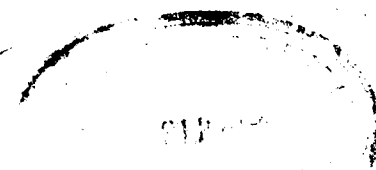


THE
FORTNIGHTLY
REVIEW

Ver. final
12



VOL. CXXIX. NEW SERIES
JANUARY TO JUNE, 1931
VOL. CXXXV. OLD SERIES)
1931

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]

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY
THE AVENUE PRESS
(L. UPCOTT GILL & SON, LTD.)
65-67, DRURY LANE, LONDON, W.C.



5L
MN31
N31.129

CONTENTS

AUTHOR.		PAGE.
BATES, H. E.	{ The Country Sale	107
	{ The Hessian Prisoner	374
BAX, Clifford	{ The Manners of the Age	477
BERKELEY, Reginald	{ A Distorted Focus	561
BEVERIDGE, Sir W.	{ Unemployment and the Tariff Fallacy	156
BRISBANE, Margaret	{ Horseheath in November	92
BULLETT, Gerald	{ The Beginning and the End	129
BUTCHART, Isabel	{ Whitewashing the Prince Regent	614
CARTER, W. Horsfall	{ Spain's Fateful Hour	300
CHESTERTON, G. K.	{ The Return of Religion	449
	{ Then and Now	62
CHURCH, Richard	{ The Veteran	360
	{ As Plato Says	637
	{ A Dream of Royalty	637
COLTART, J. S.	{ The Watsons	650
COURTNEY, Janet	{ The Suffragettes in Retrospect	503
FLEMING, Peter	{ Two Fugitives	539
FIFOOT, C. H. S.	{ Trial by Jury	12
GANFMANN, M. I.	{ Behind the Moscow Trial	38
GRAY, W. Forbes	{ Dr. Johnson's Publishers	245
GREEN, O. M.	{ Chinese Characteristics	785
GRIERSON, Helen	{ Marriage in English Fiction	251
GWYNN, Stephen	{ Ebb and Flow: A Monthly Com- mentary	115, 260, 403, 547, 679, 817
HARLEY, J. A.	{ Building a Greater Empire	347
HARRISON, Henry	{ Trade Union in Europe	626
HENNESSEY, Josselyn	{ Crisis and Leadership	528
HART, Capt. Liddell	{ The Role of the French President	776
	{ The Inner History of the Aisne, 1918	170
HICHENS, Capt. William	{ If Foch Had Not Changed His Mind	310
HIRST, W. A.	{ The Rise of the Black People	229
	{ Waylaying the Witchdoctor	93
	{ Great Britain and Argentina	80
IRWIN, Margaret	{ Fashions in Historical Novels	100
JOAD, C. E. M.	{ Mind and Matter	559
JOHNSON, Dorothy	{ The Museum by the Sea	398
JOHNSON, Lukin	{ The Earl of Willingdon	488
MARRIOTT, Sir John	{ Making a Constitution	592
MASSINGHAM, N. J.	{ A Constitution for a Continent	754
McFEE, William	{ The Bedrock of Man (Book Review)	831
	{ A Victorian Immortal	736
MELVILLE, C. F.	{ Whither Europe?	53
	{ Political Upheaval	658
MONEY, Sir Leo Chiozza	{ The Fortunate Island	188
NEWMAN, E. Polson	{ The Palestine Muddle	362

AUTHOR.		PAGE.
OAKLEY, H. S.	The Luck of the British Film	72
O'TOOLE, Hubert	Efficiency and Drudgery	795
PATER, Walter	Imaginary Portraits	433
PRIESTLEY, R. E.	The Spirit of the Age.— <i>Science</i>	197
PRITCHETT, V. S.	Pioneers of the New World	134
	A Serious Question	209
	Woolly Gloves	804
SELVER, Paul	Well, I'm Blowed!	668
SHARP, C. C.	The Riders of the Plain	23
SIEGFRIED, André	England's Crisis	547
	The Poison of Unemployment	577
	Britain's Economic Equilibrium	723
SMART, R. C.	The State and the Mining Industry	389
STEED, Wickham	The Prospects of Labour	289
STEVENSON, J. A.	America Meets the Depression	218
	Analysing the Noble Experiment	514
TAYLOR, G. R. Stirling	The Struggle of Ancient Rome	275
TWEEDY, Owen	Our Palestine Liability	639
UBSDELL, A. R.	For An Indian Hot Weather	244
	Sonnet for a Day Wasted Indoors	272
	Night Piece	501
	Spring Sonnet in Devon	502
WARREN, C. Henry	An American Poet	282
WAUGH, Arthur	Salute to Cricket	604
	Happy Hampstead	336
WELBY, T. Earle	Oxford Figures	585
	House of Strife	833
WINTERTON, EARL	The Conference and After	145
	The Press and Parliament	325
WODEHOUSE, H. M.	Education in these days	64

THE

FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

JANUARY 1, 1931.

TOWARDS A GREATER INDIA

BY THE RT. HON. EARL WINTERTON, P.C., M.P.

IT is clearly the duty of every responsible person to avoid embarrassing from outside the deliberations of the India Round Table Conference, by either undue optimism or undue pessimism. But no harm and some good may result if an experienced commentator sets to work to show how rapidly the idea of a greater Federalism for all-India has grown out of the conception of the lesser Federalism propounded by the Simon Commission, and what are the minimum requirements of a Federal scheme for all-India.

Indeed, the limited public which has an instructed interest in India ought to prepare the much greater public in these islands which has no knowledge of India beyond that gleaned from newspaper snippets, time-worn platitudes, and very inadequate school text-books, for a possible decision on questions of supreme moment; this is the more important because it is certain that the emergence of new factors, of which I shall speak later, has to some extent outdated the ammunition of the old controversies on the relations of Great Britain and India. At present, it is true, we are still divided by a considerable period from this final issue, and cannot, indeed, tell in what exact form it will emerge. But at least we can indicate certain boundaries within which it must gradually assume shape, if it is to be a real issue, and not merely a device to save the face or (as perhaps one should say in this context) the "Izzat" of a much-advertised Conference composed of distinguished men and women. To try to define these boundaries is the main object of this article.

II

Regular readers of *The Fortnightly Review* may remember that I wrote an article for the August number, in which I commented on the Report of the Simon Commission. Though I was writing purely on my own responsibility and not with the idea of representing the point of view of the Conservative Party, I think that the opinions which I expressed were, in fact, those held by the great majority of the Party at the time, and probably by a majority of the thinking public as well. British opinion accepted the conclusions of the second volume in principle, based as they were on a scientific analytical but, at the same time, tactful and sympathetic discussion of Indian conditions in the first volume. This volume was read and admired in Great Britain to an extent almost unprecedented for a blue book on external affairs. But that acceptance in principle was, of course, accompanied by a desire to have the details discussed to the fullest extent at the Conference or in Parliament, and by a general willingness to listen with respect to other views which Indians at the former might put forward.

Since last July events have moved with great rapidity and, without detracting from the value of the Report, or causing me or others who praised it last summer to retract our views, some of these events have, so to speak, driven in front of the Report. Especially is this true of the emergence of a solid body of opinion among the Greater Princes in favour of All-India Federalism, and prepared to face certain risks which it entails to the whole order of Princes. It is, indeed, no sort of discredit to the Commissioners that they were unable to gauge in advance the strength or extent of this feeling, which must clearly affect the value of their conclusions since they were estopped by their terms of reference from considering the case of the Indian States in detail. This, in its turn, was in accord with the procedure laid down in the Government of India Act. Should the Conference in the first instance and the Government and Parliament in the second, adopt a federal plan for all-India the credit will be partly due to Sir John Simon and

his colleagues for having had the courage to suggest it in principle as a solution for British India.

What are the minimum requirements and safeguards before a Federal scheme can be evolved?

Firstly, that it should be a Triune scheme in which the Princes and their peoples, the inhabitants of British India, and the British Nation, through Parliament and the Governor-General, should share a responsibility varying in degree, but not in importance. The asseverations of the delegation of Princes make it clear that they are only willing to accept a Constitution which leaves no room for doubt that India shall remain at present and for all foreseeable time within the Empire and in allegiance to the Crown. Patently, also, some subjects to a full or lesser extent must be under the superintendence of the Governor-General. Defence and Foreign Policy, in the general sense of that term, and not as it is sometimes understood in India, are two of them. Under our Constitution, the Agent of the Crown, in this case the Viceroy, must be recommended by His Ministers to His Majesty for appointment. After his appointment as Governor-General as well as Viceroy, he must be responsible for carrying out the function of whatever control in Indian Governance there is which does not fall within the power of Indians themselves. He can only do so in compliance with the assent of the British Government responsible to Parliament, for otherwise he would be an autocrat possessing powers far greater than the Crown has had in these islands for generations past.

It is important to emphasise this since Indians may be inclined, following the recent example of Australia, to assert the right in theory of India, if and when she possesses an All-India Federal Assembly, to recommend to His Majesty through Indian Ministers whom she will as Viceroy. Even in theory this would, I consider, be impossible so long as a British Army remains in India, and no responsible Indian delegate has so far suggested in public declarations that India can, in present circumstances, do without the British Army in India. I can sympathise, in some degree, with the desire of Indians to be rid of the control of Parliament on the grounds that that body has for 60 years shown

so languid an interest in India that only a handful of Peers and a bare quorum of the Commons can be induced to attend Indian Debates unless a scandal is under review, or a "scene" impending or taking place. More especially do I sympathise with those who, whilst disliking the perfunctory exercise of its duties by Parliament, and wishing to be freed wholly from its superintendence for that reason, are perfectly willing to place considerable reserve powers in the hands of the Viceroy and even the British Government. But this is impossible for the Constitutional reasons which I have just mentioned. It is true that control has, for a long time past, as Parliamentary answers and speeches have made clear, been very lightly exercised by the Secretary of State in respect of many powers which rest ultimately with the Crown and Parliament, but are exercised by the Governor-General. But that is a wholly different thing from removing them. It seems to me essential firmly to extrude the idea that the Governor-General can be responsible to no-one in respect of these functions.

Of course, the Army and Foreign Policy do not exhaust the list of subjects which probably will have to be fully or partially reserved. I gave them only as examples. Finance, in some of its aspects, is another. Indeed, this is one of the biggest rocks which the rather cumbersome barque of the Round Table Conference will have to circumnavigate if it is ever to reach a fortunate end to its journey. Indians, quite naturally, are eagerly demanding the fullest possible control of the finances of their own country. But Great Britain is entitled to point to the vast sums of money invested, properly and legitimately, in Indian Government funds and railways. Much of this money has gone in developing the resources of the country, and immense benefit has inured to India thereby. No such charges can be brought against such investment as are sometimes, though as I think on an entirely false hypothesis, brought against British commercial enterprise in India. The aforementioned British investors are entitled to reasonable safeguards against the loss or depreciation of their money.

I do not for a moment suggest that the sole control of Indians would mean either; the fact is, though, that the

money was largely lent when that control was British, and if you lend money to one person on an Estate and he hands over the Estate to someone else, you are entitled to ask for fresh or further guarantees.

In the second place, the scheme must be really and truly a Federal scheme. It may seem a work of supererogation to stress this after what I have said as to the sharing of responsibility between the Princes, the British Nation and British India. But I do not think that it is.

For one can conceive of a plan in which representation of British India on the one side and the Indian States on the other could meet in separate Legislative Bodies to control the affairs of their respective territories, being no longer in any way under British control or superintendence. This would merely widen the gulf between British India on the one hand and the States on the other, and indefinitely postpone a real union of the Indian Peninsula. Nor would a Consultative Committee or any other form of discussion between the two bodies really make an effective bridge. The Federation must be one in fact as well as in name, and this would seem to involve a single Central Legislative Body either bicameral or unicameral.

I think that a Bicameral Legislature would be preferable, and opinion at the Conference at the time of writing seems to be tending in that direction.

III

To study the various methods by which the units of this All-India Federal Assembly could be chosen is rather a fascinating task for anyone interested in the making of Constitutions. The British-Indian Members would presumably represent the Provinces, and here the scheme eventually adopted may follow the lines laid down by the Simon Commission Report. In the case of the States, the larger States might each have a single representative, and the smaller ones be formed into groups to elect a representative for each group. One difficulty is undoubtedly presented here. The British-Indian Members would speak on behalf of Provinces having almost complete autonomy, and

elected in most cases (there might be nominated or elected members of special classes) by the Councils of those Provinces. In the case of the Members from the States, on the contrary, at first, at any rate, they would have to be selected or nominated by the Ruler acting in consultation, no doubt, with such Executive Body as he possesses. That is at least true of the majority of States, though in the case of some of the most advanced, such as Mysore, it might be possible to arrange for indirect election through the agency of the Elected Council. This difficulty is not insurmountable if the Princes, as a whole, frankly realise the need for a gradual approach towards internal self-government for their States—"States subjects autonomy"—as it might be called. If they do not adopt this attitude I must frankly say that I think Parliament may show some hesitation in sanctioning a permanent anomaly. That is to say, the creation of a Legislative Body whose members have equal statutory powers and duties, but who obtain those powers and duties as to two-thirds (I do not know what the exact proportion would be) by indirect election from British India, and as to one-third through selection by the heads of Indian States and their Executive Councillors.

The matter is all the more important when one appreciates the fact that the list of central subjects (*i.e.*, as opposed to those subjects within the purview of British-Indian Provinces or States, as the case may be) which will be listed as common to all-India is likely to be long and formidable. That is all to the good as substantiating the reality of Federation, but it does, of course, also enhance the importance of the matter of choosing the members of the Federal Body.

I may say at this juncture that there must, of course, necessarily be central subjects which are not common subjects in the sense that they do not necessarily apply to both British India and the States. The Assembly could deal with this matter, either by "in-and-out" voting, or by a system of adoptive or permissive treatment of legislation affecting only one of the two component parts of India as a whole. If the first system were adopted, members would

only vote on a subject affecting that portion of India, be it the Provinces or the States, which they represented. If the second were adopted, they would vote on all matters, but by a second vote decide, in the case of a subject which was not a common subject, if they wished, the particular proposal to be adopted for the Provinces or States as the case might be.

I have a sufficiently strong belief in the wisdom and good sense of the Ruling Princes to feel confident that they fully appreciate the importance of the factor which I have mentioned. I, for one, do not doubt their capacity for choosing with entire wisdom the State representatives for the Assembly; I only question whether the permanent existence of an elective and selective system, side by side, would be practical politics. Thirdly, as a boundary to the territory in which the Federal structure must be raised, I cite the need of a strong Central Executive Council or Cabinet. I wrote at some length in my article in the August number of *The Fortnightly Review* on the matter of responsibility or dyarchy at the Centre, and said that I was in general agreement with the conclusions of the Simon Commission under this heading; it is, however, idle to deny that the creation of a real Federal system for all-India must affect considerably one's view on the exact powers of the Governor-General's Executive. I think it best to say no more than that the Executive must, both in its composition and functions, possess real authority and power in the residual matters which will appertain to the Governor-General in Council. A body chosen on some unreal basis intended to placate certain forms of opinion in India would be a positive danger. I cannot think that the Princes would be party to such an arrangement.

These boundaries, which I am attempting to describe, are not given in order of importance. Indeed, I think they are all equally important. The fourth and last is the prime necessity of adequate safeguards for the various minorities. Those acquainted with Indian history, both ancient and recent, may say "*cela va sans dire*": why stress the matter by even referring to it since, unless the safeguards are there at the start, none of the tentative schemes to

which I have been referring will ever take shape. The Moslem and others will see to that. The dangers and difficulties of the past are burnt too deeply into their minds.

But I am by no means sure that there is not a risk that the representatives of the minority communities, in their laudable anxiety to reach a settlement, may not agree to plans which will not work except on paper. Some of their spokesmen at the opening of the plenary Conference seemed to suggest that they would be able to make a better bargain for themselves if British control were removed from India than they can do under the present Constitution. That seems to be a rather reckless view. However, whatever any of the minority communities might be able to do to help themselves, by opposition of a more or less violent character, if British control were to be entirely removed from India, is a matter of theoretical speculation. What is a very pressing and urgent duty is to provide them, under the new Constitution, with safeguards for their interests which are real, and will work. If the Conference can devise such safeguards and all the communities accept them, it will have done a great deal to inaugurate real Indian unity, and to erect the only structure on which sane nationalism can be built. On the other hand, if the minority communities are suspicious and unsatisfied with the Constitution, no Greater India, except in name, is possible.

IV

I am aware that the considerations which I have set forth in the preceding pages are very general. But there is a reason for this. In the newer territories in Africa in which European settlement is taking place, it is the custom of the Government, in allotting land, to erect, through its officials, a number of beacons at the different corners of the area to be taken up. Afterwards, it may be many months or even years, a more precise survey is made, and the actual boundaries, in a straight line or a curve, are filled in between the beacons on the official map ; it is very infrequently that any dispute follows. So with this Conference. It is not a Constituent Assembly. The nature of its composition and

the vast complexity of the subjects under review alike forbid the production of a scheme complete in all its details. Parliament, aided by a joint Committee of both Houses, must be the ultimate surveyor, charged with the duty of precise allocation. But equally, if the Conference ignores the beacons and wanders outside the rough boundaries which common-sense dictates, the result will be an estate of no value, incapable of being developed along the lines of orderly progress which we all hope to see.

V

A feature of the attitude of the Indian Delegates to the Conference has been the unanimity shown at the opening meeting in favour of complete Self-Government for India at once, subject to temporary safeguards. It might have been expected that representatives of the minority communities and depressed classes would have emphatically laid down reservations and qualifications of various kinds even though they might accept the same view. But in fact they did not do so. What is the reason for this ? Indians themselves say that there has been such a growth of political and nationalistic consciousness in India in the last few months that nothing short of a huge step forward will have a ghost of a chance of acceptance even by the most conservatively-minded sections of the population which take any interest in public affairs. That this view is sincerely held I know from private conversations which I have had with Indian friends of mine of unquestioned veracity and knowledge. To my objections that the huge masses of the agricultural population cannot have changed their outlook in a few months or years and suddenly become interested in national politics, my friends reply that the small farmers and peasants are becoming more and more troubled in many districts by the prevailing unrest and uncertainty which, coupled with low prices for their produce, is having a very disturbing effect.

They admit that the vast majority of the agriculturists have little or no conception of the questions at issue, but assert that they are more and more inclined to blame the

Government for everything and that, however drastic the Ordinances or Laws may be, no known method exists, outside those employed by Soviet Russia or Fascist Italy, of preventing political agitation entirely. I certainly have found depression and apprehension among Indian friends of Conservative views in far greater degree than I expected. In times of agitation in the past, such people, at any rate in private, would assure one that if only the Government would be firm, the agitation would cease. To-day, with one accord, they tell one that the conciliatory qualities of the Viceroy alone have stood in the last few months between India and chaos. Lord Irwin may have lost prestige in certain circles here in the past year ; in India his personal influence and popularity have grown to a point where they are far above anything enjoyed by any other Viceroy for a generation or more. A very large number of Europeans, officials and non-official, take the same view as that which I have described.

VI

Is all this *defaitisme* pure and simple ? Do Indians and Europeans in India alike think that the present Government of India and anything which is likely to succeed it, and the Socialist Government at home, are alike incapable of making a stand against the forces of extremism, and that it is well to make friends with your enemy whilst you are in the way with him ? Are they influenced by the fact that the prevalent unrest has hit the pockets of almost every Indian having investments in his own country quite as much as it has hit British trade with India, and does this instinctively incline them to peace at almost any price ?

It is hard to answer these questions. It would be impolitic at this juncture to do so even if it were easy. Wise statesmanship should take into account this feeling, and not attempt merely to "pooh-pooh" it as the "Die-hard" circles are inclined to do. But it should emphatically not allow its existence so to affect the mind and will as to accept any settlement, however flimsy and dangerous. I refuse to believe that if the Conference fails India will be ungovernable.

At the same time the Conference, as it has turned out, unquestionably offers the best chance that has yet occurred and the best that may ever occur for devising in outline an acceptable Federal scheme for the whole of India.

The task is indeed a vast one ; sometimes it is brought home to one by a simple example. Recently a great friend of mine, a Hungarian, belonging to an ancient and illustrious family, who is a noted big game shot and an amateur photographer of exceptional skill, visited India. The other day he showed me the book of photographs which is one of the results of his visit. They include views of all the best known places in India which the ordinary tourist visits. But my friend was no ordinary tourist, and in addition to shooting in the steamy jungles of the South, and in half-a-dozen other places where the big game hunter is wont to go, he "trekked" on foot over miles of eternal snow, almost to the Tibetan frontier, to obtain specimens for a museum of some of the rarer game. His photographs of the latter are fascinating and, I should judge, unique. In that volume are to be seen varieties of scenery, races and religions which could hardly be equalled if one photographed the peoples and places of a dozen European countries. Yet all of them are within the Indian Empire.

TRIAL BY JURY

BY C. H. S. FIFOOT

ONE of the many projects "in the air" at the present time—and likely to remain ethereal unless some one of our leaders can be persuaded of its potential political value—is the reform of the legal system. The substantive law, indeed, is generally admitted to offer an adequate satisfaction for current necessities. The major portions alike of our civil and of our criminal law have been elaborated, not by the arbitrary dogmas of legislation, but by the application of judicial minds to an infinite variety of facts, and legal principles have thus been adapted, with the minimum of effort, to the changing circumstances of economic and social life. It is the occasional incursions into the private law which the caprice or prejudice of Parliament has suggested that have caused those "inelegantiae juris" which laymen are so quick to observe and so determined to resent. The Gaming Acts, the Lottery Laws and obsolete survivals such as the Sunday Observance Act, all testify to the unfortunate results of ill-digested legislation. But the doctrines of the common law for the most part accord with common sense and secure the respect of the community. All is not equally well, however, with its procedure. Everyone will admit the inordinate cost of litigation, though few will be found to agree upon the remedy, nor can the lawyer lay his hand upon his heart and acquit his system of technicality and procrastination.

The latest suggestion of reform is contained in a letter published in the *Times* on Saturday, November 8th, 1930, and signed by Mr. Heber Hart, a lawyer of great experience and one of the British representatives on the Mixed Arbitral Tribunals set up under the treaties of peace between this country and the Central Powers. Mr. Hart's proposals include the abolition of the jury in civil litigation

and the abrogation of the greater part of the existing law of evidence. It may be premised at once that these proposals are complementary. Most of our law of evidence has been elaborated by the judges under the necessity and with the object of controlling the juries with which they have had to work, and many of the resultant rules are in the last resort explicable only upon this supposition. Two examples, the one confined to the criminal courts and the other applicable both to civil and to criminal cases, may be offered in support of this statement. It is a general rule, subject to a few exceptions, that, upon the trial of a prisoner for any crime, no evidence may be offered that he has previously committed other offences. Such evidence is freely used in Continental systems, nor can it be dismissed as irrelevant to the decision of the question at issue. On a trial for murder, according to the canons of common sense, it would surely be material that the prisoner had for the past ten years been leading the life of a homicidal maniac. It is equally difficult to offer a logical defence of the important rule against "hearsay" evidence, that a witness must not repeat in court statements made by a third party for the purpose of proving their truth. "What the soldier told you," said Mr. Justice Starleigh to Sam Weller on an immortal occasion, "is not evidence." Yet in the problems of ordinary life such statements are accepted as material for their solution, to be tested indeed, but to be used after a satisfactory investigation. Both these rules originate in the fear of the judges that the members of the jury will not be able to discriminate between persuasive and compelling testimony, that they will confuse the possibility that a defendant *may* with the conclusion that he *must* be liable; and both, therefore, could be abrogated were the jury to be abolished. A professional judge, with his lifelong experience of litigation, could receive such testimony and relegate it to its proper place in the argument.

