastidious and over-refined persons will finally have an effect? I answer, with a profound sigh, because of the great social institution which

we call Snobbery. As soon as the quite brainless mob of Bright Young Things discovers that it is really being *despised*, as a mob of dull old things (though it were only by two well-educated minor poets) there will be a panic. The mass of the immoralists never believed in immorality, or in anything else. They never really thought that wrong was right, because they never really thought at all. They merely believed what they were told; that being lawless was the latest thing. If once they hear that there is something later still, even later than the latest, they will rush for it and roll in the mud in front of it, though it were a Hermit out of the desert like St. Anthony. If it is a humorous, but slightly superior young man, who regards all their vulgar and raucous games as *vieux jeu*, and will only condescend to talk about Humanism and St. Thomas Aquinas, they will grovel before him. I know them. They play the goat, but they none the less do it like sheep. For they are sheep that have not a shepherd, and the shepherd named Pan is dead.

THE MAIN ISSUE IN DISARMAMENT

BY J. H. HARLEY

THE Naval Conference which prolonged its weary length throughout the month of April has taken one real, if short step forward, but it has not yet settled the main issue in Disarmament. The League of Nations, on the other hand, has always been keenly susceptible to the importance of this main issue. No sooner had it got into its stride in 1920 than it took up the question of the conditions of this great problem seriously in its First and Second Assemblies. In its Third Assembly it passed the famous Resolution 14, admitting candidly that, in existing circumstances, many Governments would be unable to accept responsibility for a serious reduction of armaments unless they received in exchange a satisfactory guarantee of the safety of their country; and suggesting that such guarantee could be found in a defensive agreement binding them to provide immediate and effective assistance, in accordance with a pre-arranged plan, in the event of one of them being attacked. The result was the preparation firstly of the Draft Treaty of Mutual Assistance, and then, more successfully in 1924, the Geneva Protocol, which was recommended to the League by a resolution passed in the Fifth Assembly by the unanimous vote of 48 of its members. This Protocol could not come into operation until a subsequent Disarmament Conference had adopted a substantial measure of general Disarmament and its repudiation, without the substitution of any similarly comprehensive scheme, by the Conservative Government in 1925, was the most unfortunate and retrograde episode in the whole history of the movement towards World Disarmament.

It is necessary to begin by emphasizing strongly this point because a contrary view has become the prevailing assumption of a very influential school of writers on international subjects in this country, and has been reinforced by the attitude of aloofness to Europe which is undoubtedly involved in the new Empire Crusade. The Geneva Protocol, say those of this way of think-

ing, called on Great Britain to assume fresh European responsibilities and our weary Titan cannot on any account face such a serious task. Mr. J. L. Garvin, to take a notable example, is the exponent of this Empire pessimism, and with that wealth of language which constitutes the charm as well as the trial of his appeals, he has almost pontifically ordained that this country can give no further guarantees even in the cause of European Disarmament and peace. But who constituted these people the authorized exponents of the feelings of our new electorate? Are not all the presumptions rather the other way? The Geneva Protocol was cheerfully accepted by successive Conferences of what was then the victorious Labour Party, and the experience of the late war has proved, beyond the reach of cavil, that a war to end war is a slogan which can win the hearts of men.

Without such guarantees, at any rate, it is now perfectly apparent that the question of the reduction, as contrasted with the limitation of armaments, has not yet been successfully approached. In this respect London could only hand over its responsibilities to Geneva. No question, as regards its main issue, demands to-day a more stringent and realistic examination. No question is more critical for the whole future of civilization. What really is the main issue which is being surely unbared at Geneva? Are we really taking substantial steps towards a World Disarmament? Why then the comparative failure, so far as Europe is concerned, of the last Naval Conference? If this comparative failure can be explained and the pathway in Geneva cleared of all its arresting obstacles, then there can be no doubt of the attitude of the people of this country towards their consequent responsibilities; provided always it is in the cause of assured peace and a substantial and genuine measure of disarmament.

The first step, therefore, towards revealing the main issue at Geneva must be to sum up the situation at London. Why was it necessary to have this particular Conference at all when the whole question, as it affected all kinds of armaments and an immensely wider variety of countries, might have been more suitably considered at Geneva? Why, if not because the United States had chosen to stand out of the League of Nations and could only have been present at Geneva under the unsatisfactory appellation of an observer? On the other hand, the United States is a Great Power and aims at becoming as great as the greatest Naval

Power, and nothing could be done at Geneva in the reduction, or limitation of naval armaments generally, until it was clear how the United States stood on the question, and whether it agreed with the general plan which might ultimately be adopted for the application of the yardstick to comparative navies.

Thus it is abundantly clear, even on a preliminary view, that the late London Conference could not have been expected to be a general success. France, for example, politely accepted the invitation to be present, but with much commendable frankness raised issues in a preliminary critical Memorandum which showed that, so far as her own disarmament was concerned, the Conference would not possibly achieve any considerable result. And that the Conference was principally meant to settle the naval attitude of the United States and, through the United States, the attitude of Japan is also shown by the fact that throughout an appeal was made to the Kellogg Pact and not to the Covenant of the League of Nations. Now, if there is one thing certain in this world, it is that the Kellogg Pact as it stands at present can never be the basis of any really effective measure of general world disarmament. This may seem a hard saying to many well-meaning men and women who are accustomed to talk confidently about the compelling character of moral certitudes, and who assume that, because a large number of nations have signed a solemn declaration, there is nothing now to do but to turn their swords into pruning hooks. This misguided and optimistic enthusiasm does not influence at all the conscientious but realistic statesman, who feels that he stands in relation to his people's safety as the trustee of a great possession; and that although, like Tolstoy, he might counsel the taking of risk in his own or another individual life, he is not entitled to take away from his people the power of efficiently defending themselves, until he is absolutely certain that the other nations, with whom he has made his compact, will loyally stand together to defend him, in any evil day, against unmerited and unjust aggression. But such preventive action, objects your moral enthusiast, would be war, and it is war that we want effectually to ban. This may be true as well, and it may even have a certain amount of juristic endorsement; but such wire-drawn arguments exert not the slightest influence on those who are responsible for their country's peace and safety.

General disarmament, then, must be based on a co-ordinated

compact like the Covenant of the League of Nations. Even the provisions of the Geneva Protocol would have had ultimately to be incorporated in this same Covenant. At Geneva to-day this is being attempted in relation to the Kellogg Pact, not without opposition from those who imagine that the United States would be antagonized if anything was done to impair the Pact's solitary integrity. No one who followed the long negotiations before this Pact was finally adopted could fail to see that so far as Mr. Kellogg was concerned, no sufficient account was taken of the obligations of other nations to the League Covenant. At first it was the Briand Pact. Then, as the Briand-Kellogg Pact, it was proposed to France and a few selected Powers in a form that might have made France unfaithful to her League obligations. Ultimately France objected, and it was finally thrown open to all the nations of the League; but, as Professor Shotwell quite candidly recognizes, it then became more of a Kellogg than a Briand Pact, and quite ineffective in its own solitary strength to procure any general World Disarmament.

In relation to the United States, however, it must be admitted that the Pact of Paris has a certain authoritative appeal; partly because of its most frequent association with the name of an American Secretary of State, partly because the Americans are accustomed to attach value to slogans that are loudly declared in great conventional assemblies. And it was because it was so skillfully used in the recent Naval Conference by the present Prime Minister, and preceded by adequate preparation in his most successful visit to the States, that the Naval Conference did achieve one result of supreme importance; that it did avert a consequence which would have been a catastrophe of the first magnitude to civilisation—a competition in naval construction between Great Britain and the United States. This it did by the authoritative promulgation of the blessed word "parity," which means that Great Britain knows where she stands in naval matters in relation to America, and that if any modifications of her naval programme are subsequently required at Geneva or elsewhere, all that the United States wants is to have "parity" with the greatest Naval Power.

A competition in naval armaments between Britain and the United States has been called a catastrophe to civilization, and it would be easy to under-estimate the importance of the results

which the recent Naval Conference has achieved in this respect. Yet from 1916, when a Navy Bill made provision for large and ominous additions to the American fleet, this subject of post-war naval competition was a source of grave preoccupations to those who had eyes to behold the more important consequences of the war. The admirals of the United States were enamoured of big capital ships and the Allies wanted more cruisers to be used against the German submarines. Colonel House tells us that he and his friends were plainly perturbed. If they acceded to the Allies' demands, they might be left at the end of the war with an inadequate number of these big engines of war which they thought absolutely necessary for their own safety. What was to be done? Colonel House proposed that the United States, at the end of the war, should have a claim on a certain number of British ships to be afterwards returned; while Lord Balfour counselled a defensive alliance between the principal Allied Powers to come into effect when the war was brought to an end. Nothing was done at the time because ex-President Wilson was not so convinced of the absolute necessity of great capital ships. But when proposals were made to partition the German ships among the Allies, the controversy broke out again with renewed vehemence. It was pointed out that the United States could not remain absolutely indifferent to such a palpable accession to British naval power, and it was actually suggested that if the United States, Great Britain, and Japan should have any of the German ironclads allotted to them, they should each of them covenant to sink such monsters in the seas.

The result of the Naval Conference, then, has been to show that Great Britain has now finally renounced a dangerous naval competition with America, and has resigned herself to a parity which for ever forbids the assumption of British naval supremacy. It has not been an easy step to take, even when it has been taken in the eventual interest of Disarmament. At the beginning of the war the "blue water" school was paramount in the House of Commons and the "blue water" school required that the British fleet should be as powerful as the fleets of any other two Powers. When the first American suggestions were made to prominent British statesmen, they reacted as forcibly as Lord Haig did to the first proposal of a French *Generalissimo*, when, according to Clemenceau, the British Field-Marshal "leaped up

like a jack-in-the-box." In July, 1919, Colonel House paid a visit to England, and then he records in his intimate papers that he "sensed an antagonism to the United States." But the feeling of resignation to the inevitable grew more and more marked. It became more marked still at the Imperial Conference of 1921, when, with the approval of the Dominions, the word "parity" was first successfully launched; it was applied practically by both sides in the Washington Conference of the same year; and now the final step forward has been taken at London by the successful application of the principle, so far as such application is possible, to all the details of the naval programme of Japan and the new great Anglo-Saxon countries.

So far, then, it is plain that some substantial progress has been made in clearing up the way towards World Disarmament. Yet it must also be recognized that the results of the recent Naval Conference are more satisfactory, as applied to the particular circumstances of Great Britain and the United States, than they are when related to the situation of the big European nations. The very word "parity," so soothing when repeated by the statesmen of the two Anglo-Saxon countries, proved a source of aggravated disturbance when proposed to countries like France and Italy where there is such a feeling of tension as evidently exists to-day. Nor can it be admitted that since the Naval Conference came to an end this feeling of tension has at all appreciably diminished. What, then, is the main issue in Disarmament which remains open for a League Council at Geneva? How can a general measure of disarmament, as contrasted with a particular naval disarmament, be commended to the nations of the world?

The general answer to these questions has already been indicated in the earlier part of this discussion, where stress has been laid on the necessity of connecting up proposals for disarmament with some co-ordinated scheme, based on the Covenant of the League of Nations. But fortunately we have a balanced and authoritative summary of the principles which, in the past, have secured progress in Geneva on the question of Disarmament, from the report on the Geneva Protocol submitted by the British delegates to the Prime Minister in the November of 1924. This report was signed by Professor Gilbert Murray and Sir Cecil Hurst, as well as by Mr. Arthur Henderson, the Foreign Secretary; but from the fact that Mr. Henderson's name has been most

conspicuously associated with the successes of 1924, and that he is now the principal delegate to Geneva, the report may very fairly be known as the Henderson Report of 1924. This Henderson Report pointed out that, so far as the memorable meeting of 1924 was concerned, there was general agreement on the following points: (1) That as a preliminary to disarmament there must be provided an inclusive scheme for the pacific settlement of international disputes of all kinds; (2) that the Covenant of the League itself provides the basis of such a scheme, but that it requires elaboration, precision and extension in certain directions; (3) that to give effect to such a scheme, States should develop the principle of compulsory arbitration; (4) that a State, having accepted this principle would, if it resorted to force in disregard of its obligations to submit to arbitration, be automatically declared an aggressor, and outlawed; (5) that some form of co-operation must be devised for effective resistance to aggression, both as a deterrent to any possible aggressor, and as a guarantee of security to all States, enabling them to contemplate a reduction of their own armed forces, which at present constitute their ultimate guarantee of safety. A satisfactory settlement on the lines of these five principles is, according to this Henderson Report, the main issue in Disarmament. This Report, moreover, was the clearest and most summary statement of the conditions which would govern any real success in promoting World Disarmament at the time it was written, and it remains the most adequate and comprehensive appreciation of the difficult situation of to-day.

That being so, it is melancholy to reflect how unaware of the real complexity of the position were many of those in this country who made confident comments on the progress of the recent Naval Conference. For example, it was assumed that the French request for a British elucidation of Article XVI. of the Covenant, in compliance with the second of the principles of the Henderson Report, would automatically involve, as its inevitable correlate, an immediate and substantial reduction in the French naval requirements. But the moment we study the Henderson Report as a whole, we discover that this is not at all the case. Principle number two is only one of five principles, all of which must adequately be satisfied before there can be real and evident progress in the great cause of Disarmament. Indeed, the question was principally addressed by the French to Great Britain, because

there had been a considerable amount of loose language used in this country about the genuineness of our acceptance of this very Article XVI. General Smuts, for example, speaking both in England and in the United States, had declared that, though the financial sanctions of the Article might have to be operated, it had been tacitly understood in Versailles that never, under any circumstances, would the military sanctions come to be put in force. Naturally this appeared to the French as minimizing serious commitments and, before taking on any further Disarmament obligations, they naturally desired to know how they stood, with regard to the obligations which had already been mutually assumed.

The reply which was then given shows that, so far as the present Government are concerned, they are determined that Great Britain shall remain faithful to her Covenant obligations. That is to say that if, in some case of wanton aggression, whether preceded or not by situations involving the use of other articles of the Covenant, Article XVI. is brought into action against the aggressor by the Council of the League, Great Britain will consider herself loyally bound to participate in the sanctions that are thereby involved to the full extent that may be required to restore the authority of the League. This was the interpretation placed on this part of the Covenant by Senator Borah and his friends, when ex-President Wilson returned to his country bearing the new instruments in his hands. Overt acts of war, they objected, might be required of the United States under this Article without requiring the sanction of Congress, and it was because they were not prepared to stand in with the rest of the world in this respect, that they advised the Senate to reject the Covenant, and refuse the resultant membership of the new League of Nations.

Great Britain, however, has accepted the Covenant, and happily remains an active and efficient member of the resultant League. What are the objections to our loyally accepting the obligations, however onerous, which the Covenant thus entails? Why, if Disarmament is the most pressing necessity of the future, should we not whole-heartedly face the main issue in Disarmament? The reply given one or two years ago would have been that thereby we should be stabilizing with our sanctions, under Articles X and XVI of the Covenant, the territorial arrangements of the Treaty

of Versailles. These objectors have worked themselves into a frenzy of indignation over some particular instance of what they termed injustice, say, the Polish Corridor, or Hungary, or Upper Silesia, or Vilno, or Danzig. They desired that Great Britain should renounce all responsibility for the support of what they described as iniquitous arrangements. Not so much, however, is heard of such an attitude to-day. It is being slowly recognized that a Treaty, however adversely you regard it, is still a solemnly signed and duly ratified Treaty, and you cannot change it unless there is mutual agreement because of completely altered circumstances, or at the cost of a war which might easily become the crowning menace to civilization.

It might seem, then, that the situation ought to be more favourable to-day at Geneva for comprehensive proposals for Disarmament than it has ever been before; and so it appears from many of the sides in which we must necessarily regard it. Recently Mr. Conwell Evans has written an interesting book *The League Council in Action*. [Milford. 12s. 6d.] which must be consulted by all who desire to study the operation of the Covenant, and in which he maintains that Article XVI is unnecessary because the past precedents shew that the League sanctions have been more successfully operated under the milder Article XI. He is not quite successful to the full extent of his contention, but his attitude testifies to a remarkable change in the spirit of the comment on this whole matter of sanctions.

Indeed, one would suppose that Mr. Garvin and others were completely mistaken in their estimates of public opinion were it not for the progress of the Empire Crusade in a great historic party. For, on the political side, that Empire Crusade implies, as has already been pointed out, such an aloofness from Europe as would preclude any whole-hearted participation in the responsibilities for European Disarmament. It might involve Great Britain, on the occurrence of certain eventualities, in a Tariff War with Europe. It would thereby split up the Empire by weakening any effective hold on our Eastern possessions. It would likewise divide up the League of Nations into an Empire League, a European League, and perhaps a League of the Nations of the East, with the United States emphasizing the Munro doctrine, and detaching from the League, to form part of a Pacific combination, the States of South America. What a dismal prospect

for the future! How impossible with such slogans on our lips, to face, with any hope of success, the inevitable requirements of any effective World Disarmament! In truth, the only hope for the future, so far as a great outstanding political problem like Disarmament is concerned, is that the world shall act as a whole, and that the League of Nations, in particular, shall resist any threatened dissolution into a series of hostile regional combinations. With divided forces troubles would inevitably accumulate. The real requirements of Disarmament could hardly be successfully considered. The United States could never be encouraged to reconsider its decision to refuse membership of the existing world combination. "I see two Leagues of Nations," cried out Charles Baudoin in a psychic mood just before the Armistice, "one gyrating in the orbit of the Allies, the other sweeping along in its wake the prodigious East of Confucius and of Buddha, and the Red Guard who are opening the gates for the passage of the Yellow Race. . . . And I see a world in flames! I see war, world-wide war, or war of which the war from which we are just emerging will have been no more than a dress rehearsal, the paltriest of imitations." There is sufficient inflammable material, both in East and West to-day to make this ten-year old forecast decidedly uncomfortable. At any rate it helps, or should help us, to make up our minds speedily on the main issue of Disarmament.

THE RE-COLONISING OF BRITAIN .

By W. J. BLYTON

STANDING the other day on a flight of very indented stone steps at the Ministry of Agriculture, an official gave me a humorous explanation why they were being replaced. "They have been worn down like that," he said, "by the nailed boots of deputations from the country to a succession of Governments asking for some sort of policy or aid for farmers and farm workers." There is reason to think that the condition of rural England will become an increasingly live political issue. Now that the Prime Minister is free of the pre-occupation of the Naval Conference, he is busy investigating some aspects of the greatest malady of the State; and a different order of ideas is being reviewed by the Minister of Agriculture, particularly land drainage as a palliation of the unemployment evil. I detect real symptoms of belated alarm in Whitehall, and a willingness to make up some of the enormous leeway in the knowledge needed for arresting the deadly decline.

To those who believe, on grounds of experience and psychology, that the space and comparative silence of the country mean *morale*, spiritual poise and physical stamina, generally speaking, for the people; and that the over-stimulus of town life is the historic recipe for nervous and physiological exhaustion—to say nothing of its economic peril, and the threat to the home and to a people's religious and general balance—the one hope is that the government, any government, will soon shape and implement something worthy of being called a land policy. It would be within sight, perhaps, if it were possible for our politicians, accompanied by editors and publicists, to be conducted to the remaining stretches of countryside, and shown the plight of what was once, and still might be, one of the greatest of our national industries, and the permanent source of strength to a nation.

What they would see in some areas would be cottages and houses passing into disrepair, watercourses choked, arable fields

going back to grass (and poor grass, too): cornlands ruinous as they have not been since 1879; macadam roads being thrust through once prosperous enough reaches of farmland for the convenience of motordom; wheat and oats being fed to poultry, and potatoes to cows. Sir William Beach-Thomas spoke recently of a district from which not only hedgerows, crops and byres have vanished, but where even the village—and its church—have disappeared. Mr. Bensusan cites the case of a farm, a good heavy-land holding of several hundred acres with a fine old house, built centuries ago, and solid out-buildings of the type that came into being when agriculture was prosperous; the whole place sold for £4. 5s. an acre, which is less than the annual rent paid in some favoured spots. Only this week I walked through a large and now deserted flour mill, encrusted with moss and lichen, echoing to my own footsteps and the wings of owl or bat; it could still be run by the water-power that strains round its weed-choked wheels. In an outhouse (once an office) I lingered for nearly an afternoon examining its weather-stained ledgers, day books and correspondence; enough to show that its business was once brisk as a co-operative concern. It is still well-spoken of by the local worthies, who now, so to speak, like Ruth, live on “the alien corn”. One could multiply instances.

I can vouch for the truth of this incident this spring in a ferny Wessex by-way. An old farm craftsman pointed out a beautiful hedge once surrounding his ploughland. “I put my best into that,” he said; “and long after I’ve gone, folk will be proud of Ruben’s hedge.” His work now is to unmake what he had to make; he beats down thistles in a twenty-acre field which some years ago he broke into plough and has so many times helped to harvest; he traps rabbits across a stretch of country which he had hedged and where he had tended sheep. There are no crops now and no sheep—only furze and bracken. In wet seasons it is waterlogged. A motor whizzed by. “For why?” he said. “To keep roads dry and let ’em see across. And when every place is cut down and like every other place, for why will they *come* to Devon? . . . I can’t understand. That field (pointing to a wilderness) grew the best turnips as ever the Lord zeed. Us still needs turnips, and mutton, and corn—surely? I can’t understand . . . And a man learns more when he’s out with the ewes or when he’s sittin’ behind a horse than

when he’s trappin’ vermin or sittin’ still over an engine. Government? It haven’t done good government to the land. It’ll give the old age pension to me next year—after doing that”. So spoke the old man to Father Vincent McNabb, the Dominican who is deeply acquainted with the land and its interests.

Mr. Blunden, who observes uneasily that Madge and Hodge are gravitating toward the town, to the cinema, the Woolworth store, and the “pub” built in the late Marzipan period, says of the farm worker:—“Of him this country should be proud. He will be in heaven before the majority of us, and will be in his element with the verification of Isaiah’s pastoral. I do not know that any union with nature could be more desirable than his. If civilisation kills him, so much the worse for civilisation”. To starve this basis of our living would be to cut out the source of half and perhaps the better half of all English poetry; to impoverish English character and blood; to breed a race of sciolists, a tube-shot generation who read print by the acre, and half-hear wireless talks by the hour; who have the hard-run towns-man’s pseudo-knowledge and mental indigestion, versed in the frothier elements of science and the jargon of the quack psychologist. Exposed to these over-stimuli, fed with clerkly “book knowledge”, divorced from the ancient craft of the hands, he is the victim of a spurious and precocious intellectuality without corresponding growth in spiritual stature, with too little leisure or humility to ruminate or take knowledge for his very own. The change of habitat of 70 to 80 per cent. of Britons from the hay-ricks to the Hoxtons, from glebeland to gasometer, is a bad change, physically and metaphysically; and the necrosis of the soul, though gradual, is none the less sure. An environment of machinery makes for mechanism as a creed; empties the pavement mind of the finer values, beliefs, and dependences.

To shield our eyes from the encroachment, we are apt to concentrate upon the remaining exceptions. “The catalogue of ‘passing away,’” says Mr. Blunden, after giving a long one (which includes hurtling land-liners sweeping all before them in lanes where the partridge was safe with her brood all the sunny day), “does not yet hinder this country from being, all points weighed, astonishingly beautiful, mellow with the pleasantest associations; the republic of birds and flowers, the earthly paradise of horse, sheep, heifer, and mongrel; a friendly meeting ground

of Nature and man; and that this is flourishing in 1930 is in part the highest tribute that the Englishman, with all his achievements, has ever won". Nevertheless, it is as well to face the fact that eighty per cent. of the population of England is urban; more and more of it is, biologically speaking, "townstuff". This is our coming problem. We are becoming one huge city, and what was country is increasingly now merely something that exists precariously between vast ganglia of bricks and mortar. Soon, as someone has said, our business will not be to save the countryside from the city, but to save a bit of countryside for the city. In the north of England, within a hundred years, town has joined with town; Manchester, Salford, Bolton, Oldham, Rochdale, Burnley; Birmingham, Stafford, Wolverhampton, Stoke, Macclesfield—and so on, and on. The polyp-like new "estates" that are beginning to cling to the new arterial, circular, and by-pass roads promise in some cases to become the nuclei of fresh problems in the future. Building and planning are not always felicitous. I saw a large estate ruined by the destruction of hundreds of trees by the builder. The dryads were soon revenged. The trees had acted as absorbents of the rains and pools; and the first intimation from Nature that she knew her business better than Mr. Jerry was the flooding of all the houses, and their desertion wholesale by owner-occupiers and tenants. The builder lost nearly everything by this philistinism.

In our civilisation we are draining the middle region of our nature, the scheming, nervous and cerebral part; at the cost of the more ancient and tenacious parts—the instinctive and physical; and the spiritual or mystical. The loss in dignity and health of manhood is severe. The insistence on one life-mode results in desolation and neurasthenia. The rich innocent life of the senses and sympathetic system is starved; and in a score of unwitting ways we are tampering with vital currents which ask nothing so urgently as spontaneity. D. H. Lawrence was right in saying that "the brain has become the vampire of modern life, sucking up the blood and the life. There is hardly an original thought or utterance possible to us. Let humanity lie fallow. We want *effectual* human beings, rather than *conscious* ones." The surviving breed of countrymen would endorse that, with their well-known scorn for "head learning" that turns children against the soil and the sacred symbols of the primary crafts; and with

their bewilderment in face of urban *deracinés*, (such as I overheard from a deepsea fisherman, looking at tourists: "Summer things!") But now we have consciously to restore the balance of nature, of racial function, and production; because there are not now (as in Roman times) any great reservoirs left of barbarian energetic life. If we lose the dwindling remnant of rich muscular, sensorial life, we lose all—and lose it finally.

The irony is that the desertion of parts of the country by many of its traditional skilled indigenes has not been arrested by the introduction of all manner of amenities—wireless, the gramophone; Village Institutes with lending libraries, lectures and entertainments; newspapers; continuation classes, with grants for study; the linking up of the village with the township by motor-bus; and so on. Except for its greater peace and dignity, rural living is less different from urban living to-day than ever before in history; that is to say, for the countrywoman with any mind at all, or with even moderate education. This is spoken from experience; and from that of friends, who by preference combine cultivation of the soil with mental pursuits of no mean kind. "We are as near town as it is good for anyone to be," is their attitude; "we miss nothing." They are as primed and *affairés* as they have any need to be. And no industry, too, has seen an improvement in conditions comparable to agriculture in the last eighty years. From Yorkshire to Somerset it has been noticeable on hiring days that the farmers have to importune the hands and maids; thus reversing the former relations. This is due in parts to more marked scarcity of labour, but even more to a growth in the sense of personality and to the vastly increased mobility now possible. The landworkers' life to-day, is almost without exception one of comfort where there is any ordinary thrift. From the Isle of Wight to Cumberland, I have seen and even stayed in the cottages of people whose wages are half those of an urban dustman; these have a piano, or a gramophone, possibly a bicycle or a crystal set. Noticing other changes, Hardy, in the notes just published by his widow says: "The labourers have become more and more migratory—and younger families in especial, who enjoy nothing so much as fresh scenery and new acquaintance," with dire results upon local tradition, and memories, and characteristics.

That note was made thirty years ago; and since then the

tendency has vastly accelerated. At first the cause was mainly insecurity of tenure. In the towns to which they go, insecurity also exists; but there, as Hardy says shrewdly, "it is not fraught with such-trying consequences as in a village, whence they may have to travel ten or twenty miles to find another house and other work." These people, eighty years ago, had not the means nor the knowledge for such migration. Perhaps, also, the backbone of village life, the mechanics and small traders, by their stability and comparative independence were good neighbours to have, and reduced the inclination to restlessness. Whether one puts it down to post-war malaise, to lack of a national programme, to street-corner "socialisms," to the pull of the cinema and the shoddy pleasure of the main-street on the young, or to the break-up of small communities by oversea emigration; the fact of "the deserted village" remains, in many areas, on a scale undreamed of in Goldsmith's poem.

There is, it is true, a singular counter-tendency locally at work, which since it may develop, should be noted. This is the individual and small group effort, tentative as yet, to live on a modest scale on the strips of cultivable earth between the towns. An astonishing case in point is West Lancashire. In that stricken country, where some cotton mills are being offered for sale for the price which the bricks, glass and iron will bring, within a half-hour's train ride one may see thousands of men—ex-cotton-workers often—with their families, have filled mile after mile of country with small holdings, and egg and poultry "farms". Much of the Fylde country, between Preston and Blackpool, is thus occupied to-day; and that comparatively sheltered region gently sloping south-west resembles Kent to the traveller's eye. Indeed, draw a straight line perpendicularly down Lancashire, and (excluding Liverpool) it may be described to-day as preponderantly rural in pursuits. These settlers claim that two-thirds of the egg and prize hen industry of the country is carried on by them; and there is no reason to question the claim. In other parts, a less general similar tendency has been noted for years; the dream of running a chicken farm has been widely entertained by town workers, men and women, though the reports of failures have of late checked enthusiasm. There is likewise a tendency for middle-aged or pensioned couples to retire upon the bungalow or the cottage, an hour's distance from the smoke and the racket,

and to dabble in a small way in produce-growing. But these movements are sporadic and local; their significance is that they are *instinctive*, and show the heart of many of the people to be still sound.