II

Mr. Hart's suggestion for the abolition of the jury in civil cases none the less remains heroic. Even the most

ardent iconoclast must observe the limits of decency, and an attack upon an institution which the English people has been taught to regard as its peculiar contribution to justice and liberty is an affront to national complacency. "Trial by jury," said Blackstone, "is the palladium of English liberty, the best criterion for investigating the truth of facts that was ever established in any country." So ardent, indeed, was the glow of satisfaction which its name kindled in his bosom that, while embracing with diffidence the opinion of those who traced "the original of juries up as high as the Britons themselves, the first inhabitants of our island," he had no hesitation in agreeing that "they were in use among the earliest Saxon colonies" and "were always so highly esteemed by the people that no conquest, no change of government, could ever prevail to abolish them." It must be confessed, however, that the gratifying patriotism which these words display is not balanced by an equal sense of historical truth. The origin of the jury is to be sought, not in the habits of the noble savage whose valour and ignorance equally refreshed the jaded Tacitus, but in the more sophisticated expedient of the Carolingian monarchs, introduced into England by our Norman conquerors; and so far were the English from cherishing an indigenous growth against the assaults of invaders or the ravages of time that, until a comparatively late period, the local and personal courts regarded it as the new-fangled favourite of the royal judges and preferred their own methods of compurgation and ordeal. But though the origin of the jury may not be offered as a tribute to our inventive genius, its subsequent development as an instrument of justice is peculiarly English, and, in those instances in which it has been incorporated in Continental legal systems, it has been received as an island exotic not necessarily in sympathy with the national temperament.

III

It is important to determine the exact function of the jury in the modern English legal system. The determination of a legal issue pre-supposes an appropriate finding of

fact. Before a court can deliver judgment upon the validity of a contract or the guilt of a person accused of murder, it is first necessary to ascertain that the agreement in question exists or that the story of the prosecution is substantially accurate. It is for the decision of these questions that the machinery of the jury is set in motion, the "twelve reasonable men and women" assembled and their collective experience utilised. "Questions of law," it is said, "are for the judge, and questions of fact for the jury." The antithesis is neat, but not illuminating. What is the exact line of demarcation between law and fact, and who is to draw it?

The answer to these questions is to be found in the position and prestige of the judge. It is his duty to control the proceedings of the jury, and in the exercise of this function he necessarily determines the issues upon which their assistance is required. In the result the lawyer's definition of a fact differs considerably from that of the layman's. Thus in order to decide the liability of an occupier upon whose premises a plaintiff has been injured, it is necessary to place the plaintiff in one of three distinct categories. If he has come upon the premises on the defendant's business, he is called an invitee and is owed a high duty of care; if he has come with the defendant's consent, but for his own purposes, he is a licensee and the duty of care is less; while, if he is a trespasser, he can complain only of deliberate and wanton injury. It is for the judge to determine into which category he falls, and the consequent multiplication of decisions has caused an embarrassment which could have been avoided if the question had been treated as one of fact and dismissed on the settlement of each case. So, too, in order to determine the liability of persons who inflict personal injury upon others by selling goods which are not safe to use, the law in its wisdom has distinguished goods dangerous *per se* from those not so dangerous: goods, that is to say, which as a class are inherently dangerous from those which as a class are innocuous, but individual specimens of which are unsafe by reason of some defect in preparation or manufacture. Here, one would have thought, was essen-

tially a question for the jury. But the court has declared the matter to be one of law upon which it alone can pass, and the student must search the books for authority that a gun is an article dangerous *per se* and a defective ginger-beer bottle only dangerous *sub modo*.

Even when an undoubted question of fact arises, the jury are not entitled of necessity to answer it. It is constantly insisted that it is the duty of the judge to decide whether there is sufficient evidence to go to the jury. Suppose a tradesman sues a person under twenty-one for the price of goods supplied to him: to succeed he must prove that the articles delivered were necessities, "suitable to the condition in life of the infant and to his actual requirements at the time of the sale and delivery." In the application of this rule to the facts of a particular case, the judge must first make up his mind whether the goods in question can reasonably be considered necessities at all. "Earrings for a male," so runs the pontifical utterance, "spectacles for a blind man," cannot be necessities. Only if the judge considers that a reasonable mind (presumably his own) may doubt the character of the goods, must he leave the jury to resolve the doubt.

IV

After these initial difficulties have been overcome and the jury have been solemnly presented with an issue for determination, it by no means follows that their decision will be conclusive. The case may be reopened if the unsuccessful party can prove that the weight of the evidence will not support their finding or that they have disregarded the direction of the judge or otherwise acted with more than ordinary perversity. In the criminal law the possibility of reversal is limited by the rule that only the prisoner can appeal against the verdict and that the prosecution must accept it, however distasteful or ridiculous it may be. But in civil cases the privilege is used almost as a matter of course where no more fruitful ground of appeal can be lodged and when the resources of the appellant are adequate to the strain of briefing fashionable counsel to support

him. An award of damages may thus be challenged as confidently as a verdict upon the major issue of liability. In a famous case Lord Sumner explained the mental processes by which he corrected the exuberance of a jury. The plaintiff had recovered £1,000 damages and the defendant appealed. Lord Sumner said: "In my opinion, by no formula can £1,000 be got at. For any damage really done, £100 was quite enough; double it for sympathy, double it again for the jury's sense of the defendant's conduct, and again for their sense of Mr. F. E. Smith's. The product is only £800. I am aware that in libel the assessment of damages does not depend on any definite legal rule, but there must be some reasonable relation between the wrong done and the solatium applied. The verdict is excessive and cannot stand."

It is clear, therefore, that the function of the jury in practice is not so important as the panegyrics of historians and politicians would lead us to suppose and that its abolition, at least in civil cases, would not leave too large a gap to be filled by the unaided exertions of the judges. We have now to consider whether, within the limits of its operation, it is a serviceable instrument. In the first place, it may be as well to ask if it is regarded with respect by the citizens who are called upon to compose it. The condition of the juror is not, indeed, so desolate as that of his prototype in the first half of the nineteenth century. Anthony Trollope described his position in *Phineas Redux* in terms which scarcely merit the charge of hyperbole. "There are many ludicrous points in our blessed constitution," he said, "but perhaps nothing so ludicrous as a jurymen praying to a judge for mercy. He has been caught, shut up in a box, perhaps for five or six days together, badgered with half a dozen lawyers until he is nearly deaf with their continual talking, and then he is locked up until he shall die or find a verdict." At that time a jury on a trial for felony or treason was not allowed, after it had first been assembled, to separate. If the trial lasted for more than one day, the jury was locked up for the night, and, when they retired to consider their verdict, the bailiff in charge of them was sworn to keep them without

"meat, drink or fire." The story is told of Mr. Justice Maule's humane interpretation of these words when asked by a bailiff if he might allow the jury water. "Well," said the judge, "it is not meat and I should not call it drink: yes, you may."

The modern juror is at least spared the horrors of solitary and unrefreshed confinement: an Act of 1870 permitted him to provide himself at his own expense with reasonable sustenance, and an Act of 1897 to separate at the end of the day in all cases save those of murder or treason. But it cannot be said that the conditions of his service are such that he is likely to clamour for its retention. Unless he is a felon, a lunatic, a peer, a lawyer or other similarly privileged person, his attendance is compulsory, however important his private business and however inconvenient the summons; and modern democracy has admitted the female sex to share the burdens of the male. He can never be certain when the actual cases for which his attendance is required will be reached and minor officials seem to delight in haling him into court on the appointed day without regard to the state of the judge's list. If he is a special juror, and is therefore presumably a professional man or an expert in some particular branch of knowledge, he is entitled to a fee of one guinea for each case in which he is sworn to act; but if he is a common juror, he has to be content with the magnificent remuneration of one shilling on each civil cause tried in the High Court or the County Court, and of eightpence on circuit. In a criminal trial he receives nothing at all.

V

If the duties of the jury were so vital to the administration of justice and to the maintenance of liberty that no substitute was conceivable, it might be the duty of a good citizen to endure his tribulation even with so inadequate a recompense. But it is at best a clumsy instrument for the elucidation of the truth. The surprising thing, as Dr. Johnson said of the horse walking on its hind legs, is not that it performs its duties well, but that it performs

them at all. Most practising lawyers will agree that the average English jury shows considerable common sense in balancing the evidence, and has a sharp nose for "smelling out a rogue." But the issues of civil litigation are often complicated even to the trained experience of the judge, and, presented to the jury, are apt to envelop it in an atmosphere of helpless embarrassment. The defence of contributory negligence, for example, raised so often in running-down cases, has proved so fruitful of legal difficulties that neither the Court of Appeal nor the House of Lords has been able to decide the manner of its presentment to the jury; and it is not likely that, where the judges fear to tread, the "reasonable man or woman" will care to trespass.

Nor is the jury constitutionally capable of resisting extraneous influences which are not germane to the point at issue. Indeed a disappointed litigant might feel disposed to argue that in the exploitation of those influences lies the art of advocacy; and, though the duty of counsel is to marshal the relevant arguments with clarity and precision rather than to darken or obscure the issue, there is sufficient truth in the accusation to sting. The days of Serjeant Buzfuz are happily past, but the duel *à outrance* between a fashionable witness and a celebrated counsel is still a favourite recreation of society, and the jurors find it difficult, even if they are willing, to separate fact and innuendo. Apart from the bias of advocacy, political and social prejudice, passion and sentimentality all operate to divert the jury from the strict pursuit of truth.

In France the immunity accorded to the *crime passionelle* is notorious, while a distinguished constitutionalist, M. Barthélemy, has pointed out that the jury sitting in the Court of Assize, mostly composed of petty shopkeepers, exhibit an undue tenderness for the rights of property and an equally unfortunate leniency towards personal assault. In Ireland, it is said, no jury will find against a pretty woman or for a railway company, and, in the days before the war, the whole interest of a political trial centred in the composition of the jury. The art of "packing" and of "challenging" was practised with delicacy and success, and the victory won when an appropriate number of

Nationalists or Unionists was placed in the box. In England, though the national temperament is somewhat more judicial, appeals to prejudice or sentimentality are not without success. Thus in 1928, in the case of *Scammell v. Hurley*, an action was brought against certain members of the Stepney Borough Council on the ground that, by agreement with the Electrical Trades Union during the General Strike, they had injured the plaintiffs' works through the discontinuance of the power on which they relied. The defendants had, in fact, made a compromise with the Union whereby, if the Union would continue to supply lighting, they agreed to abandon the supply of power. At the trial, the defendants relied on the Public Authorities Protection Act, and, to rebut this defence, it was necessary for the plaintiffs to prove malice. The jury, still smarting under the injuries of the General Strike, proceeded, without delay and regardless of the evidence, to find such malice, and the defendants had to rely on the impartiality of the Court of Appeal to reverse the verdict. Trained experience and a judicial temperament are required to supplement goodwill in the avoidance of prejudice.

VI

The arguments in favour of the retention of the jury are threefold: the law, it is said, is thereby kept in touch with the necessities of life, the jurors themselves are educated in the administration of justice, and the judges are relieved from the discharge of unpleasant responsibilities. The first argument seems to suggest that the judge is in some way insulated from reality, that a lifetime in the courts has served to refine the dross of human nature and to leave only an abstract embodiment of the law. How far strict legal theory permits a judge to use his knowledge of the world is perhaps doubtful. In a recent libel case, *Tolley v. Fry*, Lord Justice Scrutton expressed his hesitation. "I do not know if a judge is allowed to know of the Duchess who made an income by vowing that 'her complexion derived its perfection from somebody's soap, which it doesn't,' or to know that Gilbert would not have written

those lines if less exalted though more prominent people than Duchesses did not receive payment for allowing their names to be used as advertisements of goods. It is difficult to know what judges are allowed to know, though they are ridiculed if they pretend not to know." But, as Professor Allen has stated in his comment in the *Law Quarterly Review* for April, 1930, "whether or not strict legal theory openly avows it, it is certain that our common law would have stood still if judges had not behaved as 'men of the world.'" In any case, it is permissible to doubt if the average juror is an adequate medium for the communication of intelligent public opinion.

The second argument is scarcely more compelling. The respect for the law, so prominent a feature in modern England, is the result, not of the jury system, but of the prestige of the judges; and this, in its turn, is due to our happy practice of recruiting the Bench from the most distinguished members of the Bar. The average citizen is content to rely upon the impartiality of the court and is not likely to profit substantially by his fugitive and unwilling appearances as an accomplice in the administration of justice. The third argument merits further consideration. Under the complexities of modern civilisation, the course of litigation throws upon the appropriate authorities two distinct responsibilities: the finding of the facts and the application of the law. Where compensation and not punishment is the issue, it is not too much to expect these responsibilities to be borne by the same judicial mind. The judge is not likely to be worried out of his character as lawyer by any undue searching of conscience. But the strain of a criminal trial is more intense, and it may well be that the retention of the jury as a body upon whom, under proper direction, the responsibility of life and death, of freedom or incarceration, may be cast, will free the judge for a concentration upon those legal issues which he alone is competent to appreciate.

VII

We are therefore led to the conclusion that the jury is still a valuable element in the administration of criminal

justice, but superfluous in the course of civil litigation. Nor will this conclusion injure the cause of law reform of which Mr. Hart is so powerful an advocate. To commercial men, intent to secure a decision which will settle the course of their business, the existing procedure, with its irritating and technical laws of evidence, is a byword for procrastination and expense. To the prisoner, charged with an offence where condemnation implies ruin and disgrace, the meticulous satisfaction of these laws and the balance of judge and jury offer at least the consolation of impartiality. It is well to remember that the jury is only one of many instruments devised by the ingenuity of man for the work of the State, to be used with discretion and a proper sense of its limitations: too often, in the words of M. Barthelemy, "*le principe du jugement par le jury apparaît comme un dogme intangible, on serait presque tenté de dire, comme une superstition.*"

THE RIDERS OF THE PLAIN

BY CICELY C. SHARP

CSIKOSOK, chief horse-herd of the Hórtobagy and by common consent spokesman for his shepherd-companions, deemed that moment to be propitious for voicing the general curiosity.

"Tell us now——" said he with the stand-and-deliver directness that is the manner of the Puszta, "what is it that you are always writing these nights?"

The firelit ring of faces veered towards me with child-like expectancy. Across the lurid embers the deep eyes of the Maître-Berger regarded me with benign enquiry. There was no escape, so at the risk of incurring unwelcome attention in the future, I braced myself to the issue.

"To be exact, it is a tale of the Puszta."

Csikosok broke the ensuing silence by slapping his thigh resoundingly and bellowing with laughter. "The Puszta!" he roared, "but what tale would you tell of the Puszta? Unless it be one of our friend Lajos here who, after so long in the cities, found our wines a little strong last night!" He spoke the insult with a sly glance sideways at the raging Lajos, and was mischievously for baiting him further, but that the Maître-Berger interposed and asserted his patriarchal authority.

"Peace, Csiko," he observed tranquilly. "Must thou forever babble like a son of the towns who has his finger in every cooking-pot? Content thee with thy horses and leave such matters to wiser heads."

The outspoken rebuke quenched Csikosok's boisterous good humour. In silence he huddled down into the voluminous folds of his sheep-skin cloak, and sat there sucking his long-stemmed pipe and gazing into the embers with unfathomable eyes, while the rest of the shepherds continued talking among themselves.

My brother and I resumed an earlier discussion that the conversation had recalled.

For Csikosok, we felt, was right.

A tale of the Puszta nowadays must be of necessity without incident. The character of the Great Plain has changed; the fertile wilderness which many centuries ago became the adopted home of one of the most terrible races in history has, in its turn, moulded their fierce temper in its crucible, and now, in the twentieth century, we found our former historical impressions of an adventurous people of the Puszta to be anachronisms.

Old tales of the slant-eyed riders of the Plains, swarming across Asia to the conquest of the West, had echoed in our memories and led us to expect the same fiery temperament in their descendants. We reckoned without the steppelands. The primeval influences of the Puszta have acted upon the dynamic character of its inhabitants like the slow wearing of water upon stones, and the restless, mercurial, Tartar temperament that once threatened to overwhelm the Occident has metamorphosed to the dreamy indolence of the shepherd of the Puszta, desirous of no better than to be allowed to watch his flocks in peace.

The foreigner does not readily suspect this side of the Hungarian national character. Life in the Hungarian capital leaves an impression of superficiality that arises from an abnormal attention to frivolity. But a brief period in Budapest had served to dull our appreciation for the city's chief attractions of Tsigane Bands and glamorous picnics in the garden restaurants of Margit Island. In time we found ourselves reluctantly concluding that one of the loveliest capitals in Europe was like any other in its preoccupation with jazz-music and indifferent cabarets. Moreover, it became increasingly difficult to reconcile the blatant poverty of the country with the lavish expenditure in the capital, where, each night, hotels and dance-clubs were crowded to capacity long after the stars had begun to drop down into the black void behind the Szent Gellert Hill.

We confessed these quibbles one morning to a friendly Hungarian journalist, who had formed the habit of joining us for breakfast on the hotel-terrace.

"Budapest is not Hungary!" was his justifiable retort. "Here, exploited by foreigners and Jews, we are a crippled nation, but out there"—through swaying clusters of crimson geranium we glimpsed a sun-drenched countryside—"out there on the Puszta, you will find the untouched Magyar peoples."

We set our faces towards the Puszta.

Debrecen, four hours by train towards the Roumanian frontier, is the gateway to the steppes. There, through the kind offices of our journalist, we arranged to meet Lajos, a one-time native of the Puszta, who would be our guide, interpreter and passport to the reticent people of the plains.

We left Buda in a heat-wave of transcendental ferocity.

Under the fiery intensity of the sun, the parched grainlands reeled in long undulations to the dim mountains in the North, until the eye was seared and the heart oppressed by the strange beauty of the dying maize-fields, whose steely-green stalks bowed in the heat like a stricken army at rest upon its spears.

Utterly demoralised, we lay propped against the carriage window-ledges to get the least breath of cool air, until, in the limpid, blue dusk that hovers over Central Europe an instant between sunset and dark, we alighted on the congested platform of the second largest town in post-War Hungary.

"Ze Anglo-Saxon Meestair?" enquired a voice at Murray's elbow, and Lajos emerged from the crowd of onlookers that, in Hungary, derives its daily excitements from meeting the trains.

"Good!" exclaimed my brother. "You speak English, I see."

The insignificant little form swelled proudly.

"I learn——" began Lajos and hesitated—his fluency was fast vanishing—"I learn—ah!—in ze night-school—five mont'." He slapped himself triumphantly on the chest, and turned away briskly to collect our hand-luggage.

"It seems as if we will have to fall back on our crippled French after all," sighed Murray regretfully as we followed him to the barrier. "His stock of English is not very ready!" And indeed, the rest of our intercourse with

Lajos was a quaint jumble in which French predominated as the medium of expression, but spiced with occasional, carefully-pieced, English sentences, which he would spring on us after prolonged contemplation.

"We will eat ze dinnair in ze hotel-restaurant, no?" he enquired about half an hour later when we joined him for a mug of beer at one of the pavement-tables in front of the hotel.

His manner betrayed undue anxiety, we thought, but we consented, since a dash of cold water had completely restored our jangled nerves, and we were now in the mood for diversion.

The transformation that had taken place in the square we overlooked increased our sense of expectancy.

Gone was the dust and turbidity of half an hour ago. Silence had succeeded the shattering clatter of clumsy carts across the cobbles. Through the thick dusk cool breezes from the outlying acacia-woods stole down the byeways, rustling the green gloom of the date-palms and rocking the crimson islands of canna bloom. A rustic princess in an old-world fairy tale, the town had suddenly hushed into an enchanted sleep.

Balkan habits had taught us that the chief restaurant of a provincial town is also the nocturnal rendezvous for its social elements. Guarded questioning of the apparently unsuspecting Lajos revealed that Debrecen was no exception: but to his eternal credit, it must be confessed that his cunning left us in complete ignorance of the part that we were to play that night in his puppet-show.

The full significance of his reticence dawned upon us later when the very undress commissionaire swung back the doors that gave into the vast, circular room which served as eating-place and dance-hall to Debrecen.

Lajos had staged his piece admirably.

Under a positive barrage of covert glances from his fellow-citizens, we watched him swelling with importance lent him by his sole connection with the central entertainment of the evening. For the first, and probably the last time in his existence, he enjoyed the envious consideration of his fellow-men.

But the exclusiveness of his triumph was destined to be short-lived.

Lajos' acquaintances had no intention of being deprived of contact with the world beyond Hungary should we give any sign of wishing to be friendly, and all unconsciously I made it.

We were dining to the inevitable strains of a Tsigane Band: gipsies, the quality of whose music possessed a sweeping abandon that we had missed in the more stereotyped performers we had heard in the capital. We listened with an interest that seemed to gratify both audience and band to such an extent that, when the leader presently swung them into the wild music of the Csardas, the onlookers swept into the centre of the floor in the national dance with an almost maniacal enthusiasm.

"Just watch that first-violin fellow," observed Murray; "he has his sloe-black eye fixed on us, and he'll be serenading you in a minute, my girl!"

"Primas t'inks hard what is your country," stammered Lajos, "il veut vous chanter un chanson de votre pays!" and so we were somewhat prepared when, at the last crashing chord of the Csardas, the primas came and hung over my chair with his bow ready poised. But he played a Spanish song!

Lajos chattered with malicious delight at our bewilderment. "It's the black hair," spluttered my brother; "give him a run for his trouble!" for the song was an old favourite from undergraduate days. The gesture had been friendly, the compliment charming—so I sang the words.

Even Lajos was a little dazed by the consequences.

Like one man the company surged forward around our table, jabbering and cheering. Students seized us by the hand; professors addressed us in a dozen languages; women smiled on us, and with superb bows, two red-tabbed officers presented us their names with clicking heels and begged the honour of standing us a bottle of Tokai.

So Debrecen took us to her hospitable heart.

Toast followed uproarious toast, drunk, as is the Hungarian custom, with eye fixed on eye—a relic, no doubt, of

the necessity of reading the fell purpose of an enemy about to strike. At intervals the floor rocked to the stamp of feet pacing out the Csardas, and the rafters rang to old war songs that in their full-throated rendering resembled the impact of a lance-butt against a shield.

Even Lajos recovered from his eclipse, and mounting a little unsteadily on to a table, proposed long and rhetorical toasts to "ze Anglo-Saxons" until some of the less patient of the students hauled him down.

II

The clash of fencing foils beneath our windows awoke us to another burning day. Under the laden apple-trees in the courtyard below, the youth of Debrecen were engaged in a practice of their favourite national pastime, a pursuit that still has its serious side where questions of personal honour are involved.

We found our pavement-café already thronged with a fraction of our acquaintances of the night before, who had cornered Lajos over his cup of coffee and were disputing the route of our journey with all the heatedness of a personal issue.

Our appearance, if anything, heightened the pressure of debate, and breakfast was interrupted continuously, now by almost tearful appeals for support from Lajos, now by the local reporter who hovered in the offing with pencil poised on notebook. We decided there was refuge only in flight, and intimated to Lajos that we were prepared for whatever Destiny might have in store for us.

It turned out to be "Mama-kedvence."

Now "Mama-kedvence" is the Magyar for "mother's darling." We found her parked with all the finality of a ripe old age in a garage adjoining the hotel. As we examined her in awe-struck silence Lajos dilated on her qualities, not least of which being the monumental price he had paid for her. We hoped audibly that she would justify it by getting us to our destination. He assured us that with his driving she would.

There was no other course open but to commend ourselves to an unpropitious Providence and exchange farewells

with our painfully interested friends. This we did between packing in our slender effects and assuring ourselves that scatter-brain Lajos had an adequate supply of petrol. This done, our Jehu cleared the crowd from the immediate vicinity by the simple expedient of applying himself to the horn uninterruptedly, and presently we shot off down the street with a breath-taking celerity.

It was a cloudless day.

Out of the blinding bowl of the sky poured a torrent of white light that seemed to wash all colour from the landscape. The grain-lands we entered on leaving the town appeared wraith-like through a rising sheet of vapour, and the road, an indistinct track that grew more so at every mile, led straight across a plain burnt so brown with the heat that Debrecen, lapped round by her feathery acacia-woods, resembled a green oasis as she receded in the distance.

"Whew!" exclaimed Murray when, after an hour's travelling in "Mama-kedvence" unprotected from the sun, his skin began to sting, "and where do we go to now, Lajos, old son?"

The exigencies of the road were absorbing all Lajos' attention, but explanations jolted from him at intervals of swerving round dried-up mud holes.

"We go to Hórtobagy—where zer is ze horses—ze, what you call him? ze stud. Der is ze auberge where I am a leetle boy. Ze Maître-Berger, he know me, he give us room chez lui."

"I am sure I hope so!" was my brother's fervent comment. "This looks a cruel country to be cast adrift in."

III

Our way, which had led at first through parched corn-fields whose broad stretches were broken here and there by tiny villages or a single farmstead, had suddenly cast them off, and before us now, sweeping mournfully, majestically to an infinite skyline, we beheld the Pusztá.

Only the natural curve of the world limits the eye that gazes across this great plain. The broad grasslands flow

to the horizon with never a break save for the drooping, thatch shelters erected by the nomad shepherds : and one may go for leagues and leagues without so much as happening on a solitary dwelling. Here, throughout the greater part of the year, horses, cattle, sheep and pigs roam at aimless liberty, watched over by a race of men whose fathers watched their flocks on the plateau of Asia in the dawn of Humanity.

The stark nudity of this country in the heart of populous Europe impressed us vividly, and reminded us that we "travelled in the print of olden wars"—for, in the time of John Hunyadi, the Great Plain flourished as cultivated land, plentifully sown with towns, monasteries, chateaux and farms, and crossed by broad highways down which streamed long trade caravans from the East, laden with silk and spices for the Occident. But the invading Turks changed all that three centuries ago. Their janissaries swept down on the Puszta with fire and sword, and the richest cultivating land in Europe returned to its old state of pasture land, inhabited mainly by great, wandering herds of beasts.

At noon, with a final jolt, "Mama-kedvence" drew up before the inn at Hórtobagy. Solitary, bleakly exposed to every wind of heaven, it stood at the end of a single row of stunted acacia trees that were twisted with the force of the Puszta gales.

A dozen ragged gipsy children appeared, and their shouts of wonder attracted a grave-eyed peasant woman from the interior, who leant her shapely bare arms on the lower half-section of the door and demanded our business.

"Mama Maria!" exclaimed Lajos, "dost thou not know me?"

The woman regarded him steadily from under her crimson kerchief.

"It is Lajos Kontur," she observed imperturbably. "Hast discovered that it is better to guard horses on the Puszta, Lajos Kontur, than to starve in the towns?"

"Nem, Mama Maria!" answered Lajos cheekily, "I still prefer the town, and besides I do not starve. I am a graduated lawyer from the university this very year." He waved loftily in our direction. "But now I am obliging

this gentleman and his sister by showing them the Puszta. Hast room for us, mistress?"

Mama Maria honoured us with her calm gaze again.

"That will be as my lord wills," she answered formally; "but enter meanwhile, he will return soon. Yolan!"

She flung open the half-section and we passed into the dingy, low-raftered bar, with its wine counter to the one side, and smelling pungently of beer.

Through an opposite door Yolan entered from the sunny courtyard, grave-faced like her mistress, but with a flashing smile that invested her with startling charm. She beckoned and we followed her across the court to tiny quarters that were apparently dedicated to the few visitors that were not of the nomad shepherds.

"Where do we wash?" demanded Murray after a hasty examination of the two rooms, that were destitute of any convenience save pallet-beds stuffed with straw. He pantomimed the enquiry to Yolan, who smiled delightedly and pointed to the pump in the centre of the yard.

Our appreciation of the joke won her instant approval, and flashing her smile once more and shaking her long braids at our fastidiousness, she tripped away to continue her interrupted duties.

Murray was the first victim of that pump. Innocent of any suspicions that the quagmire at its base might have engendered in his breast, he seized the handle and bore it down. The resultant jet stunned him to all intents and purposes, and presented him as a spectacle of drenched fury to a rapidly growing crowd of onlookers, since, it being the lunch hour, the shepherds, whose flocks were grazing nearby, were returning for the midday meal.

The inn, together with its sheds and outhouses, formed a square about the courtyard—a jagged patch of ground on which was enacted the major part of the domestic life of the community. By day, Mama Maria and her satellites filled it with bitter smoke from the wood fires, over which they stood bubbling, three-legged cauldrons: in a corner, sheltered from the sun and the wind, the shepherds would foregather about a board on trestles, to smoke a leisurely pipeful as they watched the blue canopy of sky above the

irregular eaves, for signs of a change in the weather, but in the long summer evenings the leaves of the shrivelled vines about the doorways trembled to the shock of stamping feet and piercing hulloas, as the gipsy-music swept each man to his feet with his partner.

The shepherds were in their places awaiting their meal by the time Murray had repaired the damages to his person, and Lajos guided us over the quagmire to make the acquaintance of the Maître-Berger as he sat enthroned in patriarchal dignity at the head of the board, and surrounded by his shaggy-haired sheep-dogs.

The ceremony was brief but impressive.

"Make my house yours!" pronounced our host with grave courtesy, "we are all as one family here."

He assigned us our traditional places beside Csikosok, the leader of the horse-herds.

Yolan began briskly slopping the meal into the deep plates she had banged down in front of each man. All the while she carried on a brisk back-chat with the shepherds, with whom she was evidently a favourite, and encouraged, since the woman of the Puszta, as a rule, is silent and shame-faced in the presence of her lords.

The shepherds themselves became less taciturn as they inhaled the highly-spiced steam. Their tongues loosened under the influence of long drafts of beer, and they chaffed Lajos with good-natured contempt.

"How now, Lajos Kontur," they enquired shrewdly, "is then a lawyer's life so profitable that it is necessary for thee to act as guide to strangers to the Puszta?" And they laughed with rich enjoyment at his heated remonstrances.

As each man finished his dish of crude rice and cheese, flavoured with red peppers, he swung sideways on the backless bench they all shared, and propping his arm against his upraised knee, fell to sucking his long-stemmed pipe in silence and gazing with dreamy abstraction from under the broad, black brim of his hat.

Only Csikosok rose, and stretching his six-foot-two of brawn and muscle free from the noonday languor, he strolled over to the row of cooking-pots to bandy words with Yolan.

One by one, as their pipes went out, the shepherds rose and sauntered away to relieve their companions who had stayed behind with the herds.

Csikosok, busy disentangling his spur from his long skirt-like trouser-leg, shouted to us from the cooking-pots that if we cared to walk as far as the Triple Well we should see the stud coming to water before going to more distant pastures.

We watched him and his companions mount and as they galloped off in a cloud of dust, set out across the ancient Turkish bridge that spanned the thin, muddy stream of the Hörtobagy, to where the three tall masts of the Triple Well cut the horizon.

There is something peculiarly arresting about these well-heads of the Puszta.

Nothing brings home more vividly the primitive simplicity of the life.

Stark against the skyline the tall cross-poles, dotted singly or in twos and threes about the bare landscape, are the axes around which revolve the lives of man and beast. To these, day by day, we watched Csikosok come thundering with his herd of shaggy, Puszta horses: or the Maître-Berger with his gambolling sheep-dogs driving the slow, grey flock to water. Sometimes, of an evening, we mingled here with the younger shepherds and maids, whose favourite rendezvous were those rough squares of planks erected around the shallow water-shafts.

With cracking whips and drumming hoofs the stud came swooping across the plain. On either flank Csikosok and his companions rocketted their mounts backwards and forth, whirling their lassoes round the refractory foals and shouldering the leading mares in the right direction.

Csikosok was a magnificent sight. Sitting with the easy abandon of one born to the saddle, he rode with hawk-eyes aflash with exhilaration in an immobile face, and his long white coat, strapped cloak-wise across his shoulders and joyous with crimson and orange wool-flowers, streaming out over his horse's flanks as he swerved about the plain.

Horse herds of the Puszta, for the most part, ride bare back, carrying their lassoes round the horse's neck; but

Csikosok, as chief herdsman, flaunted a saddle gaily caparisoned with coloured leathers, which, in his naive heart, ranked only second to his horses.

That night, in the low-raftered common room of the inn, we made the acquaintance of the rest of the shepherds.

The clouds that towards evening had massed on the horizon like snow palaces of incredible altitude, now toppled across the Puszta with demoniacal fury, and those who could leave their beasts crept into the warm stuffiness of the bar for a few hours before facing the elements again.

Crowded on tables and the long, backless benches, we drank the wine that Yolan poured out for us and listened to the plaintive wail of the Tsigane violins that mingled with the deep voices of the rain in such heart-searching sweetness that the ardent, poetic heart of Csikosok was touched to tears, and he leant his head upon his hand to hide them from the guttering flame of the lantern.

Silent and taciturn by day, at night, under the subtle influences of music and the crude wines of their country, the shepherds of the Puszta become a wistful company, breaking spontaneously into poetry, and crooning the old plaintive songs of the steppeland, with its mournful wastes, its wandering mirages, and its brooding silences.

"How stands the weather, Csiko?"

The Maître-Berger, ever mindful of his flocks, addressed the horse-herd, who for answer wiped the vapour off a pane and disclosed a serene sky in which the stars bloomed like yellow daffodils.

It was the sign for departure.

The shepherds retrieved their staves and, gathering their shaggy sheepskins about them, squelched out across the grasslands to their herds, while Csiko, still humming under his breath, took down a lantern and lit us to our quarters across the streaming courtyard.

"God guard your sleep!" he muttered as he turned away, and so, in a velvet silence, the inn passed under the influence of the black hours.

We, in our strangeness, found each new hour an ever-quickenning interest. But in reality the routine of the days remained unchanged.

As the pastures about the inn became exhausted, the herds moved further northwards with each day, until the last of our stay on the Puszta found them distant some hours' ride.

Under these circumstances it was not our habit to spend the evenings with the shepherds at their posts, but the Maître-Berger, whose formal hospitality had now melted into a kindly proprietorship, sent word suggesting we should sup with them and ride home by moonlight under the guidance of Csikosok.

The day had a beauty peculiar to the Puszta.

Light, luminously serene, flooded the plain, throwing into high relief the moving forms of man and beast, and reflecting strange shapes in the rising vapours of the earth.

These, so Csikosok would tell us, were the mirages of Delibab, the mournful spirit of the plains, whose tears for an ancient vanished love are the mists that she weaves into phantom cities and lakes that deceive the unwary.

We rode towards the ever-retreating forces of Delibab, guiding the playful stud and sniffing the keen morning air distilled by the night's storm to such crystal clearness that the tinkle of the horse bells were as silver drifted through a golden gauze of light.

But by noon the sun's rays descended with more deadly directness.

The wandering herds slowed down to a standstill and, backs towards the sun, stood panting with lowered heads.

Their shepherds, overcome too with the heat, leaned against their staves and contemplated their charges drowsily with never a breeze stirring their full-legged trousers. We, however, varied the noonday monotony by wandering leisurely from campment to campment, viewing once again this stange brotherhood of the Puszta.

Jaro, the bearded old Tartar who guarded the white herds of oxen, knew each pedigree for generations back as he had learnt them from his father, and fascinated us with the fearlessness with which he moved among their great spreading horns with a frail staff alone to protect him from their savage tempers. The Maître-Berger, seated in solitary aloofness with his flock, enthralled us with the tales of its history and proudly displayed its numbers notched upon

his staff. But it was Gyorgy, the pig-herd, who attracted us most with his shrewd peasant wit and his incredible yarns about his charges.

As the sun sloped towards the west we rode back to join Csikosok, who was already heading the stud to water and roping in the strays.

Close in his wake followed the oxen, lowing to one another as they came, and with them mingled the sheep, whom the nervous little sheep-dogs kept shouldering into line.

Gradually, with whooping and cracking of whips, the whole procession clustered around a fallen tree stump that had been chosen for the night's encampment, and as the swift darkness fell the shepherds abandoned their posts and gathered round the clear embers of the camp fire.

Night on the steppes is an unforgettable experience.

Rather than a time for sleep it seems to become a time for waking. All through the day the earth has lain motionless under the narcotic of the sun, but with the swift fall of night the wild things wake, and the Great Plain vibrates to a muted music. The heavens that throughout the day have formed a lofty arc of burning blue, beneath which the mirages of Delibab drifted like imprisoned wraiths, now lean closer to the pulsating earth, and the great stars swing low in their velvet depths like golden censers. Down over the grasslands from the north streams the night wind of the Puszta, keen as a blade, and touching the secret springs of the wild flowers so that in its wake lingers a faint, sweet tumult of perfume, that the warm earth-breath wafts towards the stars. Beyond the fire-ring of the encampment the wild life stirs, and furry things that have passed the day in the cool seclusion of their holes, scuttle to and fro with twitching noses, and scatter to shelter at the stamp of a horse's hoof. Even the horned oxen are not asleep. Huddled together, their eyes shine greenly as they turn towards the glow in the east. It is the moon; and presently, full, majestic, like a galleon under sail, she rises above the horizon-line and floods the whole world with a silver light.

Csikosok rose from the circle and went to untether the horses.

The silence that after the meal had prevailed throughout

the encampment, now broke into a myriad pieces with the hum of voices and the clinking of horse-bells.

One and all the shepherds wished us a pleasant return to our own country. The Maitre-Berger bade us remember that the Puszta was now our second home.

"We love not many strangers on our steppelands," he said gravely, "but ye have grown to be as ourselves."

And so the ride home began.

Csikosok was in high spirits. He sat his horse with a more than usual reckless abandon, and he livened the ride through the dark with wild snatches of song from his repertoire. At his saddle-bow he carried a bunch of wild flowers, and we began to suspect that his exhilaration hinged on his approaching meeting with Yolan.

We judged rightly for, when later we picked our way through the mud of the courtyard, we distinguished his burly form propped against her window, and the murmuring of their voices.

But this was our last sight of our cheerful companion, a true son of the Puszta, for, when Yolan called us at day-break so that we might set out for Debrecen before the heat of the day, Csikosok was gone to join the herd before it wandered further away.

So there were only Yolan and Mama Maria to wave us farewell from under the stunted acacia trees, and these we watched until the inn with its quaint features had faded into the quivering landscape, and the feathery tops of the maize-fields began to chip the horizon.

And then I became aware that Murray was quoting the words that had haunted us throughout our stay, and that now, above "Mama-kedvence's" growling progress, came singing to the mind and traced the name of the Puszta there in indelible characters:—

"We travelled in the print of olden wars:

Yet all the land was green,

And love we found, and peace,

Where fire and sword had been.

They pass and smile, the children of the sword—

No more the sword they wield:

And O, how deep the corn

Along the battlefield!"

BEHIND THE MOSCOW TRIAL

BY M. I. GANFMAN

I

IF the trial at Moscow which concluded on the 7th of December has attracted attention throughout the world, it is due to the fact that it was not a criminal trial at all, but a political demonstration in connection with important questions affecting the Soviet régime at the present time. It was not the trial of eight professors and engineers, charged under article 58 of the Soviet Criminal Code, but a political act arranged by the Stalinist rulers of Russia in order to shade from view both at home and abroad, the real meaning of important events and changes which are going on in the Soviet Union, and which may have very complicated consequences in Europe. It is in this sense that the trial was demonstrative, the machinery of the court being brought into action, not to fulfil the functions for which courts of justice are usually formed, but for the performance of definite political tasks. This political function of the criminal court is not a casual phenomenon in Russia, but an essential part of the nature of Soviet criminal jurisprudence.

Andrei Yanuarievich Vyshinsky, Presiding Judge of the Supreme Court, before whom the case of the eight was heard, declares in his "scientific" work on Criminal Procedure in the Soviet Union that the Court is a political instrument in the hands of the dominating group, and that the claim of *bourgeois* jurists that there may be any "general" justice is mere pretence. He quotes the first article of the Basis of Court Procedure in the U.S.S.R. (Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, *i.e.*, the whole of Soviet territory), which says that the task of the Court is to "guard the conquests of the proletarian revolution."

Nikolai Vasilievich Krylenko, Chief Director of Pros-

ecutions, proclaims as the basis of his latest work, *Sud i Pravo v S.S.S.R.* (The Court and Justice in the Soviet Union), that

"The court is not merely an organ of the dictatorship, defending a form of government, but it is at the same time an organ for carrying into effect the policy of a class . . . By the specific nature of its work the court does not differ in quality from the Cheka . . . Every judge must be well informed on questions of State policy and remember that by his judicial decisions in particular cases he is bound to further just that policy of the ruling class and nothing else."

II

Dominated by such general views, no trial in Soviet Russia can seek to ascertain the truth of a case and to establish the degree of guilt of persons accused. On the contrary, every court openly strives to extract political profit from all cases brought before it. Hence, in cases which are themselves of a political or political-economic character, the authorities resort to public trial only where it is possible to extract that political profit. For, side by side with the tribunals which function under the laws for judicial procedure in districts, regions, and before the Supreme Court, there are the Committees of the O.G.P.U. (Political Police, formerly known as the Cheka). Without any trial, without any publicity, without any prosecution or defence, these committees pass and carry out sentences of fines, internment, banishment, and death, and against their decisions there is no possibility of appeal. Every case which can have any sort of political tint is investigated by the O.G.P.U., which applies the methods of secret inquisition. There is no distinction between police and magistrates in the O.G.P.U. There is nothing of the nature of a court of justice in the examination, which does not consist in the collecting of evidence, favourable and unfavourable, by means of witnesses, but of exacting "confessions" from prisoners in order to incriminate themselves and others. During the period of preliminary examination by the O.G.P.U., the prisoners themselves do not know whether their case will come up for public trial or whether their fate be settled summarily on the premises of the O.G.P.U.

The number of persons arrested in the trial which has recently held the attention of the world is very great. Professor Ramzin, one of the prisoners, stated in court that there were about 2,000 members of the "wrecking" organisation, but the number of active counter-revolutionary "wreckers" in it was between 400 and 500. There is no doubt that all these hundreds have been put into the cells of the O.G.P.U. and have been subjected to the same sort of examination as were the eight. But from the great number of persons charged only eight were selected for demonstrative open trial, and this fact in itself gives some idea of the peculiar and artificial features of the case.

III

According to the Bill of Indictment, drawn up on the basis of investigations by the O.G.P.U., as early as 1926, prominent Russian engineers and professors occupying responsible posts in various branches of industry, had formed an "engineers' centre," with the object of overthrowing the Soviet Government, re-establishing capitalism in Russia, and organising a new bourgeois-democratic form of government. The whole organisation of engineers was, according to the indictment, headed by Engineer Palchinsky (subsequently shot by the O.G.P.U. without trial). His closest associates were Engineer Khrennikoff (who died in the prison of the O.G.P.U. while under examination), professors Charnovsky and Ramzin, Engineers Fedotoff, Kuprianoff, Laricheff, and Rabinovich, each being in charge of a department in Soviet industry. They were charged with being linked up for "wrecking" purposes with many other engineers in the coal, oil, metal, textile, chemical, electrical and transport industries, and some of the chief men had installed themselves in the Gosplan (State Planning Commission) and the Supreme Economic Council. After some time, this "Engineers' Centre" formed itself, it was alleged, into a party under the name of "The Industrial Party," which continued the original programme but resorted to more resolute measures.

The republic which this Party was to create after the

overthrow of the existing régime was to be democratic, and government was to be based on a parliament, but a military dictatorship was to rule the country during the transition period. Industrial enterprises were to be returned to private ownership, and individual peasant-farming should be the main feature of agriculture, the peasants being recognised as owners of the land, subject to their making some payment to the former owners.

To reach this end the Industrial Party is said to have entered into agreement with anti-Soviet organisations of former Russian and foreign industrialists. The Party was (according to the indictment) in close relations with the Russian Committee for Industry and Trade, the headquarters of which are at Paris. The most active members of this Committee included Pavel Pavlovich Ryabushinsky, Konovaloff, Nobel, and some other well-known men, and the Committee maintained relations with British capitalists, particularly with the firms of Vickers and Urquhart, and with Sir Henri Deterding.

Professor Ramzin and Engineer Laricheff, both members of the Industrial Party, are accused of having established relations with the French Government in 1928, through the medium of P. P. Ryabushinsky and other Russian emigrés. These men are said to have discussed the matter with M. Poincaré, and to have received from him a promise of help to organise military intervention, the matter being passed over to the French General Staff, where it was considered by a special commission composed of French officers and representatives of the British and Polish General Staffs. Although the indictment devotes much space to the part of Britain in the plans for intervention, the leading rôle is given to France. The plan worked out at the French General Staff provided for war against the Soviet Union by Rumania, Poland, and the Baltic States, assisted by France and Great Britain.

The indictment declared that negotiations were carried on not only with M. Poincaré, but also with M. Briand, Mr. Churchill, Colonel Lawrence, and others. For the purpose of maintaining contact with the French General Staff, the Industrial Party kept in touch with members of

the French Embassy at Moscow, to whom they gave industrial and military secrets. The French General Staff also induced the Industrial Party to organise special groups to prepare the way for foreign intervention by blowing up railways, factories, power-stations and other establishments. Moreover, according to the plan, the Party during the more recent period strove to "wreck" the economic life of the Soviet Union from within, by making faulty plans of construction, discrediting the *piatiletka* (Five-year Plan of Economic Development), creating crises in the fuel-supplies, textile industry, transport, *etcetera*. Owing to the influential posts held by the chief "wreckers," their task was comparatively easy, and they strove, according to the French plan, to bring about a general internal crisis in 1930, the year for which the armed invasion was planned.

But the plan could not be carried out in 1930, as the conflict on the Chinese Eastern Railway in Manchuria in the summer of 1929, brought about by France and Britain expressly for "testing purposes," revealed that the Red Army had unexpected fighting qualities, and it was decided to postpone the military campaign against Moscow and Leningrad until 1931, when more favourable conditions were expected to obtain both in Germany and Great Britain. The remnants of the Wrangell army were to take part in the invasion under the Russian General Lukomsky; the British Navy was to operate in the Black Sea, with a view to cutting off the Caucasian oil springs, and to conduct an attack on Leningrad from the Gulf of Finland.

In case of a successful issue of the campaign, France was to receive payment of all her debts and be given some profitable concessions; Britain was to be given the oil-industry of the Caucasus; and Poland was to receive part of the Ukraine, including the city of Kieff.

IV

Such were the main features of the scheme as drawn up in the Bill of Indictment on the alleged depositions of the prisoners, obtained from them by the examining magistrates

during their months of confinement by the O.G.P.U. The proceedings at the trial consisted almost exclusively of these depositions and their repetition in court as oral testimony. There were hardly any witnesses besides the prisoners themselves. Professor Osadchy, Professor Yurovsky, and the others who came into Court were brought there under guard from the prison of the O.G.P.U. After they had given their testimony they were conducted back to prison, and it was explained that they were being reserved to figure as principals in other trials which were being prepared.