We must look to wider agencies to remedy the lesion between man and earth. The boldest experiment in lucrative working of the soil is described by the Oxford Agricultural Economics Research Station. With next to no capital, Mr. Baylis (improving on discoveries of Gilbert and Lawes, at Rothamsted, and using their artificial fertilisers) grew grain crops almost exclusively, and rid himself of livestock; thus reversing the depressing process, seen elsewhere, of arable ground falling back to mongrel grass. Taking over a farm in Berkshire he extended the enterprise to include others, later carrying the success further in Hampshire, till there were 12,000 acres, most of which he was able to free from mortgage, and to buy out of his profits. The fifty years' tale of triumph could not continue to be written, however, in the last few years; impossible odds were created by foreign competition with low wages, long hours, and state aid (fiscal and other) unknown here. Moreover, it is not a baseless fear that vested interests of our own do not favour increased home production; spokesmen of the distributing and importing trades have even suggested that English wheat is only fit for biscuits, pastry and the feeding of chickens, apparently on the plea that it is not so easily and profitably manipulated in loaf-making as are the wheats raised overseas. But the briefest possible definition of Government (consistent with fairness) is that it exists to control and counteract sectional movements of self-interest; to assert the whole against the part; to listen to what the years say against the hours, and the centuries against the years. Any Government worthy of the name, so interpreting its responsibilities, will see that what Britain needs—politically, economically, physiologically and spiritually—is to refresh itself at its sources.

Those sources are in the soil, and in the resulting mental, religious and economic stability which from ancient times has been known to preserve a people; in contradistinction to the unreasoning *attrait* of city existence which burns up in two, or at the most three generations, the stamina and survival value of a family or group. Virgil and Horace were as clear about this

combustion of eugenic resources as are our Recruiting Authorities or the Chiefs of the Ministry of Health. Like any other plant, animal, or spirit, man imperatively needs spacing out; he withers, tires and stales in the too crowded atmosphere of his kind. Cities, as Hardy said, are "the *hot plate* on which we dry away to dust and ashes." Charles Lamb's schoolmaster was "boy-sick, sick of perpetual Boy"; men, too, are stunted by everlasting proximity and collision with man, wall, and pavement.

Most other implements of man's labour have altered out of recognition. The plough has *not* altered, it is significant to notice, since the days of primitive man. It is still the key to man's larder; the handle to the staff of life. It is, of course, very much more besides; the symbol of our foundation industry, a promotor of prosperity in other departments, a certificate of a nation's soundness in economic thinking, and an insurance of its health and safety in time of peace or war. Yet the lessons of the world-war have in the last twelve years been ignored; and on several millions of acres the plough is not used where once it was. Producers have been turned off, and consumers forced into parasitism on the unemployment benefit, to chafe at their un-used skill as much as at a kind of economic bondage which is new to them. We have run too early, perhaps, to the expedients of contraceptives; elaborate social aids in money-form; crowding the secondary, tertiary, and luxury trades; putting our youth into clerkly or unproductive callings; and tending to a population of the elderly.

The discord that affects our agricultural industry, some consider, could be resolved by the guarantee of a reasonable price for the farmer's wheat; that done, the farmer could carry forward his other husbandry and keep a full staff, three times as many as he needs after he has been forced to put his land down to grass. That might well mean 250,000 more men (or more than twice that number of people, adding the women and children) to the countryside in the first three years; and immensely more in five years. It would mean, other experts believe, that our staple food could be sold at three-quarters of the price reigning to-day. The case for the farmer is stronger than that of most who receive State allowances: it happens to be the case for England's body and soul. Because our exports

and imports do not more than balance, we are relying upon unstable external sources for the means to pay our food bills; our land is depreciating to a disquieting degree; and—most ironic of all—the consumer in the town is no better off than if he were to give a square deal to the farmer—a price that would enable him to produce at a profit, and pay many workers on the soil where, finally, we all belong, and on which as many as possible ought to live.

THE MECHANIZATION OF CULTURE

BY ANDRÉ SIEGFRIED

(Translated by Fitzroy MacLean)

DURING the course of the last thirty-three years, two new facts of great significance have become evident. On the one hand the United States have created, or rather put into practice, a new method of production which involves a complete change in their conception of life; and as a result of this, Europe finds herself face to face with a new and powerful America. On the other hand, this change has had the effect of making Europe suddenly conscious of her own individuality. We are now faced with the problem of how far it is necessary for Europe to become "Americanised" in order to survive.

This problem, which confronts each one of us, is undeniably the most pressing of the day. Its most striking feature is the newly-born rivalry between the two Continents. At the end of the last century, this rivalry was entirely unknown. In fact, it did not really manifest itself until after the War, when we realised that Europeans no longer controlled the world. The last ten years of the nineteenth-century were the end of an epoch. It is hardly necessary to say that, at that time, the United States were still looked upon as a second-class political power.

Already immensely rich, she was at the same time full of paupers and bankrupts. In spite of the beginning which had been made in financial organisation, she was still in a state of adventurous anarchy, as far as her conceptions of production were concerned. Most of the features generally associated with colonial life still clung to her, so that we were bound to regard her, if not economically, at any rate intellectually, as a colony. Lincoln, Emerson, Thoreau, Edgar Allan Poe, were not yet fully

appreciated by us, for we were still conscious of how much the United States owed to European civilisation. Indeed, Americans themselves looked upon the old world as their spiritual home.

Now, in less than a generation, a sensational change has taken place. The decisive victory of mass production has brought with it, all unconsciously, the revival of the old viewpoint. To-day, American civilisation seems, even intellectually, largely autonomous, but its influence is now beginning to affect Europe. This is the reason why the traditional union is disappearing, at the very time when the relations between individuals are increasing to a surprising extent. It is this that has caused the feeling of spiritual remoteness which we certainly did not feel towards the America of thirty years ago. The outlook of the United States has changed. It is no longer a question of adventurous exploration but of methodical manufacture. Instead of Lincoln and Hill, we have Ford and Sloane, pioneers of a different kind of organisation. No longer is America a mere stretch of country, but a system; and we have to admit that Europe is no longer the inspiring force. It is possible that the principles of the system came from the Old World, but the system itself is quite definitely American. We are still able to grasp Lincoln with his Bible, his Aesop's fables and his classical tastes. But, if we are able to admire Ford, we do so distantly; actually, he fills us with a sense of dismay.

This transformation is the result of a change in the centre of gravity of the United States. The "Census" gives us every year, by means of a little cross on the map, the centre of gravity of the population of America. This cross, which a century ago was to the east of the Alleghanny Range, is now in Indiana quite near Illinois—in fact right in the valley of the Mississippi; and that is a part of the country which has no tendency towards expansion. Those towns which, during the last ten years have shown the most extraordinary development, are not ports but inland centres like Detroit, Atlanta and Dallas, situated several hundreds of miles from the sea. In the heart of the country we see a vast district, going by no special name, shut in by two considerable chains of mountains and inhabited by tens of millions of people, who live their own life, support themselves by their own produce, and absorb almost completely the enormous

This article is reprinted here with the kind permission of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* in which journal it originally appeared.

quantity of objects which they manufacture. What is more, they are now on the way to the formation of a state of society fully provided with a complete material, moral and social code of life, as self-sustaining as a plant is full of sap.

At one time the East was the leaven of the West, but now the tide has changed and the West is spreading its influence by its methods, its ideas and even its men. The Atlantic States are full of men of the middle-west type, with square shoulders, round sallow-complexioned faces and self-imposed blindness behind their horn-rimmed spectacles . . . if the United States are about to overwhelm the World with their influence, the Middle West is now overwhelming the United States and flooding them with its tone.

II

The American system depends solely on its methods of production. At this moment, the whole world is asking the United States for the secret of their success, at the same time forgetting that the new Continent is developing in surroundings which are exclusively its own, so that actually some of its experience can be applied only to its own case.

In discussing production in the United States, we must bear in mind two conditions, on which its entire evolution is based: an abundance of natural resources on the spot, counter-balanced by a periodical lack of manual labour, resulting in a very high rate of wages. Accordingly in America, well-known to be a country of waste, mere produce may be squandered with impunity; but on the other hand, it is vital to be sparing of the human factor, and anyone wasteful of manual labour, would soon be put out of action economically. The American producer is, therefore, faced with the problem of obtaining a sufficient return on his capital in spite of having to pay the highest salaries in the world.

We can say, without exaggeration, that American genius has been successful in solving this problem. Europe has described in the one word "Rationalisation" the various means which have led to this remarkable achievement. In it, we can distinguish four distinct, but co-ordinate features.

The systematic use of machinery makes it possible to cut down the number of workmen, and consequently salaries, which would

otherwise weigh heavily on return. "Taylorisation" (a useful word even though it may not be quite accurate in this context) obtains the maximum use of manual labour by abolishing waste of human energy. Standardisation makes mass-production possible; an essential condition of the whole system. Lastly, financial concentration secures definite unity of purpose, although the work actually may be spread all over the country. All this goes to make a system of scientifically organised production. Our first thought is that Descartes would have been an admirer of Rationalism, and that is probably true. Nevertheless, when we observe American methods in practice, we are forced to admit that, although they are to a remarkable extent open to new ideas they still remain chiefly attached to the English tradition of new experiments. It is, indeed, fortunate that their abundance of raw material, combined with their control of unlimited capital leaves them a sufficiently wide margin to cover mistakes and experiments.

To apply such a method, in its entirety, is by no means possible in all countries. If the Americans are the first to have gained a signal success in this branch of commerce, they owe it partly, of course, to their own merits, but partly also to other circumstances. In the competition which exists between Europe and America, the latter is perhaps dependant on her natural advantages, rather than on any technical superiority, and the chief of these advantages is undoubtedly abundance of material. In this Continent—for it is a Continent rather than a country—mass-production has its full effect; all manufacture can, in fact, be organized and carried out on the lines of mass-production, and in dealing with such vast quantities each factory can specialise without losing by it. It is in this that we must look for the secret of cheap production in the twentieth century.

There is, however, another factor of success in America which I am tempted to put in the same category—and that is the spirit of progress. Up to now progress has always paid the producer, and the producer, relying on a century-old tradition, accepts unreservedly the theory that progress can never fail him. For this reason innovations in the United States, when they affect machinery or mass-production meet with no opposition either from the commercial classes, who are not familiar with the routine or from the consumer, who follows blindly the instructions

dictated by publicity. This state of affairs, which kills any individuality in the purchaser, fills the producer, on the other hand, with new initiative. The latter lives in an atmosphere of excitement of which one must have had actual experience to understand its power, and which may be said to constitute the decisive advantages of the New World over the Old. "America," I hear, from a well-informed correspondent, "owes its pre-eminence in trade not so much to the low cost of her produce as to the alacrity with which the Yankee puts into practice new methods for the acceleration of output. Perhaps an even more important factor is that we (France) were the last country to adopt this new system."

Europe, we must admit, is constructed on quite a different pattern. Geographically, she is broken up by natural divisions, whereas America presents one vast expanse. Moreover, Europe entirely lacks that political unity, which, in the case of America, (hardly interrupted by the presence of Canada) is of immense advantage. From a psychological point of view, the individuality of the Old World is in strong contrast to the conformity of the New. This, at any rate, is the impression gained by M. Paul Morand: "Europe is selfish, envious, democratic and disunited: Africa, Chinese Asia, and North America take the shape of a club or tomahawk; Europe has been wrecked by modern explosives, the thirst for money and the spirit of revolution. But, however ill-favoured she may look she is still our mother."

This penetrating analysis makes it perfectly clear why modern production is handicapped in the Old World. First of all we lose the advantages of America's *entirety* owing to our many frontiers, (and consequently tariffs) and still more to our many civilisations, producing differences in tastes and requirements. But this is not all, for our production depends on political factors: in a densely populated continent it is absolutely fatal to argue about territory; our efforts must tend in the direction of sharing, rather than producing. In the United States, where there are thirteen inhabitants to the square kilometre, it is easier to become rich by work rather than by trying to appropriate, by means of revolution or political intrigue, the fortunes which others have amassed. In Europe, on the other hand, where in the West at any rate, there are more than 100 inhabitants to the square kilo-

metre one can easily imagine that it is simpler to share wealth than to produce it. To this we must add that, even if its present difficulties were removed, she would not be left, like the United States, free of all ancient tradition. Such a headstrong pursuit of progress as that to which we have just referred, indicates a past entirely lacking in prestige and unencumbered by family ties, traditions, or even memories. On returning to Europe, one can fully grasp the words of Auguste Comte: "Humanity consists of the dead rather than the living." We do not live on the same scale as they do, and our rich store of history makes it impossible to give mere production the same important place with which it is honoured in America. We are, moreover, tempted to look upon the political lack of unity in Europe, which Ford regards as a fatal obstacle to the rational organisation of industry, as one of the advantages of civilisation.

At this point we are faced with what is the essential question, as far as the material future of the Old World is concerned. Is it possible for Europe to keep up a commercial struggle with the United States?

America clearly has the advantage whenever she can substitute a machine for a man, and automatic in place of human labour. But as soon as this solution to the problem becomes impossible the weight of salaries is overwhelming. When this occurs she either abandons it, or works behind the insurmountable barrier of protection. For this reason, American industry takes no interest in objects, which can be produced only in small quantities; articles made to measure, whether they be stockings or machines, remain a speciality of the Old World.

Europe, on the other hand, succeeds exactly where America fails. When a machine is shown to be no longer efficacious, the comparatively low standard of European salaries permits of a competition in manual production which mechanization, if carried any further, would render prohibitive. The same applies, but at the other end of the scale, to the case of an article, which, by its very superiority, necessitates in its manufacture the intelligent use of a pair of hands under the control of a trained mind. Accordingly, machines, and the men who rely on them, are limited to a field of operation from which there is no escape. Our most typical industries and exports capable of defying competition are precisely those which depend on the individual touch in their

manufacture and aim at the highest standard of quality and originality in their production. I do not, of course, maintain that Europe is unable to produce quantity, but it is in quality that her superiority lies. If, in the future, quantity is to become the ruling factor, we shall either have to make a complete change of tactics or risk commercial annihilation.

But it is possible for nations and their dispositions to undergo changes. Will America, in her turn, be able to rival us in the quality of her goods? To answer this question we must not leave out certain subtle considerations. There is no doubt that the quality of American goods is improving every day, and no one will ever be tempted to apply to them the famous formula: "cheap and nasty." Nevertheless, we must make distinctions. However excellent this quality may be, we never find quality separated from the idea of quantity. American production reaches the greatest perfection possible under the circumstances, but it never ceases to be mass-production. It is bound down to the level of articles which all classes can buy, for by producing a more aristocratic type of article, it would make mass-production impossible. For this reason American industry, in spite of its wonderful technique, is bound to remain what the Americans themselves call "quantity minded." It is in this that the secret of its success lies, and any change is bound to involve disaster. Unless circumstances alter completely, the centre of gravity of American industry will remain fixed at the point of intersection of quantity and quality.

In the same way we are faced with an analogous question concerning Europe: will she in her turn be able to cope with quantity by adopting American methods? Under equally mechanical conditions, and when success is not entirely dependant on the mass of material, there is nothing to prevent a struggle, and even a successful struggle, thanks to the cheapness of labour. American superiority has never been evident in, for example, the cotton or wool industries or the textile trade as a whole; the repeated demands for protection coming from her are sufficient proof of this. In the same way we can appreciate the inevitable advantage which must ensue, when machinery is combined with an ever-wakeful creative policy. One need only visit a large shop on the other side of the Atlantic to put an end to all doubts on this point, and one may be sure

that as soon as an article requires initiative or originality or any sort of artistic spirit, it is bound to come from Europe. By which, I do not intend to suggest that the New World has no creative genius, but that it is directed only towards the invention of labour-saving devices; other matters it leaves, for the most part, to the Old World. Nevertheless, when mass-production brings all its weight to bear, Europe cannot fail to realise the inconvenience of her actual structure. Can this be obviated?

Without considering a political or fiscal union, which, though it may be eventual solution, is still Utopian and belongs to the dim future, the mechanism of the international cartel makes it possible in the present day for certain products to be manufactured under the same mass conditions as in the United States. We still have the advantage of equivalent skill and a rate of wages, which although it has increased, is still below that which prevails in America. Since the Far East has become industrialised, we are able to realise the danger of competition, which combines mechanised work with cheap labour. This menace does not appear at all stages of production, but in the lower stages it has become irresistible. This makes one wonder if Europe could not direct against America the same rivalry, with changed proportions but for analogous reasons, with which she herself is threatened by Asia. But America, even so, would retain advantages which the Old World does not possess: complete collaboration of labour and output, a greater abundance of raw material and, above all, her immense reserves of working capital.

Sixty years ago Sir Charles Dilke in his famous work, *Greater Britain*, stated that the man whose food cost six shillings would get the better of the man whose food cost sixpence. This is the theory which the Americans adopt when they claim that the only commercial rivals which they have to fear are countries with a high rate of wages. Are they right in this? We begin to feel doubtful when we hear their noisy protests against the unfair competition of the Old World. Experience, indeed, would seem to show that a natural distribution is taking place between the old and new world. America holds, and seems to be able to retain, an unquestioned predominance in mass-production, especially in cases where it necessitates fertile imagination in the use of machinery and a complete organisation of admirable

complexity. Its balance is set at a level, which though above the average, does not reach the greatest heights. Europe on the other hand, seems capable of success at either end of the scale. At one she has monopolised the field of quality, and, at the other, she is successful in the production of goods which are not yet completely mechanised. In fact there is nothing to prevent her from gaining success in mere mass production, when low salaries supported by international mechanisation show their advantage over the too cumbrous organisation of America. In this, we must remember, there is always a danger of merely superficial organisation which would borrow from America its technique, without adopting at the same time its remarkable social system. In this respect it might be less dangerous to become completely Americanised than to undergo an insufficient process of Americanisation.

III

Under the influence of the United States we have perhaps become too much accustomed to discuss matters on purely material lines. Our opinions of America herself tend to be falsified by it. America has created what is perhaps her best contribution to civilisation, a superior standard of living. But what is the real value of this standard? Everyone knows about the standard of living of the American working man, for few subjects have been so thoroughly discussed. The high wages, of which the glory has been sung in all the corners of the earth, are to-day at the highest point which they have reached. Between 1913 and 1928 the rate rose from 100 to 260.6, while wholesale prices only rose to 140 and retail prices to 170, which means that the actual salary has increased 50 per cent. compared with its pre-war level. A workman, especially in the West, is easily able to earn five or six dollars a day, even if he is entirely unskilled. Wages of ten dollars a day are not rare, and stone-masons have been known to earn up to fifteen and seventeen dollars. Nevertheless, all these statements can only be made with certain reservations, which do not, perhaps, attract sufficient attention. There are parts of the country in which the pay is bad; for example, New England, and especially the new industrial districts in the South (North Carolina and Georgia).

Besides even in the those states in which the wages are high, they are only that for the work of young and robust men; after forty-five the wages soon go down, for industry demands men whose physical energy is as far as possible unimpaired. Again in the last two or three years unemployment has seriously restricted the advantages of a system of such high wages. This unemployment, which is the natural result of rationalisation, is automatically reduced, when business is flourishing, by a new distribution of activities; but as soon as trade becomes slack it assumes proportions which make it impossible to treat it with contempt. In all the large towns which I visited in the second half of 1929, the unemployed were counted roughly in tens of thousands.

These reserves seem to lose a great deal of their effect, if, looking at them from another point of view, one considers the amount of luxuries which are at the disposal of every American. Covering 5.6 per cent. of the surface of the earth and with 6 per cent. of the world's population the United States produce 70 per cent. of the petrol in the world, 54 per cent. of the copper, 44 per cent. of the coal, 50.5 per cent. of the cast iron, 53 per cent. of the steel, 63 per cent. of the cotton, and 61 per cent. of the maize. They consume 76 per cent. of the petrol, 70 per cent. of the rubber, and an almost analogous amount of silk. The material equipment of the American household corresponds to this amazing wealth. According to the American economist, Stuart Chase, there were to be counted in 1928 for 27 million homes, 18 million baths, 15,300,000 electric irons, 6,828,000 vacuum cleaners, 5 million washing machines, 4,900,000 electric fans, 260,000 electric radiators, 4,540,000 electric toasters, 755,000 electric refrigerators. We find the same profusion of motors: on 1st January, 1929 there were 24,630,000, that is, one car for every four people; in fact, if we exclude large towns and certain of the poorer districts, a car for every three people.

In addition to this, for some time past the General Motors have been trying to impress on the American citizen the fact that every self-respecting person should have at least two cars—the two-cars-consciousness, as they put it. At the moment the United States have 80 per cent. of the cars existing in the world. Telephones show a similar proportion: on the 1st January, 1929, there were 18,522,767 telephones, or 60 per cent.

of the telephones on the planet, as opposed to the 28 per cent. in Europe. This comes to 15.8 telephones for every 100 of the population, while on the Old Continent there are only 1.6 for every 100.

Does this impressive equipment really make the Americans happier? Certainly as far as happiness can be acquired by amassing produce, the American is able to get more for his wages than any other man in the world, for work is very highly paid in the United States, while mass-production tends to bring down the price of objects produced. But this is only one aspect of the problem. For in this country, where one can buy anything one likes, there remains one thing, which can only be obtained at prohibitive prices, and sometimes not at all, and that is the services of another man. And this disadvantage very nearly outweighs the other advantages. The whole organisation of life is modified, or rather transformed, by this state of affairs. A frantic search is taking place for an article to replace human services; that is to say, a device which will perform everyday tasks. Commerce has no difficulty in persuading consumers to buy more and more articles which were formerly luxuries, but which are now looked upon as indispensables. In this way a universally mechanized state of life has been reached, without which normal existence would be impossible.

For this reason, the home is assuming a new character. In a great many middle-class establishments the owner has two motor cars, but no cook, and often no servant at all. In New York a great many new flats have no kitchen, but only a kitchenette, and the dining-room has been replaced by a dining alcove, where they eat snacks. The result of the Immigration Law of 1921-1924 is beginning to make itself felt with a quite unforeseen rapidity. It has a democratising effect, which levels all classes to a common state of comfort, with the exception of a small number of very rich people, who are still able to enjoy the conditions of life which the aristocracy of Europe enjoyed in the days of its splendour. It is not for us to say whether all this is conducive to happiness; we will confine ourselves to stating that in Europe we are able to live an equally comfortable life on half the wages. In the United States, the man who is ready to do everything himself, enjoys to the full the benefits of this system. But if one needs

help, whether it is because one does not like housework, or because one has a large family of young children to bring up, one soon gets to know what it is to make sacrifices. To a great extent this explains the exodus of so many Americans to the Old Country whose poverty they despise.

But these are not all the effects of this mechanisation of society. It is impossible for anyone to deny the effect of the machine on the man, which is already becoming noticeable. Industrial production, with its rapid but logical development, is tending to depend more on organisation and less on individual efficiency. "The efficacy of production," writes Mr. Tugwell (*Industry's Coming of Age*) "is the business of the managers and not of the workmen. The American Industrial Revolution has relieved the workman of all responsibility and at the same time has deprived him of his skill and his technical competence. In fact, technical work is becoming more and more highly specialised; but on the other hand, technical skill has ceased to be specialised. In the various branches of production work has been degraded to watching an automatic machine. There is no longer any need for skilled labour in this sort of work; the standardisation of the product has caused the standardisation of the workman."

There ensues, accordingly, a new distribution in the staff of the factory, of which the social structure is undergoing a change. Formerly it consisted of a manager, skilled workmen, and ordinary workmen. The ordinary workman has now disappeared, the skilled workmen have decreased and assumed a different character. Both, in fact, are tending to be replaced by the semi-skilled workman, who can learn his trade in a few weeks, or even in a few days. (Take Ford's as an example). Again, the manager's staff has been considerably reinforced with its engineers, its organisers, its inspectors, its designers, its repairers, its social advisers, its psychologists. It does the work of a powerful brain and monopolises the creative power of the whole. As far as the executive staff is concerned, the Americans are well able to organize one; but, strangely enough, they are now having difficulty in finding skilled workmen. It is because it is so easy to make money quickly by odd jobs, which require no particular skill, that most young men hesitate to undertake a long apprenticeship.

Thus it is that at a time when American society is undergoing a steady levelling process, industrial production is evolving a structure which isolates at its summit a very small minority of superior men. It is, however, not a caste, and that obviates any political danger. But the bulk of the army is becoming daily more of a mediocre mass, from which leaders are recruited, but which has no difficulty in remaining mediocre, for the individual must not be superior to his work. All that is needed are his energy and his attention. We must admit that the American workman does not appear to suffer from this mediocrity. He enjoys a materially comfortable life and his wages provide him with luxuries which are entirely unknown to his European colleague. He does not look beyond this. Perhaps we should add that each of these anonymous factors prove unconsciously, by a kind of mysticism, the grandeur of the collective work to which he contributes. It is one of the finest and moving sources of the American national spirit.

The objection will be raised, and not unjustly, that the number of people confined to purely automatic work is not as large as is generally imagined; proportionately as rationalisation results in an increase of output with a diminishing human staff, an effective force is left free for new social uses. From 1919 to 1925, the number of workmen employed in industry fell from 10,669,000 to 9,773,000, which constitutes a decrease of 963,000 individuals. The commercial professions, publicity, and the immense class of office clerks, registered a corresponding increase. Does this mean that the dangers of standardisation are vanishing by these means? We must not believe it, for the domain of standardisation extends far beyond production proper. Actually it has a collective nature: success can only be obtained by standardising the whole of life. The system is based on relentless logic and Mr. Hoover, who was then Secretary of State for Commerce, fully understood this when he set out, with the success we know of, to normalise, under the auspices of the State itself, the products of American Industry. It is impossible to standardise production unless the consumer is willing to accept to a certain extent the standardisation of his private as well as of his communal existence.

The results of this agreement, which as a matter of fact, it would be impossible to avoid, have their effects even in the most

backward American states. To put it in a word, the law of great numbers has supreme power in the United States: the only paying or interesting concern is what is done by the mass of the population. This law is not only to be applied to the realm of industry proper, but also to instruction. (How can anyone escape when there are universities with 20,000 students?) and even more to publishing (How can anyone escape from mass publication?) In short, they must adapt themselves to this collective tyranny which results from the nature of things, and which is not governed by anybody's arbitration. We must not be put off by any isolated successes, which seem contrary to the system. "We encourage individuals, because we encourage everything," a New York editor said to me, "but at heart we are hostile to individuality; it goes right against the spirit of our system."

What would be the good of individual opposition? Set in these surroundings, a man must either live in them or disappear completely. If he protests and tries to lead his own life he will certainly be allowed to do so, but the practical difficulties are so great that common sense will no doubt soon persuade him to give up the unequal struggle. If, on the other hand, he fits into the groove and behaves like everyone else, everything will become simple, and everything will be done for him: eager tradesmen will provide him with excellent, healthy standardised food, with the most satisfactory produce of all kinds, even with ready-made ideas, which he will be glad to adopt. If he travels, agencies will take his tickets, book rooms for him in hotels, and, on arriving in the foreign country, he will find a lecturer, who has been ordered and chosen in advance, who will tell him in a few hours all that he need know about the country which he is visiting. The striking thing about American life is that it relieves the American of all necessity for individual effort. He soon gets accustomed to it, and contrary to ordinary superficial opinion, there are certain keen observers, Keyserling for example, who consider that it deprives him of his most vital qualities.

The tragedy about America is that standardisation is not confined to industry; even human nature has to be standardised. The reward of this standardisation is unquestionably great comfort, and no one will deny how greatly this increases a man's material dignity. In fact, no achievement of our times seems so

important as this. And thus we find ourselves faced with civilisation entirely based on production. When one goes below the surface one often finds that in the United States *the ideal* merely means industrial progress. The danger of this is so obvious that it is useless to emphasise it. It is a temptation for very many Americans to confound the spiritual side of things with the moral, and the moral with the social. Not that they love money, but they prefer success; for many of them it constitutes the actual standard of values. We can discern in this universal aspiration towards output, the subtle expression of the dominating atmosphere in America; even thought must be productive. Pure thought is looked upon with disapproval by serious people, and tacitly condemned as a feminine attribute.

But there, it is no matter of mere inclinations. The alarming, if magnificent, part of this system is that the men at its head are fully aware of the principles on which it rests. Mass-production has evolved and laid down a complete conception of life which revolves round production. With this object a most powerful organisation has been instituted. It is fully equipped with newspapers, with publicity, with a literature of its own; it possesses its own theorists, moralists, politicians, and I should hardly be exaggerating if I said that it had its own priests. Humanity has probably never known a stronger, more coherent system and perhaps there has never been a system so readily accepted by the masses whom it dominates. In this case, too, the average level of society is considerable, but at the same time there are certain heights to which it can never attain.