The court itself was in no sense ordinary. It was arranged in one of the biggest halls of Moscow, now known as the Trade-Union Hall. The spectators, some 1,500 altogether, were carefully selected. The first issue of entrance-tickets was pronounced unsatisfactory and cancelled, then the process of selection was repeated and the second assembly of spectators for the opening ceremony approved. The hearing was before the Supreme Court, the presiding judge being Vyshinsky, the Chief Prosecutor Krylenko, whose views on the administration of justice are given above. The trial began on 25th November, and on that day, by order of the Soviet authorities and according to a plan published officially by the Commandant of Moscow, all workmen and officials were marched in columns to and past the Court, bearing banners and placards demanding death for the prisoners, and the strengthening of the Red Army in order to ward off foreign aggressors. Throughout the Soviet Union, mass-meetings and processions were organised, also by the Soviet authorities, at which resolutions were passed demanding death for the "wreckers," protesting against France and other States, and expressing readiness to strengthen the Red Army and to fight "to the last drop of blood" to defeat the designs of capitalist enemies. Collections were made in all centres, and deductions were made from wages to acquire new aeroplanes, airships, tanks and poison gas.

In the Court the prisoners began their testimony. This had previously been committed to paper and each prisoner read his part, calling it "my confession." In each case, this

took several hours, the confessant giving long explanations of how he became a "wrecker," how he tried to clear the way for armed intervention, how the Industrial Party had prepared for "a bloody settlement with the workers," how they had agreed to hand over parts of Russia to foreign States.

In these long lectures, the prisoners showed great zeal in confessing all that might serve to help the prosecution. Not a word was spoken in self-defence or in extenuation of their crimes; but in the perorations they declared they had become persuaded of the invincible power of the Soviet régime, that nothing could overthrow it from within or from without, that they repented with their whole hearts, that they merited whatever punishment the Court might consider fit, but if they were given an opportunity they would devote their lives to work for the profit of the great constructive plans of their Communist Government.

It should be noted, however, that the harmonious character of the testimony was somewhat violated later when, after the readings were finished, the prosecutors began what they called the cross-examination of prisoners about separate episodes in the conspiracy, which had been omitted from the prepared confessions. In their replies, the prisoners went far towards undoing the diabolical plot they had laboriously described when reading their papers. The prosecutor had often to refer to the shorthand text of their confessions and force the prisoners back to a fresh admission corresponding with the original testimony. This occurred even with the chief self-exposer, Professor Ramzin, whose testimony embodies a complete corroboration of the whole charge of the O.G.P.U. Ramzin had filled very high and privileged posts and had in an unusual degree enjoyed the confidence of the Government; and when he was asked about his motives for joining the plotters, he could not explain, but began to talk about having come under the influence of the older generation of engineers, and having, moreover, himself begun to think that the policy of Stalin was leading the people and the country to ruin.

This discordant note was augmented when Krylenko asked questions about Ramzin's scientific books, of which it was said some 150 had been published in Russia and abroad. Ramzin had confessed to the gravest of crimes, to have acted as a spy for France, but he would not for a long time admit the suggestion of Krylenko that his books were intended to aid "wreckers." The man who had repeated all that the O.G.P.U. had required was firm for a moment in protesting that, vile as his conduct had been, he had kept his books "pure," and had honestly intended them to serve only the interests of knowledge and his country. Krylenko worried his quarry for a long time before he could get the testimony back into the proper groove, but at last the professor admitted that his books had also been designed for the purpose of fostering disorder and inefficiency in the economic life of the Soviet Union.

Six of the professors had, at the opening of the trial, refused the offer of the Court to give them defending counsel; two (Kuprianoff and Sitnin) accepted the services of "Red lawyers," but these did nothing to defend their clients, admitting without demur every statement made by the prosecution. Indeed, it would have been tantamount to treason if a lawyer had contradicted or questioned any charge or the interpretation of any circumstance put forward by the Prosecutor. Counsel for the defence merely pleaded, in response to Krylenko's demand for the death penalty, that their clients might without danger to the State be given their lives and allowed to make some atonement, by work, for the crimes of which they were guilty. As for the conduct of the prisoners themselves, they appeared from the outset to have undertaken to justify the infliction of the severest penalties. But for one or two momentary lapses, they maintained this line of conduct throughout, and attained the end which they appeared to have in view. On 7th December, the Court sentenced five of the accused to death, and the remaining three to 10 years' imprisonment and the confiscation of their goods. Subsequently the Tsik (Central Executive Committee) of the U.S.S.R. announced at Moscow that the sentences of the Supreme Court had been commuted: the

five men sentenced to death being condemned to imprisonment for a period of 10 years and the confiscation of all their possessions; the three sentences of imprisonment being reduced from 10 to 8 years.

The reprieve goes towards confirming the assumption that the eight selected from the hundreds arrested and held in prison had been promised their lives in return for services rendered to the political *régisseur* of the trial. This rare act of mercy (when men are constantly being shot merely for hoarding silver coins) emphasises the true character and the purpose of the trial.

V

To every unbiassed person it must be clear that the whole case was artificial in construction, that the crudest fiction was mixed up with fact, and the whole plot a wilful invention to serve some particular political purpose of the moment. Apart from the fact that the charge itself and the character of the testimony are more than suspicious, the selection of eight persons from the 400 or 500 available shows that the prosecution had so well "kneaded" (to use Bolshevik jargon) these during the period of examination, that they automatically affirmed and repeated whatever was suggested by the examining magistrates of the O.G.P.U. By what means this result was achieved, it is difficult to say. But the character of the examination which is practised by the O.G.P.U. admits of the worst apprehension. It is difficult, of course, to establish with certainty whether the methods applied were only of a "moral" nature, but there can be no doubt that refined forms of moral torture were used. Is it not a real and cruel form of torture to be kept by the examining magistrate for months entirely at his mercy, under the constant fear of execution without trial? This form of torture by the examiner is legalised by the Soviet system of judicial procedure, and it can serve to bring any victim very far.

As far as the absurdity of the high-political parts of the charges brought forward is concerned, the plans for intervention, the plans for the British Navy, it is hardly necessary

to speak. Apart from the official repudiations and protests by the persons charged, public opinion in Europe recognised their incongruous nature as soon as the indictment became known. Even the German Press, so wary of giving offence to Moscow and so ready to welcome material which may discredit France, was obliged to pronounce the charges absurd and fantastic.

Not less fantastic is the charge of a "wrecking" conspiracy, which formed one of the bases of the trial. It cannot be disputed that, as in the great Donetz Basin trial, many defects were disclosed in a variety of branches of Soviet economy where the prisoners were employed; the defects were not, however, due to malice on the part of the prisoners, but were the fruit of the general system, under which even the most conscientious specialists were unable to combat the fantastic "disproportions" of the *piatiletka*, the extravagance of the programme for industrialisation, and the results of the peasant policy of Stalin. If there was "wrecking" at all, it was by those who inspired and created the system and the plans.

But apart from these general considerations, there is in the case itself ample evidence of invention. Among the chief persons who, in 1928, talked with M. Poincaré and M. Briand, for instance, the indictment names Pavel Pavlovich Ryabushinsky, a prominent publisher and industrialist of former Russia. But P. P. Ryabushinsky died in July, 1924, at Cambo in France, and lies buried in the cemetery at Batignolles. Nevertheless, at the trial, Professor Ramzin several times repeated in open court the statements contained in the official indictment that he had walked and talked more than once at Paris with this dead man in 1928, and that the dead man negotiated directly with M. Poincaré at this period.

The trial dealt with at least one other dead man; M. Vyshnegradsky, who died at Paris in 1925, and lies buried in the cemetery of Père Lachaise, and who appears in the indictment as Minister of Finance in the Cabinet which was, according to the indictment, formed at Paris in 1928 to take office in Russia after the invasion and conquest of 1930. At the trial Professor Ramzin stated that the com-

position of this ministry was given correctly in the official indictment.

On the third day of the trial the Court learnt that these two men had died some years before the dates of the Acts which were ascribed to them. In regard to Pavel Ryabushinsky, the difficulty was overcome by transferring all the charges to his brother, Vladimir Ryabushinsky. No substitute was found for the other dead man, and the name of Vyshnegradsky was simply dropped without comment out of the remainder of the proceedings.

VI

It is difficult to say what the prisoners have really done during the long period of the Soviet régime, and what, even under the Soviet Criminal Code, might be regarded as criminal. To begin with, there can be little doubt that the condemned men, like the majority of Russian intellectuals and engineers during the period 1917-1921 (the period of so called "militant Communism") and even later, were negatively disposed towards the Soviet régime, which was regarded as anti-national and destructive. Krylenko, the Prosecutor, subjected the prisoners to very long examination in Court in order to bring out the fact of their hostility to Bolshevism in the early period. It was a superfluous task, as it may be said that the Bolshevik régime had, at this period, no sincere adherents among Russian intellectuals, except those who were members of the Communist Party. The Bolsheviks themselves knew this full well, and required from specialists nothing beyond the technical execution of the work with which they were entrusted. The majority of specialists, sceptical of the stability of the Soviet Government and, during the civil war, expecting its collapse, went through a short period of sabotage at the beginning; then, under the influence of the instinct for self-preservation, they performed the work which they were given to do. For most of the specialists and especially for the engineers, who had played no part in politics, this was not difficult.

When, under the influence of the collapse of "militant

Communism," the epoch of the N.E.P. (New Economic Policy) began in 1921, the specialists were convinced that the Soviet régime was slowly and gradually evolutionising and that industry would revive in new forms, as the N.E.P. progressed along the rails of State Capitalism. At this time the engineers began to show not merely political loyalty, but a certain activity and initiative in the direction of restoring industry. Engineers were given prominent technical posts at the head of State trusts and syndicates, in the Supreme Economic Council, and in the Gosplan (State Planning Commission).

During this period (1921-1926), too, the engineers did not, of course, enjoy political confidence. They were subjected constantly to inspection and control, and the leaders of the Communist Party, moreover, were continually trumping up plans and programmes which, from a purely technical standpoint, were sources of disturbance in the work of the engineers. But if in this period industry was retrieved to some extent from the ruin into which it fell in 1918-1921, if the currency and finances generally were brought more or less into order, if the Soviet system acquired a certain basis, this was all due in a high degree to the knowledge, experience, and efforts of those thousands of engineers and technical specialists who have since been thrown into prison, banished, or shot.

The position of Russian engineers became really difficult later, when, under the influence of purely Party aims, a gradual return was started to the methods of "militant Communism," when the tasks set for Russian industry had little in common with the welfare of the country or technical possibility. The crown of these irrational plans was the so-called *piatiletka* (Five-year Plan of Economic Development), the idea for which was dictated by the desire to create a system of purely Socialist economy by means of "shock methods." The engineers and technical specialists took part in working out the plans of the *piatiletka*, and they were in a really tragic situation. On the one hand, they were forced to agree with the idea in order to preserve their posts and the possibility to work; on the other hand, they saw the absurdity of the monster and the

harm it would bring to industry and agriculture, despite their efforts to introduce corrections among the fantastic details. The engineers in the central establishments were, of course, associated quite legally in their union, where they met and quite naturally discussed the plans and projects; in talks among themselves they may even have criticised them. The trial showed no evidence of an organised character in these meetings and talks. The "Engineers' Centre" and the "Industrial Party" which figured so prominently at the trial as an organised illegal conspiracy were merely casual meetings of men connected by allied professions and common interests. Quite possibly the men talked at these gatherings of the ruin to which the new course was leading, of impending catastrophe, of the necessity to ward off, as far as possible, the effects of the senseless policy invented by Stalin and his closest associates.

It is also not impossible that these specialists, when sent abroad on Government business, met some of their former colleagues in the capitals of Europe, and they may have spoken of disaster menacing the economic edifice at home if the course were not altered; but this is improbable, on account of the supervision to which they were subjected when abroad.

VII

This appears to be the extent of the possible "crime" committed by the prisoners. But when last summer the *piatiletka* began to collapse, when war was being waged with the peasantry throughout the countryside, when famine stalked through the land, when rifts began to widen in all sections of the industrial "fronts," the acute discontent which had been present here and there invaded also the broad masses of the industrial centres and even the ranks of the Communist Party. The dictatorship of Stalin was threatened, and it became expedient to introduce "heroic measures" to divert attention from the real culprits and explain the failure of the great experiment. The most convenient method was to load all the blame on to the backs of "bourgeois specialists" and explain the

collapse as due to their wilful plotting to undermine and wreck the plans of "constructive Socialism," to their efforts to weaken the economic power of the proletarian State and overthrow the Soviet Government. The Donetz Basin trial had such an object in 1928, but the present trial had a broader and more complicated political task. The masses and the Party had not merely to be convinced that their sufferings and privations were caused by "wreckers" in the Soviet Union, but also that these "wreckers" were backed and inspired by foreign bourgeois States; that these States had plans to be put into effect almost at once, to invade Russian territory with their armies, to soak her fields in blood, to take the land from the peasants, to return factories to their former owners.

In earlier crises the Bolsheviks have endeavoured to excite a general feeling and fear of the imminence of war. On these occasions the first *rôle* among the nations about to fall upon the Soviet Union has nearly always been given to Great Britain; in this case the preference was given to France and M. Poincaré, but a good second *rôle* has been reserved for Britain and the Royal Navy.

The legend that Messrs. Poincaré and Briand, with the help of French Staff officers, had worked out plans to invade Russia, was to accomplish something more than to discredit the Russian specialists on trial and open the eyes of the masses to treason at home and war from abroad. It was to support the diplomatic moves of the Soviet Government in Europe. The choice for the moment of France as the country most dangerous to the Soviet Union, has some connection with the revival of German Soviet friendship, and the Soviet *rapprochement* with Italy. But it should also be observed that if the trial directed such persistent attention to the fantastic legends of hostile military designs by France, Britain, Poland, Rumania, and the Baltic States, if a "ten-day campaign of defence" was organised in connection with the trial, these symptoms show that thoughts of war and the preparation of the masses for war, are very prominent in the minds of the rulers at the Kremlin. The old remedy, apparently, of diverting attention from internal ills by means of a military

campaign is in the air in the land of the Soviets, where it is looked upon as the issue which remains when no other remedies are left. It is not for nothing that the prosecutors in the trial made efforts to strike patriotic notes and emphasised that, in order to overthrow the Soviet order, the plotters were prepared to give away parts of Russia to foreign invaders, even to give up Kieff to Poland. In general, the object of the trial was to rehabilitate Stalin and discredit *all* his opponents, even his opponents inside the Communist Party; for the prosecution and the prisoners continually emphasised that the engineers were in contact with the right wing opponents of the Stalinist policy; but the framework was so arranged that the danger from abroad, the danger of war threatening the Soviet Union should not even for a moment recede from the forefront of the picture. And while the trial was being staged, a feverish agitation campaign under official direction was in progress all over the country to strengthen the armed forces of the Soviet Union; while Litvinoff, at Geneva, was pointing out the militarism of all other States, the trial was being used to recruit hundreds of thousands of fresh members into Red military organisations, to force the people to contribute "voluntarily" to funds for building new aeroplanes, tanks, and poison gas factories. And in connection with the trial the Soviet authorities ordered a special propaganda film to be taken, showing how counter-revolutionaries were being aided by western States with a view to making war on the U.S.S.R. The whole trial represents a definite political act, the fulfilment of a definite political task, chiefly for the struggle with the enemies of the Stalin régime at home; but the Red leaders in the Kremlin are convinced that the struggle at home requires a special kind of excitation of the masses, which may be produced by the spectre of impending war. And it is just this *motif* in the trial which calls aloud for the most serious alertness on the part of European diplomatists and statesmen.

WHITHER EUROPE?

By C. F. MELVILLE.

IT may be stated without exaggeration that we have come to the end of an epoch in post-war Europe—what might be termed the period of readjustment to the Peace Treaties. We are now on the threshold of a new epoch—what might be described as the period of re-adjusting those re-adjustments. Germany, no longer concerned with her Western frontiers, intends to concentrate more and more upon the revision of her Eastern frontiers. The Nazis of Adolf Hitler and the other bourgeois parties of the Right will have the effect of making German foreign policy more active on the revisionist issue, and in the near future Germany may be expected to demand a reconsideration of her Eastern frontier (*i.e.*, the Polish Corridor), including a demand for the return of Danzig, with a view to linking up East Prussia with the Reich, this to be accompanied by a demand for a new minority machinery in respect of Upper Silesia.

In this respect the possibility of an eventful collaboration with Soviet Russia is being kept, so to speak, in cold storage. The "Abmachungen" are not an actual consideration. But they are not entirely dead. Liaison between the Reichwehr and the Red Army still exists, and the eventual possibility of a concerted Russo-German attack on Poland—Germany operating from the West, Russia from the East—cannot entirely be dismissed.

Personally I do not believe that a new partition of Poland would be in the interests of Europe, particularly in view of that unknown quantity which is Soviet Russia. Also, I do not think there can be any doubt but what Poland has a right to access to the sea. On the other hand, as I stated in a previous article in these columns, I do not believe that it is possible that a people with the forcefulness and will-to-

recovery of the Germans will for ever accept the present *status quo* of Germany's Eastern frontier ; and I am certain that whether the way to revision be along the militant path advocated by the Nationalists, or the path of gradualness, diplomacy and accommodation as trod by the late Herr Stresemann, the end in view will be the same, the revision of the *status quo*.

II.

These are questions which are linked in various ways with the situation in Central and South Eastern Europe. France, as the main defender of the post-war *status quo*, what we have come to call the French "system" in Europe, is opposed, for instance, to the Anschluss (Austro-German Union). But French diplomacy does not exclude the eventual possibility of bartering approval of the Anschluss against definite and lasting guarantees on the part of Germany that she will never challenge the *status quo* of the Polish Corridor. As to whether Germany would agree to such a bargain it is impossible to say at the present juncture. All one can say now is that whereas most elements in Germany want revision of the Eastern frontier, opinion in the Reich is divided on the desirability or otherwise of the Anschluss. All parties in Germany pay lip-service to the Anschluss—for it is a good hobby-horse to ride when questions of self-determination, rehabilitation and revisionism are to the fore—but in actual fact many of them, for various and conflicting reasons, would not regard the actual realisation of Austro-German Union as an unmixed blessing. Protestant Prussia would look with mixed feelings upon such a reinforcement of the Catholic South. Likewise the parties of the Right, although theoretically in favour of "One Great Reich"—a war cry which comes as easily to the lips of the Austrian Prince of Starhemberg as to those of the Germanised Austrian Hitler—would not welcome, when it came to the point, the strengthening of the German Social-Democrats by the fusion with them of their Social Democratic brethren in Austria. Still, it cannot be denied that the Anschluss is a possibility to reckon with.

In Austria, as in Germany, these Nationalist and re-

visionist movements are gaining strength because of the economic situation. Projects which, under normal economic conditions, might have remained the dreams of visionaries or the programmes of fanatics or adventurers, under the depressing economic conditions at present prevailing in these countries now obtain a wider support. Many of the "John Citizens" of Germany and Austria are now beginning to give ear to the blandishments of the Hitlers and Starhemburghs, seeing in their creeds of action, revision and nationalism, a "short cut" to prosperity and a "way out" of their present difficulties. It is doubtful whether the rank-and-file supporters of the Nazis in Germany and the Heimwehr in Austria have ever seriously submitted the ideology of these militant movements to any serious economic test. If they did, they might go over to the camp of the extreme Left. In Germany at least this is a distinct possibility. The Hitler movement is patronised by Big Industry. But its rank-and-file support comes from the lower middle classes. Should Hitlerism be put to the test, and should it fail to conduct its more humble supporters into the economic Promised Land, these will then probably go into the Communist Camp. A cleavage between the "National" and the "Socialist" in Hitler's National Socialist movement is more than possible.

The Austrian situation is less clear-cut than the German. The Social Democrats are in favour of an eventual union between Austria and Germany, although their leaders, men like the experienced Herr Bauer, for instance, know it is not practical politics at the moment.

The Heimwehren are divided amongst themselves on this issue. The pan-German element are in favour of the Anschluss. But there are other elements in the Heimwehr, those which are in liaison with the Christian-Socials (the clericalist following of men like ex-Chancellor Seipel) who would not like to see Austria absorbed in a German Republic dominated by Protestant Prussia. An Anschluss with southern and Catholic Bavaria would be more to their liking. This is hardly practical politics, as however much Bavaria hates Prussia she is hardly likely to cut herself off from the Reich. So Mgr. Seipel and his friends—clericals

and ex-Austro-Hungarian officers and officials—dream of some vague kind of Central European Catholic bloc, orientated towards Vienna. This leads them to flirt (with reservations) with royalist restorationism. A Wittlesbach or a Hapsburg, but preferably the latter.

This brings them into contact with the Hungarian revisionists and royalists. For some years after the war the Hungarian legitimists maintained that a Habsburg restoration should be confined to the Kingdom of Hungary, "Red Austria," as they called their late partner, could go its own way. But recently there has been a change in their attitude. Now that the time draws near for a real attempt to put Arch-Duke Otto Habsburg on the throne of Hungary, the Magyar legitimists are beginning to talk of the sanctity and integrity of the Pragmatic Sanction, and to argue that a Habsburg as King of Hungary would *ipso facto* be Emperor of Austria.

In Hungary there is a particularised enthusiasm for a restoration, inasmuch as the Magyar nobility who constitute, from their own point of view, "the Hungarian Nation," see in it a chance to recover the position of semi-feudal supremacy they enjoyed in the old days, when Slovak, Yugoslav and Roumanian were under the heel of Buda-Pest. Revisionism to the Magyar magnates is only partially Nationalism, although admittedly Hungarian nationalism is intensely and sincerely alive; it is also very much a matter of material self-interest, the self-interest of an exclusive class. It is this double nature of their aims which is the main incentive to the campaign inspired by the Hungarian nobility for the revision of the Treaty of Trianon. Partially territorial nationalism, it is also a move against the democracies over the border in Czechoslovakia, Roumania and Jugoslavia. Whatever may be one's view of the internal régimes of these countries—the republicanism of Czechoslovakia, the constitutional monarchy of Roumania, the absolutist régime in Jugoslavia—the fact remains that in all three countries there is a sociological democracy. In Jugoslavia, for instance, where there is a Dictatorship, political democracy is, in a technical sense, suspended, but the social structure of the Yugoslav State is democratic.

Thus, in Hungary one observes a little island of semi-feudalism, in a sea of peasant-proprietorships and democratic social systems. Hence the concentrated nature of the quasi-nationalist, quasi-sociological attack of Magyar reaction on the *status quo* of the Little Entente States.

III.

The post-election events in Germany had their immediate repercussions in Austria—Herr Schober was ousted from office by the Heimwehr-Clerical alliance. The next move was a tentative one towards a *détente* between these elements in Austria and their counter-part in Hungary. Some sort of vague *rapport* already exists between the militant-revisionist elements in Germany, Austria and Hungary.

In the crystallisation of these forces into something definite the Vatican may yet be an important factor, especially since the Lateran Treaties brought the Holy See and Signor Mussolini together, for Fascist Italy is now the principal sponsor of the revisionist movement in Central Europe. At the moment the Vatican appears to be feeling its way. While approving of the Austrian Clerical-Heimwehr alliance, it objects to the anti-clerical colour of Hitler's Nazis. But who can say that Hitler's anti-clericalism will not be modified in time, especially if he should succeed in establishing a coalition with the Catholic Centre Party, a party which maintains a balance in German politics the better to forward the interests of the Roman Catholic Church in the Reich? Herein lie possibilities of developments of which at the moment it is impossible to foresee the eventual trend. All that is known is that the Vatican, ever alert to promote the international interests of the Church, may at one moment support the Anschluss, and at another support the Habsburgian plans of the royalist-revisionists of Vienna and Buda-Pest.

But perhaps the most important factor of all is Fascist Italy. Signor Mussolini does not really want to see a resurrected Habsburg Empire on the banks of the Danube. Neither does he want to see the Anschluss—for it might be awkward to have a greater Germany right on the frontier of

the Brenner. True, Hitler and his friends have said that friendly relations with the Duce are more important than support by Germany of the Austro-German minorities in the Italian Tyrol. True also that since the recent Italo-Austrian *détente*, the lot of those minorities has undergone some improvement. But this is not likely to be for ever the attitude of Germany on this subject, and a new Drang Nach Osten would not be in the interests of Italy. But Signor Mussolini is obliged by the internal situation of his country to pursue an empirical foreign policy. Therefore, with the idea of pursuing a policy of patronising treaty revisionism "so far and no further," he encourages the revisionist elements in Germany, Austria and Hungary, with the emphasis on Hungary.

The real reason for this policy, as also of his support of Bulgaria (which has now received formal reinforcement by the marriage of King Boris with Princess Giovanna), and of his championship generally of the "revisionist bloc" in Europe, is, at rock bottom, the desire to set up a group of states, under Italian patronage and leadership, opposed to France and Yugoslavia. It is probably a short-sighted policy. It may mean, perhaps, that the Duce is destined to play the *rôle* of a Frankenstein and create a monster which Italy would not be able to control. But it is doubtful whether Signor Mussolini is in the position to take long views. His policy against France and Yugoslavia makes him opportunist in his methods. Whatever mistakes Yugoslavia may have made in the chaotic years immediately following the war, the fact remains that during recent years—the years which during the Italo-French and Italo-Yugoslav tension has been growing—she has maintained a correct attitude towards Italy and her various other neighbours. Repeatedly Yugoslavia has been willing to arrive at an understanding with Italy on the Albanian question, but Italy has shown no disposition on her part for such an understanding. Likewise with other countries. Yugoslavia was ready to offer Hungary a free zone at one of the Yugoslav ports on the Adriatic, but this was circumvented by the Italo-Hungarian Pact. With Bulgaria Yugoslavia arrived some way on the road towards an amicable and fair

settlement of the Macedonian frontier troubles—at the successful Sofia Conference which followed the abortive Pirot Conference—but whereas this good work had the blessing of Britain and France, Fascist Italy on the other hand, has encouraged those elements in Bulgaria, such as the Macedonian Revolutionary Organisation, most hostile to a Yugoslav-Bulgarian *rapprochement*.

There is, therefore, every foundation for the belief that Signor Mussolini does not want an understanding with Yugoslavia. Neither does he want to see inter-Balkan co-operation, as such would prevent the realisation of his dream of the Italian hegemony of Central and South-Eastern Europe. Yugoslavia he sees as the strongest barrier to Italian penetration of the Balkans, and also as an ally of France. Hence his policy of the encirclement of Yugoslavia with a ring of states, under Italian patronage, hostile to that country.

At the time of the executions in Trieste, by the Fascist Government, of Yugoslav minority agitators, feeling between Italy and Yugoslavia became acute. Popular indignation ran high throughout Yugoslavia, but most especially in Croatia and Slovenia. There were two reasons for this. In the first place, these two provinces are nearer to Italy than is Serbia. Also, the Yugoslav minority agitators, executed at Trieste, were from those provinces and not from Serbia.

The position of Belgrade was a difficult one, and still is. In order to avoid a serious situation with Italy the authorities at Belgrade had to risk the possibility of unpopularity with the Croats and Slovenes by resolutely preventing, by police control, anti-Italian demonstrations in Yugoslavia. The task of Belgrade was to find the *via media*—to avoid antagonising Italy, and at the same time not to be lacking in sympathy for the popular feeling of the Croats and Slovenes, which had been stirred to a great pitch of indignation by the Trieste executions. The actual facts go to show that Belgrade behaved with correctitude in this affair.

The Croats and Slovenes, and more particularly the Croats, may be at loggerheads with the Serbs in internal affairs, but they stand solid with Belgrade on questions of national unity against what they consider to be the Italian

menace—a menace of which they are even more acutely aware, perhaps, than are the Serbs. No section of Yugoslavia, Serb, Croat, or Slovene, wants war; but all would be united in a defensive war, should conflict be forced upon them by an outside power.

Except in the possible case of a few malcontent dreamers—of no account either politically or numerically—the Roman Catholic Clericals amongst the Croats and Slovenes, in spite of their internal political quarrel with the orthodox Serbs, are not in any way lined up with the other Roman Catholic Clericals in Central Europe. In matters of religious dogma they are devout followers of Rome; and in the internal political situation they are sometimes apt to make some play with their Roman Catholic cultural tradition. But they are solid for national unity on all matters of external policy, and even in internal affairs the sectional antagonisms in Yugoslavia are becoming less and less owing to the unifying efforts of King Alexander.

Likewise in Czechoslovakia. In spite of internal political differences between Czech, Bohemian German and Slovak, all three sections of the Czechoslovak Republic are determined to resist any return to the old régime, and more especially any re-establishment of the Hungarian domination in Slovakia. Czechoslovak Roman Catholics, for instance, believe in being at once good Roman Catholics and good Czechoslovak republicans. This attitude is best explained by quoting the words of a highly-placed Bohemian German in Prague: "The Czech Catholics go to Mass, but they think (politically) like Hussites."

IV

In the foregoing I have endeavoured to give some general idea of the nature—the as yet complicated and conflicting nature—of the various revisionist movements in Central and South Eastern Europe, together with some idea of the attitude of the forces which are opposing revisionism. When the process of crystallisation of these forces is more complete, we may witness some interesting and probably dangerous developments in Europe.

To the semi-isolated British, pre-occupied as we are with internal economic problems and questions of Empire collaboration, all these European complications may seem range enough. They are doubtless better understood in Paris than in London. In reality, however, this clash of forces in Europe is but a new manifestation of something much older than post-war history, and it will not be possible for us to ignore its existence for ever. Out of this clash of opposing forces and interests on the Continent may well come that later and bigger struggle between Fascist-Nationalism on the one hand and International Bolshevism on the other. In the light of these facts the attitude of Paris—the logical French insistence upon security and the maintenance of the Peace of Europe based upon the *status quo*—becomes more comprehensible. Perhaps M. Briand saw furthest with his plan for a United States of Europe? Who knows? At all events, it seems to me that Britain will not for ever be able to stand aside from the main current of European affairs. For history has a habit of repeating itself, albeit in new forms.

THEN AND NOW

—□□□—

I hear the gate catch and latch, but now
It is an echo thirty years ago.
Here where I sleep in life, the droning planes,
The traffic of minted gold, the fevered gains
In time and pace, I join a later race,
Men not as men were then, but slower and dark ;
Yes, moving it seems—but this may be my dream's
Illusion ; through sleep the scene is murk,
The sun slowed, the moon tarnished, the stars
But muted candles mirrored in the streams
Sliding between the mountains and the firs.

All that I see and hear is mirror-scenes,
Mirror-sounds ; no straight glance, no sun-shaft
Falling direct upon a blazing flower :
Nothing so bright or candid ; eyes averted,
And even a laugh—if any could have laughed—
Withdrawn and shoulder-hidden, a shade lower
Than present life. Thirty years have parted
That mirth from this my hearing. There is left
A meagre percolation through opaque
Time. I do not wonder these things make
But faint seeming of what they were, or are,
Since having crept from then to now, they break
The laws of Time, the invisible tyrant, shake
His dynasty founded on forgetfulness.

To remember, to see as I see now, the star
Diminished in the pool, the moon tarnished,
The sun dimmed, even so is a conquest,
Capturing vanished kings and their dead pride,
And taking to my present humble breast
The poisoned Cleopatra for a bride,

And setting the crowns again upon the towers
Of Ilium ; yes, and garnishing a feast
Of Eden fruits in the morning of mankind :
And of my own frail thirty years not least,
Gathering with dew on them the book-pressed flowers
Whose odour faded long before the love
That now is faded, too.

Such are the powers
Of memory, king of kings, Death's treasurer.
And yet some say man is no measurer
Of eternity, which lacking time and space,
Never converges into now, yet passes hence
Into life vanished, where the moon is tarnished,
The sun dimmed, the stars veiled in grace,
Where opposites have found a trysting-place,
Sorrow with joy, light with dark, age with youth,
To share at last the ripened fruit of truth
And overturn false destiny and fate.

This is our triumph, we who dwell with pain,
That by the dream-borne latching of a gate
We spin the dying universe again.

RICHARD CHURCH.

EDUCATION IN THESE DAYS

BY PROFESSOR H. M. WODEHOUSE

I

IN the general principles of the greatest human activities, the best thought does not differ much in different generations and even in different centuries; and one such activity is the upbringing of the young. A wise parent or a good headmaster in the twentieth century, giving his own best insight and sympathy to his own children, could probably find words to support him bequeathed by every century, at least as far back as Plato. Still the concrete details and the general popular practice may vary from time to time, and we hope that on the whole in recent years they have improved. This paper is an attempt to set forth those recent changes, and current lines of change, which seem to the writer most significant and promising.

We may group most of them round an increased vividness of realisation of young human beings as each a unique living thing. Here we have no mere wax tablet to be written on (in a famous old phrase), no mere clay to be moulded, not even a mere bundle of faculties to be trained (a different metaphor, equally famous in its day). We have something pulsing, thrilling, growing; absorbing its world and remodelling that world in return; working out its own pattern. Merely to suppress or repress any part of this live thing will be something a good deal more serious than it seemed with the old pictures; you may cut off or smooth out an excrescence in your lump of clay and fear no harm, but you will not do the same with a living body, nor with a living mind or soul.

Such increase in sensitiveness to life is the heart, I suggest, of a good deal of the change in recent generations in the management of small children. A two-year-old snatches his comrades' property and destroys ours—we

have to change this, but mere punishment will either fail or will succeed only at a quite extravagant cost. It will be far more important to ask ourselves what lies behind. It may be only lack of practice and undeveloped thought; he may be unused to comrades, and little acquainted with fragile articles that are also precious. Or it may be that his vigour and his adventurousness have too little room, and we shall gain most by giving him more chance of running about and climbing and tumbling, and exploring and experimenting in ways that hurt nobody. Anyhow, he had better have possessions of his own to love, and so, knowing the property-feeling from the inside, be better able to learn to respect the possessions of others. A nine-year-old romances unduly—we set about developing his literary gift along the two contrasted paths of fiction-writing and faithful reporting, and at the same time we try to grow some supplementary interests, in outdoor work and games, perhaps, or in creative handwork, or in some responsible office, which may give him a wider and steadier grip on his world. It may be that more than a literary taste lies behind the romancing; it may be a craving for importance, which is finding no legitimate satisfaction. If the new interests can lead him to some solid success, they will be doubly helpful. And what holds good for two-years-old and for nine may hold equally good for eighteen. The older the "case" the more difficult the problem of breaking formed habits, but at bottom very likely there is not much difference.

If we are sensitive to life, and to obstacles in the way of life, we shall find also that obstacles may come largely from within and may be all the more obstructive because of that. A child, like ourselves, may break out into inexplicable misbehaviour from the fret and worry of inward conflict; or he may stay continually in the background from a brooding self-conscious timidity; or may go on failing because he has come to say to himself, and half or wholly to believe, that he is always going to fail. The backwardness cannot be improved by scolding; we must devise, at any rate for a beginning, that there shall be success, and praise, and stimulation to attempt something further.

The conflict and worry may need expert professional treatment, but it is already a great gain if parent and teacher realise the possibility of such a state, and so are saved from putting down a desperate little soul as a callous and wanton malefactor. Merciful work is being done by doctors who study behaviour troubles as well as troubles of body, and by teachers who remember that their children have a home life and a street life as well as the life in school, and who get in touch with these also when the school troubles arise.

II

To resume then, we realise our children (more widely perhaps than at any period before), as living creatures, unique and concrete. They are neither born good nor born bad; they are born with rich material which may be used well or ill, and which we may help or hinder them in using well. We must help by organising (and encouraging them to organise) the best attainable surroundings; by looking to their general health of mind and body, while restraining our watchfulness from being wearisome or excessive; and by guiding (and helping them to guide), the strong parts of their nature, while supplying new interests which may develop the weaker sides as well, and carry all to a higher level.

With all this in mind, we turn to the very practical question: What shall we teach? Certain elementary subjects will settle themselves, as they have always done. Unless we learn to read and write, and to calculate a little, we cannot find our way about our modern world at all; our minds would be imprisoned simply by the fact that so many doors were locked. But beyond this, what shall we do? What shall the children be given to read? What shall they be led to think about? With what parts of the knowledge of the ages shall they be nourished? The question is an enormous one; the factors in the answer must be numerous and complex; and *we are hardly yet at the beginning of its study.*

Everything, that could be taught can bring good arguments to support it, but we cannot teach everything. Our choice in the past has been heavily governed by custom. The modern English system of public examina-

tions has crystallised the custom rather than created it; it may ultimately prove more possible to alter because it is crystallised and administered by a definite elected authority, but the alteration must be slow. Custom decreed for centuries that Latin and Greek should form the staple education for those who could have anything beyond the elementary. Physical science came in about the middle of the nineteenth century. Later, as the new schools for girls came into being, they took over the same subjects on the pattern of the boys. In the last thirty years we have had great development, and much better teaching, of the "modern studies," modern languages, history, geography. Still more recently, and still struggling for their full place in the recognised examination scheme, we find a serious treatment of art and music, needlework and the household crafts, carpentering and metalwork, and cultivation of the soil. With the steady increase of possibilities, it becomes increasingly clear that everyone cannot learn everything, yet it seems a pity that anyone should altogether pass by without trying the possibility of each capacity and interest. In most schools, therefore, above the elementary, every pupil will be given the chance of learning a language and some elementary science, of studying the features of the world and its doings present and past, of reading some of the great English books, and of learning to do something with his hands and to enjoy what has been done by those more skilful. In the sports field he learns to perform and admire feats of general bodily skill. Afterwards, we hope, at school or elsewhere, he may go further through one or more of these doors that have been opened so that he may look in.

This idea of wide and balanced interests, preparing the way if necessary for the deep development of one or more of them, has replaced (or should have replaced) the older doctrines of "training the mind." Certainly from any subject well taught the student may derive more than knowledge of that subject itself, and more than interest in it. The main interest may branch out into a hundred others; the methods of work there learnt and valued may prompt methods and inspire ideals that are applicable

in quite different fields. But these developments depend not only on the subject, but on the teacher, and above all on the student. There is no magical "training" derived from mathematics, for instance, irrespective of the actual experience and attitude of the particular pupil. If he works without goodwill and without success, his reasoning on mathematical subjects may easily grow worse rather than better, and on other subjects will probably remain what it was before. Whereas I have known other students who traced their successful methods and their ideals of reasoning chiefly to their experience in studying history, and their vision of logical method not to Latin or Algebra but to inspiration given by their teacher of French. I am inclined to think that almost any kind of "training" can be derived from any subject (by different pupils and teachers), and I am sure that what is derived may be a making worse as well as a making better. Let us hope that the making better preponderates. Nevertheless we had better base our curriculum arguments on the direct value and interest of what is taught, rather than on the indirect effects; and the value and interest themselves must be recognised as concrete facts; things that will exist for one pupil in greater and for another in less degree, and be absent for a third.

The value will consist partly in the immediate knowing and doing, and then in the ways opened to more knowing and doing. The interest must not be the mere titillation of amusement and change; but something deep-going, able to endure drudgery and even to compel it, and to come out victorious on the far side. Vocational interests and values need not be shut out of school by any means provided that they do not shut out other kinds. A growing boy may be able to throw himself into his school work all the better if he sees it contributing to the work of his professional life. But future work of a narrow sort must not swallow too soon the preparation-time of a mind that will profit by having wider interests well started.

One thing is almost indispensable if interest is to endure, and that is the progressive overcoming of difficulties. The ideal course of study is one hard enough thoroughly

to extend our mind, and not so hard as to leave us permanently bewildered and defeated. But this means that for pupils of various degrees and kinds of ability the ideal course of study cannot be the same. One most important practical problem on the administrative side of education is the grouping and grading of the students; without which the abler among them are being trained to waste their time, and the less able are progressively bewildered, depressed, and turned away from study, and finally in too many cases are turned into philistines or into "behaviour problems." Hence come the current reorganisation schemes for national education, under which the general elementary course will end at eleven or thereabouts, and the children will then be transferred to the kind of school to which each seems best suited—"grammar school," "modern school," or "senior elementary." The general idea of the plan I am sure is sound, and the new chance for the "unacademic children," of working with their peers at a curriculum which really suits them, will be not the least of the gains. The unlucky part is the complication by different social grades. How long will it take us to persuade the well-to-do parent of an unacademic boy that he should not be sent to the academic school? Might we not manage our sorting and transferring more easily if all three kinds of study were contained within one big school? Or would the boy in question then not be sent there at all? We have made astonishing advances in this century in the way of overcoming this kind of difficulty, but a good deal still remains to be done.

III

In the ideal school, each young living creature will be doing, with his utmost endeavour, valuable work that is well fitted to the present state of his own mind and body, and to the promotion of their growth. If a critic charges modern educators with believing that a child should do "just what he likes," we certainly need not deny it. We must only insist that "do" and "just" and "liking" should be given meanings sufficiently profound; so that the young soul may be saying in its own language during

school work what we hope it may say throughout its working life : " For this cause came I into the world."

Innumerable problems of discipline are solved, or prevented from arising, where we have well-graded classes provided with studies and activities which fit them. A well-constructed orderly routine of life is almost indispensable, and the grown-up mind that is used to organisation must generally provide this in the first place. But as the children grow older, almost every good school nowadays encourages them to take increasing part in the management of their own work and play ; and this will be not the least important part of their education. In England we have experimented in this way for a hundred years at least, since great boys' schools began to entrust boy prefects with authority, and to train them to be not irresponsible chiefs, but thoughtful ministers of their small State. For the younger pupils such government was still external, but when well worked it was far more efficient than government merely by the masters, and (again when well worked), it proved an admirable moral and civic apprenticeship for the prefects themselves. Recent experiments have aimed at keeping the same advantages while spreading them more widely ; enlisting the co-operation of a greater number by means of class representatives, form committees, and general meetings ; and becoming more elastic by promoting all kinds of societies and groups and undertakings outside the main system, giving almost every pupil a chance of rendering this kind of service to the community and profiting by the experience. The benefits are undoubted, though we have also to realise some dangers and try to guard against them. Schools with a highly-developed pupil-self-government, where the days are full of organised activities, will send out great numbers of capable and experienced young citizens, but may sometimes risk the tiring-out of the best minds among them. On the communal as on the intellectual side, the demand must be adjusted to the strength ; and the commonwealth will gain the best service in the end if both at home and at school it is temperate in its demands upon youth. The

solution will often lie not in diminishing the total activity, but in spreading it over a greater number, and in training the natural leaders to realise that selection of work and delegation of responsible power are two of the most important things to be learnt by the ministers of communities, small or great.

In this whole matter of responsibility and freedom, the school has often a far easier task than the home. Growing-up, in a good school, is eased by the whole impersonal routine. Each year a new group succeeds to a well-established place, taking on the powers and the duties of those who went before. But in the home a few personalities, very close together, have to make new adjustments towards each other in the course of each year, with far less help. With the best will on both sides, there may be great difficulty in such adjustment between a parent and a growing son or daughter. A strong adult personality, obeyed by the children since their babyhood, may continue to command perpetually without intention, and almost without words, and the adolescent may be justified in feeling that he must get away from home before he can satisfy his craving to think and to act for himself. This is one of the greatest arguments for resident colleges, for those few who have the fortune to go to college. Away from home for awhile, with release from the friction of personalities which have come for the time to fret one another, they are the more likely to grow and to act in fundamental matters as a good parent in his wisest moments would wish son or daughter to do.

Each in the end must do his own growing. We cannot do much more than provide the best conditions we can, and then stand by, leaving the living thing to find and take what it needs. But the needs of a human being, even in early youth, include comradeship and achievement, making and finding out, wrestling and overcoming, the giving of love and service as well as the profiting by love and service received. We have much to learn yet about education, but we hope we are progressing. And we hope that some of our children will carry the progress much further than we can yet do.

THE LUCK OF THE BRITISH FILM

BY HERBERT S. OAKLEY

IT is estimated that £8,000,000 a year is paid by the film exhibitors in this country for the films they hire, and it can confidently be asserted that at least £6,000,000 of this large total goes to the United States. The proportion was very much larger a few years ago. That was before the Cinematograph Films Act of 1927 was put on the Statute Book and before the advent of the "talkie."

These two events have changed the whole outlook of the British side of what is to-day an enormously important industry. Let us look first at the industry as a whole and endeavour to obtain some comprehension of its influence socially and economically. No doubt can be felt to-day regarding the place which the cinema holds as a provider of recreation for the peoples of practically every civilised country in the world as well as many parts still somewhat primitive in character. Some remarkable figures given recently by Mr. John Maxwell, the Chairman of British International Pictures, Ltd., are worth repeating.

There are, he stated, 55,000 cinemas in the world, and approximately 250,000,000 people attend them each week. Two-fifths of the total number, or 22,000, are situated in the United States and Canada. Here we have about 4,000, while Australia and New Zealand have 1,800. Thus just over half the cinemas in the world are to be found in the principal English-speaking countries. Socially it is almost impossible to over-estimate the influence for good or ill exerted by this vast and ever-varying form of entertainment. Economically, it represents the employment of a huge army of workpeople ranging from the star artist to the cinema attendant engaged in production, printing, distributing and exhibiting. In terms of money

it is estimated that no less than £750,000,000 is invested in the industry the world over. Of this total more than half, or £400,000,000, has been spent in the United States, where the importance of the production side of the industry was early recognised, and where the linking up of producers and exhibitors first obtained prominence. No less than £25,000,000 is spent there each year on the production of films, and it is estimated that the revenue from the hiring of these films amounts to the formidable total of £50,000,000, thirty per cent of which comes from films hired out to foreign exhibitors.

The capital invested in the industry in Great Britain is stated to be about £80,000,000, small when compared with the American total, but substantial enough to be of consequence. As we have already pointed out the amount spent here in film hire averages about £8,000,000 a year, but until 1927, practically all went in payment for foreign films, mostly American. Even to-day the proportion paid to foreign producers is very large. Here then we have the picture in figures of a vast world-wide industry in which the United States held what appeared to be an insurmountable supremacy. For the first twenty years of its brief life, this industry has been controlled from the United States. Our cinemas have been compelled to take what they were given, and millions of cinema-goers in this country had to take their entertainment through American eyes.

British-produced films were few and far between. Financiers would not risk their money, so precarious was the prospect owing to the extent of the grip American producers had on the industry. The theatres were British, the audiences were British, but the films were for the great part American. To-day all this is in process of change. The legislature took the first step when it passed the Films Act. Science completed the process when it invented the "talkie." The British audience stood the American picture, much as it laughed at times over the grotesque mistakes that were made, but it cannot stand the American voice. It wants English as it is spoken in England, and slowly but surely it is getting it. A great industry is in

process of being born. British-made films are already finding their way into every corner of the English-speaking world, and they are being welcomed.

First let us glance at the Cinematograph Films Act of 1927. The "talkies" had not then been perfected. The silent film stood alone. Here and there British producers struggled to find a market for the few pictures they succeeded in bringing into existence only to find that even in their own country they were crowded out by the fatal system of blind booking instituted with subtle ingenuity by the American monopolists. They appealed to Parliament, and on social and economic grounds, Parliament responded to the appeal. There was a fierce struggle with immense vested interests but eventually the Act was passed.