The part played by the United States in the evolution of civilisation is perhaps of far greater importance than we think. We are, in fact, dealing with a new age in the history of humanity, in the same way as we talk of a bronze age. It is the work of irresistible destiny, bringing with it not only new technique, but also a new political and moral system. The individual, so dear to us in Europe, has been transformed and has become unrecognisable. Can one be surprised that in the face of this alarming development, our "reaction," as the Americans say, corresponds to the words of a well-known character of French comedy: "They are only discussing my death in there."

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF PEACE

BY W. HORSFALL CARTER

THE League of Nations celebrated its tenth birthday last January. More than any other influence the League as a fact has made possible the new conception of international relations which the twentieth century is writing in the book of history. It has established itself not as anything in the nature of a super-State but as a table at which States sit down to do their ordinary business. This, the true purpose of the League, has been needlessly obscured by the glosses of the jurists, and it is high time that the general public should realize, as civil servants and technicians in all countries are realizing, that the day-to-day administrative and economic work of Geneva is of greater importance than any possible League action in a moment of international crisis. Moreover the experience of ten years has proved to what extent Governments can act together with advantage to their citizens, as also to what extent international co-operation, under the pressure of public opinion, is breeding that mutual confidence which is the only "security." Cheap cynicism at the expense of "eyewash from Geneva" may still be practised, but only by those—the mentally halt and lame—whose habits of thought and prejudices blind them to the *fact* of the political and economic interdependence of the various social units of the world.

The best brains and the best energies of all countries are being bent to the task of abolishing the human—and inhuman—institution of war, not simply because it is wicked and depraved, but because with the destructive power of modern science there is no other way of preserving civilization itself. And yet it is true to say that the realities of the League have still to be appreciated by the mass of British opinion. How many people one knows have been alienated from the League and indeed the whole peace movement by the propagandist fervour of cranks, humanitarians and tiresome women, of which the percentage is particularly high, unfortunately, in Anglo-Saxon countries!

The realities of the League, I said. Moral idealism and humanitarian sentiment, these things are emphatically not enough. They may even be a disservice to the work of the peace-makers. At present, however, the greater danger comes from the legalists; from those, who for ten years or more, have been foremost in guiding British public opinion in the way of peace and reconstruction, and who now are so absorbed in contemplation of an intellectually conceived state of peace that they are forgetting General Smuts' warning that "peace is dynamic." The next Assembly will probably determine whether the statics or the dynamics, the negative or the positive conception of peace is to prevail, and it is important, therefore, that British opinion should understand the situation.

Seven years ago the word went forth from Geneva that there could be no disarmament without security, no security without disarmament. To this day that dual proposition represents the juridical basis on which the League of Nations committees are working in their efforts to organize peace among the nations. And this country alone is still spending £200 a minute or more in preparation for future wars! Many there are who wonder, therefore, whether the path trodden by the Preparatory Commission for Disarmament may not after all, be leading in the wrong direction. There can surely be no progress on the present lines, because the various national representatives are using identical language to mean totally different things. When, for instance, the Germans press for a general reduction of armaments in accordance with Article 8 of the Covenant "to the lowest point consistent with national safety and the enforcement by common action of international obligations," they are naturally thinking in terms of a professional army severely limited in numbers and equipment like their own. But how is this—which is emphatically also the British—conception of a country's land forces to be reconciled with the view obstinately held by France and other Continental Powers, obsessed by the dogmas of the French Revolution, that soldiering is not a professional calling, but a civic duty—and that, therefore, the system of conscription must be maintained, and trained reserves discounted in any computation of military strength. The meaning of "security" too is, to say the least of it, elastic, since few of the delegates at Geneva seem to have grasped the vital distinction between the old idea of the

"security" of a nation against successful attack, i.e. against defeat in war and the new and higher conception of security against all war.

Until the Labour Government came into office last year, a similar deadlock over the questions of parity and freedom of the seas was blocking the way to naval disarmament. The fact is that neither technical experts nor lawyers as such can possibly attain to that "broader and higher ground" which Mr. Gibson once postulated as essential for Anglo-American agreement, and which is no less badly needed for a solution of Europe's problems. They belong to an age of international relations which knew of no other method of preserving peace than that of preparing for war. Working as they are within the framework of an obsolete diplomatic tradition, they are necessarily lacking in that enthusiasm and faith which must inspire the statesmen of to-day. Now, within a year the application of faith, hope, parity—and above all, common sense—has transformed the whole international situation.

The London Conference for the reduction and limitation of naval armaments was called in order to register in high policy what Signor Grandi, speaking in the Italian Chamber on Friday, May 9th, described as the "new fact" of Anglo-American agreement on the basis of the Pact of Paris. That in itself constitutes a veritable triumph for the will of the Anglo-Saxon peoples, for that moral force which we loosely call public opinion. The fiasco of the so-called Anglo-French naval compromise had demonstrated by the method of *reductio ad absurdum* that there was no hope for naval disarmament, or in fact for the peace of the world, unless British and American statesmen were prepared to emulate public opinion in the two countries in accepting the Paris Pact at its face value. This is precisely what President Hoover and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald set out to do, to bear in mind as the paramount political fact that fifty-six nations have agreed "*that the settlement or solution of all disputes or conflicts of whatever nature, or whatever origin they may be . . . shall never be sought except by pacific means.*" After all, it is only common sense that the rejection of international violence, i.e. War—like that of violence within the State—should precede the institution of police, the establishment of law courts, and indeed the effective mobilisation of public opinion. With the replacement of the old hypothesis of war by the hypothesis of peace, co-operation be-

tween the two greatest sea powers has been found to be perfectly possible.

Not that the old Adam can be sloughed all at once. In all nations there are influential groups of men who really believe for one reason or another that war is inevitable. Hence the ingenious device of parity, which is no more than a lightning-conductor, calculated to "disarm" gradually the natural antagonism of the Services. While, therefore, the technical experts may be called in to adjust national armaments, any policy for the reduction of arms must needs be based on the driving force of the much more numerous groups of common folk who are not thinking of attacking anyone or even of being attacked.

Hardly less important than the statesmanlike pronouncements of President Hoover and Mr. Ramsay Macdonald elaborating their policy of peace was the speech of the American Ambassador, General Dawes, at the annual dinner of the London District of the Institute of Journalists on Saturday, November 16th. General Dawes gave us a scientific exposition and cogent justification of the new method of diplomatic negotiation which, he said, had emerged from an evolutionary process since the war. Not only did he endorse the *mot* of Lord Cecil that "the experts must be on tap and not on top"—a reminder of the ill-fated Conference at Geneva in 1927—but he made the point that the final arbiter of the decisions of the forthcoming Naval Conference must be popular opinion. Here is a bold lead to the most up-to-date movement to eliminate war, which would strengthen the statemen in their struggle against vested interests by means of the "mobilization of shame."

No pains were spared by the British and United States Governments to bring about at the Conference in London a Five-Power Agreement so as to relate this new departure to the disarmament work of the League. A Memorandum sent from the Quai D'Orsay, three weeks before the discussions began, made it clear, however, that France had her own very definite idea as to the purpose of the Conference—a clear logical thesis that sought to relate this latest endeavour to the chain of post-War disarmament meetings which, since the Washington "humiliation," France had more or less directed from the sanctuary of Geneva. Besides insisting on the interdependence of military, naval and aerial "disarmament"—an unexceptionable affirma-

tion but somewhat irrelevant—the Memorandum asserted a doctrine of absolute requirements—a fleet sufficient to defend all her three coasts, the necessity for defending her colonial communications, plus a flat refusal to consider the abolition of submarines—which contrasted strangely with the profession that French policy is based on the League. Could it be that France, the champion of the new order—*l'organisation de la paix*—had gone back to the obsolete notion of strategic "security" pure and simple, to the practice of relying on the strength of her own right arm? The course of the Conference certainly did not belie this gloomy prospect, and the French nation has at present a confidence in her combined wealth and energy which is not far removed from chauvinism. But we should, perhaps, not inquire too closely into the motives of French diplomacy. After all, there was no other way of escaping the dilemma presented by Italy's claim for parity (downwards)—itself a mere matter of Fascist prestige.

Englishmen must ask themselves too whether they are not in some measure to blame for the present mood of France. Marianne, after prolonged petting by Sir Austen Chamberlain, now feels that she has been jilted by John Bull. Did not the British Government, as recently as the summer of 1928, *pour ses beaux yeux* agree to an Anglo-French compact by which a united front was to be shown to an America that refused to proceed towards disarmament on the lines sketched out by the French? That *démarche* having been ruled out by something very much like a national revolt in this country, does not France now see Great Britain wooing America, her suit apparently successful and acclaimed by every section of British opinion? The result of this is that despite all the protestations of Mr. Macdonald and official British spokesmen, Anglo-American agreement is interpreted not as a valuable contribution to the pool of pacific effort, but simply as an attempt to side-track the organization of peace under the auspices of the League.

This definite divergence of purpose which revealed itself before and throughout the Conference reflects a fundamental psychological conflict, inherent in the whole peace system devised at Versailles, but only now, when the full implications of the Kellogg Pact are being appreciated, to be assessed at its true value as a formidable obstacle to further progress. The problem of

peace may, in fact, be said to be one not for the statesmen as such (still less the diplomats—with their legal advisers) but for the psychologist.

At the Peace Conference in 1918-19 it was ordained that the "balance of power" theory of international relations should be replaced by a system of international co-operation. The statesmen, even in the "War" atmosphere of Paris perceived that competition in military preparation inevitably creates its own crisis, directly leads to war, and thus destroys the "security" at which it aims. They determined, therefore, to make a definite start on the journey away from the military road along which Europe and the world had travelled continually and with accelerated rhythm ever since 1860. For anarchy was to be substituted organisation, for self-help international protection. To that extent there was common ground among all the peace schemes. When, however, the League of Nations began to grapple with its task, two distinct lines of thought were revealed. The French representatives, with the veteran pacifist M. Léon Bourgeois at the head, maintained that an international army or police force to keep the peace was a *sine qua non* of the European settlement. Lord Robert Cecil, on the other hand, at that time took the view that this arrangement would fatally perpetuate the panoply of war, whereas the whole object of the new system was to turn men's minds for good and all towards peace. Moreover, the more clear-sighted perceived that this organization of war for the sake of peace might easily be a veiled form of French hegemony in Europe, since in 1919 France was easily the strongest military power, and would no doubt claim to be represented proportionately.

The other view sponsored particularly by Mr. Phillip Kerr and others, whose notions were taken from the experience of the British Commonwealth of nations, concentrated not so much on keeping the peace as on promoting peaceful neighbourly relations. It was founded on

"the idea that regular conferences of the nations will point the road to a fair solution of all disputes, and that the nations themselves will voluntarily and without coercion give effect to what the public opinion of the world comes to regard as right."

General Smuts, on his recent pilgrimage to this country and

to America, has powerfully endorsed this view, arguing that the whole purpose of the League of Nations "is to eliminate from international affairs the factor of physical force and the consequences to which a reliance on physical force inevitably leads."

The peace system of the Covenant, as it stands, comprises Articles 8 to 20, all directed towards the prevention of war. During these ten years elaborate provision has been made for the pacific settlement of international disputes, notably in the General Act of Arbitration and Security, as also—for disputes on rights and matters of law—in the Optional Clause of the Statute of the Permanent Court of International Justice at the Hague. And a recent study of *The League Council in Action*, by Mr. T. P. Conwell-Evans, has established the fact that the peace machinery of the executive is in excellent working order. He is able to show that in the first ten years of its existence the Council has handled twenty-three disputes, acting under Article 11 which provides for mediation and conciliation. In this way, as he says, there is growing up an organic body of jurisprudence regulating international relations—international law re-stated in the light of the Covenant:—

"It is capable of growth, because it is administered by a regularly constitutional organ—the Council of the League—directly representing most of the Governments of the world and meeting at regular and frequent intervals."

And the Council performs any necessary "police action"—by moral pressure—without concerning itself as to which party is the aggressor. That is for the magistrates afterwards—investigating the causes of the dispute.

Yet from the beginning, discussion of the League of Nations machinery on the Continent has centred upon Article 16, which prescribes what measures of "public war"—or police protection—should be taken by the international community to cure an outbreak of hostilities which the ordinary delaying procedure of the League has failed to prevent. And the assumption of a wanton aggressor State stubbornly continuing to fight in defiance of the League has dominated the minds of League supporters in this country as well as on the Continent. We need only recall the impassioned exchanges in *The Times* and *The Manchester Guardian* between Lord Cecil, Professor Gilbert Murray and most of the panjandrums of the League, on the one hand, and

the apostles of mutual confidence, on the other—the latter being more immune from the Geneva obsession of “security”—when the Committee met recently in Geneva to make such changes with regard to eliminating the right of war (in Articles 12, 13, and 15), as would bring the Covenant into harmony with the Peace Pact.

As early as the Second Assembly, the Canadian delegation took the lead in setting forth an interpretation of Article 16 which would bring it more into line with the hypothesis of peace rather than war on which the Anglo-Saxon conception of the League rests. Thereupon, the French, whose attention had been concentrated up to then far more on the idea of taking independent military “sanctions” against a defaulting Germany, woke up to the existence of the League and sought means of providing through the League those material guarantees which British and American “perfidy” had denied her at the Peace Conference. The Draft Treaties of Mutual Assistance (1923), then the Geneva Protocol (1924), were devised by resourceful jurists, and then summarily rejected by Great Britain and the Dominion Governments. At that time, people here, although they still had only a dim idea of how the new peace machinery would work, did at least feel (as Professor Madariaga has said, we do not so much think as “feel somehow”) that military “sanctions”—the one element in the Covenant which exercised a magnetic attraction on the French—were only war under another name. Not long after, however, Sir Austen Chamberlain, conscious of the deadlock at Geneva, went half-way to meet the French craving for “security” and a “pact” by the localized Locarno Treaties. No wonder, then, that a distinguished publicist in an address at Oxford hailed the Locarno policy as “the definite ascendancy of certain processes of Continental thought and action”. (Not Continental, but French!)

The issue was—and is to-day—between two totally different ideas of international government corresponding in fact to a fundamental divergence of legal principle. Men and nations that cleave to the traditions of Roman law find it difficult to get away from the idea of a supreme body with power to enforce its commands, and they accept physical force as an integral factor of the social organism. The ethical standards, on the other hand, which are the basis of Anglo-Saxon political philosophy,

admit only of a latent force to be used *in extremis* in default of moral coercion.

The fact remains that Great Britain is deeply and seriously committed to such concerted measures of war-prevention as are laid down in Article 16. And the principle of collective responsibility remains the keystone of the Covenant. For that reason nothing could have been more bewildering to European observers—or more ill-timed—when M. Briand and Mr. Ramsay Macdonald suspended the London Conference to engage in the unedifying game of “hunt the formula,” than the comments of certain newspapers—and, be it said, those of the official British spokesmen on Sunday, March 30th—which slurred over present commitments in order to emphasize that this country would not go to War without being able to control the situation that brought about war. If this is not to hark back to pre-War anarchy, I do not know what it is. Such asseverations give point to Professor Madaraga’s warning that the “anti-entanglements” prejudice is quite as much an obstacle to peace as the “security psychosis.” The great sin of omission of British statesmen is indeed their diffidence in reminding the British people of the obligations already incurred.

The “sanctions” Article, nevertheless, is a flagrant illustration of the fears and hatreds bred by the War which dominated the minds of the statesmen at the Peace Conference. So long as the emphasis is laid on the military sanctions of Article 16 these fears will continue, unabated. And whatever concerted measures for a diplomatic or economic boycott may be necessary, in theory—assuming that fear of attack checks the growth of a sense of security—military “sanctions” are bound to keep alive just those thought processes that effectually obstruct the path to international security or disarmament. Mr. J. L. Garvin puts the matter in a nutshell when he writes in *The Observer* “the mechanics of security mean . . . not only the persistence but the intensification of war-making power as well as the working out of war-plans and self-hypnotism of war thoughts.” And Dr. C. Delisle Burns has stated the fundamental objection of sane pacifist opinion in this country and in America:—

“ . . . if security depends mainly upon the amount of military force any Government can expect to have mobilized on its side, then the League is a militarist institution based upon the traditional hypothesis that no Government or people will keep the peace unless it is afraid of being beaten.”

The French position is clear then—the pooling of armaments, of security, of self-defence for the common weal. Yet a Frenchman will admit in private conversation that this intellectual conceit is “utopian” and unreal. Nor is his attitude even logical. For why should French diplomacy regard a pledge to keep the peace, signed by virtually all the nations, including the United States, as a mere aspiration incapable of offering any “security,” and yet place reliance on pledges to wage war?

As a matter of fact, with every day's progress in the positive construction of peace and order in the world society the centre of gravity is shifting from the idea of preserving peace by concerted measures of physical force to that of cultivating peace through the moral sanction of public opinion. “If that will is not for peace,” as Mr. Conwell-Evans says in his book, “no machinery, however perfect, can prevent two great peoples going to war.” And so to the perennial challenge of the French, which Mr. Arthur Henderson and his advisers will, no doubt, have to meet between now and September:—“Il faut qu'une porte soit ouverte ou fermée”—let them answer—“nothing must be done which will either close the door on the co-operation of the United States with the work of the League and future disarmament Conferences, or expose the League to the charge of being a militarist institution.”

The American conception of peace is, of course, the very opposite of this French view that I have analysed. There are two main differences; first of all, a natural if somewhat disturbing refusal to pledge action in advance, and secondly a whole-hearted repudiation of the whole idea of “sanctions”—(notwithstanding the fact that, by a strange irony, the leading pacifist group during the War was called the League to enforce peace). We should always remember, I think, that the Supreme Court has no “gendarmes,” no power other than moral sanction, to enforce its decisions as between the Sovereign States of the Federal whole. Nor should we forget that the whole pull of the United States destiny has been away from War, a fact which colours the whole attitude of the continent to Europe. What this means, in practice, is that America will not co-operate in building a structure of peace which cannot be supported *in the more distant future* without “sanctions.”

There are then, as President Hoover stated plainly in his speech

on Armistices Day last year, two roads to peace. He has made it abundantly clear which road his Government will and must follow. And his speech, together with addresses in the same strain by General Dawes, was a powerful plea for “the moral essentials of peace” against “the mechanics of security.” I have attempted to show that the future of peace depends on the issue of this conflict between the psychological and material schools of thought. Let us keep before us like a shining light the knowledge that the Peace Pact does provide a new basis for diplomacy, to be slowly and positively worked out as the world adjusts itself to the new order of things.

There is, in fact, all the difference in the world between organizing peace through conference, conciliation and co-operation, and intellectually conceiving a state of peace established by the permanent threat of war and coercion. Reasons there are in plenty, heaven knows, why the latter, the other road to peace, has suggested itself to the travellers seeking a way of escape from the traditional doctrine of preparedness for war, from the idea that each state should maintain such armaments as is considered necessary for its own security. But a rigid stabilization of the *status quo*—on the lines of the Protocol, forgetting Article 19 of the Covenant—is now seen to be as morally inadequate as it is technically impracticable. It partakes, in fact, of the negative *military* conception of security, for so long as political lawyers are at work on stiffening the “sanctions” element of the Covenant, strategical and technical thoughts are bound to be uppermost.

It has yet to be proved, however, that good and sane Anglo-American relations are incompatible with what Mr. Macdonald in the joint declaration from Washington aptly called—“active co-operation with its (Britain's) European neighbours.” A distinguished naval officer, Commander Carlyon Bellairs, M.P., points the way forward, when he describes the Kellogg Pact as a positive obligation directing our national policy, as “the baptism of a new world”: not merely should we take this pact at its face value, but treat it as a matter of religious conviction, *with the insistence that every other nation will do likewise.*”

The task will not be easy. But Mr. Henderson seems fully conscious of the synthetic function of British policy as between France and America. The Prime Minister surely will not fail to make clear to a somewhat dazed and puzzled public

how Great Britain has now the responsibility and glorious opportunity of leading the nations of Europe along this "better way" which President Hoover has indicated. By his speech in the Italian Chamber on May 9th, Signor Grandi, the Foreign Minister of Italy, has shown that he too is ready to be a pilgrim on that way. Of the German will to peace and understanding, of the economic and striking strength of the United States, there need be no question. Why should not the future Disarmament Conference for which the League is working follow the most perfect model in existence, the system laid down in the Treaties of Peace for Germany and Austria? Only France remains, of the Powers that are necessary to make the peace machinery work. She will not stand out, if the issue is explained to her. May we not look forward, then, in hope and confidence to the day when Article 16 of the Covenant will perish from inanition, and the fact that security is nine-tenths psychological will be appreciated no less in war-ridden Europe than it is in the more "academic" effusions of Anglo-Saxons.

LABELS

MALTA

BY EVELYN WAUGH

I LEFT Port Said in the P. & O. ship *Ranchi* for Malta. On leaving Egypt, as a final nip of avarice, one is obliged to pay a few shillings "quarantine tax". I should have paid a similar levy on landing but, as I came off the *Stella*, no one asked me for it. Accordingly, I had to pay double on leaving. No one seems to know anything about this imposition; what statute authorised it and how much of what is collected ever finds its way into the treasury, or what bearing it has upon "quarantine". Many residents maintain that it is purely a bit of fun on the part of the harbour officials who have no legal right to it whatever.

Thanks to the kind offices of the local manager, I was able to obtain a second class berth. The residents in Port Said said: "You meet a first-rate lot of people travelling second class since the War. A jolly sight better than in the first class, particularly on the ships from India. The first class is all nouveaux riches. You meet some pretty rough diamonds in the Australian ships. But you'll find second class on the *Ranchi* as good as first class on a foreign line. My wife travels second class when she goes home."

But my motive was really less the ambition to meet nice people than to save money. As it was, the second class fare—twelve pounds for the two days' voyage to Malta—seemed extremely expensive. After my extravagances at Mena House I was beginning to get worried again about money, so I thought of what still seems to me, an ingenious device. Before leaving Cairo I wrote—on the note paper of the Union Club, Port Said—to the managers of the two leading hotels in Valletta, the Great Britain and the Osborne, between whom, I was told, there existed a relationship of acute rivalry, and enclosed a publisher's slip of press cuttings about my last book; I said to each that I proposed to publish a travel diary on my return to England; I had heard that his

was the best hotel in the island. Would he be willing to give me free accommodation during my visit to Malta, in return for a kind reference to his establishment in my book? They had not had time to answer by the time I embarked at Port Said, but I went on board hoping that at Valletta I should experience some remission of the continued draining of money that I had suffered for the last two months.

It is one of the unsatisfactory things about ships that you never know when they are going to arrive. The *Ranchi* was advertised to sail some time on Sunday and was expected early in the afternoon. On Sunday morning she was announced for nine o'clock that evening. Finally, she came in well after midnight and stayed only two hours. During those two hours the town, which, as usual, was feeling the ill-effects of its Saturday night at the Casino, suddenly woke again into life. Simon Arzt's store opened; the cafés turned on their lights and dusted the tables; out came the boot-cleaners and postcard-sellers; the passengers who had stayed on board through the Canal came ashore and drove round in two horse-carriages; those who had left the ship at Aden for a few hours at Cairo and had spent all that afternoon on the quay in a fever of apprehension that they might miss her, scuttled on board to their cabins; half the residents of Port Said had business of some kind to transact on board. I went down to the harbour in a bustle that was like noon in the City of London. I went on board, found my steward and my cabin, disposed of my luggage and went on deck for a little. The passengers who had done the Aden-Cairo-Port Said dash, were drinking coffee, eating sandwiches and describing the Pyramids and Shepherds' Hotel. "Two pounds ten, simply for a single bed and no bathroom. Think of that!" they said with obvious pride. "And we rode on camels—you should just have seen me. And the camel-boy told my fortune and we had a coffee made actually in the temple of the Sphinx. You *ought* to have come. And there was the sweetest little boy who cleaned our shoes. And we went into a Mosque where the Mohammedans were all saying their prayers—so quaint. And would you believe it, at Shepherds' they charged fifteen piastres, that's over three shillings, for a cup of early morning tea, and not very good tea at that."

We had cold, sunless weather and fairly heavy seas during the

next two days. I rather wished that I had gone first class. It was not that my fellow passengers were not every bit as nice as the Port Said residents had told me they would be, but that there were so many of them. There was simply nowhere to sit down. The lounge and smoking room were comfortable and clean and well-ventilated and prettily decorated and all that, but they were always completely full. On the decks there were no chairs except those the passengers provided for themselves; the three or four public seats were invariably occupied by mothers doing frightful things to their babies with jars of vaseline. It was not even possible to walk round with any comfort, so confined and crowded was the single promenade deck. It is impossible to walk happily on a rolling ship unless one has ready access to one or other rail for support, and these were always lined with military men in overcoats. Children were everywhere. It was the beginning of the hot season in India and the officers' wives were taking them back to England in shoals; the better sort lay and cried in perambulators; the worse ones fell all over the deck and were sick; these ones, too, appeared in the dining-room for breakfast and luncheon and were encouraged by their mothers to eat. There was an awful hour every evening at about six o'clock when the band came down from the first class deck to play Gilbert and Sullivan to us in the saloon; this visitation coincided exactly with the bathing of the elder children below; the combination of soap and salt-water is one of the more repugnant features of sea travel and the lusty offsprings of sahib and memsahib shrieked their protest till the steel rafters and matchboard partitions echoed and rang. There was no place above or below for a man who values silence.

Apart from the overcrowding, the second class accommodation on the *Ranchi* was, as they had said, a great deal better than the first class of many ships. The cabins were comfortable, the food unpretentious and wholesome and one only had to have the band for one hour in the day. The other passengers were mostly soldiers on leave or soldiers' wives, leavened with a few servants of first class passengers, some clergymen and three or four nuns. The valets wore neat blue suits throughout the voyage, but the soldiers had an interesting snobbism. During the day, though cleanly shaved and with carefully brushed hair, they cultivated an extreme freedom of dress, wearing khaki shorts and open

tennis shirts and faded cricket blazers. At dinner, however, they all appeared in dinner jackets and stiff shirts. One of them told me that the reason he travelled second class was that he need not trouble about clothes, but he had to draw the line somewhere. On the other side of the barrier we could see the first class passengers dressed very smartly in white flannels and parti-coloured brown and white shoes. There was a youth who knew me among them, hurrying back to contest a seat in the Conservative interest at the General Election. He kept popping over the rail to have cocktails with me and tell me about the lovely first class girls he danced and played quoits with. He cost me quite a lot in cocktails. He often urged me to come over and see all the lovely girls and have cocktails with him. "My dear chap," he used to say. "No one will dare to say anything to you while you're with me. I'd soon fix it up with the Captain if they did." But I kept to my own bar. Later, this young man, in his zeal to acquit himself splendidly before the first class girls clambered up one of the davits on the boat deck. He was reported to the Captain and seriously reprimanded. P. & O. ships are full of public school spirit. He did very badly indeed in the election, I believe, reducing an already meagre Conservative poll almost to extinction.

Just before luncheon on the third morning, we came in sight of Malta. There was some delay about landing because one of the passengers had developed chicken-pox which the Maltese medical officer maintained must be small-pox. There was only one other passenger disembarking. We had to go and see the medical officer in the first class saloon. He had infinite difficulties about the pronunciation of my name. He wanted to know the address I was going to in Malta. I could only tell him that I had not yet decided between the two hotels. He said: "Please decide now, I have to fill in this form."

I said I could not until I had seen the managers.

He said: "They are both good hotels, what does it matter?"

I said: "I want to get in free."

He thought I was clearly a very suspicious character and told me that on pain of imprisonment, I must report daily at the Ministry of Health, during my stay at Valletta. If I did not come the police would find me and bring me. I said I would come and he gave me a quarantine form to keep. I lost the

form that evening and never went near the Ministry of Health and heard no more about it.

We went ashore in a lighter and landed at the Custom House. Here I was met by two young men, both short, swarthy and vivacious, and each wearing a peaked cap above a shiny English suit. One had *The Osborne Hotel* in gold on his cap, the other *The Great Britain Hotel*. Each held in his hand a duplicate letter from me, asking for accommodation. Each took possession of a bit of my luggage and handed me a printed card. One card said:

THE OSBORNE HOTEL,
STRADA MEZZODI,

Every modern improvement. Hot water. Electric light.
Excellent Cuisine.

PATRONIZED BY H.S.H. PRINCE LOUISE OF Saxe-MITTELBURG
AND THE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK

The other said:

THE GREAT BRITAIN HOTEL,
STRADA MEZZODI,

Every modern improvement. Hot and cold water. Electric light.
Unrivalled cuisine. Sanitation.

THE ONLY HOTEL UNDER ENGLISH MANAGEMENT

(a fact one would have thought, more fit to be concealed than advertised).

I had been advised in Cairo that the Great Britain was really the better of the two so I directed its representative to take charge of my luggage. The porter of the Osborne fluttered my letter petulantly before my eyes.