It was realised that, at that time, British producers could not possibly supply films sufficient to meet the demands of the existing theatres. Hence the prohibitions and demands made were sketched on a rising scale. Blind booking was restricted by degrees, the maximum being reached on October 1st this year, when the limit of the period which may elapse between an agreement to exhibit a film and the actual exhibition was reduced to six months. All films, the law laid down, must be registered as either "British" or "foreign", and detailed instructions appeared in the Act as to the extent of British money and British labour entering into a British film before it should be entitled to be called "British." But most important of all, the Act provided that in all cinemas in Great Britain, a proportion of British films should be shown. For the year ending September 30th, 1929, that proportion was only to be 7½ per cent., a depressing indication of the almost infinitesimal character of the British producing industry. Then for two years it was to be 10 per cent., for one year 12½ per cent., for two years 15 per cent., and for three years 20 per cent. The Act comes to an end on September 30, 1938, by which time it was anticipated the British producing industry would be on its legs and able to meet competition from across the Atlantic without legislative help.

Whether this anticipation would have been fulfilled

if the silent film had continued to stand alone is a matter of considerable doubt, so many problems are bound up with the production of the perfect silent film, finance, weather, artists, surroundings. Fortunately, the matter is one with which we need not concern ourselves. The advent of the "talkie" has made what appeared only a possibility into a certainty. Indeed, it may be said without exaggeration that the "talkie" has saved the industry from utter disaster. The Act of 1927 gave British producers an opportunity which wisely used might have produced the desired results. Instead, it was left to the company promoter to use for his own profit. Following the passing of the Act a stream of companies was formed each with glowing anticipations of what it intended to do. The investing public rushed to subscribe under the delusion that British films had only to be made irrespective of quality to bring in money. Here and there a good picture was produced, but generally-speaking, the output was very second-rate in character and audiences simply would not have them. In technique, in artists, in scenery, in imagination; indeed, in everything that went to the making of a good silent film, Hollywood had England "beaten to a frazzle."

Over a dozen new companies were formed, the public subscribing nearly £2,500,000. To-day the whole lot could be bought for under £500,000. It was a lamentable failure on the part of the industry to realise its needs and its opportunities. Each small company acted as an independent unit, and the efforts, with the limited finance each possessed after promotion and other profits had been taken, to compete with the millions of dollars available to the industry in the United States, were simply pitiable. Had the whole sum found by the investing public been available in one unit the task of competing with the American film would have been formidable enough. But as it was, the position was hopeless. It is almost safe to say that had the "talkie" not come along in the nick of time, the Act of 1927 would have proved absolutely unworkable so far as the quota was concerned. There simply would not have been sufficient British films good enough for show

purposes to meet the requirements of the 4,000 cinemas in this country.

When sound reproduction in combination with cinematograph pictures became sufficiently perfect to ensure an attractive entertainment, the United States was the first to recognise the possibilities. The "plant" at Hollywood was quickly transformed into "talking" apparatus, silent pictures were put on one side and the whole efforts of the gigantic organisations centred in the Californian city were concentrated on producing sound pictures. There was a rush of exhibitors for "talking" apparatus, and the utmost hustle was shown in fitting up cinemas throughout the country with the new machinery.

British exhibitors were slower in adapting themselves to the new circumstances, but the demand was incessant. To-day it is estimated that 80 per cent. of our cinemas can now show "talkies." Producers were also more disposed to go warily than to emulate their American contemporaries in rushing into the new business. Many of the mushroom companies had not the finance to enable them to alter their whole plans and with the decay of the demand for the silent picture they have in many cases simply faded away.

Within two years, however, the whole position has undergone a complete transformation. British production is now in full swing. The American monopoly has been broken. Financial methods have been reorganised in the light of the lessons learnt from the American industry. Production and exhibition are being linked together by the two leading companies—British International Pictures, Ltd., and Gaumont-British, Ltd.—both of which control large circuits of cinemas, thus ensuring them a substantial market for their productions.

An idea of the effect of the change may be seen in a simple record of the Board of Trade figures of imports and exports of cinematograph negatives. It is in this form that the most important pictures are imported and exported, positives for exhibition being made in the countries to which the pictures are sent. Thus the cost of the films as recorded in the Board of Trade returns in no way represents the revenue received from them from the renters. The

figures show that whereas in 1927 we imported 8,118,763 linear feet of negative films, last year the total had fallen to 6,688,927 linear feet, the respective values being £909,900 in 1927 and £797,559 in 1929. This decrease has been still further accentuated in the present year, importations in the first nine months totalling only 4,552,263 feet, valued at £273,694, as compared with 6,224,711 feet in the first nine months of 1927, valued at £662,048. It is thus evident that British films are at last securing a larger share of the home market. At the same time, it is instructive to note that while our export of film negatives is still small, it has more than trebled itself since 1927. In that year we exported 269,661 feet valued at £8,717, while last year the total was 721,244 feet, valued at £16,448.

It can now be asserted that the British film production industry is at last being organised on a sound commercial basis. Money is no longer being squandered on poorly conceived and badly organised projects. In the great studios of the International and Gaumont-British, everything that science and art has produced to bring the "talkie" up to its present stage of perfection is to be found. Hollywood may have a monopoly of Stars who won their fame in the silent picture, but no centre in the world can beat London in its wealth of exponents of the dramatic art, the essential in the sound picture. Wherever English is spoken, the British picture is beginning to penetrate. Already Mr. Maxwell was able to state that 30 per cent. of the sales of British International productions are for export.

A wide market with great potentialities is gradually being opened out on the Continent. "We find," said Mr. Maxwell, "that in such great countries as France and Germany, the desire is for pictures that talk in their own language. At first, this presented a difficulty, but a solution was quickly devised that was especially attractive to us here in England. We found that we could easily bring over companies of French and German artists to make appropriate French and German versions of our pictures, and that, owing to the scarcity of such pictures in these respective markets, the returns exceeded our

expectations. This was quite a natural thing, because each of these countries (with the surrounding countries that are dependent on them for their entertainment supply) could not possibly produce an adequate supply of pictures in their own countries to satisfy the demands of their theatres. America which had formerly supplied a great part of their need with silent pictures, was unable to maintain the supply of talking pictures in the appropriate language. Owing to the great distance it is impossible to transfer companies of artists to Hollywood as quickly and cheaply as can be done to London from Berlin or Paris."

Only in the United States does the British picture still fail to get a fair show owing to the strong grip which the monopolist producers have upon the vast mass of that country's cinemas. While we pay them millions of pounds each year for the pictures shown here they are unwilling to allow American audiences to see even a small proportion of available British pictures. Now and again one has broken through the ring and the welcome it has received has shown that the market is there once it is thrown open. One can quite understand this reluctance. On the other hand, it can be confidently asserted that eventually the American cinema-going public will refuse to be debarred from seeing some of the world's greatest artists and the result will be mutual co-operation and commercial reciprocity.

Here then we have the real beginning of a great British industry from which the investor may look for reasonable and satisfactory rewards. Its course and its prospects may be illustrated in the growth of the British International Pictures, Ltd., which to-day stands in the forefront of British picture producers, and at the same time is second only to Gaumont-British in the control it exercises in the world of exhibition and renting. It came into being as a private company with a capital of £50,000. In 1927 it became a public company with an authorised capital of £600,000. This has been increased by successive stages to £1,000,000, while additional capital of £400,000 has been provided by the issue of debentures. It has invested £500,000 in cinemas of which it controls no fewer than

125, spread all over the country. This investment brings it in £40,000 a year, or 8 per cent. in cash, apart from the benefits obtained in the facilities for marketing its films. It earned profits in the first year of £27,000. It is now earning at a rate of over £200,000 a year. Its sound studios at Elstree are unrivalled on the technical side of the business, while its studio staff, comprising a total of 750 persons, is steadily becoming more and more efficient. Its finance has been managed with care and thoroughness, with the result that a basis has been built on which the widest extension required can be erected.

A similar story with possibly rather more fluctuation in its upward progress could be told of the Gaumont-British Corporation. In both cases the difficult spade work has been accomplished and completed. Every technical and artistic difficulty has been surmounted as it has arisen. Finance has been the main problem, for it has always been on "the weight of money" that the American monopoly rested. With the tangible evidence now becoming available of the solidity of the position that is being achieved by the British industry this handicap should no longer stand in the way.

GREAT BRITAIN AND ARGENTINA

BY W. A. HIRST

THE Anglo-Argentine Exhibition, which will be held in the early spring, reminds us of the importance of our relations with that country. Our position there has been built up by more than a hundred years of wise diplomacy and judicious commercial policy. In the reign of George IV that greatest of Foreign Secretaries, Castlereagh, assisted to bring about its independence together with that of the other Spanish Colonies. Several years before their independence was actually declared he stated in the House of Commons: "There had been every desire on the part of government to cultivate good understanding and friendly intercourse with the provinces of South America. . . . As long as any state of South America continued *de facto* a government, so long was England entitled to cultivate *de facto* a friendly feeling and communication with her."

This was the vital point. Seeing that Spain could no longer exercise control over her Colonies, they were in fact, independent, and, as Castlereagh hinted in the same speech, the sending to them of diplomatic agents was merely a question of time. He also pointed out that Great Britain was giving to them every possible commercial facility. In this war of independence many Peninsular veterans served in the victorious armies of San Martin and Bolivar. In the middle of the century, the English fleet helped to expel the tyrant Rosas, whose cruel sway roused a stronger patriotic feeling than the war of independence itself. During its hundred years' history there has never been the slightest shadow over the relations between Argentine and this country.

It is true that the early history of the South American

Republics was very disappointing to their well-wishers. Sir Francis Head and Darwin, who visited the Plate District in the first years of independence, drew a gloomy picture of the perpetual tumults. The former, who went on a mission connected with mines, reported that it would be imprudent to start any considerable enterprise, because the Government with which the adventurer negotiated to-day might cease to be in existence to-morrow. These troubles, combined with complete lack of transport, of means of preserving meat, and of hands to till the fields, made Argentina a poor and unpopular country.

When Rosas had been expelled, there was a prospect of improvement, which came about slowly. This amelioration was almost entirely due to the mechanical inventions which were a feature of the nineteenth century. The building of railways and the use of refrigeration made the country wealthy. Before this, the wild cattle were killed whenever hides were wanted and the carcasses were left to rot on the ground. When there was a secure market for meat, the owners of *estancias* began to import the best bloodstock, and the breed of cattle and sheep immensely improved.

The railway system is by far the best in South America. It was not till 1857 that the first line was laid down—by a British company. The chief lines are built and owned by our countrymen. This also is of great advantage to us, for engines, rolling-stock, and stores are purchased in this country. The mileage now amounts to over 23,000. Besides connection from sea to sea, there is direct communication northward into Bolivia and also into Paraguay. These railways are a great national triumph.

There is a considerable British population at Buenos Aires and the other large towns. These are nearly all men of a superior type—South America is not suitable for British emigrants of the working class. In an average year about 60 Spaniards and 30 Italians enter the country to one Englishman. It was the Spanish immigration that helped to make Argentina a wheat growing country; the Gaucho cared for nothing but horses and cattle. A great number of Spaniards visit Argentina every year for the

harvest and return with their earnings. The population will not increase rapidly nor will the country be adequately developed until there is a better Government which provides an equitable land system and more satisfactory treatment for the humbler classes.

The disturbances which have occurred lately in a number of South American countries are symptomatic of this evil. Always it is the cry that the public resources are recklessly squandered by the ruling clique and the national well-being neglected. New rulers are thrust in with fair promises of amendment, but Amurath succeeds Amurath. Parliamentary constitutions are not suited to the Latin Indians, nor is there a properly trained set of men competent to work any kind of Government. This is a matter in which we might give some assistance. At present, Argentinos, who travel for business, pleasure, or education, almost invariably go to Paris. To thoughtful South Americans the French influence is no doubt beneficial, but politically they see in France the same kinds of evil, on a milder scale, that they have in their own country. Literary South Americans go to Spain, and here again they cannot learn any political lessons that will be of value to them.

It would be well if more young men from Argentina came to England for their education. The actual political models would not be of much service, but they would see one thing that they greatly need—a class of men who discharge to the best of their ability public functions, in great measure gratuitously. Such a class is greatly needed in Argentina.

II

To revert to the more material side. The triangular duel between Great Britain, the United States, and Germany for supremacy in South American trade, which was vigorously fought before the War, is now being resumed, for Germany is fast making up her lost ground. About the year 1908 was the apex of our trade, when we sent goods to Argentina which equalled the total value of those sent by Germany, the United States and Belgium combined. In 1912 our exports were nearly twenty-three millions

sterling, and those of Germany and the United States about thirteen and twelve millions respectively. In 1928 we sent to Argentina thirty-one millions sterling, while the United States exported about forty millions, and Germany a smaller amount. Thus we see that the circumstances arising out of the War have been prejudicial to us and beneficial to the United States.

We are the best customer of the Republic, which exports to us more than to Germany and the United States combined. There is, therefore, a disposition to buy from us in preference to other countries. It has been often pointed out that competent travellers, well written Spanish price lists, and judicious advertising are needed. A recent Consular Report says: "Advantage should be taken of the prevailing good feeling towards British goods to advertise on a much more extensive scale, as that preference cannot be relied on to cause buyers or importers to seek out British goods." It is, of course, important to make known the quality of our goods, but, above all, to study the requirements. Even in the motor-trade, which was abandoned to the United States, we are beginning to make a little headway, but it is important to build with a view to the rough roads which are fairly general in South America. An opportunity is offered by the taste of the people for new things and experiments. The motor-car trade is a very promising field.

It ought not to be difficult to avoid bad debts. There are excellent British banks in every large town which will give information as to the stability of possible customers. It is also necessary to execute orders rapidly and to deliver punctually. We have neglected comparatively minor lines and concentrated chiefly on cottons, woollens, and machinery. Earthenware and hardware are lines which might be developed. It should be added that a safe and ever ready market is to be found in supplying stores to the British railway lines in Argentina. Their needs are enormous, and there is no difficulty in getting into touch with them.

The population of the Republic does not much exceed eleven millions, but it is increasing and the standard of

living is rising. So great is the augmentation of wealth that the market is extremely valuable. Its imports amount yearly to about a hundred and seventy millions, *i.e.*, somewhat more than the Commonwealth of Australia. The exports are considerably larger.

This is due to the enormous productive power of the Republic. As a wheat exporting country it stands second only to Canada. Normally, the exports are about five million tons. Argentina exports more maize than any other country. There is a large production of fodder and food-stuffs chiefly for its own use, such as alfalfa, butter, tobacco, and wine. The wine industry is interesting. Like most South American countries, Argentina produces very good clarets, but the protection is so high that the wines seldom cross the borders. Mendoza, a beautiful town, within full view of the Andes, is the principal seat of the wine industry. It is like a large park—the straight streets are lined with trees and conduits of clear water run on either side. One of its Bodegas is among the largest wine factories of the world. The annual rainfall is only three inches, so the industry is entirely dependent upon an excellent system of irrigation.

The harbours in Argentina are very fine. During the last half century immense sums have been spent on improving Buenos Aires, and the largest vessels come up to the quay. Rosario, the second city, is situated on the majestic Parana, which is there twenty miles wide, and the town is an ocean port. Bahia Blanca in the south is a great port for wheat and wool.

Argentina has three times as many horned cattle as Australia, and four times as many horses. On the other hand, the sheep of Australia are three times more numerous. As is well known, the meat industry of the Republic is enormous. The exports of frozen meat amount to considerably over half-a-million tons. The Bovril and Lemco Companies own many great estancias—the former employing chiefly Durham and the latter Herefords. These handsome red-and-white animals are a picturesque feature of the Pampas. Immense pains have been taken to improve the breeds both of cattle and sheep. The hardy Romney

Marsh is a favourite in inclement Patagonia, but the Lincoln gives the best results in more genial climates. The export of wool amounts to about 120,000 tons.

Of late years there have been extensive discoveries of oil, but otherwise the mineral wealth is small. Lack of coal handicaps Argentina in its manufactures. It makes goods only for local needs, in spite of the high tariff. The largest industry is sugar, which by a careful system of protection contrives to supply practically the whole home market. The seat of the industry is at Tucuman in the north.

III

The Argentinos pride themselves upon their keen intelligence. Their skill in building up industries and fortunes is sufficiently manifest. But not all their energies are absorbed in money-making. They have always been distinguished in intellectual pursuits. The Press is equal to that of any in the world. The two leading newspapers, *La Nacion* and *La Preura*, are unrivalled. It was on *La Nacion* that Ruben Dario, greatest of all Spanish-American poets, worked for some years. There are many other good newspapers, but these two are world-renowned. *Caras y Caretas* is an excellent weekly, and there are good reviews. All over Latin America the poet is held in high honour. Argentina is surpassed by some of its neighbours, *e.g.*, Colombia, Peru, and some of the Central American Republics, but her output is not inconsiderable. At the time of the Revolution, the *Lira Argentina* was published and did much to fan enthusiasm. Later, many of those who suffered from the tyranny of Rosas wrote fiery patriotic verse. Such poets as Victor Andrade, Leopoldo Lugones and L. L. Dominguez are held in honour.

Two of the best novels known to the Continent are the work of Argentinos—*Amelia*, published some sixty years ago by José Marmol, depicting the times of Rosas, and *La Gloria de Don Ramiro*, of later days, by Señor Enrique Larreta. Argentina can boast of two world-renowned jurists, Calvo and Luis Maria Drago, who formulated the Drago Doctrine, which South Americans regard as a sort

of Magna Charta. It asserted the sovereignty of the Republics by denying the right of any foreign power to use force to collect debts. This doctrine was accepted by the Hague Conference of 1907.

Undoubtedly the cultured classes of the country would rank high anywhere. But culture is at the top and does not filter downwards. As in other Republics, education is not satisfactory. The percentage of illiteracy is appalling. Even the Universities are not up to modern standards. The University of Cordoba was famous in old Spanish times, but throughout Latin America there is not a single University worthy of the cultivated people who should benefit by such institutions. Our old, ignorant historians tell us that the Spanish occupation was a time of torpor and bigotry. On the contrary, the Spaniards founded Universities, and Church and King encouraged literature, science and art. It may be hoped that to-day there is a somewhat better appreciation of the great work which the Spaniards did in the Western Hemisphere, whose Empire of four hundred years, lasting nearly as long a time as the Roman Empire in Western Europe, stamped itself indelibly upon the nations. But the same old fables reappear in the text-books, and the cultured and chivalrous Spain is still maligned.

IV

In the whole Latin-American Continent there is a sub-current of unrest. In this the motive is suspicious fear of the United States. The defeat of Spain in 1898 naturally caused nervousness, for a country, which had hitherto prided itself upon its aloofness, began to stand forth as an Imperial Power. The list of grievances against the United States is a long one—in Mexico, in Nicaragua, and above all in Colombia, which was deprived of its Department of Panama in defiance of public law and justice. The Arica-Tacna dispute between Chile and Peru dragged on for weary years, because each party dreaded interference by the United States. We could have settled the matter easily and quickly, as we did the dangerous boundary dispute between Chile and Argentina in 1901. When Chile and

Peru at last composed their quarrels, the settlement did not come from the United States.

The Monroe Doctrine is constantly appealed to; but those who discuss it agree upon nothing but manifold differences of opinion. On the unfortunate death of Castlereagh in 1823, Canning, who is given all the credit of the affair by our sagacious historians, mismanaged the negotiations, which had been left in admirable order by his predecessor, and became entangled with the United States in his desire to checkmate France. It was due to his shuffling policy that President Monroe, in December, 1823, sent a message to Congress which goes by his name. It was devised merely to meet a temporary emergency without any intention of making it a part of public law.

The Monroe Doctrine belongs to the realms of politics and not at all to International Law. It was devised to assist Republicanism against Monarchy, and still more to avert the growing up of alien and probably hostile powers in the Western Hemisphere. President Monroe wrote: "In the wars of the European Powers in matters relating to themselves we have never taken any part, nor does it comport with our policy to do so." Obviously that has nothing to do with International Law—it is municipal—the enunciation of policy by a State.

Further, if the practice of non-intervention ends the rest of the Doctrine is annulled. "We shall consider any attempt on their part to extend this system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety." The President was advising political measures to counteract possible machinations by European Powers. Just so, in the early years of the present century, Great Britain declared that she would not view with unconcern the establishment of a naval base in the Persian Gulf by any Power. As Hobbes says, covenants without swords are of no avail, and any such declaration, East or West, merely depends on the strength of the power which makes it.

It is true that we persuaded the League of Nations to accept the Monroe Doctrine. But all publicists agree that this does not make it a part of International Law. As far as that Doctrine is concerned, any Power might

best short history is *The History of the Latin-American Nations*, by W. G. Robertson. Failing works written in Spanish, it is necessary to go to North American writers for descriptions of Argentine and Spanish-American literature in general, because, as aforesaid, our own authors entirely neglect the subject. It is hardly necessary to say that even a slight acquaintance with Spanish (an easy and delightful language) and some knowledge of the history and other particulars of the country will multiply the pleasure and profit of a trip many times.

The cost of a return first-class fare to Buenos Aires is from £112 to £157. The Royal Mail Steam Packet Company advertises a trip to Buenos Aires, including a month at an hotel in Buenos Aires, at a cost of about £250. The hotels of Argentina used to come in for unfavourable criticism; they have been improved of late years, but they are expensive. It is certain that there will be a strain on the accommodation and that prices will be higher than usual. The cost of living in the Republic is always on a high scale; the protective system and other causes enhance prices.

Again, the hope may be expressed that occasion will be taken of the favourable circumstances to effect what Gladstone called a union of hearts. The tact of the Prince of Wales wins golden opinions wherever he goes, and his efforts, we doubt not, will be seconded by his countrymen. The success of trade is a great thing and is now more than ever necessary to us; but South Americans are not to be looked upon merely as means of making money; they are a sensitive people, whose ambition is to prove themselves *caballeros*, and they consider themselves worthy of being treated as their history and achievements deserve. The forethought of the Prince in learning to speak Spanish is a sterling example, and should be copied by his fellow countrymen.

More imagination is needed in our Imperial and foreign relations. To-day, if we were accused of insularity we should be ashamed, and it is true that the provincial note of complacency complained of by Matthew Arnold in the 'sixties is not now much in evidence. But there is a

silent, practical insularity which issues in action or, more often, in inaction.

There is the conviction that our ways are best in all times and all places, that we and our works must be approved by all not blinded by perversity.

Want of imagination in our traders and manufacturers leads them to send to South America the goods to which they themselves are accustomed without consulting the tastes of their customers. Because Spanish literature is comparatively familiar to those who study modern languages and Spanish-American literature unfamiliar, the latter is neglected. However little the North Americans understand their neighbours, they are too shrewd to neglect their customers' tastes and idiosyncrasies, and, therefore, they make a thorough study of their language and literature. To-day more and more brain power is being applied to trade; the customers are more intelligent, and routine work and mediocrity will not satisfy them.

We have laid good foundations in Argentina, but *non progredi est regredi*; constant effort is needed to keep our place. Owing to the War we have unavoidably fallen back a little, but we may easily recover our place. It is true that twenty years ago, when we out-distanced our rivals, we had a comparatively moderate taxation. Now we are handicapped by the heaviest taxation in the world, and this is being added to every month by our present Government. But, just as the old Governments, blindly following the decaying doctrines of the Mercantile system, could not repress the energy of the founders of the New Industry, so the present Government, however blindly they follow obsolete Cobdenism or obsolete Marxism, will not avail to keep us back if we show our old qualities, reinforced by higher imagination and intelligence.

An attempt has been made to indicate some directions in which we are lacking. Much might be done to improve our trade. But conjoined with this, there is the intercourse of mind; we need to imbibe the bright Latin spirit—its joyance in brightness and beauty, its love of form and symmetry.

The people of Argentina may well be proud of their

achievements in their short history. Their capital is the largest Latin city in the world except Paris, and they have reached a height of civilisation, wealth and refinement which would have been incredible to anyone who visited the country fifty years ago. The people are our friends, and it is not to be doubted that the interest caused by the visit of the Prince of Wales will rivet more firmly the bonds of friendship and interest which have so long united us.

HORSEHEATH IN NOVEMBER

— ■ ■ ■ —

Under these grey skies who goes riding here ?
 Slowly the leaves drift down,
 Elm pale as candle's flame, beech ruddy brown :
 So goes the glory of the dying year

To earth again. The valley's furrowed sides
 A-new the plough-shares rive
 While high in air white gulls a ghost team drive,
 The horses plod, stumbling the ploughman guides.

Under these low grey skies who lingers here ?
 Man, his last wages taken,
 Lies down in his dark house and will not waken,
 And even the whispering grass is stark with fear.

MARGARET BRISBANE.

WAYLAYING THE WITCHDOCTOR

BY WILLIAM HICHENS

late of the Native Administrative Service, Tanganyika

"**H**UH ! If I spoke the words, you would drop dead !"
 " Magu ! Why, you are like a braying donkey
 who thinks he roars like a lion ! Think you that
 I fear your death spell ? Try, then, to kill me—if you can ! "

The last speaker, strung grotesquely about his waist and shoulders with belts of claws and lion skin, spat derisively at the feet of the older man whom he addressed, and grinned at the crowd of natives who stood watching.

" Haya ! " exclaimed the older man. He drew himself up on the staff that he carried and fixed his youthful antagonist with an angry and baleful glare. " You have set yourself up against me in the eyes of my people, O youth," he said. " Now let them see. By the curse of Dango and Damo, by Huma and Suma and Gonio Tikwa ! Die ! "

The throng of natives fell back aghast. The young man tried to laugh ; but his jaw dropped. Fear widened his eyes ; he clutched at his throat and swayed and swayed and fell, writhed for a while upon the ground and then lay still. " So ! " said the older man. The young man was dead.

Those who know the insidious black magic of the African witchdoctor will not marvel at this grim real life tragedy that happened not far from Johannesburg a few weeks ago. Two witchdoctors, one elderly, the other young, had quarrelled about their power in black magic and the younger challenged the elder to the terrible spell of *kufwaa*, the spell of death. Such witchcraft is still rife all over British Africa ; every kraal has its witchdoctor and in many of the native districts there are secret societies of witchdoctors whose black magic is so awful and whose orgies and fetish rituals are so grim

and barbarous that new laws have recently been passed making it an offence punishable by imprisonment and a fine to practice as a witchdoctor. But there is a big gap between making a law and capturing the law-breaker and perhaps the most difficult task that yet confronts the British police officer in our black colonies is that of laying the witchdoctor by the heels.

A mysterious outbreak of poison-magic is even now baffling the police in Tanganyika. Several European settlers have been taken suddenly ill and their doctors have diagnosed that they were suffering from a mysterious vegetable poison absorbed through the skin of the palms of their hands. It is one of the claims of witchdoctors in that district that they can kill a man by merely shaking hands with him. Their poisons are virulent enough; some are made from venom extracted from the fangs of puff-adders, mixed with the burning juice, like acid, from the Euphorbia or milkweed bush and with putrefied flesh and, to set up intense irritation, the juices of a kind of giant stinging nettle, known as ububu. Up in the north of Kenya one criminal clan of witchdoctors, known as the Achudani, choose nights of the full moon for the brewing of poisons and to get their ghastly ingredients they prowl the tribal burial grounds and unearth the dead amid orgies too horrible to describe.

Another mysterious witchdoctor clan within the past few months has caused much consternation amongst white men in Tanganyika. They are known as the Baswezi and it is said that some of the most powerful native chiefs in the territory are under the sway of their ghastly magic, compared with which the old-time cannibal feast was an almost innocent affair. Human meat forms a most potent *dawa* or medicine in most kinds of black magic and it is in the mysterious murder of human victims that the menace of the Baswezi lies, a menace so real that settlers have petitioned Government to take special steps to suppress this evil brotherhood. The fact that every member of the Baswezi has to murder in cold blood two of his own relatives will convey some idea of their baleful black magic; but words fail to paint the black picture of their secret orgies. Their

magic is that young men who take part in Baswezi blood drinking feasts, held at high moon in secret haunts in the forest, believe that they become imbued with inhuman power to defeat even death itself. The young man's first ordeal is to murder a kinsman, preferably his uncle, or failing him, his father. All unsuspecting the relative is lured into the forest and there done to death in cold blood near a great fire which flares beside a sacrificial tree—a stump hewn down to make a kind of altar. His remains are then burned; their ashes and his blood are mixed with resins and beer and after an orgy of fantastic drum dancing the witchdoctors drink this magic medicine and the young member is sworn to his first degree. He must then find another victim, preferably his sister, whom he also murders. She, too, is lured to the forest haunt: but this time the witchdoctors stage a different horror. A grave is dug: the young member is bound hand and foot to his murdered kinswoman and with her is buried alive in the grave. Branches are put to cover it and on these earth is heaped; and the unholy brotherhood of witchdoctors then departs leaving the two, the living buried with the dead, to the awful silence of the forest grave. For three days the young member must stay immured; a witchdoctor brings him water once a day.

Then, having passed that test without going insane, as some novitiates do, the young man, still bound to his victim, is taken to a rough hut built in the depths of the forest and there he must live for a further three days. A witchdoctor cooks his food, but the young man's own hands must not touch it: he must eat his meals out of the hands of his victim, so thonged to his wrists that he can get them to his lips. It is not amazing that having passed through such awful ordeal, members of the Baswezi think nothing of murder, while death to them is a jibe. In the kraals among the natives, who stand in the greatest dread of witchdoctors and their frightful magic, the members of these secret brotherhoods wage a wholesale campaign of blackmail and intimidation. A kraalsman has a cow, a spear, a flock of goats, a daughter, a wife, on whom one of the dreaded Baswezi casts a covetous eye. In the dead of

night someone taps on the wall of his hut ; so-and-so wants that cow, or the goats, or would " marry " the daughter or " go on the journey " with the hut-owner's wife. The poor hut-owner well knows his fate ; it is whispered to him through the chinks of the wall : " Usikose ; kukosa kufwaa ! Do not fail ; to fail us is death." And to fail them, to thwart them, to try to expose their haunts or their orgies to the white police, is courting death.

There are many insidious ways by which the witchdoctor kills : a smear of poison inside a man's beerpot ; the fang of a mamba, Africa's deadliest snake, cunningly tucked in the toe-thong of his sandal. Not long ago I tracked down a witch-doctor clan whose women assistants crawled into native huts in the dead of night and smeared poison on the lips of their sleeping victims. Another evil gang employed a young girl. She would chatter with a man's wife while the latter was cooking his evening meal : men eat alone and from separate pots in the kraal, so she could accurately place her poison. She would distract the wife's attention for a moment and swiftly sprinkle a white powder made of kiligi roots, which contain strychnine, into the cooking pot. Later that evening, after eating his meal, the victim would be seized with violent pains and death would quickly supervene.

Natives piqued to revenge when some love affair goes awry, or when they think themselves cheated in a business deal, or insulted by a fellow tribesman, often resort to a witchdoctor and fee him a few fowls or a goat to work a spell of black magic on their real or imagined enemy. If a native falls sick with some disease, or meets with an accident, he is as likely to think that some evil-wishing neighbour has caused him to be bewitched, and he will go to a witchdoctor and commission him to bring down a worse calamity upon the head of the person whom he thinks is the author of his own misfortunes. Some witchdoctor clans specialise in this type of revenge magic. One is known as the Antu Nambu and has its haunts in the forest country south of Lake Victoria. The horrible bewitchment with leprosy is its particular magic. The witchdoctors collect pus and exudations from the wounds of lepers, smear this natural toxin on thorns and in mysterious ways

manage to impart the terrible scourge to victims whom they have marked down. The natives of this district recently assured me, when I was sent to make an official list of lepers, that more than eighty per cent. of the leprosy in their kraals was definitely known to have been inflicted by the machinations of the Antu Nambu witchcraft clan.

In the same district, too, is a witchdoctor cult who are known as the Antu Nsimba and whose magic consists in causing victims to be killed by man-eating lions.

Smelling out thieves and evildoers is, however, the commonest business of the ordinary witchdoctor in the kraal and many curious kinds of magic are brought into play in this primitive detective art. One man caught by my district police not long back in Tanganyika used a small half-calabash bowl filled with water as a kind of thief-divining crystal. This bowl was placed on the ground and one after the other the kraalsfolk would file past it, each man stopping to gaze into the water. Under the luckless gaze of one of them the water would slowly turn to blood ; and a howl of mingled rage and execration from his fellow tribesfolk would hail him as a thief, or the evildoer who had caused cattle-scurge, or made the huts catch fire, or sent the plague of caterpillars or whatever the crime or catastrophe happened to be that worried the kraal at that moment. For this " magic " the witchdoctor charged the kraal a fee of one goat : and some idea of the profits he made were gained, when he was caught, from the " cash-book " that he kept. This was a six-foot staff on which every time he took a fee, he would slip a small ring of the goat's skin. After a fortnight's tour in my district his staff was ringed with more than two hundred of such goat tallies. A tiny bladder of ox-blood concealed in the bottom of his calabash and operated by a long tough giraffe-hair worked this magic of water-into-blood.

A magic antelope horn which " could run about the veld like a live man," was the chief stock-in-trade of another witchdoctor who thrived on blackmail and extortion in the kraals near Nairobi. Whenever a mishap befell a kraalsman he would seek the pembe or horn magic of this witchdoctor, whose methods were certainly mysterious. The horn was

that of a roan antelope ; its hollow end was filled with a blackish substance in which were stuck two white beads that shone out like eyes. Natives averred that the witchdoctor, holding the horn in his hands, would shout incantations of black magic and the horn would then begin to twist in his grasp until with the vigour of its motion he would be forced to let it go, when it would leap along the bush-paths, find the hut of the evildoer, prise its way through the door, and, if the malefactor were at home, set about him and belay him soundly ! No native, and certainly no white man, ever claimed to have *seen* the magic horn on its detective travels : but the whole district of natives firmly believed that the horn did walk. As certainly, the witchdoctor was exceedingly cunning in detecting thieves, and had his efforts stopped there no great complaint could have been levelled against him : but the horn also detected hidden hoards of native wealth, when its owner would declare that the horn would become enraged unless the owner of the wealth parted up with some of it to appease the horn's insatiable appetite for fees. This was nothing but blackmail and extortion of the most insidious kind : for whenever the witchdoctor cast a longing eye on someone's belongings, as surely would the horn develop an appetite for them, and their misfortunate owner's life soon became a terror lived in a constant dread of bewitchment until the witchdoctor's demands were satisfied.

The dread of being bewitched in the hundred and one ways by which a man may fall victim to the evils of black magic, hems in the life of the African with countless precautions. To bewitch a man it is thought requisite in most tribes to obtain some part of him and take this fragment of one's victim to the witchdoctor who can then deal magically with it. All natives thus take great care that their finger and toe nail parings, their hair clippings and so forth shall not fall into the hands of any other tribesman. Teeth extracted or fallen out are definitely given back to one of the gods, usually the moon god, whose gift the native avers they are : nail and hair parings are either burned, buried, committed to the care of the water spirits, or offered to the sun-god.

But the most cautious native has susceptible parts that he

can scarcely guard. Amongst them are his footprints, his shadow, and his soul when he sleeps, the echo of his voice and his reflection in water. All these may be bewitched. To take earth from a man's footprints is an everyday method of causing harm : black magic is worked on the earth by a witchdoctor and invariably the victim suffers some grievous ill, perhaps a mere coincidental misfortune, but very often a sickness or accident or loss in which the evil hand of the witchdoctor might be traced.

A witchdoctor can be fee'd to walk on a man's shadow and so cause him injury. Then, quite abstract factors in native life, such as a journey, happiness in married life, success in hunting, may also be bewitched ; and for this reason the native is very secretive as to his intentions.

Few wives, if asked where their husbands are or what they are doing, will definitely say. Some enemy might overhear and cause a spell of black magic to fall on whatever project the husband might be engaged upon.

Many unusual but explicable happenings are thought to be due to a witchdoctor's interference. Cows with twisted horns are definitely bewitched ; as are also children who cut their teeth in the wrong order. And wherever witchcraft is suspected, more witchcraft must be worked to counteract the original spell, so that the native lives in a vicious circle of dreading bewitchment, being bewitched and employing witchcraft against someone else to become unbewitched.

By making the craft of the witchdoctor a penal offence and confronting him with the unpleasant prospect of imprisonment or even a flogging with a rhino-hide whip, the new laws in our African colonies should go some way in suppressing the ferment of this malevolent leaven in native life ; but catching the witchdoctor is one thing, and eradicating the native's unshakeable belief in the powers of magic is another ; and more than one generation of witchcraft-lawbreaking must elapse in the African kraals before the black man's dread of bewitchment and his faith in the witchdoctor's necromantic powers, gives way to a more reasoned and practical outlook upon the calamities that fall to the lot of the kraalsman.

FASHIONS IN HISTORICAL NOVELS

BY MARGARET IRWIN

I HEARD it said lately that there is more interest in the historical novel to-day than there has been since the time of Sir Walter Scott. The flood of historical biography which is being poured out in America to an even greater extent than here—Lytton Strachey watered, or perhaps one should say, gin and gingered—has prepared the way for historical fiction. But this is only a symptom and not the cause of the fresh interest in history to-day. Something of the cause is to be found, I think, in that implied comparison between our times and those of Sir Walter Scott.

There is more than a century between them, a century of peace, of prosperity, and, above all, of safety. But time, we have been told, moves spirally rather than in a straight line. The century has resolved its curve, and we are looking down the spiral staircase to the landing immediately below, where over a hundred years ago Sir Walter Scott proved to an astonished public the vogue of historical novels.

He began them towards the end of a great European war when the peace of England had been shattered and her safety threatened as never before since she had acquired the sense of nationality. And here we are again, saying very much the same thing, only more so.

It is natural to suppose then that there is some connection between the after-war spirit and a historic sense. I should define the historic sense as the power to see past times as the present. Which you can only do if you can see present times as the past. And that, of course, is enormously helped by any great national upheaval that affects your own life. One is made then to feel one really is a person, moving through time, and not just a detached

speck existing only during and for that moment. That is the interest in history that has been freshly quickened to-day.

It shows itself in all manner of forms, whether it is a serious biographer telling us that Anne Boleyn's nightgown occupied twenty-six yards of black velvet, or Leslie Henson singing a comic song on Mary Queen of Scots which, incidentally, contains the best rhyme I know out of Byron:

"So after rather a bothering day,
They locked her up at Fotheringay,
That airy fairy, Hanover Squarey, Mary Queen of Scots."

The last line is significant. Leslie Henson, or whoever wrote his song for him, recognised the tragic queen as a woman of fashion, who, if she had lived to-day, would have got her clothes in Hanover Square. And anyone who has seen that early portrait of her, done by the second Clouet while she was still in France, a very brisk young widow of 19, looking very smart and well-groomed, very American, in her new riding habit and a jaunty cap stuck on the side of her head, will recognise the truth of observation, the fearless elimination of boundaries in time, in fact the true modern historic sense, comprised in that adjective, Hanover-Squarey.

For the great difference between that sense to-day, and the historic sense 40, 30 or even 20 years ago, is that to-day it is prompted by belief in the reality of history, rather than its romance. We have consciously lived through history, we know what it feels like to watch an enemy attacking London in broad daylight, and that it doesn't make us break into apostrophes to Heaven or suddenly forsake the second person plural for the second person singular, and say Thee and Thy and Thus all round, but that people just go out and have lunch after it, and catch the bus home.

But for long tracts of the last century it must have been quite difficult to imagine our being at war at all, unless in some remote and probably coloured country. In spite of after-breakfast prophecies over the paper which have always asserted that we didn't know what we were all coming to, there must have seemed very little reason during

31
10 N 31
N 31.12.9

the latter half of the nineteenth century why we should not all go on the same as before for the rest of our lives.

And so, what they must have looked for when they looked back to the past, was for change, a recognition of its differences and not, as now, its resemblances. We are amused to find how like it often is to the present day; they were pleased to show how it was unlike. In the good old days they chose to imagine the men really were men, and had a chance to show their manliness in more active ways than be-striding the hearthrug and laying down the law; the women were pearls of beauty and innocence and always in peril; dress was gorgeous, nobody was bothered about money, everybody spoke beautifully, and managed their Thees and Prithees most creditably, especially under the stress of emotion; and however wickedly the villains might behave, no one was ever coarse, ever gauche, awkward or shy; there were no bad smells, the windows were kept open, and kings had a delightful way of turning up unexpectedly, generally in disguise.

But in one respect the historical novel had begun to show a sad falling off.

It had been started by Jane Porter's *Scottish Chiefs* in the first years of the last century as an excuse for the delightful contemplation of virtue. But by the end of the century it had been discovered that the contemplation of wickedness was at least as delightful.

I like to think this was owing, not so much to the natural depravity of the human heart, as to the same desire for escape from their present day, that thrust their heroes into crimson satin and duels, and their heroines into positions of extravagant danger, either to life or virtue.

For the Victorian age, we have so long been told, was virtuous. I know that the pro-Victorians nowadays indignantly deny such a calumny. I still heretically believe there must have been something in that rumour. Else why should it have got about? Anyway, it was quite *correct* to be virtuous then. I don't think they kept it dark. I believe that there was what fashion writers call "quite a little feeling for it," at any rate among the solid bulk of the lending-library classes.

But, when it began to wear thin, then quite a little feeling for wickedness began to creep in, especially if it were left rather mysterious, with allusions to the regrettably lax standards of whatever far-off age might conveniently furnish them.

In free libraries, among the section they label "Belles Lettres," you can find a large number of out-size volumes of about 30 years old, with beautiful portraits and tempting titles such as *Regency Rakes—Restoration Rips—or Ladies Fair and Frail at the Court of Somebody or Other*. They testify to a general opinion that to go to the dogs in picturesque splendour must have been very sad for the persons concerned, but was very jolly to read about. Of course, that opinion is at the back of most fiction and quite a lot of history written at any time. But there is a peculiar romantic mist about the novelist's treatment of the subject at this time which can best be shown by sketching the story, as far as I remember it, of a very popular specimen.

"My Merry Rockhurst," we are told, is the most reckless daredevil of all Charles II's court. He laughs at God and man, and particularly at woman. Yet you never catch him at it. In fact, when he opens his mouth in the course of the story it is generally to emit a hollow groan. He wears a hidden locket on a chain round his neck. Presumably the chain is not hidden—it must have worked up from under his cravat, for the King and his courtiers twit him with it and ask to see what fair face lies concealed against his heart. Whereupon he turns pale and his brow grows dark as brows did then, and he emits another groan. But they say, "Rockhurst, the devil—another woman—ha, ha! . . ."

Then he is left alone with a woman, and the reader thinks, "Now for it." Not a bit of it. The girl has been lost in the snow and calls at his house in the ingenuous, artless way they did in the early novels of this century, and he shows himself the soul of courtesy, though a bit gloomy about it, leads her horse through the snow, and parts from her without daring so much as to raise her hand to his lips. When the girl asks his name and is obviously about to say politely that she hopes they will meet again, he says:

"It is better for you that you should never know whom you have met to-night." Which of course impresses the artless girl, but as this is the only occasion on which readers have seen him with women, they cannot but feel they have been misled as to his relations with them. Of course they do meet again, but as the girl can't make any headway with him, she marries his son, whose portrait he keeps in his hidden locket. That is his dark secret, only discovered on his death-bed, which is clouded by his remorse, but cheered by his resignation of innocent girlhood to one more worthy.

Innocent girlhood—wicked, but always appreciative, virility. That was the dramatic contrast they aimed at.

There is a real sense of romance behind it.

Milton expressed it, but more successfully than Agnes and Egerton Castle, when his Satan saw Eve walking in Paradise,

"Saw Virtue in her shape how lovely,
Saw, and pined his loss."

And Joseph Conrad expressed it when he said that a man who has known power and remorse need ask little else of life.

But as to why Rockhurst should have been either remorseful or renunciatory, one remains completely fogged. Through that far-off haze emerge the figures, not of hard, clear-cut adventurers of the late Caroline age, a set of real toughs if ever there was one—but of sentimental girlhood at the beginning of this century. It was the last great age of girlhood. Their skirts billowed outwards in a froth round their feet, their hair billowed upwards in a cloud round their heads, their pouched sleeves dipped gracefully into their tea cups. Fashions were never more feminine, more frothy, more curiously vague in outline, coming as they did just after the hard New Woman of the nineties whose fashionable outline went in and out in sharp angles as though cut out of cardboard, revolting against the curves of crinoline and bustle. So of course the next age had to revolt again, and did so in a swirl of skirts and scarves, a positive mush of drapery. And, as I like to think for the purpose of my argument, a mush of ideas. I know it is dangerously easy to talk loosely about this sort of thing, that it is not sound to label ages with

names like Victorian Virtue or Edwardian Sentiment. But I cannot help seeing in novels such as I have described a confused, and rather sentimental, that is to say, unreal, worship of danger and dare-devilry, of sharp dramatic contrasts, such as would naturally arise at the end of a very long period of peace and prosperity, and, in general, a period of amazingly sheltered womanhood in all but the very poor. (For that matter, the men were amazingly sheltered too, but nobody seems to notice that.)

That is the historical novel in its last decadent stages of romanticism, with not a trace left of the old austerity, but still very strong on the score of refinement.

In the historical novel to-day, on the contrary, there is quite a little feeling for drains, or the absence of them. In the course of a brief modern essay on the Paston letters, it was mentioned three times that the privy was in the bedroom. The two contending schools of historical fiction might be labelled the Prithee and the Privy. But it is as possible to lay too much stress on sanitation and slang as on strange diction like "Prithee" and "La you now." The fact that you could smell a mediæval town three miles off certainly creates an atmosphere. But it doesn't follow that the people living in it noticed it all the time. To bring our sensitive nostrils and scrubbed skins into constant comparison with those of less sanitary ages is to make all self-respecting readers refuse to believe that they themselves could ever have lived then.

We pride ourselves on bringing our history and romance up to date. We act Shakespeare in modern dress. So they did in the seventeenth century. But we like to think that they did it because they had no sense of history, and that we do it because we have so much.

In a recent American Biblical novel, Aaron said unto Moses: "Get a move on, can't you?" and Moses complained of Aaron being a hustler. But slang also goes out of date. When Shaw makes Cleopatra's nurse complain that her mistress is what the Romans call a New Woman, we see Cleopatra in an 1890 skirt with a little straw boater tipped over her nose, a costume as historic to us as that of the first century.

In any case, slang defeats its own end. It pulls you up short with a sense of difference, not resemblance, as is intended. If Richard II and his courtiers talk fox trot English such as : "My dear old ass" and "How too marvellous," then what are they doing in fancy dress? If their slang is up to date, they shouldn't be so behind-hand with everything else. Richard II ought to continue "My dear old ass" with the correct formula: "What about slipping a short one?" and produce a proper cocktail instead of that filthy sherry sack. The fact is, that slang is almost always a nuisance. It forces attention on how people are saying things instead of what they are saying. The best diction for historical fiction is the same as for any other—that which calls the least attention to itself; and the best fashion of the historical novel, that which is the least concerned with the fashion of its narrative, and most with that narrative itself.

A COUNTRY SALE.

BY H. E. BATES.

THE effects of the deceased had, for convenience of sale, been removed from his house to the cattle-market; and there, under the sharp April sunshine, they stood with a shoddy and half-ruined air awaiting the stroke of the hammer.