"A forgery," I explained, shocked at my own duplicity. "I am afraid that you have been deluded by a palpable forgery."

The porter of the Great Britain chartered two little horse carriages, conducted me to one, and sat with the luggage in the other. There were low, fringed canopies over our heads so that it was impossible to see out very much. I was aware of a long and precipitous ascent, with many corners to turn. At some of these I got a glimpse of a baroque shrine, at others a sudden bird's eye view of the Grand Harbour, full of shipping, with fortifications beyond. We went up and round, along a broad street of shops and more important doorways. We passed groups of supremely ugly Maltese women, wearing an astonishing black

headdress, half veil and half umbrella, which is the last legacy to the island of the conventual aspirations of the Knights of St. John. Then we turned off down a narrow street and stopped at the little iron and glass porch of the Great Britain Hotel. A little dark passage led into a little dark lounge, furnished like an English saloon bar with imitation leather arm chairs, bowls of aspidistra on fumed oak stands, metal topped tables, and tables with plush coverings, benares brass work, framed photographs, and ash trays stamped with the trade-marks of various brands of whisky and gin. It was an old house, how old I cannot say, but certainly not later than the middle of the eighteenth century, and its construction seemed in conflict with this scheme of decoration. Do not mistake me; it was not remotely like an old-fashioned hotel in an English market town; it was a realisation of the picture I have always in my mind of the interiors of those hotels facing on to Paddington station, which advertise 5/- Bed and Breakfast over such imposing names as Bristol, Clarendon, Empire. My heart fell rather as I greeted my host in this dingy hall and continued to fall as I ascended, storey by storey, to my bedroom. The worst of it, however, was in this first impression and I think I am really doing my duty honourably to the proprietor in warning people of it and exhorting them not to be deterred. For I can quite conscientiously say that the Great Britain is the best hotel in the island. There are no luxurious hotels. I went later to look at the Osborne and felt that I had done one better than H.S.H. Prince Louis of Battenburg and the Duke of Bronte. The food at the Great Britain was good; there was a large variety of wine and spirits; the lavatories and bathrooms quite adequate; the servants particularly willing and engaging. As an example of good service I may quote that one evening, being tired and busy, I decided to dine in my room. At Mena House, where there were hosts of servants and a lift, as I had noted, the dinner was brought up in one load and left outside the door; at the Great Britain every course was carried separately up three flights of stairs by the panting but smiling valet de chambre.

Before I left, the proprietor of the hotel asked me, rather suspiciously, what I intended to say about him. I replied that I would recommend him to the readers of my book.

They had had another writer, he told me, who had come to

stay as his guest; he wrote for a paper called *Town and Country Life*; he had written a very nice piece indeed about the Great Britain. They had had the article reprinted for distribution.

The proprietor gave me a copy.

That, he said, was the kind of article that did a house good. He hoped mine would be as like that as I could make it.

It was a funny article. It began:

The beautiful and prolific foliage, exotic skies, and glorious blue waters, a wealth of sunshine (sic) that spells health and happiness, and the facilities for enjoying outdoor sports, all the year round, are a few of the reasons that have made Malta so popular. Picturesque scenery, and people, complete as fascinating an array of attractions as the heart of the most blasé, could wish for.

It continued in this way for a column, with the same excess of punctuation; then it gave a brief survey of Maltese history and a description of the principal sights, for another column. Then it started on the Great Britain Hotel.

No expense [it said] has been spared to make the Public Rooms as comfortable as possible . . . the Management boasts that its meals equal in the excellence of its food, cooking and serving, those served at London's hostels and restaurants . . . special pains are taken to see that all beds are most comfortable and only best material used . . .

and so on for a column and a half. It finished with this sentence:

The luxuries of modern civilization have all been embodied in the building and organization of the Great Britain Hotel, Valletta, Malta, where the visitor is able to revel in the joys of a healthy happy stay amidst the fascinations of a modern palace set in Nature's own setting of sea and foliage, and here are to be obtained sunshine and warmth the whole year round.

I will not be outdone in gratitude. If my appreciation is more temperately expressed it is none the less genuine. Let me state again, the Great Britain may be less suitably placed for golfers than Gleneagles; the bathing may be better from the Normandie; one can shop more conveniently from the Crillon, the Russie is set in a prettier square, one meets more amusing company at the Cavendish, one can dance better at the Berkeley and sleep better at Mena and eat better at the Ritz, but the *Great Britain Hotel, Valletta, Malta, is better than the Osborne*; further comparisons seems rather to confuse the issue.

Malta was quite different from what I had imagined. I

expected it to be much more British and much more breezy. I expected a great many white flag staffs, and band stands and very clean streets, and officers' wives with Sealyham terriers, and white-washed buildings with verandahs and little brass cannon and look-out towers with spiral iron staircases. I did not associate in my mind a naval base with baroque architecture, and, without giving much thought to it, I supposed the sailors were illimitably supplied with English nursery maids to walk with along the front and take to the cinema; it was odd to see them swaggering down precipitous alleys with prostitutes who talked a mixture of Arabic and Italian. I expected to find a Sabbath keeping, undemonstrative protestantism, one English church full of fairly recent memorial tablets, and a chaplain or two carrying tennis rackets. I found the most ardently Catholic people in Europe; a place where the Church owns a third of the soil, and monks, nuns, priests, novices, prelates, and religious processions emerge in serried masses at every corner. I daresay things seem different when the fleet is in; while I was there the harbour was empty except for a submarine, a target carrier and the usual mercantile shipping. In these circumstances I got the impression of a place far less British than Port Said. It is true that I saw a cricket match being played and that Gieves have a shop in Strada Mezzodi and that notices are displayed at the Custom House and the Railway Station advertising the addresses of the local secretaries of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the Girls' Friendly Society, and that English money is used and that the cafés chantants call themselves "Music Halls", and that instead of cafés there are public houses with a row of handles behind the bar and barmaids who draw up pint glasses of metallic tasting draught bitter, but in spite of all this there seemed something superficial about the English occupation. After all, we have only been there for a little over a hundred years, and we came, not as colonists among savages, but as the mandatories of an outpost of high European culture. But trivial as has been the English influence to alter the essentially Mediterranean character of the island, this tenancy by a first-class naval power has been the means of preserving almost the whole of its charm. Malta in the nineteenth century might so easily have become neutralized and internationalized, or worse still, the Order of St.

Jolin might have been reconstituted on an archaic-heraldic-churchy basis and the island have lapsed into bogus automony as a carefully nurtured "quaint survival." Nothing, of course, could destroy its importance as a sea port and coaling station, but the three lovely towns of the Grand Harbour, Valletta, Senglea, and Vittoriosa might very easily, indeed, have fallen to the water colour artists. They have all the ingredients of the picturesque, ancient buildings, fortifications, narrow and precipitous streets, national costume, local religious festivals, and an unconscionably romantic history; the climate would have proved very much more favourable to retired aesthetes than the Riviera; only the acquisitive instincts of British nineteenth century diplomacy saved Malta from developing into such a thing as does not bear thinking of; a nightmare island combining and epitomising all the unendurable characteristics of Capri, Rye and Carcassonne. Occupation by the British navy has prevented all that; the fortifications have not been allowed to crumble and grow mossy; they are kept in good order, garrisoned and whenever it was expedient, ruthlessly modified; roads have been cut through them and ditches filled up. Nothing, except the one museum in the Auberge d'Italie, has been allowed to become a show place; everything is put to a soundly practical purpose. There is a Governor in the Grand Masters Palace, monks in the monasteries, marines and naval officials in the principal houses, a police station in the Knights' Hospital, a modern signalling station perched on the roof of the Auberge de Castille.

I spent too little time in Malta and look forward eagerly for an opportunity to re-visit it. Most of my days were spent in exploring Valletta, with the aid of a small book called *Walks in Malta*, by F. Weston, which I bought for two shillings at Critien's, the big stationer's shop. I found it a slightly confusing book at first until I got used to the author's method; after that I became attached to it, not only for the variety of information it supplied, but for the amusing boy-scout game it made of sight-seeing. "Turning sharply to your left you will notice" Mr. Weston prefaces his comments and there follows a minute record of detailed observation. On one occasion, when carrying his book, I landed at the Senglea quay, taking it for Vittoriosa, and walked on for some time in the wrong town, hotly following false clues and identifying "windows with fine

old mouldings", "*partially defaced escutcheons*", "*interesting iron work ballustrades*", etc., for nearly a quarter of a mile until a clearly non-existent Cathedral brought me up sharp to the realization of my mistake.

Valletta is built on a high peninsular between two deep creeks which form the natural harbours of Marsamuscetto and the Grand Harbour; the South East bank of the latter is broken by three smaller and narrower creeks which throw out at right angles to Valletta, the two peninsulars on which are built the towns of Vittoriosa and Senglea. The North West bank of the Marsamuscetto Harbour is again broken by creeks into two peninsulars; Forts Tigné and Manoel stand on these points; Fort St. Elmo at the head of Valletta and Fort St. Angelo at Vittoriosa. Thus, wherever one walks upon the high ground and cavaliers of Valletta one is confronted with a magnificent prospect of water, shipping, a high and broken coast-line, fortifications and behind these again the rising hills of the interior.

A ferry plies regularly between the three towns. There is very little to see at Senglea except the view it affords of the other two and a delightful sixteenth century observation tower carved with a huge eye and ear. Vittoriosa has a fine main street with a good deal of Norman work here and there among the houses, a large convent with one of the links of the chain which bound St. Lawrence to his grid-iron, a Bishop's Palace and an Inquisitor's Palace, a good Renaissance Church; but the most interesting thing is the disposal of the streets in relation to the fortifications. Vittoriosa is much older than Valletta and was planned in the days of bow and arrow; for this reason the streets that lead inwards from the walls to the centre of the town afford the assaulting party no opportunity for a single victorious charge, but turn backwards and forwards at right angles, each turn a bow shot from the last, so that the retreating defenders could loose a flight of arrows and instantly take cover, re-load, wait the appearance of their enemies, fire again, and again take cover. (All this was explained to me by Mr. Weston).

Valletta was built to withstand bombardment with fire-arms and is a model of seventeenth century military science. I should imagine that even to-day it would be impregnable to infantry until it had first been pounded to pieces from the air or sea.

When Napoleon took it by treachery, his chief of the staff is said to have remarked to him: "It is well, general, that there was someone within to open the gates to us. We should have had trouble in working our way through had the place been empty."

With Mr. Weston's help it is amusing to trace out the particular purpose of each rampart and ditch and cavalier, but the chief interests in Valletta are artistic. Until the beginning of the eighteenth century the Knights of St. John were enormously wealthy; at the time of their dissolution they were practically bankrupt and had already been obliged to dispose of some of their treasures; Napoleon's troops carried away most of what was left and lost it in Aboukir Bay, but in spite of this wholesale depredation, the residue is dazzling in its splendour.

It is hard to form any temperate idea of the magnificence of the Knights' lives in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when even the common sailors in hospital ate off silver plate. It must be remembered that in Malta alone of the cultured states of Europe, slave labour was extensively employed for all public works. Mohammedan prisoners, with shaved heads and pig-tails worked in the quarries and on the fortifications and were herded at night into a common prison. The Knights were an international aristocracy curiously combining the careers of monk and soldier of fortune. One wonders what odd rites of initiation were practised in the Auberges; what friendships and jealousies sprang up among the celibate warriors.

If only there had been some Maltese Loughi or Canaletto to record the life of the island for us. It is in the Cathedral of St. John, the conventual church of the order, that one gets most idea of its original splendour. This is not a wholly attractive building. Outside it is austere and almost shabby; inside there is no single spot where the eye can rest for one moment that is not ablaze with decoration. The barrel vaulting of the roof is frescoed by Mattia Preti with a series of rich and vigorous baroque compositions. His work was new to me at this time, though since then I have encountered his name repeatedly. He has fearlessly attacked the problem set by the curvature of the surface and has worked prodigies of perspective; enhancing his effects by painting false shadows across the mouldings between the bays. Malta is full of his work, but the ceiling of St. John's is by far the grandest and best preserved.

Gafa, the sculptor, is another artist whom I had not heard of before. Indeed, to the best of my knowledge there is no work of his outside the island. I saw a lovely, effeminate head of St. John by him and a terrific marble group of the Baptism of Our Lord. Gafa died before this was finished and the final touches were left to Bernini who was engaged on the high altar. There is also a fine Caravaggio in the Church which the verger points out as being by Michael Angelo.

The floor is completely carpeted with the inlaid marble tombstones of the more august knights; there are more than four hundred of them, all heraldic and rococo, many with figures of death as supporters. All round the Church are the Chapels of the different Languages, most of them with elaborate marble altars and canopies. There is not one piece of plain stone left in the building. The parts of the wall that are not overlaid with marble are carved in high relief with rather boring decorative panels, which give an effect of sculptured lodging house wallpaper. The Chapel of Language of Auvergne has massive silver gates and a screen which escaped pillage by Napoleon through their being painted black and taken for iron. Among its other treasures the Cathedral owns a piece of the true cross, a thorn from the crown of thorns and some of the finest tapestry in Europe, which is only brought out on a few days of the year; alas, on none of the days of my visit.

Another sight to which I was denied access was the Dominican Chapel of bones at the end of the town. Apparently some midshipmen had played bowls with the skulls so the building was locked up even from more responsible visitors. It was possible to obtain an order to view it, I was told, but I felt ashamed to apply having no possible business there beyond casual curiosity.

I discovered two interesting quarters of Malta for myself. One was the district at the end of the Strada Reale below the Castle of St. Elmo, where the seamen go for their recreation. It was full of brilliantly painted public houses and cafés chantants. In the absence of the fleet everything was very quiet, but I should think it would re-pay a visit at a more popular time.

The other must, I should think, be the most concentrated and intense slum in the world. It is called the Manderaggio and consists of a huge pit quarried out on the North West edge of the town. It was intended originally for an artificial land locked

creek for the protection and repair of small boats, but the work was abandoned before it reached sea level. In this crater the poorest of the population have made their home for the last three hundred years. It is approached from the West End of the Strada San Giovanni, down stone steps under a low arch that reminds one of the Adelphi Arches in London. Until quite recent years it was a place where the police could offer no protection; since then it has been scoured clean of its more militant criminality and it is about as safe as the vieux port at Marseilles. It is wise to go with some kind of escort, however, as none of the inhabitants speak a word of any European language and the labyrinth of streets is so intricate that only those whose families have inhabited it for generations have any sense of its geography. Not a single street in the Manderaggio is accessible to wheeled traffic; most of them are narrow passages in which two can barely pass without brushing against each other; many of them are mere tunnels and flights of steps, roofed over with dwelling houses; half of them are blind alleys leading through infinite deviations, round hair-pin bends and up and down precipitous inclines to a dead stop; the houses are jumbled, literally, on top of each other and densely populated; some of them are caves cut in the face of the cliff, some are poised on buttresses over a drop of a hundred feet; some are in cellars approached by steps from the level of the gutter; needless to say the dirt and smell are overpowering. As is the case with most slums the population seems to consist of the extremely young and the extremely old. I suppose that all the active men are down in the harbour. I did not attempt a visit after dark, when, I suppose, the real life of the Manderaggio begins. I am keeping that and the sailor quarter for another and less solitary excursion.

I went inland one day on an absurd railway to Notabile or Citta Vecchia, the old capital of the island. There I saw numerous ancient buildings, many of them of Norman construction; three churches, a Cathedral containing a portrait of the Madonna painted by St. Luke and a good Della Robbia plaque, an infinitely boring Roman villa with a well-preserved tessellated pavement, a consumptive hospital, the cave where St. Paul stayed on his visit to Publius (though this would seem anything but a courteous lodging), and a catacomb full of very dilapidated Byzantine frescoes, which the custodian described as Phoenician

—a term used among Maltese archaeologists to describe any work earlier than the Norman occupation.

About this time I began making enquiries at the shipping offices for a berth from Malta in any direction and was told that these could very rarely be guaranteed, particularly at the present season. Preference was always given to passengers booking a long passage. One just had to take one's chance. I was getting a little impatient with the proprietor of the Great Britain who had, in the last two days, developed a habit of popping suddenly out of his office whenever I sat down to have a drink and saying: "'Ullo, 'ullo. And 'ow's that book getting along? You don't seem to be seeing much of the island," adding encouragingly: "You couldn't see a 'alf of it, not if you was to spend a life-time 'ere, you couldn't." I became aware of a slight claustrophobic itch at the back of my mind, to which I am always liable on small islands and in this mood one day I leant, less than a week after my arrival, over the Cavalier of St. James, looking down into the Grand Harbour. Then I saw below, among the fishing boats and cargo ships and nondescript official launches and lighters, a very radiant new arrival; a large white motor vessel, built like a yacht with broad, clean decks and a single yellow funnel. I took the funicular down to the Custom House and looked at her from the quay. She was the *Stella Polaris*. As I stood there the motor launch left her side and ran up to the quay, the Norwegian cross fluttering at its stern. Three or four passengers landed carrying cameras and sunshades. With them was the purser. I greeted him and asked where they were bound. He said Constantinople, Athens, Venice and the Dalmatian coast. Was there a spare berth? He said there was. The *Stella* was not due to sail until next afternoon, but within an hour I had made my adieux at the Great Britain, paid my drink account, tipped the kind and tireless servants, assured the proprietor that he should have my warmest commendation to the British public, and moved my luggage down to the ship. That afternoon I unpacked; sent a vast pile of clothes to the laundry, caught and killed two fleas I had picked up in the Manderaggio, and went above, very contentedly to make acquaintance with the deck bar steward.

TURKEY IN MODERN DRESS

BY OWEN TWEEDY

GOING to see a country is like going to see a play. There are two ways of getting in—an easy way and a less easy way. The theatre-goer can take a stall—front entrance, no delay, and absolute certainty; or he can try the gallery—a side street, a wait in the queue and uncertainty at the end. The visitor to Turkey has a like alternative. Two years ago, as a new comer, I chose the easy way, the front door by Constantinople and it was all extremely simple. This year, however, feeling less of an innocent abroad, I tried the back door. It was less easy.

My boat from Cyprus was bound for Alexandretta. *En route* it was due to halt at Mersina, but for one day only, which would have given me time to catch the Angora connection at Aleppo. But Mersina is New Turkey and New Turkey has new labour regulations. The Mersina barges decided to spend two days instead of one in discharging our cargo, with the result that my Alexandretta timetable went by the board and I would have to catch the Angora train at Adana instead of Aleppo. This change of plans was quite enough to make me suspect in New Turkish eyes. Why had I not landed the day the boat arrived at Mersina? As a result, from the moment I put foot on shore, my reception by the police was chilly. Though correct, they were absolutely rigid; they did not smile; they would not share my cigarettes; nor did they consult me at all while mysterious officials debated the problem of my admission. For a disconsolate hour I spelt out Turkish words in the new Latin characters—*Polis* and the like—until at last I was rescued from my lonely perch on a Customs House inspection table by a very shady looking quayside tout who spoke Arabic. From him, I learned that I was suspect. But the fact that I spoke Arabic to him at once made me doubly suspect. Turkey at the moment was buzzing with rumours that Colonel Lawrence, in disguise, was attempting to enter Anatolia as a spy. My Arabic would

make Colonel Lawrence blush with shame; but it was Arabic and Lawrence is the uncrowned King of Arabia. There were more comings and goings, more debates, and it was only after another hour and a half that my passport was returned to me and I found myself in a cab under the eye of a police minion, perched on the box, whence he could supervise my every movement. He remained on duty all the six hours which I spent in Mersina. Most of that time was occupied with the elaborate formalities of obtaining a *laissez-passer* without which no foreigner can circulate in Turkey—my father's and my mother's christian name, and in every town where I halted, two copies of an appalling passport photograph, taken two years before in Chanak. But once official curiosity had been satisfied, I was free to see what I cared. I visited the School of the New Turkish Gendarmerie, where I found the Cadets, fine fellows in good, though ill-fitting uniform of stout porridge-coloured serge, undergoing kit inspection. But only a small percentage had proper boots. The remainder wore anything, ranging from elastic-sided Jemimas to carpet slippers and gym shoes. Round their necks hung their regimental badges, unwieldy, crescent-shaped brass appendages, spanning their chests much as my grandfather's massive silver wine labels used to span his big-bellied Port decanters at home. My afternoon train for Adana was a survival of German pre-war enterprise: the carriages were embossed Bagdad in German spelling and the engine came from Dusseldorf. But it was quite comfortable and left to time; and from the window of my carriage I had the thrill of seeing the Cadets at a further enlightening stage of their training. They sat, tailor fashion, in squads by the side of the railway at their A.B.C., balancing their copybooks on their knees and carefully tracing what is the Turkish equivalent of that childhood's exercise, "A cat may look at a king."

The fifty odd miles to Adana took four hours. Night had fallen: the carriage lighting was too dim for reading: the train shook too much for "Patience": so I had nothing to do but think. Turkey by the back door had, in six hours, made me feel not only slightly nervous and out of it, but also out of the Orient. The stiffness of the officials: the new Latin script: the absence of the fez: the rare sight of a woman's veil: the less slovenly dress of all around me—this New Turkey of 1930

was somehow Balkan rather than Oriental. For a first impression, this was not an inaccurate analysis of the effect of Mustapha Kemal's Westernizing policy on Turkey. New Turkey, fifty years after the Balkan States which were also originally Ottoman, has revolted from the anachronisms of the Ottoman Empire.

On arrival at Adana, I found to my great discomfiture that there was no room for me in the Inn where I had been told to spend the night. I was referred to what was called a Second Class Hotel. I found it by a sense of smell. Holding my nose, I ascended a rickety stair and asked for a bed. There was an alternative choice—either the telephone box, or a room of four beds, three of which were already occupied. It was more than I could stand. I returned to the first inn, and asked could I sit on a chair for the night. The manager was a perfect Samaritan. He established me in the bathroom on a *chaise longue*, with one stipulation only: I must rise early in the interests of the ablutions of the other guests. And the hotel was Balkan not Oriental. My waiter might have been Prince Danilo out of the *Merry Widow*, while the hag of a chambermaid, who transferred me next morning from the bathroom to another room which was still piping hot from another recent tenancy, reminded me only of that very unattractive female in *Il Trovatore* with a name like an Inca Princess, whose main contribution to the Opera is a deadly dirge sung sitting on a heap of straw. In Adana I found, for the first time, a most eloquent if trivial evidence of changed Turkey. A feature of all Turkified towns of the Near East is the fez-presser. His counter is ranged with gleaming brass shapes like flower pots, and he is always busy re-molding battered headgear over steaming cauldrons. The abolition of the fez put the Turkish fez-presser out of business. But only for a time. The garden pots have been replaced by new brass shapes rather like blancmanges, and the fez-presser is now a Homburg-presser, and patronised by everybody, especially on Thursday evenings when every man wishes his Trilby to look its best for the Friday prayers at the Mosque.

My train for Angora provided full meals, and I shared a sleeping compartment with a Turkish lawyer who talked French almost uninterruptedly for twelve hours. So, while the train bore us across the Adana Plain, up the zigzag to the Taurus

Tunnel, and then out, hour after hour, across the bleakness of Konia Plain, I might almost have been in Europe. Our conversation was encyclopedic. We discussed the Ghazi and the Ghazi's late wife and the Berlin Conference, of which he had a memento in the shape of a fan signed, *inter alios*, by Dizzy and Bismarck. He enlightened me about Abdul Hamid who was believed by his Harem to be divine, but who, in fact, was but a wily and nervous old Armenian. Then I enlightened him about methods of hanging in England where the victim's neck is broken by his fall and not by the weight of two Turks pulling at his legs. Later we talked long of Gallipoli which had only been a Turkish success because we had been such fools: and finally, for the last two hours before bed, we compared Constantinople, that vampire city, which had wrecked every manhood which had come within its embrace, with Angora, the clean, homogeneous, uncontaminated emblem of New Turkey, poor but proud in its poverty. I may say that night I slept very well.

We woke next morning at Eski Shehr, and changed for Angora into the same Constantinople train by which I had travelled two years before. Then I had been one interesting foreigner in a crowd of other interesting cosmopolitan foreigners, each carrying an attaché case bursting with projects for the development of New Turkey by foreign enterprise. This year I was the only foreigner on the train, and though I had a handbag, no Turk paid the slightest attention either to me or to it. My carriage companion—a young official with perfect manners which took concrete form when he presented me with an orange—spoke only Turkish; and after we had smiled at each other until we were tired, he spent the rest of his time doing A.B.C. exercises on his knee. Life was momentarily dull, as was also the landscape of the Sakaria Valley, where the Greeks and the Turks fought so desperately in 1921-22. In Byzantine days it had been a national granary: in Ottoman days, Greek colonies had cultivated it moderately: to-day it is a derelict emptiness and its former tenants are turning the Struma and the Vardar Valleys into Greek granaries. But New Turkey is beginning to realise that only through agriculture can the Republic survive. Our last halt before Angora was Mustapha Kemal's new model farm. His country house stood high on the hillside, and stretching up to it were tidy experimental plots—trees, shrubs, flowers and

vegetables—all neatly fenced and looking almost as efficient as Rothamsted. Five minutes later, a swerve of the track opened the panorama of Angora, sprawling wide across the Plain and to-day a real town, whereas two years ago, it had been little more than the layout of an Exhibition City.

The hall-porter of the excellent hotel where I had stayed in 1928, remembered my face but had forgotten my calling. Thinking that I was a purveyor of aeroplanes, he leaned confidentially over his counter and whispered hoarsely, "You won't do any business here this year: things are rotten: the Government is broke: and all the foreigners who used to sell so briskly, have gone." It was a true analysis. For although Angora and strategic railways have been built, although New Turkey is modernised and Balkanised, Turkish finance is temporarily in the doldrums and wondering whence money can be forthcoming, not so much for further development, as for the maintenance of what has been accomplished. But the New Turk is entirely satisfied with Angora: and even foreign opinion, which in 1928 had been so bitter against exile in a semi-built back of the beyond, now admits that to-day it is at any rate a town, albeit socially on the dull side. One diplomat—a Moslem—went further. "Angora will one day be as large as Paris." "And as gay?" I asked. "*Mais, oui! Jamais une journée ne passe que je n'aie mon petit parti de Bridge.*"

The Turkish Newspaper World is centered at Angora, and in its society I learned that not only had the reading public taken kindly to the new Latin characters, but that the change has been altogether to the liking of the Turkish newspaper magnates. Turkish newspapers to-day sell excellently, not only as vehicles of information, but as cheap and handy exercise manuals for the A.B.C. Their foreign service, though admittedly mainly a product of scissors and paste, is copious. In the waiting-room of what would have passed for the *Daily Telegraph* of Turkey, I found the *Times*, the *Telegraph*, the *Daily Herald*, the *Sketch*, the *Sphere*, the *Illustration* and the *Journal des Débats*. They had not yet been scissored into Turkish copy.

My Turkish is of the self-taught variety, and as such, useless except with cabmen, porters and waiters. Consequently, while I was in Turkey, I spoke French, German and English when I had anything to say worth saying. And in the following eloquent

proportions: French 70 per cent.; German 20 per cent.; English 10 per cent. The majority of local foreign newspapers are French. From a British point of view, they are extremely mischievous, in that British news is invariably distorted to convey the impression that things are all but revolutionary in this country. My Turkish friends giggled mercilessly over this French slyness: they think we are the most idiotic nation to pretend that the French are still our Allies.

I had come to Angora to talk: and talk I did almost incessantly for five days. And experience taught me that the two topics most productive of results were Turkish suspicion of all things British, and Turkish reluctance to join the League of Nations. The first produced the greater conversational expansion. The Turk with his memories of pre-war diplomacy is suspicious of everyone. Before the war, we and Europe had taken as a guiding principle of policy, *Turkia delenda est*, after which the carcass of the *Sick Man of Europe* was to be dismembered and Britain to come in for a choice morsel. After the war, we had failed, perhaps more notably than other foreign nations, to adapt ourselves to the realities of the new Turkish state and mentality. Like the Bourbons we appeared to have learned nothing—and forgotten nothing. And as a result, although the Turk still regards Great Britain with the greatest respect, he has come to the conclusion that British post-war policy is inclined to be amorphous, uninspired and conceited. Individually, the Turks liked the British, as the British liked the Turks: but that being so, how on earth, during the War, had we been so stupid—or was it callous?—to create that appalling Near East Corps of Interpreters—all of them Greeks and Armenians, the arch-enemies of the Turk? We had taken townfuls of Turkish prisoners in honest fighting and then had handed them over to the tender mercies of these interpreters who, in the camps, had unrivalled opportunities to pay off centuries of old scores. And neither Greek nor Armenian had missed such heaven-sent opportunities. Turks, like all other combatants, still talk about the war. We were their main adversaries. But their many pleasant memories of individual acts of British kindness and “sportingness” are always overclouded by the more poignant reflection that it was British indifference that permitted of their being so long bullied by that Greek and Armenian scum.

Much of my conversation centred, as was natural, round the personality and policy of Mustapha Kemal and always there was an anxiety to depict Mustapha Kemal, not as the hearty, heartless soldier of fortune that he was so often represented in Western journalism, but as a man of education and a thinker. The Turks have accepted the Ghazi at his own value—the Napoleon of Turkey. Like Napoleon, he is the liberator of the Fatherland and the people; like Napoleon, he has destroyed the forces of aristocratic and religious hierarchical reaction; like Napoleon, he has reformed the moral and legal organisation of the State; like Napoleon, he has given his countrymen self-confidence and national pride. “And financially, has he built up an economically sound structure?” My inquiry checked exuberance. “He will do that too. He is brave enough and wise enough. Only, there will be none of the old pre-war games of foreign exploitation and Palace intrigue.” The best story I heard of those pre-war days was of an Austrian Jew, who, in the ‘nineties, had just drawn such enormous dividends from a concession, that he determined to seek further favours from the Sultan. In order to interest His Majesty in his latest scheme, he prepared a handsomely bound volume containing an illustrated account of the project, taking the precaution to interleave the pages of the book with Bank of England £100 notes. The Grand Vizier accepted the book and, with a smile of encouragement, undertook to explain the new project to Abdul Hamid. Everything seemed to be going according to plan, when suddenly the Jew was re-summoned to the Palace. “I am instructed by His Majesty,” leered the Grand Vizier, “to inform you that he has greatly appreciated the contents of the book which you gave him; but that before he can discuss your proposals, he would like to have a second volume.”

The present fear of foreign collaboration, though perfectly intelligible, is not conducive to the solution of the actual Turkish financial crisis. What the Turks need at the moment is a State Bank to establish Turkish credit abroad and to arrest the depreciation of the Turkish pound. But a State Bank requires financial backing and the Turkish Government, not only has no adequate reserves of its own, but regards with real terror the prospect of foreign financial assistance. Within the next few months Mustapha Kemal will have to make up his mind whether

or no to invite non-Turkish co-operation. An invitation would mean the pledging of some Turkish asset as guarantee of a loan: and thus—capitulations or no capitulations—foreign influence would be back in Turkey. It is a highly awkward decision for the Ghazi to be forced to take.

The Turkish attitude towards the League of Nations produced but feeble conversational reaction, and I got poor satisfaction when I asked why Turkey still stood aloof in the conspicuous company of Russia. I was assured, however, that Turkish relations with the Soviet though friendly, were no more than friendly. True, Turkey could never forget that in the dark days of the Greek invasion, Russia alone had been willing to supply the young Republic with arms and gold: but under no circumstances would the Turkish mentality subscribe to Bolshevism. Regarding the League itself, Turkey fails to see what good it can do Turkey; and when I suggested that the League did offer certain security against unprovoked attack, the Turkish sword all but rattled in its scabbard, so much as to say—"Let any nation come and attack us and we will give them as good as we gave the Greeks." That was that: but worse was to come. If the League was so solicitous of Turkey's membership, let the nations of Europe offer the Republic exceptional terms of admission. Mustapha Kemal would consider offers on their merits. On no other topic did I find the Turk so parochial in his outlook or so feminine or swollen-headed in his insistence that he must ever be courted.

My perambulations took me all over Angora, and the more I saw of the town, the more I was impressed. Its boulevards are thirty yards wide: its new buildings are enormous, solid and pleasantly architected: there are statues, museums and public gardens; and there are buses and taxis galore, controlled by policemen on point duty, as it were Piccadilly Circus. My chauffeur knew his ABC well enough to make my manual of Turkish "Self-Taught" a practical channel of conversation; and he taught me Angora. I spent an evening in a cabaret where three or four dashing Serbian ladies danced divinely to the strains of a band from Beirut: I enjoyed a Cinema, until I discovered that it was made of wood and there was only one exit: and I spent two delicious hours on a snowy afternoon in a French Hairdresser's shop, where I gave a slick *Marseillais* a free hand to do what he

liked with my head, so long as he promised not to pluck my eyebrows.

It was twelve hours from Angora to Constantinople; but we passed the dull stretch down the Sakaria Valley during the night, and when I woke in the morning, we were skirting the Gulf of Ismid, where, for some reason which the landscape does not explain, photography is forbidden. It was a pity. The great stretch of wide blue water mirrored wild looking snow-capped hills which might have been behind Evian in the French Alps. When the sun was well up, everything smiled; and away in the distance, Prinkipo and the islands floated in the Marmora like toy islets in an Irish loch. Then it was residential suburbia, a sort of Letchworth Garden City: and at last Haidar Pasha and beyond its barracklike station, a view of Stambul, across the Hellespont.

There is still neither tunnel nor train ferry to spare the traveller the inconvenience of disembarking from the train and re-embarking on a penny steamer for the twenty minutes crossing to Galata Bridge and the Golden Horn. I shared an evil-looking porter with an American Commercial Traveller; and while my eyes feasted on the sight of the minarets of Stambul, which looked like altar candles as their whiteness caught the morning sun, unromantic America, at my side, regaled me with gossip of a modernised Turkey which now absorbed a hundred of his razor blades where five years ago he only sold one.

Galata Bridge is not like a bridge at all. Wharfs run all its length; it appears solid; in fact, the only passage into the Golden Horn beyond, is by one single swing-span. America and myself disembarked with a bustling black-coated crowd of Turkish daily bread-winners; we lustily persuaded our evil-eyed porter that 6/- was ample compensation for his labours; and then off we roared up the steep cobbled streets of Pera to our hotel near the British Embassy. Two years ago I had enjoyed Pera Levantine-wise. This year I found that even the elusiveness of Levantine charm had faded. The town seemed like Cambridge out of term time, out of gear, topsy-turvy and as though the soul had departed from it. Whether Pera ever had a soul, I cannot say: but it is certainly true that its pre-war affluence and prosperity are rapidly dwindling. It is a place of bankruptcy, of nameless apprehensions of further humiliations from Angora, a place where green

jealousy stalks the streets. For Pera is the discarded mistress of New Turkey. But despite this atmosphere of distrust and gloom and emptiness, Pera grudgingly admits that things might have been much worse and that this new efficiency from Angora is a wonderful thing to have come out of Turkey. The Ghazi re-fashioned Turkey, may be whimsically, but certainly effectively; and men who, five years ago, were loud in their convictions that Turkey must go to the dogs, are now so reconciled that they can bring themselves to laugh. An Englishman loves a joke against himself. There is a new regulation which makes the foreign employer the school inspector of his domestic establishment. Every member of his household, be he major-domo or pantry boy, has to be seen off to school three nights a week. Not only that, but if they absent themselves or still more awkward, if they fail to pass their periodic examinations, not they, but their masters have to pay the fine.

The dreariness of Pera drove me every afternoon across Galata Bridge to Stambul, and, happily, my Turkish chauffeur had worked in a Berlin motor factory during the war which gave us a common tongue. Our friendship was oddly sealed. In the Mosques it was I, the Christian Briton, who with my slight knowledge of Arabic characters read out to him the names of the Prophet and of his six companions—Omar, Abubakr, Osman, Hussein, Hassan and Ali. He, the Moslem Turk, had been illiterate before the introduction of compulsory education, and only knew Latin characters. He whispered that he thought Mustapha Kemal lacking in thoroughness, not to have carried his caligraphical reforms into the Mosques. One day, I almost provoked his suspicion. On a wall, in the Fateh Mosque, I found a strange wooden-like picture of the Ka'aba at Mecca. I knew all about it: to him it might have been the Nelson Monument in Trafalgar Square.

It is only in these Mosques of Stambul that an atmosphere of the Turkey of other days, of the Arabian Nights, has survived. Their architecture: their size: the mysterious silence of their glorious interiors which magnifies the tiniest sound . . . I was a stranger: an intruder: and infinitely small before the majesty of a faith, which was not mine, which was here finding its supreme expression. And all around me the whispered prayers of tiny marionette-like rows of kneeling figures, who had adjusted

their modern caps so that the brim was on the nape of the neck and the forehead thus unencumbered by ought to interfere with the complete prostration prescribed by Islam.

My last night in Pera was a final revelation of how far New Turkey has proceeded along the paths of modern emancipation. I attended a Ball given by the New Turkish Press Club in the largest, most luxurious and most garish dancing hall in Pera. There were two thousand guests—Turkish women with royal figures, rolling eyes and heavy hip-work, especially in the Tango: they were dressed in all the colours of the rainbow, with skirts modishly sweeping the floor, and shingled heads, waved into black, glossy, galvanized iron: they danced beautifully. And their cavaliers, no whit less modern, wore evening clothes of the latest cut; while the officers, especially the Naval officers with Eton mess jackets of the British Service pattern, were as smart as paint. Two bands played alternately, and a Jazz drummer sang the words of the American Fox-trots in English through a megaphone. I talked to him in the interval. He had been on the European road since 1922—Paris, Madrid, Bucharest, Athens and now Stambul. I told him I would be back in London in five days. "Give my love to dear old Shoreditch," he said; and he meant it. And so I left Turkey.

THE EDUCATION OF A QUEEN

BY SIR JOHN MARRIOTT

IN the history of English statesmanship Lord Melbourne occupies a unique place. But fortune has been characteristically wayward in determining what precisely that place shall be. To his contemporaries, Melbourne was, in every sense of the word, a great figure. Richly endowed with brains and money, with a singularly handsome presence, a beautiful voice and a perfect temper, he was evidently destined, even had he not been the son of his mother, to play a distinguished part in public affairs. He played it, as the world knows, with eminent success. His success is attested by contemporaries like Greville and Sir Henry Bulwer, but during the half century which followed his death (1848) Melbourne's fame, if not wholly eclipsed, was thrown into the shade by the eminence of Palmerston, Lord John Russell, Gladstone and Disraeli. Like the first two, Melbourne belonged to the inner circle of the Whigs; but his name was not associated, like that of Russell with any outstanding measures of political reform, nor, like that of Palmerston, with an "active" foreign policy. With the demagogic arts of Gladstone he had as little in common as with the neo-Imperialism of Disraeli.

So it came that for a full generation Melbourne's political "stock" (to use the language of the market place) was unduly depressed. It rose sharply with the publication in 1907, of the first three volumes of *The Letters of Queen Victoria*. These letters for the first time revealed how much the Queen, and the country owed to the ripe wisdom, the unfailing tact, the wonderful selflessness and the untiring devotion of the Queen's principal mentor and first Prime Minister. But only with the recent publication of Mr. Bertram Newman's biography of Lord Melbourne has the average reader been in a position to appreciate, in all its fullness, the immense and permanent importance of the work accomplished by that statesman.*

* *Lord Melbourne*, by Bertram Newman. Macmillan and Co. 1930. Price 12s. 6d.

If we would measure, in a sentence, the value of Melbourne's work we have only to compare the position of the monarchy in 1837 and 1930; to contrast the stability of the throne under George IV and George V.

When Queen Victoria ascended the throne, Lord Melbourne was a man of fifty-eight. Born in 1779, he was the second son of Sir Peniston Lamb, first Viscount Melbourne. But, as he himself declared, he owed everything, as indeed most boys destined to greatness do, to his mother. The first Lady Melbourne was the only daughter of Sir Ralph Milbanke, fifth baronet of Halnaby in the County of York. She was as much distinguished for charm of manner and beauty of person, as for brilliance of intellect, and was for many years one of the ornaments of the brilliant circle of Holland House. Her husband was distinguished only by his wealth, and gossip assigned the paternity of the great Lord Melbourne to Sir George O'Brien Wyndham, third Earl of Egremont, well-known in his day as a patron of Art. Be that as it may, Melbourne certainly owed little, save ample means, to his reputed father.

Eton and Cambridge laid the foundation of a sound classical education, but after leaving Cambridge the young William Lamb spent the better part of two sessions at Glasgow, in the house and under the tuition of Professor John Millar, Professor of Jurisprudence in that University, and himself a pupil of Adam Smith. Palmerston, Lord John Russell and the Lord Lansdowne of that day, similarly continued their University education, as Mr Newman reminds us, at Edinburgh—a notable testimony to the repute of the Scottish Universities at that time. Lord Melbourne's education was not, however, completed at Glasgow. The best part of it was done in his own library, after his unfortunate marriage with Lady Caroline Ponsonby. For twenty years (1805-1825) Melbourne endured with rare patience and courage the miseries of marriage with a woman of ungovernable temper, who according to the testimony of a kinsman, was "inordinately vain and excitable to the verge of insanity." In 1825 the ill-suited couple separated, and in 1827 Lady Caroline died. One thing only Melbourne owed to his marriage: the tantrums of his wife drove him to seek the seclusion of his library, the companionship of his books. He had a seat in the House of Commons, with only four year's

interval, from 1806 until his succession to the peerage (1829); he went much into general society; but, until he took office, as Chief Secretary for Ireland under Canning (1827), his main pre-occupation was study. He read widely and deeply, especially in classics and theology. "Being a very good Greek scholar," writes Greville (16th December, 1835), he "has compared the Evidences and all modern theological works with the writings of the Fathers." According to a noted sceptic of that day, his studies and reflections "led him to a perfect conviction of unbelief"; but that statement lacks confirmation.

As his mother's son Melbourne naturally entered the House of Commons as an adherent of the Whig party, but though his views remained essentially Liberal to the end of his days he found no difficulty in taking office under Canning, and, what was more remarkable, under the Duke of Wellington. With other Canningites he resigned in 1828, and in the following year, on his father's death, he went to the House of Lords.

On the formation of Lord Grey's "Reform" Government in 1830, Melbourne accepted office as Home Secretary, and an admirable Home Secretary he made. The times were difficult. There was grave disorder in Ireland (for which the Home Secretary was responsible) and a good deal of rioting in the southern counties of England. Melbourne displayed a combination of coolness and firmness which rendered the agitators ridiculous and, as far as this country was concerned, dissipated all serious danger. Yet there had been awkward corners to negotiate, notably during the "reform riots" in Bristol and other cities, and Melbourne's imperturbable temper was a great asset to his colleagues and to the country.

The situation in Ireland was of a much graver character, and it was on the Irish rocks that the Grey Ministry ultimately foundered. For his successor to the Whig veteran the King turned to Lord Melbourne, but suggested that he should strengthen a rather weak team by a coalition with Peel and Wellington. Melbourne did not like the idea: Wellington and Peel liked it even less; so the Grey Ministry was patched up under Lord Melbourne as Prime Minister. But after a precarious existence of exactly four months it was suddenly dismissed by the King: "kicked out," as Greville bluntly says, "in the simplest sense of that phrase." Such was, indeed, the

prevalent impression at that time, but it is now clear that Melbourne was rather more than a consenting party to his dismissal. One of his biographers (H. Dunckley: *Melbourne* p. 184) goes, indeed, so far as to say that "the King did what his Minister invited him to do." Be that as it may, two things are certain: that the King, mistrustful of the ecclesiastical policy of his Ministers, was anxious to be rid of them; and that the Prime Minister was not sorry to be free of the troubles which he saw ahead of him, particularly in Ireland.

Peel and Wellington came in; but, instead of meeting Parliament, appealed to the new electorate. Peel's famous *Tamworth Manifesto*, issued to his constituents in the course of the election is generally held to have laid the foundations of the "new Conservative" Party. But the new electorate was not yet educated up to the new Conservatism; Peel consequently found himself in a minority in the new House, and, after a few months of office was beaten on the Irish Tithe question. Melbourne came back into office (1835), but for the next five years Daniel O'Connell was in power.

Over the legislative and administrative work of Lord Melbourne's second ministry, I must not linger. It belongs to English history, but not to this essay.

Some two years after Melbourne's return to office William IV died and Queen Victoria reigned in his stead. With the accession of the young Queen, Melbourne's real work as a statesman began.

Just eighteen at the time of her accession, Queen Victoria was confronted with a situation difficult if not dangerous. Canada was in open rebellion, and the language of contemporaries proves that its independence was regarded as a contingency far from remote and not wholly undesirable; Ireland was in a state of ferment, in some senses more serious than that which prevailed in Canada; in England, the Chartist agitation was just coming to a head; worst of all, the position of the Monarchy itself was none too secure. Under George III the Crown was popular but not respected, under George IV it was neither; William IV "restored its popularity but not its dignity." Moreover, the collapse of the restored Bourbon Monarchy in France had undoubtedly given a shock to the whole principle of legitimacy; though M. Halévy exaggerates the influence of the July

Revolution upon English politics, and Mr. Newman incautiously accepts his conclusions.

From all this it is evident that the path which the young Queen had to tread was far from smooth. Her first task, however, was to re-establish the Monarchy in the affection and respect of her people in general, and, in particular, to conciliate the support of the middle classes, who after 1832, gradually established themselves as the dominant power in the State. It was, therefore, "supremely fortunate," as the editors of Queen Victoria's *Letters* pointed out, "that the Queen, by a providential gift of temperament, thoroughly understood the middle-class point of view."

It was not less "supremely fortunate" that in the first years of her reign the Queen should have had at hand an adviser so experienced, so sagacious and personally acceptable as Lord Melbourne. To the training and guidance of his young sovereign Lord Melbourne devoted practically the remainder of his working days. Nor could any task have been more congenial to himself.

"It was in this new sphere," wrote Sir Henry Bulwer, "for which Providence seemed to have created and educated him, that his various qualities, talents and acquirements were most usefully exercised and most eminently displayed. Had he been merely a dry, matter-of-fact man of business, or a mere man of book-acquired knowledge, he would probably have wearied instead of gaining the attention of his royal scholar; had he been a mere man of pleasure, he might have amused and captivated, but he could not have instructed one on whose knowledge of her duties depended in no small degree the fate of millions; had he been a violent party man, he would have entered upon his task with a warped and partial judgment, with democratical tendencies he would have lowered the just influence of the Monarchy; with monarchical tendencies he might have instilled dangerous doctrines into the mind of the Sovereign. But with a lofty equanimity of judgment, he happily combined great charm of manner, great experience of the world, great knowledge acquired from reading and reflection."†

No words could better express Lord Melbourne's unique quali-

† *Edinburgh Review* for 1849.

fications for the task so unexpectedly thrust upon him. Nor did the Queen fail to recognise her good fortune in finding such a mentor, nor neglect the opportunity thus afforded to her. Yet from the moment of her accession it was evident that, though willing and anxious to learn all that Lord Melbourne could teach her, she had a will of her own and a perfectly clear perception of the way in which she ought to set about the business of a Queen. The following extract from the *Queen's Journal*, written on the day of her accession to the throne affords proof of this:—"At 9 came Lord Melbourne, whom I saw in my room, and of course quite alone, as I shall always do all my Ministers. He kissed my hand and I then acquainted him that it had long been my intention to retain him and the rest of the present Ministry at the head of affairs, and that it could not be in better hands than his. . . I like him very much and feel confidence in him. He is a very straightforward honest clever and good man." The description of Lord Melbourne was perfectly accurate and showed that the Queen was already schooling herself in that fine discrimination of character which, as the years went on, developed into an instinct rarely at fault. The italicized words underlined in the Queen's own manuscript are equally indicative of the coolness and resolution with which the Queen was already facing the arduous tasks awaiting her. Incidentally, they also indicate that she was determined to brook no interference from her mother, the Duchess of Kent, or her rather questionable *entourage*. "*Of course quite alone*": instinctively the Queen had grasped the significance of one of the most characteristic features of that curious form of Government known as "Constitutional Monarchy"—the relations which subsist between the Crown and its confidential advisers.

Lord Palmerston described Lord Melbourne as "the most devoted subject who ever had the honour to serve a sovereign." The Queen's own tribute, paid after Melbourne's death, was that he was "a noble, kind-hearted, generous being," though "not a firm minister." But by that time the Queen, and the Prince Consort, had learnt to appreciate and give their whole confidence to a stronger, if not a pleasanter man—Sir Robert Peel. Melbourne, however, had doubled the parts of Prime Minister and Private Secretary. Peel never did, but nothing in Melbourne's career at court did him more honour than his

sedulous endeavour to remove the Queen's prejudice against his rival and successor.

In 1839 the Melbourne Ministry, beset by difficulties at home, in Ireland; and in the West Indies, resigned. The resignation of her first Prime Minister and Private Secretary caused, not unnaturally, acute pain to the girl-Queen; nor did she endeavour to hide it from either the outgoing or the incoming Ministers. To Melbourne the Queen wrote in the midst of the crisis (8th May, 1839) a pathetic little note:—"The Queen thinks Lord Melbourne may possibly wish to know how she is this morning; the Queen is somewhat calmer; she was in a wretched state till nine o'clock last night, when she tried to occupy herself and to think less gloomily of this dreadful change . . . but on waking this morning, all—all that had happened in one short eventful day came most forcibly to her mind and brought back her grief. . . ." Melbourne's reply was bracing and eminently sensible: "The situation is very painful, but it is necessary for your Majesty to be prudent and firm. It is of all things necessary not to be suspected of any unfair dealing."

The Queen steeled herself to send for the Duke who persuaded her to confide the formation of a Ministry to Peel. But both to Peel and to Wellington she ingenuously confessed her confidence in Lord Melbourne, "who had been to her quite a parent." So far so good: but she proceeded (her own account of the interview is written to Lord Melbourne):—"The Queen then mentioned her intention to prove her great fairness to her new Government in telling them, that they might know there was no unfair dealing, that I meant to see you often as a friend as I owed so much to you." The entire disregard of consistency of person is proof of the agitated feelings of the writer. Her first impressions of Peel are confided to Melbourne in the same letter and in not less agitated strain:—"The Queen don't like his manner after—Oh! how different, how dreadfully different, to that frank, open, natural and most kind manner of Lord Melbourne. . . . The Queen was very much collected and betrayed no agitation during these two trying audiences. But afterwards again *all* gave way."

For the moment the dreaded separation was averted by the emergence of the famous "Bed Chamber Question." Peel insisted, with perfect constitutional propriety, though perhaps

rather tactlessly, that the highest Court officials, female as well as male, must change with the Government. The Queen flatly declined to part with her Whig ladies; Peel stood firm; Melbourne, therefore, had to be recalled. The Queen was in high spirits "at having got out of the hands of people who would have sacrificed every personal feeling and instinct of the Queen's to their bad party purposes." This was manifestly unfair, and sixty years later Queen Victoria confessed to Sir Arthur Bigge (now Lord Stamfordham):—"I was very young then, and perhaps I should act differently if it was all to be done again." As a fact, when Peel, two years later, came into power the Queen very quickly overcame her dislike to the "cold, odd man", and bestowed upon Peel her confidence in a degree enjoyed by no other Minister of the reign, except, of course, Disraeli. When in June, 1844 the resignation of the Peel Ministry seemed imminent she wrote: "Peel's resignation would not only be for us (for *we cannot* have a better and a *safer* Minister) but *for the whole country, and for the peace of Europe*, [The last words were doubtless a thrust at the greatly mistrustful Palmerston]—*a great calamity*."

Whether in fact, Melbourne would not have proved, at the time of the Corn Law crisis, a "safer" Minister than Peel, who was "rattled" by the Irish famine, is still a matter of acute controversy; and discussion of the point must not detain us. Meanwhile, Melbourne was back in office, but the Queen's marriage, some eight months afterwards, naturally altered his position at Court as the Prince Consort soon replaced him as Private Secretary. Moreover, genuine as was her affection for her mentor, the Queen was quite capable of spirited rebuke when the Prime Minister kept her tardily informed of ministerial changes, or neglected her social commands. Thus, having got him safely back again she writes (26th August, 1839):—"The Queen. . . thinks it right and of importance that Lord Melbourne should be here at large dinners; the Queen insists upon his coming to dinner to-morrow, and also begs him to do so on Wednesday. . . . The Queen has been a good deal annoyed this evening at Normanby's telling her that John Russell was coming to town next Monday to change with him [as Home Secretary]. Lord Melbourne never told the Queen that this was definitely settled. . . . The Queen has such unlimited confidence in Lord

Melbourne that she knows all that he does is right, but she cannot help being a little vexed at not being told things, when she is accustomed to great confidence on Lord Melbourne's part."

Melbourne's tale was, however, nearly told. Not since 1835 had the Whigs been really masters in their own parliamentary house. Six humiliating years of office they had endured, without ever tasting the sweets of power. The position was, indeed, aptly summarized by the Liberal member for Westminster:—"The Right Honourable member for Tamworth [Peel] governs England; the honourable and learned member for Dublin [O'Connell] governs Ireland; the Whigs govern nothing but Downing Street." The diagnosis was accurate. But the General Election of 1841 was as fatal to the Repealers in Ireland as it was to the Whigs in England. Melbourne resigned, and did his utmost to reconcile the sovereign to her new Ministers. His success may be counted as his final act of chivalry and service to his Queen and country.

To Peel himself he gave (indirectly through Greville) some kindly and sagacious advice, as to his relations with the Queen:—"Don't let him suffer any appointment he is going to make to be talked about, and don't let her hear it through anyone but himself, and whenever he does anything or has anything to propose, let him explain to her clearly his reason. The Queen is not conceited; she is aware there are many things she cannot understand, and she likes to have them explained to her elementarily, not at length and in detail, but shortly and clearly; neither does she like long audiences—I never stayed with her a long time. These things he [Peel] should attend to and they will make things go on more smoothly."

They did. The Queen, as already mentioned had got a new Private Secretary; she soon gave her full confidence to her new Prime Minister. Of the Prince's "judgment, temper and discretion," Melbourne formed "the highest opinion," and, on relinquishing office he assured his mistress that he felt "a great consolation and security in the reflection that he left the Queen in a situation in which she had the inestimable advantage of such advice and assistance."

Lord Melbourne continued to lead the Opposition in the House of Lords until, in October, 1842, he was prostrated by a stroke of paralysis; but he so far recovered as to be able, during

the crisis of 1846, to attend a meeting of Peers at Lansdowne House. To the total repeal of the Corn Laws Melbourne was opposed, and he considered that their alteration, which he approved, should be done "deliberately and not under excitement." From excitement and popular agitation the Whigs were temperamentally averse, but the counsel was none the less wise. When Peel actually proposed total repeal, Melbourne could not restrain his indignation: "Ma'am, it's a damned dishonest thing," was his famous comment to the Queen. The vigour of his language on that occasion was a reversion to type. Previous to 1837 his conversation was punctuated with oaths, and it speaks wonders for his self-restraint that after he became the great Queen's Private Secretary, he guarded his own lips as carefully as he informed the mind of his pupil.

A final disappointment awaited him in his premature old age. When, in 1846, Lord John Russell formed his Ministry, no offer of a place was made to Melbourne. Bitterly chagrined though he was, he generously recognised that Lord John had acted for the best:—"You have judged me rightly and kindly in making me no offer." Lord John had judged his old colleague's incapacity for further work only too well. Within two years the end came.

Lord Melbourne's work was done, and well done: he had taught Queen Victoria a lesson which none of her predecessors had learnt so successfully—how (in the classic phrase of Thiers) to reign but not to rule.

It has become an accepted canon of historical criticism to deny to Lord Melbourne the title of a "statesman." Space fails me to discuss in detail the justice of that verdict; but this may be said with confidence: Lord Melbourne, if not a great statesman, was a most lovable man and a notable personality. Moreover, his personality survives; and if, as we have been taught, "transmitted personality" be the true test of greatness, then was Lord Melbourne indubitably "great."

ROBERT BRIDGES

BY ARTHUR WAUGH

I

NOWADAYS, whenever it happens that some famous figure is removed by death, having passed the limit of four-score years, it is certain that somewhere or other a voice will be raised, acclaiming his loss as the passing of The Last of The Great Victorians. Indeed, the title has been so often and so variously bestowed, as almost to have outworn the decencies of usage; and yet it persists in recurring to the memory, when any attempt is made to estimate some part of all that the life and example of Robert Bridges meant to his generation. For who, if not he, is to be accounted a Great Victorian; and since he has died, midway in his eighty-sixth year, who is there left to dispute his claim to be the last of his race? He was born in the very hour when all the influences, religious, social, and literary, which crystallised into the Victorian temperament, were seething in the crucible. By 1844 the Oxford Movement in the Church of England had spread its appeal broadcast throughout the country parishes, and was waking priest and people alike out of the apathy of years into a sense of the beauty and spirituality of creed and ritual. About the same time the long quest of science began to throw searchlights into the dark origins of animal and human growth, collecting the evidences which were so bitterly to disturb an easy-going faith by the discoveries of the Evolutionists. And, just at this moment, a new, fresh spring of English poetry was breaking from the ground, fertile with thought and fancy. Only two years before Robert Bridges was born, Tennyson had proved the true mettle of his pasture with the famous twin volumes of *Poems*, whose quality, in the opinion of many of his first admirers, he was never to surpass; Robert Browning was maturing the mould of his dramatic studies of character and motive; while Charles Dickens opened windows of human sympathy and understanding upon the slums and alleys of disregarded suffering.

"There were voices in the air," in the years when Robert Bridges was growing to manhood; and his lot was cast in places which gave him the keenest opportunities for hearing them, and for absorbing their message.

Born into a large family of good old Kentish stock, in a home at Walmer overlooking the sea, Robert Bridges was sent to Eton in his tenth year, and stayed there till he was nineteen, taking deeply to heart the incommunicable genius of the place. What he wrote years after in his *Ode for Founders' Day* was no old man's faint reflection; it was a vital memory of youth.

"Here is eternal spring: for you
The very stars of heaven are new;
And aged Fame again is born,
Fresh as a peeping flower of morn.

For you shall Shakespeare's scene unroll,
Mozart shall steal your ravished soul,
Homer his bardic hymn rehearse,
Virgil recite his maiden verse.

Now learn, love, have, do, be, the best;
Each in one thing excel the rest:
Strive; and hold fast this truth of heaven—
To him that hath shall more be given."

Of the many gifts that Eton offers to her sons Bridges received full share. He was both a scholar and an athlete. He was good upon the cricket field, and better on the river; and, when he went up to Corpus Christi College, Oxford, he at once became stroke of the College boat. It is said that he might even have stroked the 'Varsity Eight, had he chosen; but the claim of the Schools was too strong. In the meanwhile his mind had been ranging freely in the choice of a career. While at Eton he was much attracted by the lure of Puseyism, and had almost made up his mind to take Holy Orders. At Oxford, however, though he read for *Literae Humaniores*, his interests had tended towards scientific study; and, after a few months' travel abroad, he entered St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and qualified as a physician. He attained honourable distinction in his profession, but retired from active practice in his thirty-eighth year, to settle at Yattendon in Berkshire, where he lived for nearly twenty years, and wrote most of his best-known poetry. His last home was at Boar's Hill, overlooking Oxford; and there, in surroundings almost ideal for

the fostering of the philosophic mind, he continued to enjoy the consolations of poetry and the frequent companionship of his large circle of friends, into an old age which never hardened, nor lost its sympathy with the hopes and dreams of the human soul.

II

We think of Robert Bridges, then, as of a young man enchanted by all the voices of Victorianism; and we are now to see how those voices found expression in his verse, and how they were qualified and modulated by the force of his own personality. And, to begin with, we recognise that the quintessence of Victorianism was something much more than the stern struggle between science and religion, between faith and doubt, hope and despair; it was, above everything else, a spirit of discipline, of duty, and of restraint, which held it part of the obligation of Honour to get rid of the selfish taint of personal ambition and rivalry; to recognise the race as superior in claim to the individual; and generally to observe a decent reticence about the baser passions which vex our poor humanity, while never closing the eye to the peril of their approach. "Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control"—the spiritual triad of Tennyson's creed, was the prevailing watchword of his age; and this triple bond of sincerity and strength may be said to bind all the work of Robert Bridges in a sound and salient harmony.

The reticence of his method is illustrated even in the quiet quality of his first appearances as a poet; which were uniformly shy and undemonstrative. He began to publish poetry when he was twenty-nine; but the succeeding volumes came into the world unheralded, some of the best of them printed by C. H. Daniel, at his private press at Worcester College, Oxford, in strictly limited editions. Bridges was forty-six years old before he ventured out into the open, in the way of commercial publishing, with his *Shorter Poems*; and in the same year (1890) he published four of his plays, *Palicio*, *The Return of Ulysses*, *The Christian Captives*, and *Achilles in Scyros*. It was in his sixtieth year that the six-volume collection of his works was completed; and though by that time the high intrinsic quality of his poetry had long been appreciated by all trained judges, it still continued to advance its claim so modestly that, when he was appointed to the laureateship

seventeen years ago, the general public knew less of him than it would be possible for almost any section of the newspaper-reading public to-day to know of any living poet of equal distinction. If this was the penalty of secluded art, it was at least a penalty that redounded to the honour of the artist.

But, of course, the secret of his tardy recognition lay principally in the nature of his art; for Bridges made no compromise with popular method or theme. The story-telling school of poetry, which is always the first to catch the public taste, was a school for which he himself had no liking. It has been said that, while he learnt most of Tennyson's earlier lyrics by heart, he found himself reluctantly forced to part company with the great Victorian laureate when he embarked upon his *Idylls of The King*, his *Enoch Arden*, and all that mass of later poetry, in which the poet is only too clearly occupied in seeking themes for poetry, instead of waiting upon the theme, however slight, or the emotion, however simple, which refuses to be denied. Except in his plays, (the least satisfying section of his work), and in such a recasting of a classic myth as *Eros and Psyche*, Bridges was never guilty of writing for writing's sake. He preserved through life an inalienable loyalty to the dictates of the Muse.

Edward Dowden, writing nearly forty years ago what must have been one of the first critical appreciations of Bridges' work, declared that "all he has to tell is that he loves beauty, and loves love; and all he has done is to praise God in the best of ways by making some beautiful things." To-day that is only partially true; but it is so far true, that the essence of all the poet's philosophy is his pursuit of the spirit of Beauty, and his discovery that Beauty's home is always in the house of Love. But, though that idea is the mainspring for all his thought, it is far from being the sum of his message and achievement. His place in the history of English poetry, and his influence upon the poetry of his time, are difficult to estimate, simply because he was content to work in quietness and confidence, following the tradition, and only departing from it, or developing it, by gradations so subtle and delicate as to be almost unappreciable by the inadequately appreciative.

"The progress of poetry," says Mr. J. W. Mackail, in a memorable sentence, "passes away from us, and we fancy that poetry itself is passing away. Poetry indeed has a periodical

movement of its own; its visible progress is intermittent, not continuous; looking back on its past course, we can see easily how it has here and there, now and then, blazed out in a great poet, and has grown languid and thin in times when there has been no poet of the first order."* That reflection exactly expresses the quiet, unobtrusive influence of Robert Bridges upon the poetry of his time. There did not indeed "blaze out" in him the manifestation of a new and meteoric talent; and to those who go out into the wilderness to seek sensations there might even seem something "languid and thin" about the texture of his simple lyrics. But, as the body of his work reveals itself, full-orbed, self-consistent, and steadily self-revealing, it is seen to bear a high and honourable part in the custody of tradition, and in the reconciliation of traditional methods with the needs and responsibilities of a new age.

III

Bridges has often been compared with Milton; and it was indeed to Milton that he owed his first allegiance. He studied Milton's prosody with absorbed devotion, and made it the basic foundation of his own. But the lyric resources, which have opened since Milton's day, were never silent in his ear; and the shorter poems, by which he will always be best remembered, have affinities with Elizabethan, Caroline, and Victorian verse alike. Indeed the Augustan age of Pope and Addison is almost the only period by which they seem to be entirely unaffected.

To admit this, is not to suggest that his poetry was derivative; it moved in the stream, and was never stranded in a backwater. But the stream was by this time (inevitably) the stream of Victorian philosophic poetry. It went to Nature for its inspiration, and it regarded Nature as a mirror of the supernatural. Out of a passion for the beauties of Nature springs a passion for the beauties of Art, which is in itself a means of conveying beauty to the mind; and from a passion for Art is born that overpowering passion of Love, which finds its fullest expression in the wide effort of humanity to reconcile with a faith in the gospel of Love the conflicting elements of suffering and disillusionment, of failure and grief. And so the poet takes up his burden.

* Lectures on Poetry by J. W. Mackail.

"I love all beauteous things,
I seek and adore them;
God hath no better praise,
And man in his hasty days
Is honoured for them.

I, too, will something make
And joy in the making;
Altho' to-morrow it seem
Like the empty words of a dream
Remembered on waking."

He begins, then, with Nature, and he interprets her by natural, simple means and measures. His study of metre and prosody helped him to enlarge the resources of his art, but he did so by variation rather than by revolt. There was nothing spectacular or arresting in his effects, nothing, for instance, of the anapaestic revelry of Swinburne, or the hard, clean-cut severity of the later empiricists in free verse. He began by experimenting in quantity; he went on to emphasize the importance of stress; his lyrical measures are almost all restrained and modulated in tone. But they are always full of music—for Bridges loved music almost as much as he loved nature—and their harmonies are as much a matter of stress as of sound, of vision as of ear. The perfect picture of an English scene is called up again and again in his poetry through the employment of sounds and echoes as inalienably English as the image they create.

"There is a hill beside the silver Thames,
Shady with birch and beech and odorous pine:
And brilliant underfoot with thousand gems
Steeplly the thickets to his floods decline.
Straight trees in every place
Their thick tops interlace,
And pendant branches trail their foliage fine
Upon his watery face.

Swift from the sweltering pasturage he flows:
His stream alert to seek the pleasant shade,
Pictures his gentle purpose, as he goes
Straight to the caverned pool his toil has made.
His winter floods lay bare
The stout roots in the air:
His summer streams are cool, when they have played
Among their fibrous hair."

The picture is England undefiled; and note the close, the accurate choice of the descriptive epithet, "the odorous pine", "the sweltering pasturage", "the caverned pool", "their fibrous hair"; every word in its place, and all of them unforced and unaffected. That is the true test of workmanship, to make perfect the phrase, and yet to leave no sense of effort.

This poem, celebrating a favourite Thames retreat, closes with a verse, which recalls the common sense of jealousy with which all nature-lovers seek to guard the secret of their chosen haunt,

"Lest ere I come the while
Strange feet your shades defile;"

and the sentiment of half-selfish solitude thus aroused is frankly faced in a pair of poems called *Spring*, which contain an invitation to the country, and a reply from the town. In a comparison of the two will be found an explanation of the poet's attitude to Nature and to Life. First, in the invitation, the joys of sheltered meditation are acclaimed.

"And country life I praise,
And lead, because I find
The philosophic mind
Can take no middle ways;
She will not leave her love
To mix with men, her art
Is all to strive above
The crowd, or stand apart."

Then in the reply, the worker "long in city pent," but conscious of the waking of spring among "the prisoned trees" in street and square, refuses to give way to discontent, accepts the call of duty and of labour, and turns to find consolation in human companionship and common interests.

"Rather while Reason lives
To mark me from the beast,
I'll teach her serve at least
To heal the wound she gives:
Nor need she strain her powers
Beyond a common flight,
To make the passing hours
Happy from morn till night.

Since health our toil rewards,
And strength is labour's prize,
I hate not, nor despise
The work my lot accords;

Nor fret with fears unkind
The tender joys, that bless
My hard-won peace of mind,
In hours of idleness."

So, love of Nature broadens into love of humanity, and then, like a hovering light which suddenly settles and concentrates upon a fixed object, finds its "earthly best" in the marriage of true minds, and the dual entity of an unblemished companionship. In the sonnet sequence, *The Growth of Love*, this philosophic conception is elaborately but clearly developed,—love of nature, love of beauty, love of the twin-soul, all gradually fusing in that love of Love, which is man's only safe path of approach to the Idea of God.

"For beauty being the best of all we know
Sums up the unsearchable and secret aims
Of nature, and on joys whose heavenly names
Were never told can form and sense bestow.
And man hath sped his instinct to outgo
Nature in sound and shape, and daily frames
Much for himself to countervail his shames,
Building a tower above the head of woe.
And never was there work for beauty found
Fairer than this, that we should make to cease
The jarring woes that in the world abound.
Nay, with his sorrow may his smiles increase
If from man's greater need beauty redound
And claim his tears for homage of his peace."

In this rich sense of Love as the highest expression of the human soul, Robert Bridges wrote some of the most penetrating love-poems in the language.

"Awake, my heart, to be loved, awake, awake!
The darkness silvers away, the morn doth break,
It leaps in the sky: unrisen lustres slake
The o'ertaken moon. Awake, O heart, awake!"

Or again:

"My delight and thy delight
Walking, like two angels white,
In the gardens of the night:

My desire and thy desire
Twining to a tongue of fire,
Leaping live, and laughing higher;

Thro' the everlasting strife
In the mystery of life.

Love, from whom the world begun
Hath the secret of the sun."

Not even the youngest and most ardent of modern lovers could ask a fuller expression of Love's lure than that; and in its final reconciliation with the wider claims of humanity and of human suffering, Love, which in its growing old is doomed to change, may still find a sure and philosophic anchorage.

IV

The test of such a citadel of the soul comes in the hour of alarm, of doubt, and of distraction; and its strength was abundantly proved in the disaster which swooped down upon the world sixteen years ago. Robert Bridges accepted the laureateship in the year before the outbreak of the Great War; and, in those first months of confused voices, of challenge, fury, and vituperation, there were not wanting fiery counsellors who would have liked to see the country's official poet fulminating from the crest of Boar's Head, and urging on the nations to mutual destruction. Someone recalled, with regretful comparison, the valorous protestation of an earlier Poet Laureate:

"For I trust if an enemy's fleet came yonder round by the hill,
And the rushing battle-bolt sang from the three-decker out
of the foam,
That the smooth-faced snub-nosed rogue would leap from
his counter and till,
And strike, if he could, were it but with his cheating yard-
wand, home."——

That, it was proclaimed, was the sort of poetry to pack the queues at the recruiting-stations; but no poetry at all of that sort was to be won from the poet whom the more irresponsible type of journalist was not ashamed to call "Our Silent Laureate". In its stead, there emerged from the sheltered study above the Oxford spires a book of the finest spiritual quality, a collection of the noblest thoughts and visions with which great Englishmen through the ages had consoled themselves in the hour of tribulation,—that beautiful, stirring, reconciling anthology,

The Spirit of Man. Looking back to-day, when the weapons of war have perished, and bitter thoughts are hushed in honour to the dead, it is easy enough to recognise that no wiser, or more needed message could possibly have been offered to that fevered hour than the message to be found in those golden pages of courage, peace, and love. And the spirit which animated that book was all the while at work in the poet's mind, preparing his last, and most characteristic legacy to his generation, the wonderful *Testament of Beauty*, in which, on his eighty-fifth birthday, the poet bore witness to the perennial youthfulness of his heart, and to his unfailing faith in the final destiny of man.

There is certainly no denying that this noble "Testament" presents itself in a difficult guise, and demands patient submission of the reader; but it is actually much less difficult than it appears at first sight. The obstacles to facile acceptance are mainly three. In the first place, the poem is written in what the poet describes as "loose alexandrines," a metre which has never proved very congenial to the English language. In the second place, the poet, in order to make the stress and fall of his metre more acceptable to the English ear, has adopted a modified form of phonetic spelling, which lends to the page, at a superficial glance, an air of archaism which is entirely alien from its atmosphere and intention. And finally, the argument is illustrated by a procession of similes, crowded with detail as full as those of Matthew Arnold, in whose poetry the simile sometimes stretches itself out so far that the original picture drops from the mind, as it concentrates upon the opulence of the analogy. This, however, is a comparatively small question of workmanship, which yields its secret to a closer examination; and the other difficulties are not much harder to overcome. The reader will find that, if he reads the verse straight on, as though it were prose, not allowing himself to mark its quantity or, as it were, to chant its melody, he will soon feel the measure shaping itself around its beautiful imagery, and lending clarity to its occasionally intricate argument. In this he will be greatly helped by the emphasis of the spelling, when once it has become familiar; for the doubled consonants and dropped vowels are contrived expressly as aids both to sound and sense, and soon play their part in elucidating the intention. And, as the entire intention of the poem shapes itself in the imagination, its nobility and power are more and more vividly revealed.

The Testament of Beauty is indeed the last legacy of a strong, poetic mind, revealing, through the medium of personal confession, the spirit of its age to the comprehension of its countrymen. It is the final epitome of the poet's creed. He tells how, late in his long journey, when he had climbed to where "the path was narrowing, and the company few," he saw the panorama of his life stretched out before him, as a traveller might see the surrounding country from a hill-top, and "all was vivid and significant that had been dormant or dead."

"Man's happiness, his flaunting honey'd flower of soul,
Is his loving response to the wealth of Nature"

"Beauty is the prime motiv of all his excellences,
His aim and peaceful purpose"

With illustrations from history, from metaphysics, and from ethics, he traces the necessity of man's response to Nature and its claims, under the guidance of beauty, and follows up his quest for Nature's meaning, its will, and purpose. He glances at the message of the faiths, from Pagan fire-worship, whose eyes were already raised to light, through the mysticism of the East, the tribal war-deity worship of Judaism, to the Kingdom of Christ, whose "holy temple" is "not in Athens or Rome, but in the heart of man."

All life, he perceives, is seeking the realisation of Self; but, if the self be exalted into an autocrat, his rule is

"by Reason denounced,
Heartless, and outlaw'd from the noble temper of man,
The original sin and cause of half his woes and shames."

So Self must be moulded by occult influences, whereof Beauty is the highest,

"The quality of appearances that thro' the sense
Wakeneth spiritual emotion in the mind of man:
And Art, as it createth new forms of beauty,
Awakeneth new ideas that advance the spirit
In the life of Reason to the wisdom of God."

From contemplation of Self the poet proceeds to the study of Breed, which "is to the race as selfhood to the individual;" he surveys the mystery of sex, "the allure of bodily beauty;" and the call of instinct, merging in the harmony of union. And so, finally, he comes out upon the shining tableland of *Ethick*, which reveals

to man the obligation of Duty; invests him with the knowledge of good and evil; and demonstrates that the choice of good is natural to man, planted in him by the conscience which is personality, and leading him instinctively to the divine practice of prayer and praise.

"Truly the Soul returneth the body's loving
Where it had won it . . . and God so loveth the world . . .
And in the fellowship of the friendship of Christ
God is seen as the very self-essence of love,
Creator and mover of all as activ lover of all,
Self-expressed in not-self, without which no self were.
In thought whereof is neither beginning nor end
Nor space nor time; nor any fault nor gap therein
'Twixt self and not-self, mind and body, mother and child,
'Twixt lover and loved, God and man: but ONE ETERNAL
In the love of Beauty and in the selthood of Love."

With those noble lines ringing in our ears, there is no need of epilogue or apologia. *The Testament of Beauty* is such a gift as only a great poet could leave to his generation, the last utterance of a fine and philosophic mind, which from the Pisgah-height of experience saw the vision of eternal beauty face to face, and had no fear to die, having learnt so fully how to live.

EBB AND FLOW

A MONTHLY COMMENTARY

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

FAILURE in the Egyptian negotiations has been construed by some critics as unfavourable to the Labour Government. This is not very reasonable, since no blame attaches to Mr. Henderson, who has been firm without giving the slightest ground for quarrel; and no bad result has followed. From the Egyptian point of view, it is probable that affairs are proceeding normally; a thousand days, anyhow, are as nothing to the people of the pyramids. Orientals do not like swift conclusions, and they must have found it hard to believe that Mr. Henderson really decided to make the largest offer possible and to make it at once. Since he imposed no embarrassing time limit for acceptance, the offer stands and they can go back to think about it. They are certain to reflect that much is gained by delay. For one thing, Cairo must be full of Egyptians who deeply desire for good cash reasons that the British troops should not move out to a station or stations on the canal bank. Such reasoners are not fervid nationalists, but they may be useful subscribers of funds; and to the fervid nationalist, Nahas Pasha can offer the spectacle of a fine gesture. He has refused to compromise the national claims of Egypt—which means that sword in hand and with set teeth he has taken the spectacular line of least resistance. The most difficult thing for the advocate of an abstract national claim is to accept something less than the whole. At Vereeniging, Botha was frankly for acceptance of a settlement; Hertzog (according to Mr. Neame's recently published Life of him) refused to say more than that each man should act according to his conscience. There can be no doubt that Botha's line was the more courageous, but he compromised his halo; Hertzog's remained intact. In 1921 Griffith and Collins accepted the Treaty with Great Britain; Mr. de Valera, though the wish of Ireland was clearly declared, stood out against what he

The
Egyptian
Negotiations.

considered a surrender. He also has preserved his halo, at the expense of his country.

But in both these cases the advocates of compromise were assisted by the presence of a grim alternative—no less than war—which helped others to follow where they led. Nahas was in the position of needing to climb down, yet from no urgent necessity. He could have got the British troops out of Cairo, a considerable sentimental value; but there were offsets to this in the British garrison's habit of spending, in the attraction to tourists and so forth. Accordingly he has preferred to remain aloft morally—with the settlement also in the air. Egypt will probably acquiesce in the settlement which the force of facts imposes; and especially, it will not be inconvenient for Egypt that the question of tribunals for foreigners should not be pushed to a conclusion. Very definitely Mr. Henderson has done Great Britain no disservice in Egypt; and his policy there may be fruitful of good in India.

For it should be clearly understood that, however things go, there is no hope of seeing a plan adopted with authority by the representatives of India at the Conference for which October 20th is now announced as the approximate date. I assume that Irishmen had as much moral courage as is to be expected among Indians, and when we were set a similar task at the Irish Convention in 1917-18, many moderate Nationalists definitely preferred that a settlement should be imposed rather than that they should take the responsibility of recommending something which *could possibly and even probably* be attained. I believe the same was true of Unionists. Apart from the unwillingness to advocate accepting something less than had been claimed, there was the feeling that in Parliament where the enacting power lay, a margin would always be whittled away from what was proposed. Yet on certain broad lines, agreement could have been reached among all the Convention, except the Ulster group; but the English Government refused then even to consider the idea of fiscal autonomy (the right to impose customs and excise). Four years later, when a sufficiency of bloodshed and destruction had been provided, the

India:
The Irish
Precedent.

statesmen were eager to reach a settlement on terms which included military independence as well as fiscal. These things should not be forgotten, for no one in India forgets them. I doubt if our Convention could have reached a settlement, but it accomplished much good understanding between north and south, and a settlement could have been imposed in the following year. Instead, things were let drift into chaos.

This will not happen in India. The seriousness of the issue is too well understood; and the line of proceeding is logical. The Simon Report announced for June will give a basis for discussion at the Conference, and in the Conference, if its proceedings are kept private, men will come to know each other's minds. After that, it will be for the wisdom of Parliament to say what shall be; and one may assume that Indians of all sections will be prepared to accept something substantially other than they were prepared formally to recommend. They will know what they can make workable. Meanwhile the task of British administration is to prepare the temper of India for acceptance; and that task is all the more difficult because the right of India to self-government has been conceded in principle. Those who remember the Irish case will recognise how much greater was the difficulty after it was settled that Ireland should have Home Rule. Much that seemed right and necessary, so long as it could be assumed that British rule was unalterably permanent, became matter for argument when Dublin Castle was admittedly a stopgap machinery.

Luckily in India things are not so bad as that. A Government of India Act has not been passed, and then suspended for an undefined period. But it is true that the Government of India in so far as it is the system of Lord Curzon's day, or even of Lord Morley's, must now be regarded as preparing the way for its own supersession. If the main purpose was to convince India that the Sirdar was no respecter of persons, omnipotent, inflexibly just, Mr. Gandhi no doubt should have been dealt with from the instant he declared his intention to break the law. As things were, Lord Irwin and his advisers had to consider rather how to get India, or a good part of India, on their side, as against Mr. Gandhi; and so they decided to let this saintly man pursue his course up to the point at which the law plainly must be as-

The Government and Gandhi.

serted if there was to be any law at all. Risks were taken, and not with impunity, as the results show at Peshawar, at Sholapur, and elsewhere. We know what has happened now; but we cannot know what would have happened if Mr. Gandhi had been flapped into jail last March instead of this May. As things are, Indians who have much to lose must understand what they risk unless they help to achieve some settled order; and Lord Irwin could not go further than he has gone to show his desire to deal as with free men and equals.

Unhappily, those Indians who most resent the feeling of inferiority in their own country will be disposed to represent Lord Brentford as indicating the true mind of England when he says that "the people of India are not fit for Home Rule," and that England's duty is to prevent this calamity. No doubt a great many believe with him that to establish self-government there would be to open the way for frightful slaughter. But England is committed to the attempt, and the combination of a Labour Secretary of State with a Conservative Viceroy offers the attempt its best chance; the personal record and qualities of Mr. Wedgwood Benn and Lord Irwin give us that combination in a better embodiment than could have been reasonably hoped; and what these two men agree to recommend, England is most unlikely to refuse.

There is one almost certain consequence. While the Indian question fills the horizon, as it must do for more than a year to come, no one is likely to wish the break-up of this combination. This ought to mean that Mr. Macdonald's government will act so far as it can in the temper of a coalition. It is fair to say that Mr. Snowden's budget was as little stamped with partisan character, indeed was as Conservative, as any Labour Finance proposals can be; and if his pledge to avoid new taxation be maintained, next year's budget should break no understanding. And understanding will be necessary. This emergency has in a sense not come suddenly; birth does not surprise; yet it comes with swiftness and with danger. Nothing like this Indian problem has ever been seen. Japan has westernised itself spiritually and mechanically with success; China has westernised itself spiritually with disastrous results. India has been Europeanised mechanically, from

The Swing of the Cycle.

without; England has fitted it out with a superb modern machinery; and inevitably the internal life of India has been affected, and in a sense demands to be Europeanised. Freedom is the governing idea of Europe. England, which Europeanised the framework of existence in India, is now called on to help India to Europeanise itself by substituting Eastern for Western rule. That is the logical evolution, the fore-ordained birth. But Lord! what a task for the *accoucheur*!

A minor trouble has been developing in Malta where Lord Strickland as Governor finds himself in collision with the Papal power. This is all the more odd because Lord Strickland (who in the war was a divisional commander of the highest quality) comes of one of the old English Catholic families. Apparently the higher ecclesiastics in Malta are strongly Italian in sympathy, and so far as the possession of Malta is concerned this tends to make them anti-British; but the monastic orders, especially the friars, are more Maltese than Italian by inclination. A Franciscan friar somehow publicly expressed dissent from the Italianising policy of the hierarchy; the hierarchy moved to get him transferred from the island, and the friar appealed to English courts and was upheld. But in Malta, as in Spain and in parts of South America, the old claim that an ecclesiastic's cause must be judged only before an ecclesiastical court is still maintained. The odd position results, that this English Catholic governor is asserting the right of a friar to go before a civil court, and the *privilegium ferri*, so often invoked to protect an ecclesiastic, is here opposed by the friar's defenders. Altogether, it is very curious. The Vatican has less cause of quarrel against Britain than against any other European power (except Spain); the present Pope is the last man likely to raise trouble; and Rome must know that of all Romish claims this mediæval privilege is the least likely to be tolerated by English people—for that matter, by English-speaking people. It would not be admitted in Ireland by the Catholic laity, if the issue were raised. Meantime, the Archbishop of Malta is threatening ecclesiastical penalties against the publisher, the editor, the sellers, and the readers of a paper which is described as "Lord Strickland's paper"—exactly as in the Parnellite split, Parnellite papers were put under the same ban by certain bishops. And, to avoid

The Malta Incident.

the penalties, the paper is changing its name, exactly as Nationalist, or Sinn Fein papers used to change their names to baffle Coercion Acts. Indeed, Lord Strickland, who commanded in Cork during the troubles of 1919 to 1921, should be quite familiar with the resources of ingenuity in this kind.

So Mr. Masfield is the laureate. That brings us back to 1813, when George the Regent offered the post to Scott who had made poetry popular. Yet Scott was not unique in his vogue even by 1813; *Childe Harold* had set all London wild about its author a year before; and Moore's *Irish Melodies* were already known by heart to thousands when Byron was a schoolboy. Indeed the first quarter of the nineteenth century, when the best of modern poetry was written, seems to have been the time when poetry was most enjoyed—although the work that we now rate highest was not what the public rushed after. Still, it is worth considering whether the existence of a popular poet does not encourage and inspirit the whole art. If Mr. Masfield has done poetry good service, this is it, for as a craftsman in verse he is no better than Scott was. But he has revived the art in which Scott succeeded (and in which Byron "bet" Scott) of holding readers entranced with swift narrative in galloping verse. His poem of the fox-hunt did this superbly; the story of the race and the story of the prize fight are to my thinking not in the same class with "Reynard"; they lapse into rhetoric and emphasis. None the less they won new readers wholesale for verse. It is a bad thing for us all that poetry should become too esoteric. Mr. Yeats is the admitted master of his craft (but it would have been impossible to appoint to what is theoretically a court post a man whose best work has been in praise of rebellion); yet Mr. Yeats has never touched the crowd; and it is not because he did not want to. In his *Responsibilities* there is a poem about Galway Races, where,

"Delight makes them all of one mind,
The riders upon the galloping horses,
The crowd that closes in behind."

Then the poet turns back in thought to the time when poets too "had good attendance, aye horsemen for companions," and his last line is a prayer for some time when

"We, too, find hearteners among men
That ride upon horses."

This is the natural desire and it is well to have it recognised. Every poet hopes to find "fit audience"—and that the fit may not be few. Stephen Phillips, the only poet of my lifetime who seemed to me equal to Yeats in importance, had always the example of Byron before him; he wanted to make poetry popular, and for a year or two he looked like achieving it; but unhappily he sought his way through the stage—for him at least the wrong way. Mr. Kipling had "horsemen for companions," troops of them, and I am not sure but the best of his verse is better than the best of his prose. Still except for once in the *Ballad of East and West*, this marvellous narrator never used verse for narrative; and only in narrative has verse been really popular since the days of Pope and Goldsmith. Tennyson's *Idylls* won him a wider audience than could have been retained by work that had not a story to it. The public will absorb a certain quantity of lyrics, but then, I think, comes saturation; it refuses to learn any more of them by heart, which is the true test of success in poetry. Mr. Kipling stands it better than anyone else; a great part of his verse could be reproduced from oral tradition. At one period Sir Henry Newbolt caught the ear in the same way with his *Admirals All*; and so did Moira O'Neill with her *Songs of the Glens of Antrim*, one of the most genuinely popular books of good verse. I rather wonder whether if all print were suppressed to-morrow, much of Mr. Masfield would be recoverable, except his lyric about the "tall ship and a star to steer her by." He is diffuse; he lacks concentration. But in *Reynard the Fox* he certainly wrote one of the best English poems.

It seems agreed that war books have passed their moment of popularity; but they were the feature of the publishing season from autumn to spring which is now about to close. **War Books.** Probably, most men who had the habit of writing, and were in the war thought that they were set up with copy for a lifetime—that is, of course, if they came out. And I think most men expected to come out. On this point my recollection of the facts differs from that of most among these writers. Everybody going up into the line knew that there would

be casualties, but only the exceptional man believed that he would be hit. A few did, and some of these were conspicuously cool and unflurried when things got bad; probably their comrades did not believe them serious in the conviction which they often declared. If there was fear in their minds, their conduct gave no sign of it. There were, of course, the rare unhappy exceptions, perhaps one in a hundred, who were the prey of fear, and could not control it. But *Journey's End*, that wonderful reproduction of externals (including the habitual tone of speech) left me asking myself whether I had been deaf and blind to the presence all about me of a besetting dread. I am quite certain now that the subconscious seeking for some kind of unifying motive has led most of the writers to exaggerate the torment of fear. There was no other motive to choose. The war itself was impossible to describe; too big, too confused; something would be going on a mile away, and we had no idea what it was. The individual was in an experience which he understood too little to be able to write about it—except in so far as it was an assault on his own nerves. Abstract ideas, such as patriotism, or the hope of victory, ceased to be consciously present with us; in any case, any talk of them would be set down now as insincere propaganda. Yet a real study of the facts would give a much larger place to them than is given now. In the spring of 1916, coming out of the front line to billets at Mazingarbe, I found myself in the house with a French lieutenant, home on leave. He had come from Verdun, after forty days of it on end, beginning less than a week after the attack. Of course it had marked him; he looked like iron fresh from the hammering; and he told me how they said to each other, "If we come out of this, nothing will kill us." He described the amazement with which they saw guns ranged by hundreds in the open, at short range, blazing away. Such a reckless gesture of certainty to prevail, such total disregard of the ordinary precautions, had evidently made its effect, but he did not dwell on that; what he did say was that at a certain time, "we said to each other *Ils passeront*. How, *ils ne passeront jamais*." The abstract idea was uppermost; that was not (as one finds it described in *All's Quiet on the Western Front*) a desperate determination to fight for their own lives; they fought for the life of their country.

No doubt the case of the French was different, for the sword

was directly at the throat of France; neither English nor German could have the same inevitable perception that a larger life than his own was at stake. But in all these war books, the writers have been driven by the conditions of their art to string their narrative on the thread of a personal experience—the story of their own soul. Each included only a few personal contacts: for once we got to France, for an officer the company was the unit; for a private soldier, his platoon, or rather his section. The battalion had a shadowy existence at best; and we kept a mere nodding acquaintance with the brigade.

Looking back on it now, and recognising that I never was concerned with any important action or saw any notable stress of danger, still it seems to me that all this literature is keyed up to exaggeration, as if the writers wanted to convey the impression of drum fire. They forget how callous one grew to the noise even of heavy shelling. They forget also to make allowance (so far as officers are concerned, and nearly all the English books are written from the officers' standpoint) for the case of the young men who enjoyed it. One of these said: "It was the happiest time of my life. I had no responsibility. So long as I obeyed orders, everything went all right. I had the best of food, and plenty of money; I could get to London or Paris on my leaves; I had good company and never was lonely." That man earned his D.S.O. in an action; and there was no doubt of his sincerity. I believe that a dozen others whom I knew would have felt much the same, some of them even after they had seen some of the others die.

My quarrel with the war-literature as a whole is its lack of simplicity. Much of it is coloured by a laudable desire to make propaganda; so, horrors are piled on. Soldiers in general have recognised the need for this simplicity, and for the sake of it have specially welcomed Colonel Feilding's *War Letters to a Wife*. I have heard it praised (by one who had good right to speak), as "the best of the English war books." It covers all the war in France and Flanders from the spring of 1915, and about a third relates the experiences of a company officer; the rest is told from the standpoint of battalion headquarters—a less limited outlook. These letters, written on the spot at the time, really re-

produce the temper of the time—which had nothing hysterical.

Two other books have a special interest: *Her Privates We*, written by a man, obviously mature, who chose to be private rather than officer, yet who was in a somewhat different position from his comrades, if only by his command of money. Just because he stood somewhat apart, he was more than usual the comrade of the N.C.O.s and I know no other book that tells so much about their existence. For the experience of a private soldier, whose case was perfectly normal except that he had the education of a public schoolboy, I should send enquirers to Mr. Kiernan's *Little Brother Goes A-Soldiering*. That gives the ugly spectacle of war seen through the clear eyes of youth—seen not without remembered emotion, but with a candour and justice that are not common.

This year's Royal Academy is a portrait painters' show, at all events in the sense that there is little else of outstanding interest; and among the portrait painters, on the whole, Sir William Orpen has it. Yet his portrait of Miss White, for a long time head of Alexandra College, Dublin, compares ill with the study of Dame Millicent Fawcett, made (as was right) by another woman. Orpen has shown extraordinary cunning in arranging the colours of his sitter's academic gown, and of the background he chose for it; blue, pink, green and black combine, not into gaudiness, but into splendour. But Mrs. Swynnerton shows us a plain face, alive with vitality and kindness; the eyes despite of age, full of interest in life—a picture that would be good to live with even if one knew nothing of the original. None the less, in his portraits of Mr. St. John Harmsworth, of Sir Harry Renwick and of Mr. Guy Dawber, Orpen shows a range of sure craftsmanship that none of his rivals attain to in its consistency of brilliance. Mr. John in particular fluctuates, and even his admired portrait of Miss Tallulah Bankhead is somehow inconsistent in itself; the long, narrow lines of the composition are of authentic inspiration, but in drawing the lips it seems as if he had begun to remember Rossetti rather than see with his own eyes. One gets Mr. John at his best in his voluptuous rendering of a pot of great magnolias. Sir John Lavery has made a success of Lord Melchett, in a solid quiet piece of work that is convincingly right. And Mr. Jagger's picture of the

Queen, in spite of its slickness, conveys a distinction, and sweetness, a graciousness and a human quality, not often met with in portraits of royalty.

Finally, there is Mr. Sickert's indication, in slight browns, of a man with a whimsical, almost comic, face, standing by a table. Indeed he may well look so; the picture is so unlike any other in the exhibition that it might have been slipped by a nefarious joker into the place of some proper academy piece already hung.

On the whole, the men come out better than the women, who, well-dressed and well-posed, look self-conscious. Oddly enough, painters in all times have succeeded better in rendering minds than "the flourish set on youth." One can remember many exquisite portraits of girl children and many more of old or middle-aged women; but the artist set before feminine charm in its bloom nearly always lets it become (what indeed it often is) a mask for the mind.

In the sculpture room, Mr. Heseltine's study of a champion bull is impressive; a great solid heavy body in shining black marble, and a mild gentle head. Aberdeen-Angus are not bred for fighting. Miss Phyllis Jones has made (in Roman stone) a statuette of St. Joan on horseback. The quiet face indicates a mind entirely withdrawn, and distinguishes this from Joans innumerable, in England and in France.

There are many charming landscapes and figure subjects, though none of special importance; Mr. Francis Dodd's Spanish Oxdrivers, for instance, with its clear hard light and hard outlines, and the browns of Spain over it all. But what the public values in the Academy will be plain to any writer who notes the crowd before Mr. Keating's problem picture *Homo Sapiens*. They are not concerned with its pictorial quality, but want to know exactly what it means. It has the charm of a crossword puzzle. Mr. Keating is on the way to obscure the fact that he has a fine pictorial talent.

J U N E

1 9 3 0

THE
FORTNIGHTLY
LIBRARY

BOOK REVIEWS

and

PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS

INDEX TO BOOKS REVIEWED IN THIS ISSUE

ASH WEDNESDAY, by T. S. Eliot (*Faber & Faber*) - - - - - 857ADAMASTOR, by Roy Campbell (*Faber & Faber*) - - - - - 857THE UNCELESTIAL CITY, by Humbert Wolfe (*Gollancz*) - - - - - 857THE COSMIC CHRIST, by Violet Tweedale (*Rider*) - - - - - 858DESERT ISLANDS, by Walter de la Mare (*Faber & Faber*) - - - - - 859THE MASTER OF DESTINY, by Frederick Tilney (*Heinemann*) - - - - - 862AIR POWER AND THE CITIES, by J. H. Spraight (*Longmans Green*) - - - - - 864TREATISE ON THE GODS, by H. L. Mecklen (*Knopf*) - - - - - 866THE PRISONER OF VINCENNES, by Eric Rede Buckley (*Witherby*) - - - - - 868

FICTION.

" - & Co.," by Jean Richard Block (*Gollancz*) - - - - - 869GIVE UP YOUR LOVERS, by Louis Golding (*Heinemann*) - - - - - 869THE GOOD SOLDIER SCHWEIK, by Jaroslav Hasek (*Heinemann*) - - - - - 869CIMAROON, by Edna Ferber (*Heinemann*) - - - - - 869MEN, by Karen Bramson (*Chapman & Hall*) - - - - - 871PEACE, by Arne Garborg (*Allen & Unwin*) - - - - - 872THE STRANGER, by Godfrey Elton (*Constable*) - - - - - 872TALES TOLD BY SIMPSON, by May Sinclair (*Hutchinson*) - - - - - 872

OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE NEW ZEALAND OFFICIAL YEAR BOOK—1930.

MAN AND MICROBES, by Nicholas Kopeloff (*Knopf*).THE OLD CROSSES OF HEREFORDSHIRE, by Alfred Watkins (*Simpkin Marshall*).THE REALM OF MATTER, by George Santayana (*Constable*).THE MODERN FAMILY, by Ruth Reed (*Knopf*).SPORT IN CLASSIC TIMES, by A. J. Butler (*Benn*).ANTARCTIC ADVENTURES AND RESEARCH, by Griffith Taylor (*Appleton*).ADVENTURES IN LIVING DANGEROUSLY, by Louis Golding (*Kennerley*).SPAIN, YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY, by Henry Baerlein (*Herbert Jenkins*).BEYOND PHYSICS, by Oliver Lodge (*Allen & Unwin*).CASUAL OBSERVATIONS, by Arthur Ponsonby. (*Allen & Unwin*).THE REAL WAR, by Capt. Liddell Hart. (*Faber & Faber*).TWELFTH NIGHT, ed. by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch and John Dover Wilson. (*Cambridge University Press*).

FICTION.

GUERRA, by Alfred Newmann. (*Knopf*).THE SWEET CHEAT GONE, by Marcel Proust. (*Knopf*).HER FATHER'S HOUSE, by Hilda Vaughan. (*Heinemann*).COLLINGRIDGE, by Peggy Whitehouse. (*Chapman & Hall*).GLORY PLACE, by Marian Bower. (*Mills & Boon*).DRINK UP GENTLEMEN, by J. B. Morton. (*Chapman & Hall*).MANY CAPTIVES, by John Owen. (*Gollancz*).THE TWO TICKETS PUZZLE, by J. J. Conington. (*Gollancz*).THE JEALOUS GHOST, by L. A. G. Strong. (*Gollancz*).

Some Notable Verse

by V. SACKVILLE WEST

ASH-WEDNESDAY, by T. S. Eliot. *Faber and Faber*. 3s. 6d.ADAMASTOR, by Roy Campbell. *Faber and Faber*. 5s.THE UNCELESTIAL CITY, by Humbert Wolfe. *Gollancz*. 7s. 6d.

MR. ROY CAMPBELL and Mr. T. S. Eliot afford, I should think, as stimulating a contrast as could well be found between poets of the same generation. At first sight, it would appear that they have nothing whatever in common. Where Mr. Eliot is as weary as Pater's Monna Lisa, Mr. Campbell is as vigorous as the infant Hercules; where Mr. Eliot is stingy and austere towards the sound of his own voice, Mr. Campbell reverberates with the fury of waves breaking against the cliffs; where Mr. Eliot is prudent, almost spinsterish, Mr. Campbell swings his fists with the energy of a furious young man. Mr. Eliot moreover, has suffered terribly at the hands of his imitators; Mr. Campbell stands, at present, alone. (It is essential not to let one's appreciation of Mr. Eliot be dimmed by this cloudy source of irritation.) Reading the poems of Mr. Eliot is somewhat like squeezing a reluctant sponge: after much pressure, one succeeds in extracting a drop; but one is bound to recognize that drop as consisting of the purest essence, and meanwhile the room has been filled by the elusive aroma of all the drops the sponge refused to yield. One is driven to the conclusion that Mr. Eliot despises intelligibility. I admit frankly that I do not wholly understand *Ash-Wednesday*, nor, so far, have I met anybody who did. But that does not seem to matter; the pattern of Mr. Eliot's poetry matters far more than its meaning; the pattern, and an occasional line; the association of words; and the penetrating whisper of his under-statements. Mr. Campbell, on the other hand, speaks his mind in a voice of brass.

Contemporary appreciation may be worth nothing at all, but I should be surprised if Mr. Campbell did not rank among the big poets of our generation. He has his faults; or perhaps I should say, he still has his faults. Oddly enough—oddly, for a man of his reading and technique—some of them are the faults which marred *The Flaming Terrapin*. The traditional faults of youth. Too much rhetoric; too many superlatives; too many "strong" adjectives. (The only thing which justifies Mr. Campbell's excessive use of adjectives, is that they are always so damnably well chosen.) Then, to the faults of *The Flaming Terrapin*, he has added a taste for vituperation and satire. I am sure that Mr. Campbell fancies himself as a satirist; did not Browning once sum up the artist's desire for a means of expression other than his own?

"Ay, of all the artists living, loving,
None but would forego his proper
dowry—

Does he paint? he fain would write a
poem—

Does he write? he fain would paint a
picture,

Put to proof art alien to the artist's."

So with Mr. Campbell. He, a pure poet, purely a poet even as Shelley was purely a poet, muddles his muse with satire and epigram, hatreds and resentments, which he feels no doubt sincerely and intensely, as he feels everything sincerely and intensely, but over which he spends his substance without expressing himself particularly trenchantly or well. Almost certainly, such comments are wasted on Mr. Campbell, who will continue to work off his indignation against South Africa and Bloomsbury until his rage is exorcised and may be given a rest. But when he allows himself to turn to pure poetry, how divinely he can write! He can write as no one has dared, or been able, to write for many years. I am not,

I trust I am not, given to facile enthusiasm; but when I meet poems like *The Sisters*, or *The Sleeper*, or *The Garden*, (I deliberately pick out the less sensational poems in the book, avoiding *Mazeppa*, and *Tristan da Cunha*, and *The Albatross*.) I slightly lose my head, even as devotees of the theatre lose their heads when they come within range of the footlights. My critical faculty becomes suspended; and an intoxication, which I value ten times more, for its very rarity, takes its place. Here, I say, thank God! is a poet. He may have his faults, and I can see them, but here, at least, is a poet who can lift me off my critic-laden feet.

Mr. Eliot never does that; I speak for myself. He interests me intellectually; he revives in me an enormous respect for English poetry; he awakens all kinds of half-tone responses. He floats his insidious and pervading perfume on the air. When I am left alone with Mr. Eliot, I succumb. But when I read him side by side with Mr. Campbell, I remember the difference between an incense-laden atmosphere and the sunlight laden with the smell of the grape. I remember little Catholic churches, whose leather curtain drops behind one, as one emerges on to the vineyard, with the labourers heaping grapes for new wine.

This is strange, for, of the two poets, Mr. Eliot surely has done most to break up the academic tradition and Mr. Campbell most to preserve, even to revive it. Form, therefore, is not everything. The smashed rhythms of Mr. Eliot, the reactionary rhythms of Mr. Campbell, are neither here nor there—a salutary lesson to the young disciples of Mr. Eliot in Oxford, Cambridge, Hampstead, or America. Mr. Campbell, ostensibly, is a greater slave to tradition than Mr. Eliot; actually, Mr. Eliot is the slave, where Mr. Campbell moves freely within the boundaries that his own lineal predecessors have set. Tradition, therefore, paradoxically, is the one link which Mr. Campbell and Mr. Eliot have in common.

It is more than unfair to set Mr. Humbert Wolfe in such company. Compared

with their (respective) trumpeting and whispers, the verse of Mr. Wolfe runs with the facility of a well-organized tap. A tap in the Ritz Hotel. Mr. Wolfe is his own enemy; deplorably his own enemy. If he is not very careful—and it may already be too late—he will become the worst good poet of to-day. Yet he was worthy of better things, once, before he became so successful and so well-assured; but at present one can only say that though the Prime Minister could not see his way to appointing Mr. Yeats as Poet Laureate, we may thank our lucky stars that his choice did not alight upon Mr. Humbert Wolfe.

THE COSMIC CHRIST, by Violet Tweedale. *Rider*. 15s.

MISS TWEEDALE'S subject is perhaps the most vitally important known to mankind, for it is nothing less than the relationship between the pre-existent Christ and the entire Cosmos of created things. Quite apart from her cocksureness in a subject which is inherently conjectural, and her annoying use throughout of the editorial We, and her constant abuse of the Churches, of whose teaching she has little knowledge, her argument is presented in so jerky and disjointed a manner, and with such a profusion of the most mediaeval credulity, that it is hard to bring oneself to treat it with respect.

That argument, when finally disentangled from the Rays, Karmas, and the technical terms of advanced esotericism, appears to be no more than this: Christ is pre-existent from all eternity, and indwelt every great prophet of every religion, such as Zoroaster, Osiris, Buddha, Pythagoras, and then possessed the body of Jesus of Nazareth at the moment of His Baptism in the river Jordan. That every good man is indwelt by the Spirit of Christ nobody denies, nor yet that the immanence of this Spirit gives to all true progress whatever continuity it possesses. When Miss Tweedale charges the Churches with carefully concealing this, she is, to put it mildly, suffering under a delusion.

(Contd. on p. 860)

The Pleasant Voyage of a Hulk

by GERALD BULLETT

DESERT ISLANDS, by Walter de la Mare. With decorations by Rex Whistler. *Faber and Faber*. 21s.

A BOOK so unconventional in form as this demands—or, at least, cannot complain if it gets—an unconventional review; and a critic need hardly excuse himself for approaching his subject circuitously. Of Mr. de la Mare's two hundred and eighty four pages, no less than one hundred and twelve are occupied by notes, and of this mass of commentary a good half is quotation from the writings of other men. The essay itself is an expanded lecture, and in his preface the author smilingly offers us an equally expanded title in the eighteenth century manner: "*Desert Islands*; being the *Voyage of a Hulk*, called by courtesy a *Lecture*, that was launched under the auspices of *The Royal Society of Literature* of London many years ago, namely, in 1920, was afterwards frequently in Dock again for Repair and then refitted for *Farther Adventurings*, and so at length became laden with an unconscionable Cargo of Odds and Ends and Flotsam and Jetsam, much of it borrow'd from other Vessels infinitely more seaworthy than itself, and the most of that concerned with what are known as *Islands*, some of them real, some of them allegorical, and the rest purely fabulous; together with a rambling Discourse concerning a certain very Famous Man of Letters, viz. Daniel Defoe, and his Elective Affinity, *Robinson Crusoe*: which being concocted in a most unmethodical fashion, is now presented."

In the book thus charmingly (and accurately) described, I find, or I think I find, evidence that the author enjoyed himself a great deal more in adding what he added than in retaining what he had originally written as a lecture. For I fancy that some parts of the lecture remain, and that it is they that prompt me to reiterate an oft-raised question: "Is it possible to have

too much of a good thing? And in particular, is it possible to have too much of good writing?" The question, as I ask it, is rhetorical: it answers itself with an emphatic negative. Yet one must admit that the very prevalent popular notion that a consciously elegant prose style necessarily means poverty of thought is an error for which writers of such prose have largely themselves to blame. The recent revival of the discursive essay has undoubtedly encouraged much writing for writing's sake, much prettifying of the obvious, much selfconscious whimsicality. Your essayist may pose as a modest fellow, content to deal in platitudes; but we are not, I hope, birds to be caught by such chaff as that; for, when you come to think of it, it is the reverse of modesty in a writer to be forever telling us what we already know, on the assumption that his talented way of saying it makes him worth listening to; and he would touch the very height of arrogance were he to claim the protection of Pope's line: "Oft thought before but ne'er so well expressed." Nor can we, by such pleading, excuse him. If he wins us, he needs no excuse. If he needs excuse, he is damned.

It need hardly be said that Mr. de la Mare is not among the damned. The quality of his mind is at once rich and exquisite, and this quality is revealed, sooner or later, in everything he writes. Nevertheless, here, in the first ten pages or so, one finds passages in which (because, as I conjecture, they were designed to please rather the listener than the reader) the inspiration is spread somewhat thinly:

Once upon a time almost any journey by land or sea was at least an invitation to hazard. . . . Nowadays our adventurings are less . . . of the body than of the mind and imagination. . . . Still, even in the dullest of existences, this spicy flavour of adventuring cannot be entirely absent. It is the salt that keeps

life sweet, it is the savour that preserves it from putrefaction; and we welcome every fleeting taste of it. Contrast is much; novelty is more; the unforeseen, if it refrain from the tragic, is seldom without its charm; and a gay heart is hospitable even when its giddiest up or its dismallest down verges on an ordeal. A crooked sixpence on a crooked stile, a noise in the night, a new hat, a kiss under the mistletoe, a forty-to-one chance, to fall asleep in the wrong train, to break one's leg, to lose one's heart—or one's head, to drink two bottles of wine where one would serve, to be a worm—and turn: all such little experiences may be tinged with the adventurous. And a tinge is enough.

Prettily said, no doubt; but it comes perilously near to mere word-spinning: every practised essayist carries a pocketful of such small change with him wherever he goes. I confess to experiencing a certain relief, and a new pulse of expectation, when on a later page I come to the heartening words: "On March 22nd, 1684, Captain William Dampier . . ."

And from that point onward the book leaves nothing to be desired except that it should be twice as long. Islands geographical and islands fictitious; the island of Self, which is to say Solitude in various degrees and kinds; and the earth as an island in space: this is our subject. Such lonely souls as the condemned criminal, the miser, a man intoxicated or drugged: these provide a pretext for copious and satisfying notes. These and a hundred other things. For as an annotator Mr. de la Mare has no rival but himself, the self who compiled and annotated, some five years ago, the anthology of poems called "Come Hither." He may be said almost to have invented a new method, and it is to be hoped that he will have no imitators. For no one else could do so acceptably what he has done: no one could write such notes, and no one could so delightfully and unscrupulously invent occasions for them. He has more than one manner, and his manners are always good. He is

a master of irony no less than of charm. Nothing could be more perfect, nothing more deadly, than this: "It takes only 300 moles to make a fashionable coat. . . . Mink, badger, opossum, martin, ermine, fox, sable, eagerly surrender their pretty skins by scores of thousands *per annum*, and the gentle intelligent seal by the hundred thousand. The seal, if fortunate, does not always even wait to be born for this purpose, since, like that of the lambs of Astrakhan, its foetal skin is so much daintier to feminine sight and touch. Nor does it always wait to die, since it is easier, in its wild Northern frozen wastes, to skin it alive and be helped by its wriggings than to wait for it to be dead when it cannot help at all."

It remains only to say that the volume is a beautiful piece of book-production; and to wonder how publishers capable of promoting such work can bring themselves to commit the vandalism of rubber-stamping Mr. Rex Whistler's title-page with the words *review copy*. Do they think so ill of the book as to suppose that any but the most hardened reviewer could wish to sell it? And to be guilty of this aesthetic outrage is surely too high a price to pay even for the rich comfort of correcting the mercenary and frustrating the impetuous.

THE COSMIC CHRIST.

(Contd. from p. 858)

Her book is a theosophical-cum-spiritualist tract, which conceals under a mountain of technical language hundreds of begged questions. But this remark is not to be taken as a disrespectful taunt at Theosophists or Spiritualists. One may not agree with them, but at least they do not officially suggest that the Archangel Michael is responsible for the popularity of war books, or that the Almighty deliberately inflicted a relapse upon the King just after the Services of Thanksgiving on his recovery in order to spite the Church. Miss Tweedale says both these things.

ROGER B. LLOYD.

BUY YOUR BOOKS



BY THIS LABEL

Important General Literature

Treatise on the Gods

H. L. MENCKEN 10s. 6d.
"Mr. Mencken is a crusader against all kinds of humbug. He is honest, sane, witty and afraid of nobody."
Evening Standard
"There is an abundance of strong and cogent thought and overflowing evidence of wide and patient reading, thoroughly digested." *Sunday Times*

A Cultural History of the Modern Age

Vol. I. Renaissance and Reformation
EGON FRIEDEL Royal 8vo. 384 pp. 21s.
"A remarkably vivid account and penetrating analysis of the history of modern European culture from its philosophies down to the small details of daily life."
Times Literary Supplement
"The most remarkable book of its class which has been added to European historical literature for many decades past."
Sunday Times

Novels well worth Reading

The Party Dress

JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER 7s. 6d.
Third Impression
"A story of great passion, greatly written . . . Nina Henry is as fine a piece of feminine portraiture as anything we can remember." *Western Mail*
"The experience of falling in love is well, painfully well described. One almost suffers the pangs oneself, as one reads. Surely that is a tribute to pay to a novel."
V. Sackville West broadcasting

Steel Chips

IDWAL JONES 7s. 6d.
"A first novel of extraordinary power and sincerity, an honest and vigorous book. The subject is a great modern industry."
I.C.I. Magazine
"The fascinating story of a novice mastering his work. The author shares Kipling's gift for communicating enthusiasm about machines and their mysterious ways." *Daily News*

Must England Lose India?

LT.-COL. ARTHUR OSBURN, D.S.O. 7s. 6d.
A British regular officer frankly condemns much of the behaviour of the English in India to the natives, blaming English Public School training to a great extent. He also deals with the subject of sexual license so overstressed in Miss Mayo's *Mother India*.

The Old Book

Edited and Illustrated by DOROTHY HARTLEY 32s. 6d.
An extremely attractive mediaeval anthology, with over 100 illustrations in colour and black and white, presenting a cross-section of life in the Middle Ages, giving glimpses amusing, repellent, fantastic and instructive, of the life and outlook of those times. A limited edition of 750 copies, in a unique binding, Nos. 1-75 being signed by Dorothy Hartley and bound in a natural finish goat skin at 63s.

The Sweet Cheat Gone

MARCEL PROUST 10s. 6d.
This volume, the last of the impeccable translations of the late C. K. Scott Moncrieff, is the penultimate part of Proust's great novel of decadent French society. "It contains a few of the most beautiful and poignant passages that Proust ever wrote, and equally some of the most ugly things . . ." *The Times*

Bright Intervals

NANCY HOYT 7s. 6d.
"An amusing and witty and go-as-you-please kind of novel. . . . Miss Hoyt has already made a name for herself, and English readers will find her very good fun. Her young heroine, after marrying Bill and temporarily losing him, has made quaint adventures. . . . The book is good entertainment of the lighter sort."
Sunday Times

and

KRISTIN LAVRANDATTER

ALFRED A. KNOPF, 37, BEDFORD SQUARE, W.C.1.

THE MIND OF MAN

by H. W. MASSINGHAM

THE MASTER OF DESTINY: *A Biography of the Brain*, by Frederick Tilney. Heinemann. 15s. net.

THE DARK, by Archibald Weir, M.A. Blackwell. 10s. 6d. net.

ONE is inclined to tread rather gingerly among the arguments of a full-dress scientific book which lacks both index and bibliography, and the truth is that Mr. Tilney would have been well advised to cut down his material by at least two-thirds. It hardly amounts to more than a convenient digest of existing knowledge upon the development of the brain. Some of Mr. Tilney's statements, again, are highly dubious. There are few physical anthropologists who would subscribe to this thrusting back the age of Piltdown Man (*Eoanthropus Dawsoni*) into the Pliocene. Primitive Man had no conception whatever of storing food and that Mousterian Man (*Neanderthal*) developed a sense of property because he lived in caves is a highly fanciful speculation. There is no evidence that primitive communities possessed any notion of property-holding until the methods of large-scale food-production were perfected in Babylonia and Egypt. Some of Mr. Tilney's dates are decidedly queer. Ethnologists have now virtually abandoned the Victorian theory that "Neolithic" man appeared in Europe anywhere near as early as 10,000 B.C., but the author holds manfully on to it. His idea that the creation myths of savages betray a primitive capacity for forming cosmogonies and "foreshadow evolution" entirely ignores the historical background of these legends, which are concerned with the divine kingship and its magical possession of life-giving powers without which the community believed that it could not function. Equally unfounded is Mr. Tilney's assumption that Mousterian Man incubated the desire for gain and the incentive to conquest in the human world. No sign of them appears among men before the agricultural communities of the fourth millenium B.C. The great drawback of anthropology is that it offers an unlimited

field for pure guess-work, and Mr. Tilney has not avoided this error. On the other hand, his account of the growth and organization of cellular activities among the lowest organisms and their structural elaboration into the vertebrate brain is distinguished by precise and luminous treatment.

The main object of Mr. Weir's gently stimulating volume is to re-assert the authenticity of the "self" as the "only absolute value" on which turn the movements of the unconscious to the conscious and of the conscious to the unconscious. The effort of consciousness should be directed towards the discovery of the real, its only escape from the transience of the external world. Consciousness is the all-embracing truth, and the correspondence between selves in what Mr. Weir calls a "fiduciary capacity" can generate such energy in the region of the unconscious as to issue in "overwhelming conscious experiences."

The Car of Croesus

by ERNEST POOLE

Cr. 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

A glorious and flashing story of adventurous city life by the famous author of *The Harbour*, etc., which will not disappoint his many followers.

Out on May 27th.

THE OWL & MOON (No. 2) is now ready and will be sent on request.

ELKIN
MATHEWS
& MARROT54 Bloomsbury
Street, W.C.1

The DUBLIN REVIEW

*Founded nearly a century ago by Dr. Wiseman,
first Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.*

TO bring the Review within the reach of a wider Public, the management have effected a substantial increase in bulk, and a considerable reduction in price.

The Review is now issued at 3/6 quarterly, and 15/- per annum, post free to subscribers.

As in the past it will continue to criticize, from the Catholic point of view, the varying manifestations of the mind of the age, more particularly in their bearings on the problems, intellectual, moral and social, which Catholics have to face, and it will aim at the removal of misunderstandings and the sober presentation of the values of the Catholic religion.

*Amongst recent and regular contributors are:
Sheila Kaye-Smith, Alfred Noyes, Sir James Marchant,
Christopher Hollis, Christopher Dawson, etc.*

Burns Oates & Washbourne Ltd.

43, NEWGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.1.

THE FUTURE OF AIR POWER

by A. E. BLAKE

AIR POWER AND THE CITIES, by J. M. Spaight. Longmans, Green. 15s. net.

THE Parliamentary and press debates which have followed Lord Trenchard's appeal for the recognition of the air arm as a pacificatory or police force as well as an instrument of war show that the schools of thought which existed at least as long ago as 1912 still hold the field, though each has changed its ground in minor respects. One school, the military and naval strategists, hold that the air arm is merely auxiliary to the senior services and that its function is to assist in the defeat of the opposing military forces. The other school, the enterprising air strategists brought into being by the late war, claim for the air arm the more ambitious rôle of independent action. This school, moreover, is inclined to favour attacks not so much on the opponents' armed forces but upon the economic life and moral of the enemy nation.

In Mr. Spaight's latest book, which is by way of being a corollary to his *Air Power of War Rights*, he examines both these points of view, rejects them, and poses in their place a theory which, while inclining largely to the point of view of the younger school of air strategists, goes farther than most of them will be prepared to go.

Space limitations forbid a recital of the evidence which he advances but Mr. Spaight's rejection of the orthodox military view that the sole legitimate objective of the fighting forces is the breaking of the enemy's armed forces might fairly be said to rest on the argument that "there is something wrong, some strange error of perspective, in the view that it is regular and natural to make war by destroying life and irregular and abnormal to make war by destroying property." Again he writes: "There are gradations of evil in war. The worst is the massacre of boys in battle. It is that—the taking of the springtide out of the year, in the stabbing phrase of Pericles—which is the culmination of horrors. In

comparison even the bombardment of peaceful cities far from a theatre of war is not so horrible." The author speculates on the saving in human lives effected by such an exploit as the raid on a goods station at Thionville by a British squadron on July 16, 1918, when a munition train was destroyed, or the destruction of 23 sheds and 8,000 tons of ammunition at Audruicq by German aircraft on July 20-21, 1916.

If, therefore, munitions of war are a legitimate objective, so, too, are the factories which manufacture them, and the factories which make the machines for making them, the chemical factories, the works producing the "multitude of patterns, jigs, gauges, forgings, castings, stampings . . . the long process of turning, milling, cutting, boring, drilling, machining, of work in the forges, the presses, the lathes, the benches," which "go to the making of any modern arm of war."

Having extended the combatant field so widely, it is mere casuistry to exclude the agricultural labourer who produces food for the munition workers, the miner who hews coal for the factories, the clerk who records their transactions, the journalists who fabricate encouraging communiqués, the very theatres and cinemas which make life tolerable in the stress of war. But Mr. Spaight's argument compels no such triumph of logic over popular sentiments of "chivalry."

He is concerned to show only that this power which the air arm possesses of being able to overleap the intervening enemy forces to strike at the machines which keep them in the field, contains the germ of hope for the peace of the world.

"The significance of the amazing portent of air power," he says, "is that for all its menace, it is a disarming and not a slaying force."

If aircraft, with all their potentialities for swift, long-range attack, are used simply against armies and fleets, their action will be, as the writer points out, "no longer

direct action. It will be the old direct action in a new form,"—war in the Napoleonic tradition, the war of attrition, mass-slaughter. If on the other hand, aircraft are used to break down the moral of the enemy populations, to bomb, gas, starve, and terrify them into suing for peace, the lack of precedent affords no guarantee that the policy will be successful. The more likely outcome would be the stiffening of the national defence, the provocation of a sullen, vindictive determination on savage reprisals. And it is not even certain that the personnel of the air forces could be coerced into carrying out their butcher's work.

But, argues Mr. Spaight, there is a third course. "Machine-power rather than manpower has become the dominant force in war to-day. . . . Make machinery and not mankind the mark of your attack. . . . Smash the machines and the machines which make the machines. Smash them—or silence them. Smash the turbines, the dynamos, the mighty steam presses, the mammoth steel hammers, which forge and fashion the instruments of destruction. . . . Air power can do that, and air power can do it alone. It can strangle munitionment as sea power strangles maritime trade. That is why the air arm is the greatest of the arms of war."

Mr. Spaight envisages air power as "the international fire-brigade of the future," rushing to the scene at the first alarm "when the nations' hate affairs begin to smoulder into flame."

It is an attractive possibility. An international air force is not yet practical politics. Nationalists jeer at the suggestion and pacifists mistrust "sanctions" in any form. The day may yet come, after all aspects of air disarmament have been examined and the problem has defied solution, when harassed governments will realise that the "security" they seek for their countries can better be guaranteed by such means than by reliance on treaties and alliances dependent on the good faith of allies and also subject to modification by interpretation and circumstance.

ACROSS ICELAND

The Land of Frost and Fire.

By OLIVE MURRAY CHAPMAN.

With 8 Illustrations in Colour and 46 in Black and White from the Author's Water Colours and Photographs, and a Sketch Map. 15s net.

The author travelled across Iceland in 1929, mostly on ponies, taking local guides from point to point and staying in farm-houses *en route*. She thus got to know the people thoroughly and gives a full account of modern conditions and past history. The illustrations are a special feature of the book and give a vivid idea of the country and its people.



ELDER CONKLIN

and

MONTES THE MATADOR

Two Books of Short Stories

By FRANK HARRIS.

are now published in

The Week-End Library

at 3s. 6d. net each.

These books contain some of the finest stories by this well-known writer.

Write for complete list of titles in this Library.

JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD LTD.,
VIGO STREET, W.1.

THE STORY OF A SURGEON, by Sir John Bland-Sutton, Bt. Methuen. 12s. 6d.

SIR JOHN BLAND-SUTTON, who now writes the story of his life, is one of the great figures of the Elizabethan age of surgery. He was born at the right time. When he entered the Middlesex Hospital, the era of safe surgery inaugurated by Lister had just opened. The limits hitherto imposed upon operative enterprise had been removed, and a new and almost boundless field of endeavour lay open to be explored by those men who had the good fortune to start their careers about 1880, and the ability to realize and grasp the opportunities that lay before them. Bland-Sutton came from a simple stock. By his own efforts, with none of the help which wealth and influence could give in those days, he built up a reputation that is world wide, and a fortune that, in surgery, can rarely have been exceeded. He is a tireless worker, and a gifted teacher. As an operator he is dextrous, rapid, and amazingly successful. He was one of the pioneers of abdominal surgery, and as a young man he was carrying out operations upon the alimentary canal, gall bladder, and pelvic organs, that were revolutionary at the time, but have since become established surgical procedures.

He is a great traveller, and he records incidents in his visits to almost every country in the world. It is as remarkable that a successful surgeon should have been able to devote so much time every year to long journeys, as that a man who spent so much of his time in travel, should have reached the highest honours in his profession. Many of these journeys were for the purpose of study, surgical or zoological, but he had a passion for everything that was rare or curious, and took a great interest in archaeology. His dining hall in Brook Street, built after the model of the hall of Darius at Suza, with Persian columns and blue enamelled bricks, is known to many who do not know Bland-Sutton himself, and is described and illustrated in this book.

The breezy, whimsical style of the *Story of a Surgeon* is that in which even his scientific papers are written, and will recall the man to any who have heard him speak. As a teacher and lecturer he has always been extremely popular, for his playful personality stamps itself upon everything he does. In appearance, with hawk-like nose, piercing eyes, and hair that, at the age of 75, is still black, he has been likened to Napoleon. But in action and speech, he is more reminiscent of Puck. Pomp and formality have had no place in his make-up. A twinkle in the dark eyes, a roguish desire to break up the solemnity of an occasion with a flash of wit, a habit of interspersing his writings and speeches with little home made verses, too naive to be taken seriously, have endeared him to his students and his audiences.

The concluding chapter is a discussion of the nine books which he has published, most of which have gone through many editions. The *Story of a Surgeon* aptly completes the decade.

W. H. OGILVIE.

TREATISE ON THE GODS, by H. L. Mencken. Knopf. 10s. 6d.

THIS book is the work of a writer who could not be dull if he tried, but who has never learnt that there may be an energy of quietude more valuable than that of restlessness. The occasion, however, is one not for discussion of Mr. Mencken's work as a whole but of a volume exceptional in it. Elsewhere, reckless as may have been his handling of the subject, he has at least been concerned with matters to which he is powerfully attracted or from which he recoils with an understanding hatred: here his subject is religion, and in his opening pages he tells us, "I am quite devoid of the religious impulse." What would Mr. Mencken make of a work of art by a writer who could truthfully confess himself quite devoid of aesthetic impulse?

It is part of the plan of his book to dissociate religion from ethics; and little as one may approve of the particular manner in which he does so, the separation is not altogether unwise. For morality, as conceived by the average man in all ages and countries, is only too apt to drag down religion, since in that conception it will usually be a mechanical affair for social convenience, and not satisfaction of a demand as imaginative in its own way as the aesthetic. Mr. Mencken, who has a taste for the surprises of literature, may care to be reminded of a profound thing hidden away in so unlikely a place as the dramatic works of Hannah More: a scene in which a princess, pardoning some offender, praises the Gods for having made mercy an exquisite luxury before making it a duty. That is the kind of morality which truly accords with religion; and in the rarity of such imaginative goodness, Mr. Mencken has excuses enough for leaving ethics aside while he discusses religion.

Unfortunately, he conceives of religion with extreme crudity. Thus he can see in institutional religion nothing but a means of denying free play to human thought; and he assumes, in the best Hyde Park manner, that the fear of hell is so much the strongest of all religious motives that the others scarcely matter. He is roused to great anger by the notion that there can be reconciliation between science and religion; and indeed, if religion were what he takes it to be, reconciliation would be impossible. "The only real way to reconcile science and religion," he writes, "is to set up something that is not science and something that is not religion." It would probably, if I may say so without offence, be of some benefit to him to read Villiers de l'Isle Adam and see how the weapons of the baser kind of science can be turned against it in a vast, philosophic and poetic buffoonery. Mystery is not being dissipated by science, but deepened by it, and there is still force in Villiers's cry, "You will end by coming to your knees before the darkness!"

T. EARLE WELBY.

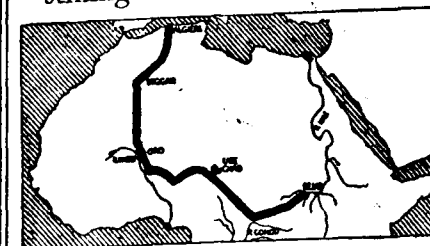
BY WAY OF THE SAHARA

An African Odyssey of Three Men and a Grocer's van.

By OWEN TWEEDY

With 3 maps and 64 illustrations. 12s. 6d. net.

The epic story of a small car's journey of 5,500 miles across Equatorial Africa from the East to Lake Chad and then Northwards from the Niger to the Algerian oases, across 850 miles of waterless uninhabited Sahara, scorched by the sun and swept by stifling sandstorms, where no



small car had ever passed before. What Captain Tweedy and his companions endured from the idiosyncrasies of the car, the break-neck tracks, the deceit of traders and the formalities of officials, from hunger and thirst and the mockery of other travellers is faithfully narrated: and the record is confirmed by a series of 64 excellent photographs which illustrate all the crises of the route.

Gerald Duckworth & Co. Ltd
3 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.2.

THE PRISONER OF VINCENNES, by
Eric Rede Buckley. *Witherby* 10s. 6d.

WHEN a historical biography lacks both preface and list of authorities, the reader is left in some doubt both as to the author's intention in writing it and as to the extent of the previous study he has thought it incumbent on him to devote to it. No-one who turns over the pages of Mr. Buckley's *Early Life of Mirabeau, Spendthrift, Profligate, Prisoner* would guess that there exists a large literature on the subject both in French, English and German, nor that in the four volumes of the *Lettres originales de Mirabeau écrites du donjon de Vincennes, 1777-1780*, we possess one of the famous love-letter-exchanges of the world. As to the biographer's purpose, it seems to be to provide light reading for an uneducated public. Otherwise, why does he explain twice over in the course of a dozen pages what a *lettre-de-cachet* was? Even the comparatively unsophisticated have sometimes read *A Tale of Two Cities*, or at least have seen *The Only Way*!

But seriously it is time to speak out strongly against the production of books of this kind, mere re-hashes of previous authors' work, with no sifting of documents, no weighing of authorities, intended apparently for an entirely indiscriminating library public, supposed to be more avid of "chatter about Harriet," or any other celebrity, than as a matter of fact it is. What is the use of saying that Mirabeau said this or that but probably it wasn't true because he was a liar, yet giving no evidence of the truth or falsehood of the statement made? Or of writing a historical sketch of a great figure in French politics, without any indication, except a couple of sentences in a so-called 'Epilogue,' of his greatness? Even the pathetic story of the loved and forsaken Sophie de Monnier is told as if it were a penny novelette.

JANET E. COURTNEY.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE STUARTS,
by J. Desmond Gleson. *Cecil Palmer*.
7s. 6d. net.

THERE is nothing to show whether *The Tragedy of the Stuarts* is, or is not, a first book, but it is a vigorously written book, and its author, as the motto on the title-page shows, has a proper respect for history. Evidently he (or she?) shares Carlyle's view that it is the "fittest study" for mankind and the one which "includes all others," and would not subscribe to Mr. Henry Ford's very modern dictum that "history is bunk." The story of the Stuarts is here taken up at the moment when James V of Scotland, "after the crushing disaster of Solway Moss . . . crept away like a wounded animal" and but little later, when news was brought to him that the expected heir born to his Queen, was but "a fair daughter" turned his face to the wall and died. That "fair daughter" became the ill-fated Mary, Queen of Scots, who died, as she herself claimed, for the Catholic faith; as her enemies averred, because she had plotted for the overthrow of a Protestant Queen. The tragedy of the later Stuarts, Kings of England, consisted in one author's view mainly in this, that they stood for the Kingship in a period when the authority of the Crown was being undermined by the growing power of the great families. Monarchy in England was being replaced by an aristocracy which in its turn was, after 1832, gradually to give place to democracy. For the Stuarts, absolutist by temper and by traditions, such a transition could not but spell tragedy. The scheme of the book is original, and the writer who acknowledges a debt to Mr. Belloc and to other historians, has handled the material well. The result is a very readable account in small compass of a stirring period in English history. But it would have been better to supply a full list of authorities consulted

JANET E. COURTNEY.

NEW FICTION

by V. S. PRITCHETT

" . . . & Co.," by Jean Richard Bloch.
Gollancz. 8s. 6d.

GIVE UP YOUR LOVERS, by Louis
Golding. *Heinemann*. 7s. 6d.

THE GOOD SOLDIER SCHWEIK, by
Jaroslav Hasek. *Heinemann*. 10s. 6d.

CIMAROON, by Edna Ferber. *Heinemann*. 7s. 6d.

THE comprehensive novelist is born, not made, and one cannot argue about him. One is satisfied and grateful. The good novelists who fall short of comprehensiveness have more arguable stuff in them. What is at the root of their failure to include in their range mankind's overwhelming preoccupations with love, money, race, religion, and disease, which is the presence of death? I think much of their failure is due to their avoidance of the second of these preoccupations, for the instinct to fill the purse is as primitive and as fruitful with implication as the instinct to fill the quiver; indeed, to transpose the metaphor, without the fight of the human caterpillar for its sustenance, the desire of the moth for the star becomes an irrelevance. It is for the novelist a question of souls or men. Hamlet is not less great, nor less true, because we are kept in ignorance of his investments. The creatures of Balzac, on the other hand, are made true and great for us as much by their debts and dowries, as by the avidity of their passions. His people are not shadows thrown upon a screen; they are rooted not only in the flesh and the earth, but in their affairs.

One is excited and alarmed to find that, according to certain French critics, M. Jean Richard Bloch is Balzac's legitimate living heir. His book has undoubtedly a certain Balzacian quality. Like Balzac he is interested in the desire for money. He understands the blood and business of the family of Alsatian Jews whose fortunes make his book. He knows how men haggle over a lease and contrive to meet a

THE COMMUNIST MANIFESTO OF MARX AND ENGELS

ANNOTATED BY
PROFESSOR D. RYAZANOFF

Translated by Eden & Cedar Paul.

"Not the least useful parts of this volume are the long appendices, including not only the authors' prefaces to various editions, but a long article printed by Engels in the *Deutsche Brüsseler Zeitung* in January, 1848, the 'trial number' of the *Communist Journal* of September, 1847, and the long statement of the 'Principles of Communism' by Engels, which constituted the first draft of the Manifesto itself."

London Mercury.

Demy 8vo. Cloth, 380 pp. 15s. net.

COLLECTED WORKS OF V. I. LENIN

DEFINITIVE EDITION.

Now Ready.

Vol. IV. The "Iskra" Period
(1900-02). In two Parts, 21s. net.

Vol. XII. Materialism and
Empirio-Criticism. 10s. 6d. net.

Vol. XX. The Revolution of
1917 (March-July). In two
Parts, 21s. net.

Vol. XVIII. The Imperialist War
(1914-15). 12s. 6d. net.

Descriptive list on application.

MARTIN LAWRENCE Ltd.

26 Bedford Row, London, W.C.1

mortgage, how their hearts are frightened and exhilarated by their own astuteness. His theme, stripped of its multiple implications—none of which he avoids—is the struggle of a family of Alsatian Jews, to install their clothmaking business in France, in the midst of a wealthy, scornful, established town of Gentile weavers. M. Bloch writes himself into his subject in a mood of revulsion that is not altogether free from the distortions of melodrama. The two sons, who, at the beginning of the story are seen in France finding a derelict factory, haggling over it, buying it with terror in their hearts, crawl like grotesque magnified insects before the eyes. And this mood persists until the older generation descends in a grim and absurd caravan from Alsace to take charge of the factory. After this M. Bloch's mind and sympathy are in accord and command the progress of the Jews' fortunes. There is not only the passion for building up a new business and for fighting overwhelming debts. There is also the deep passion for the race which abides with most power in the women, and which moves dramatically to the foreground of the story when Josef, one of the sons, is tempted to marry a Gentile. M. Bloch's handling of this episode is beyond all praise. The underground intriguing of the Jewish women has an unforgettable effect. With the third generation M. Bloch seems less successful in his portraiture, though he is precise in his selection of types. There is the smart, intellectual Jew, a swollen-headed, assured young man with a clear perception of the main chance. And there is the young artistic brother, a child of morbid precocity. His dialogue with the returned Americanised uncle is the one unsatisfactory episode in the book, although as a prophetic essay on the race it is immensely interesting. It tends to diminish disappointingly the stature of the actors. M. Bloch's weakness is a certain distorted vagueness in which his whole creation groaneth too much. But this apart, he has written a magnificent study of the drama of making money and of the grandeurs, miseries and necessities of the Jewish blood.

Mr. Golding takes for his whole theme what was but an interval of spiritual nostalgia in M. Bloch's crowded pages. Again we have the conflict in spirit and society when Jew loves Gentile. Mr. Golding treats it with sobriety and reserve. Phillip Massel is the son of a devout Jewish father. They are poor. The term "dirty Jew" might apply to them, but this prejudice is set aside impulsively by Mrs. Manning, her son and her daughter, who befriend the boy. It is irritating not to be able to "place" an author's characters; Mrs. Manning and her family waver unsteadily over their north of England setting like descending angels who have not decided between the soul and the body. One does not know "who" they are. The merit of the book lies in its presentation of Mrs. Manning's tenderness for the young Jew, and her daughter's gradual awakening from the religious yearnings of adolescence to a love that is hedged with intangible racial prohibitions. The story steps into tragedy before emerging into a perfectly natural reunion. There is at once an ordinariness, an insipidity, and a delicacy about Mr. Golding's book. Of Ruth Manning, for instance, one is inclined to say, "Out of *The Cradle Song* into here." But *Give up Your Loveliest* is an appreciable piece of work and is free from Mr. Golding's earlier affectations.

Miss Ferber has written a novel without rhythm. No one who is interested in the characters in the first few excellent chapters should persist to the end, for their life is a gradual *diminuendo* from artistic reality. However, those who can disperse with the characters and satisfy themselves with a vivid chronicle of the growth of a one-horse pioneer settlement, with an atmosphere of guerilla ambush, to law, order and prosperity, will be greatly entertained. Miss Ferber's picture of the opening up of the American South West is brilliant and exciting and she knows accurately the stages of the border town's development. The Byronic and eloquent charlatan who is the central character is a romantic figure, with his suggestion of Indian blood, his astonishing newspaper, his six-shooter preach-

ing, and his hatred of settled society, but he is real only by fits and starts. He jumps through the pages ungoverned by any strong enough artistic purpose, like a jumping cracker. His wife, pretty, frail, disappearing, and destined to become resolute and soundly practical, suffers ultimately from the necessity of proving Miss Ferber's thesis that it was the women who built the new states. This lady gets into the public life of the town and becomes that supreme bore—the American woman politician. She is the story's portent but not an aesthetic one. Between the two chief figures and the chronicle there is no persistent communication of life, with the result that *Cimarron* is like a rich cake that has sunk sadly in the middle.

Schweik is a robust and hairy delight. He has been compared to *Bairnsfather's* "Old Bill," but he is much greater than that. Had there been a Don Quixote in Mr. Hasek's book, this scuffling, malingering, shrewd and insanely innocent creature, the embodiment of all the malice of the Czech people, might have been ennobled to the succession of Sancho Panza. This is a war book, but its scene is well, oh, very well behind the lines! Schweik's main ambition is to avoid active service in the Austrian army, and the course of his absurd misadventures is vicious satire on the Hapsburg régime. They have a ripe Stilton flavour. Schweik was declared insane by a medical board because he cried out wholeheartedly "Long live the Emperor Francis Joseph!" He saw nothing but kindness in the persecutions of his enemies. He disconcerted his torturers by thanking them. He declared that lunatic asylums were the freest places on earth because a man might crawl about on all fours, roar like a lion, bray like an ass, and commit any absurdity he wished, without hindrance. Occasionally Mr. Hasek's political feelings get the better of the artist and strip themselves of their clownish garments, and the book has its longueurs. But no one who hungers for the picaresque novel in its natural state and rid of all good companionable gentility, should miss Schweik. He is a magnificent

creation; and when he bores one to-day he will amuse one to-morrow.

V. S. PRITCHETT.

MEN, by Karen Bramson. *Chapman and Hall*. 7s. 6d.

KAREN BRAMSON'S thesis is the reverse of Prince Kropotkin's in *Mutual Aid*, for she contends that "whenever two men come together, the one is in the other's way. . . . Hatred among men is therefore a necessity. . . ." For such men as her hero, Erik Brandt, who in spite of lofty pretensions to the service of humanity rarely thinks of anyone but himself until too late, this is perhaps true. A certain sincerity behind the writing carries one along through the generalized descriptions of Brandt's childhood, his travels, his ambitions and his loves; but the percentage of exclamation marks and suspensory dots to the square inch is too high to be comfortable.

PHYLLIS BENTLEY.

PUBLISHED JUNE 5th.

A HUNDRED YEARS OF PUBLISHING

BY

ARTHUR WAUGH

Author of "Reticence in Literature," "Tradition and Change," etc.

The firm of Chapman & Hall celebrates its centenary this year, and takes the opportunity of offering to the public a record of its undertakings, achievements, vicissitudes and disappointments during a hundred years of activity in the Strand, Piccadilly and Covent Garden. For more than a quarter of the firm's existence, Mr. Arthur Waugh, who is responsible for the record, has presided over the business as Managing Director, and he has scoured every available source for details of earlier years. Many famous names will be found in his pages, and many curious stories of agreements and disagreements. For the century of Chapman & Hall's life has been a century of perpetual change in the methods and standards of publishing, and its history is, in its way, a history of the Trade itself.

Demy 8vo., profusely illustrated. 15s. net. Also a limited edition of 60 copies at 3 guineas net.

CHAPMAN & HALL, Ltd

PEACE, by Arne Garborg. Translated by Phillip Dean Carleton. *Allen and Unwin.* 7s. 6d.

NOVELS of peasant life are usually written in one of two moods—black depression or rough bucolic humour. In either case the author is probably miles away from his characters; and his chief difficulty will be to write imaginatively about people who are for the most part inarticulate. *Peace* belongs to the first type of novel. The hero, a Norwegian farmer, is an Old Testament figure of wrath and judgment. He gets fuddled at a village wedding and wakes up the next day to the enormity of his sins: he must become a Christian. This means that he ill-treats his wife and brings beggars into the house, thrashes his son and fawns on a stray gipsy boy—a convert, a “Jesus child,” as he calls him. From that point Enok ceases to be a human being and is rather a battle-ground of conflict between gods and devils; the gods almost as black as the devils. In moments of sanity he returns to the presence of his dying wife, his rebellious son and a farm ruined by neglect. Then the storm blots out everything again. Enok ends by killing himself. *Peace* is a powerful though monotonous book. At times it arouses sympathy for the mad, drunken Enok. The translation is unimpaired.

G. W. STONIER.

THE STRANGER: *An Adventure among the English*, by Godfrey Elton. *Constable.* 7s. 6d.

THIS is a graceful story with a slight Meredithian flavour. Lydia is the “dainty rogue,” and the main achievement of the book is that she keeps her elusiveness to the end. The other characters are a caddish brother; Rodney, a supposedly un-English hero who was brought up abroad; and the son of the village shoemaker. The novel is a series of variations on these four characters growing up, rather conflictingly, together; their relations are delicately and convincingly developed. The revelation on

the last page that Rodney, the “stranger,” is actually one of the most English people we have ever met is not such slick sentiment as it sounds. Also it gives Mr. Elton the chance of gently satirizing an English country house and the conversation that goes on in it.

G. W. STONIER.

TALES TOLD BY SIMPSON, by May Sinclair. *Hutchinson.* 7s. 6d.

DR. JOHNSON, according to Boswell, in conversation expressed his meaning with such perspicuity and constructive skill that his sentences might have been all printed without any correction: he conversed with his friends in much the same architectural periods as he wrote for the world at large, with the same accuracy and formality of expression. In Miss Sinclair's new book we have the opposite process—a book in the disjointed style of modern conversation. These *Tales Told by Simpson* are presented to us as Simpson presumably told them: and his style which, having no place for conjunctions, is given an air of breathless haste, becomes a trifle fatiguing in a book of three hundred pages. But in spite of this and of a certain monotony of conception these stories give a vivid enough picture of the semi-artistic, semi-intellectual world in which Simpson moved.

We have come to expect from Miss Sinclair a sureness of touch in portraying character—an insight into human nature, by which she can transform a name into a living person in two or three revealing sentences. This faculty for conveying individuality in a word or a gesture enables her to introduce an amazing number and variety of characters into these thirteen narratives—and yet never to bewilder the reader by overcrowding her canvas. The stories are well thought out and executed with evident sincerity. If this volume does little to enhance Miss Sinclair's reputation, it is in the authentic vein and will be welcomed by the multitude of her admirers.

HELEN GOSSE.