Some time before noon a crowd of dealers, old-clothes women, farmers and private persons had gathered. Voices clattered; there lingered that dusty, unsweet odour recalling dim furniture-shops. Old women, as if marketing, ferreted with swift fingers among heaps of bed-linen, cushions, window-curtains, bundles of carpet worn colourless by many feet. Dealers, who have their own cunning air of unconcerned detachment, peered at chests and chairs, into wardrobes and under Victorian couches. Some sherries and ruby ports of fine old glass flashed in the sunshine as they passed from hand to hand. A copper gong stood next to them, and repeatedly curious persons would strike it, so that it was like the tolling of a knell. Lot fifty-one was a pair of crutches, tied together with a bundle of splints and surgical cradles. They excited a shuddering curiosity. Here, strung into bundles, were books on birds, sport, dog-breeding, medicine. Someone discovered an old hunting-crop, cracked it, and set a dog barking with joy. The dog raced hither and thither, eventually causing oaths and consternation among a little knot of five men conversing in low tones apart.

They were much interested, these five men, in a pair of sporting guns. These handsome objects reposed in a case of polished wood, in sockets of faded velvet, and the hands of those who touched them were almost reverent.

Occasionally some farmer or keeper would couple them in a light, practised fashion and take aim, perhaps frighten-

ing the women. Then they would be placed in their velvet beds again, as loving and tenderly as children.

It was not often that such a pair of guns came into the market.

"They'll fetch money," said the men to each other.

When noon had struck the auctioneer, a small, portly man with great lungs, appeared like a jack-in-the-box, and breathing upon his spectacles, mounted his desk and declared that the sale would begin.

"The effects are, as you know, ladies and gentlemen," he boomed, "the property of the late Doctor Quintus Starling, a gentleman very much respected and, I may say, very much loved in this district. You have all seen the lots. Now I want you to do your best. Doctor Starling was a poor man. I'm a poor man. I want you to bid smartly and well and as quick as you can. There are over four hundred lots, and I may say that I, for one, do not want to be here till dark. We shall commence immediately."

"Lot one!" he shouted, and the ripple of bidding began.

As the first lots were sold, there arose instinctively in the minds of the crowd a picture of the dead man. Old men remembered him from his first days among them; girls and young fellows whom he had brought into the world could recall plainly his tall, black-coated figure doffing his square bowler surlily but charitably to their mothers. He had been a sportsman, a good shot, a splendid rider. Upon the minds of one here and one there remained a memory of him striding over November stubble, his double-barrel at the ready, his side-whiskers wind-beruffled, two handsome white-and-liver spaniels always preceding him sagaciously. He had given up riding long before his death. But for many it was easy to shut their eyes and still see him ride. For it had been his custom, after a day's hunting, to come home at a gallop through the streets, looking noble, inspiring and handsome, sitting easily but erect, abandoned but vigilant, his silken blue-and-white stock never misplaced, his crop never raised. He had been a stoic, a bachelor, an atheist, a misanthrope, and he had lived alone. Company had bored him, humanity

had soured him, and no woman had ever fascinated or troubled him. His love, instead, had fallen upon animals, upon his mare, his dogs, and upon birds, and this tenderness had elevated and ennobled him, and made him lovable.

A remembrance of those traits had still, apparently, a strong effect, for the bidding was good, and as if in anticipation of the sale of the guns, the crowd increased.

Not until three o'clock, however, did the auctioneer lean forward and with an air almost secretive and warm with mystery, utter these magic words:

"Ladies and gentlemen—gentlemen in particular!—I am about to put up to you the late doctor's guns! The guns, gentlemen!"

Much hubbub at once broke out, like the whirr of hornets. Men assumed a lost, indifferent air, and looked from the corners of their eyes. The auctioneer, taking up the barrels, pressed them to his eyes like a telescope, thrust his hand in his breast and looked, for a moment, like some unfortunate monument half of Nelson, half of Bonaparte.

Suddenly, however, very serious, he commenced discoursing:

"As you see, ladies and gentlemen—I hope you all can see—we have here a very fine item, the late Doctor Starling's guns. These guns, I say without hesitation, are the very finest of their kind. Joseph Lang is their maker, and we all know what the name of Joseph Lang means where guns are concerned. These guns, gentlemen, if they cost a penny, cost the doctor a hundred and fifty pounds. Not, I dare gamble, one penny-piece less. Look at them! Exquisite workmanship! Superb taste! The very finest bore!"

"And now, gentlemen, what will you say for this very fine pair of double-barrel, hammerless guns, by Joseph Lang, complete in their case?—the finest memento of our friend the late doctor any one of you may wish to have!"

"Ten pounds! Thank you. Eleven, twelve, thirteen, fifteen." There was much excitement. Such guns were eagerly coveted by those who were sportsmen. To those who did not understand such things it was all astounding.

"Seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty! Guineas!"
A pause.

"Twenty guineas only I am offered for this pair of superb hammerless, double-barrelled guns! Twenty guineas!" Very scandalised, he began protesting, gasping, expostulating, cajoling, threatening, manœuvring. "Twenty guineas! I shan't sell them at the figure. I couldn't sell them. It's an insult to the memory of the doctor. Twenty guineas! Well, gentlemen, you really do——"

Then suddenly an unknown timid, nervous, emotional voice called: "Twenty-one." People started, looked at each other, craned their necks. It was the voice of a woman.

"Did I hear twenty-one?"

"Yes! Twenty-one!" A woman? Where was she? He tried, without success, to lengthen his neck, and he suddenly resembled a little pig straining at the trough. "Twenty-two, twenty-three! Twenty-five!" It was the woman again. "Twenty-five!" From his upraised desk he tried to detect her. He could see others, too, darting curious glances, sharp as rats, hither and thither. What could a woman want with guns? He noted the faces of sportsmen and gamekeepers puffed out in disgust. "Twenty-five!" he called. Now the clothes women were leaning over their piles of dirty linen and bolsters in their anxiety to find that seclusive, mysterious figure.

"Twenty-five, twenty-six, twenty-seven." The sportsmen, as if from a sense of outrage, were bidding briskly. Many a man, that morning, had fancied himself awaiting the birds with those guns, at a copse-edge, in the quiet, balmy Autumn air. "Twenty-seven pounds I am bid, gentlemen! Twenty-seven pounds only I am bid for a pair of guns that cost a hundred and fifty if they cost a penny."

"Twenty-eight!"

Again it was the woman. And this time, trained over many years to catch the faintest nod, the lightest flutter among a crowd of heads, he saw her.

She stood far back, among a crowd of indifferent loafers, a little woman, mouse-like, insignificant, almost non-

descript. Blushing violently, she grasped an umbrella—and one almost gathered from that umbrella her age, her characteristics, her religion. A costume of greenish tweed, a high-throated collar, a pair of ascetic almost ecclesiastical brown eyes seemed to stamp her indubitably as one of those obscure creatures, past middle-age, whose gentle lives are wrapped up in charity.

"Twenty-eight!" Excited and nonplussed, he searched for bids. From the corner of his eye he observed the umbrella. "Twenty-nine, thirty! Thirty pounds!" He leaned forward, cajoling. "Gentlemen, I assure you that the chance of such guns will never come your way again!"

"Guineas!"

"Thirty guineas!" he shouted. The woman, after delivering the word, remained mouth open, watching him anxiously.

"Thirty-one! Thirty-two! Thirty-two pounds Gentlemen, the guns are worth double!" he bawled.

Then her lips moved: "Thirty-five."

"Thirty-five! Thirty-five. Going at thirty-five? Going at thirty-five? Going?" And suddenly some intuition made him bring down his pencil sharply. There was a second's silence. He saw the little woman stretched with pathetic, desperate tension.

"Gone!" he said.

He scribbled, wiped his brow, and called aloud: "Name, please?" The name was whispered to the clerk and in turn whispered to him. He closed the polished case. There were resentful, half angry glances. He called for the next with pompous haste.

Shortly afterwards he saw the woman, carrying the guns with difficulty, pass from beneath the censorious eyes of the crowd. She had a bicycle, on the carrier of which she now strapped the case. Quiet and inscrutable, she then wheeled her cycle from the cattle-yard. One or two women stretched their necks for a last glimpse of her. Already men were asking: "Who bought the guns?"

While they were being told, "A little whippet of a woman with a bicycle," she herself was riding into open

country. There larks were carolling and blackthorn stretched like silken lace upon dark hedgerows. Sunshine warmed and illuminated the green land. Often her bicycle bell flashed up a silver beam which dazzled her.

The guns were heavy. In spite of her sixty-five years she bicycled tirelessly, walking only at the hills.

She alighted eventually at the gates of a small house flanked on all sides by woodland. A dog began barking joyously. No other sign of life except the yellow bill of a blackbird flying among the thorn greeted her. The woods seemed to impose upon the house a great silence.

Carrying the doctor's guns under one arm and the umbrella beneath the other she entered the house. Entering her drawing-room she set the guns on a table and sat down a little wearily. Then she existed for a few moments in that tranquil, entranced repose which becomes age like a decent mantle. Through the window was visible a green riding, where some young rabbits were hopping to and fro. She kept her eyes fixed upon this, aware, apparently, of nothing else.

Soon, however, a kind of curiosity awoke in her. She aroused herself, and, unlatching the gun-case, took a long look at the slender barrels, the engraved breeches, the shining stocks, smooth as walnut to her touch. To her these instruments of death were like snakes, terrifying and fascinating. As for shooting with them, she had never fired a shot in her life. A gunshot close at hand would cause her heart, like an imprisoned creature, to hammer at the walls of her breast.

And so sometimes the faintest sense of misgiving or of guiltiness at the thought of her thirty-five pounds would make her ask herself why she had bought them.

She had bought them, in the words of the auctioneer, as a memento of her friend the doctor.

Twenty years before he had torn his foot in a poacher's trap and had dragged himself along the riding to her house. Gruff and laconic, he had instructed her how to tend his wound. Bewildered and affrighted, she had managed the dressing badly, and apparently only a glass of sherry had succeeded in soothing his pain and temper.

Subsequently, once a week for twenty years he had appeared in the riding with his dogs or on horseback. In the shooting season he often brought for her a brace of pheasants or snipe, or, failing these, a young hare.

Cursory exchanges about the weather, birds, creatures of the woods he had under observation, his dogs and his horse—very little more than this had passed between them. She had at first cherished some thoughts of marriage, but she had discovered his principles and had stifled these notions abruptly. Whenever he came she gave him a glass of sherry.

She had grown very fond of him. His personality had unfolded itself before her like a tapestry, rough, gloomy, picturesque, the threads of his stoicism, his atheism, his love, his moodiness woven to a fabric which was for her indestructible in its nobility and strength.

Finally, at his death she had awoken suddenly to the realisation that she possessed nothing except the ephemeral pictures of memory by which to remember him. What property he had besides his dogs, his horse, and his guns she did not know. She was faced with a problem. A clause in the will, however, solved it for her, and when the horse and the dogs had been destroyed she began to go about with nothing but the thought of guns in her head.

To-day she had satisfied herself. She had purchased, for an incredible sum, the privilege of cherishing two objects which, in use or out of use, repelled and terrified her. She could not couple them, she could not fire them off. It taxed her strength even to lift them.

As she stood above them, however, she was at rest more than guilty, and she felt in her unobtrusive way, triumphant.

Suddenly she ran her fingers over the smooth metal and wood and velvet, and then closed the box. Presently she rang a bell.

Her only servant, Kathleen, appeared.

"Kathleen," she said, "I want you to go upstairs and open the doors for me as I come."

The girl retired, and upstairs, along passages, up more stairs, the woman followed her, struggling with the gun-case

"That will do," she said presently. She was panting.

She entered a small room, and when the girl had vanished, she set the guns on the floor and knelt beside them. Now the beat of her heart, after the long climb, was painful. When it subsided repose fell lightly upon her again, and she opened the gun-case, and taking out a barrel, used it, as the auctioneer had done, for a telescope.

From the window, for a moment or two, she enjoyed a miniature view of the spring woods, the lovely riding, the white gate through which her friend, the doctor, had always come.

But suddenly, as if fatigued by it all, she snapped down the lid, and pulling out the heavy drawer of a chest, bestowed the guns beneath a confusion of disused, camphorated linen, and locked the drawer with a small key.

Having descended again, she said to the girl: "I will have tea now."

"Against the window," she added.

As she waited, fixing her gaze, as if through long custom, upon the green track parting the woodland, she became tranquil again, thinking. And it gratified her deeply to think that no farmer or keeper had bought the guns and that no other hand would ever fondle them or take aim with them at a living creature.

Some young rabbits hopped out upon the grass. In future whenever she saw a rabbit, a pheasant or a hare, she would be reminded of him. And all at once, touched by the appearance of the rabbits, she began to cry. Her tears were small and light, like a child's glass beads, and they bounced off her cheeks.

But little by little she ceased to cry, as if realising that tears would not immortalise her remembrance or express her strange, half-triumphant joy.

"What nonsense!" she even said.

And when the servant brought in her tea she was sitting upright, sunk into tranquility, and nothing remained to indicate that she had come through the ordeal of hiding away the very soul of that godless stoic, that bluff sportsman, that most lovable man, her friend the doctor.

EBB AND FLOW

A MONTHLY COMMENTARY

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

RUSSIANS have a great gift for spectacle, and the Soviet Government staged a performance which for many days held the attention even of those who could only follow it by newspaper reports. But it was designed primarily for Russia, and wherever broadcasting could reach, Russia's millions could assist at the amazing trial of scientific and professional experts, accused, and accusing themselves, of an elaborate plot to discredit Sovietic rule by organising the failure of State enterprises. One can imagine the swarming youth of Russia crowding about the loud speakers, glueing their ears to receivers, while the immense flow of Russian verbosity poured itself out in a court equipped with all the latest devices for multiplying the extension of spoken words. The tale was exciting, sinister, malignant, and powerful names were invoked: M. Poincaré and "Lord" Churchill figured with famous generals among conspirators against that New Jerusalem which is to rise on the ruins of capitalism; and the hearers thrilled, no doubt, in response—believing to the marrow of their bones that Europe's chiefs and statesmen are bitter enemies of what is being done in Russia and of those who are doing it. The story that was told gave a form to apprehensions that must be in the consciousness of every fervent Russian of the new order; and it had all the solemnity of a deathbed confession, prolonged over many hours. One of the accused took ten hours to plead guilty; and to give full dramatic value to the occasion, Krylenko, the prosecutor, clamoured for blood, blood, blood. So far as Russia is concerned, little importance need be attached to the incon-

The Moscow Trial.

venient disclosure that the "confessions," carefully edited to give each other mutual support, agreed in naming as one of the chief agents in the plot a well-known Russian exile, who most unfortunately proved to have been buried three years before the dates assigned to his activity. This may, however, have given pause to sympathisers beyond the border. Within the borders, it is not certain that this detail was brought out; and if it was, the easy answer is that these miscreants were attempting to sabotage their trial by methods as subtle as those which were employed to defeat the Five Years' Plan. But it is clear enough that the purpose of the trial was to diffuse a belief that external forces, and European intrigue, menaced the freedom and the prosperity of Russia; for by general consent the younger generation in Russia to-day, whether it loves the Soviets or no, is determined to stand for Russia as against the world. Probably a strong stimulus to the ardour of supporters has been administered, and certain discontents may have been silenced by the shadow even of a fictitious danger. Russian patriotism is as deeply felt as any other. Russian administration has been always in the past, if report can be at all trusted, slack-twisted and untrustworthy. Great efforts have been made, partly by fear, partly by enthusiasm, to bring it to a much higher level and not without successes at certain points; but it seems that too sanguine forecasts were formed; and now Russian patriotism is to be stimulated by the suggestion that these shortcomings, which will add to the pinch of hardship felt through Russia, are due to foreign intrigue. Those who organise this mass-suggestion have one solid asset: every civilised power in Europe regards the Russian Government with suspicion and aversion and has the best reasons for doing so. Even while England resents the charges of treacherous interference by England so publicly blazoned, Russia, through a broadcasting agency which the Government professes not to control, sends out over the wireless an appeal to British workers to disorganise industry. It is not hard to persuade the Russian enthusiasts for these appeals that capitalistic societies are equally desirous to spread disorganisation and disarray in Russia;

and so the process goes on of making this vast community into a menace to civilised mankind.

How in the face of that is Europe to disarm? Yet is it needful that armament should be competitive among individual nations? We had a reminder of the need for some controlling force in Europe when a large body of Nazis were found, armed, in a great house close to the Polish border. It is agreed on all hands that here is the danger spot in civilised Europe, yet civilised Europe has no means of taking the necessary precautions, collectively; and until such means exist, there is ample justification for the French armament. One hears a deal of loose talk in England about the necessity of remedying Germany's grievances, to allay this danger. What exactly do these people mean? Poland, under the Treaty of Versailles, regained access to the sea, which had been denied her since the partition in the eighteenth century. Her trade had been forced to flow either to Russia or to Germany. When that access was restored, trade, as always, sought the sea by the shortest route, and the amazing development of her port, Gdynia, shows its necessity and, incidentally, gives England direct access to an important market. Is it seriously purposed to re-enact the partition and to cut off this channel? As things stand, we are nearing the position when England will be sapping the moral authority of an international award that undid an old injustice, and forcing on France the necessity of upholding that award by arms. And the reactions of such an opposition are felt at the very point where civilised Europe is most formidably threatened by the hostile and hysterical multitudes of Russia, to which no friendly argument or remonstrance can be addressed with the least hopefulness.

France is for the moment in trouble about leadership, M. Tardieu's government having fallen. This is, of course, cited as one more instance of the instability which results from government by a combination of groups. The new Ministry

The French Government.

formed by M. Steeg (one of those able and influential people, French Protestants, and a successful African administrator) represents a move towards the Left. But nobody expects that the change will mean any important reversal of French policy. It is a much more serious affair to change government when the two-party system prevails—and it becomes more serious when there is a real and radical difference between parties. Irish life was profoundly demoralised for at least forty years by alternations of government which involved a total re-orientation of Irish policy. So far as internal British administration was concerned, the diversity of view between Unionist and Liberal was less marked, and changes were less injurious; but to-day when one party is definitely socialist, in theory, and may become so in practice, there is risk of a very sudden swing-over, such as is not in the least to be feared in France.

Mr. Lloyd George is one of the few British statesmen who realise this danger, and his exposition of Liberal policy to his Party was full of it. He does not like the Labour Government; but he is not prepared for a plunge into full-fledged Protection, and consequently he is ready to keep the Government in for a while, getting in consideration a system of election which shall prevent these violent and spasmodic transitions by ensuring to the third party a representation more adequate to its strength in numbers. Government will not agree to Proportional Representation, which the Liberals prefer on principle, but they are ready to introduce the Alternative Vote. Mr. Lloyd George is prepared to accept this as the "second best"; and for the lapse from strict principle he has been chastised (in a letter to *The Times*) by Lord Darling, who demands in the interests of "honesty" that the House of Lords should refuse any second best measure and prefer "that system which ensures the most perfect expression of the national will." In other words, the House of Lords, for the highest motives, should reject the compromise because it is a compromise. (The judicial frame of mind naturally ignores the fact that this would

**Party
Measures.**

perpetuate that state of affairs which suits the Tory Party.) I had not thought myself that such high moral considerations were involved; and I can see considerations in favour of the Alternative Vote, for the tie is closer between a representative and his constituency if he is the single representative of a limited area.

The members of the Imperial Conference parted friends, and though a rough phrase from Mr. Thomas about the "humbug" of Canada's proposals jeopardised friendliness, it seems that Mr. Thomas's irresistible geniality undid what needed a deal of undoing. But the fact of England's unpreparedness for a great Imperial opportunity is palpable, and no doubt motivated Sir Oswald Mosley's remarkable manifesto, signed by sixteen other leading Labour members, to which a considerable measure of adherence has been given from the Conservative young men. If I understand his proposal rightly, he visualises Parliament as carrying on its work, with the great departments each having, as now, its Minister to deal with strictly departmental affairs; while major matters of general policy should be entrusted to a Council of not more than five, amenable to Parliament only in this sense that they hold office at its pleasure and may be overthrown any day by a vote of censure (a fact which would make it more than ever necessary that Parliament should be faithfully representative and not chosen in so arbitrary a fashion as at present).

But in essence the scheme is devolution by reorganisation; and presumably the Council would be judges of what should be left to the ordinary play of Parliament and of administration, and again what should be taken into their own hands. Its chief business would be to divide the work, to prevent clogging of the machine. I note as significant the amazement with which French observers record the proposal, and its reception. To them it means simply a Directory of Five, holding the embryo of dictatorship; and they do not know whether to be more surprised that such a scheme should be launched from the Labour camp, or

**The Mosley
Manifesto.**

that young Tories should be ready to foster and help in hatching out this formidable embryo. The French can never understand Englishmen's disregard of future possibilities; nor can they believe in every Englishman's faith that the common sense of England will prevent tendencies from reaching that extreme logical development, of which suicide is a frequent example. A deal of England's strength lies in this fine self-confidence.

It really looks as if one important step towards devolution by reorganisation had already been taken at the Indian Conference. By general consent it was decided that the separation of Burma should be taken as settled in advance, and that a Committee should work out the practical details. So Indian administration gets rid of the affairs of seventeen million people; no very important reduction in quantity, but they are affairs which the Indian administration is not the best fitted to handle. If only Parliament does not say, "There is no trouble in Burma, and therefore Burma can wait," a reasonable thing will for once have been done in a reasonable way. But it will be a dreadful miscarriage if this manageable affair is pushed on one side as unimportant, because the enormously greater Indian problem does not admit of prompt settlement.

These matters are, however, receiving the Prime Minister's full attention—and probably are monopolising it. Is it possible that he, for instance, can have given serious thought to the withdrawal of the protection for British dyestuffs? We all know this to be of potential importance even beyond its commercial bearings; it has a grave military aspect. But merely in its commercial bearings, Lord Melchett as a great manufacturer, and from the opposite pole, Mr. James Morton as a great user of dyes, oppose the withdrawal. I doubt if the Prime Minister has time to consider the decision; in the Cabinet of twenty what is everybody's business is nobody's business; Mr. Snowden, for instance, wants to get back to the Gladstonian open market—giving no heed to the difficulty

of maintaining (as was said the other day) a free market and pegged wages. Sir Oswald Mosley and his allies realise the incompatibility, and they frankly give up the free market, determining to try to secure so much work at home as shall enable wages to be pegged, without ruin to industry. Agreement between them and such Conservatives as Major Elliott on such a matter must affect the whole political situation, and the developments will be of extraordinary interest.

Having read Mr. Edmund Blunden's asseveration that any intelligent man should easily understand Miss Sitwell's poetry, I embarked with apprehension on the study of Mr. Blunden's own Collected Poems—which has the significant date "1914-1930."

But in this case no difficulties met me, beyond such as are in the nature of the case. A considerable poet is one who has more to say than the ordinary run of good writers, and a more personal way of saying it; we have to familiarise ourselves with both the personality and the method before enjoyment is possible. Yet the tradition of the art makes a bridge, and Mr. Blunden is no breaker of bridges. Some of the most immediately attractive of his poems are in praise of forerunners, notably those who in the eighteenth century's uncongenial atmosphere began to write about seasons and countrysides with some of that close and loving observation which is Mr. Blunden's own outstanding quality. But there is far stronger proof of loyalty to tradition in such a poem as "Leisure"—dated 1919—where the very accent of Keats is heard again and again through stanzas packed with native stuff, none the less original because they carry everywhere the impress of discipleship.

It is agreed on all hands that Mr. Blunden is specially a poet of the countryside, and most intimately English:

The Poet of the Countryside. English with a definite territorial quality, remote by all the land's length from

Wordsworth and the lakers. A stream to them meant more or less what it means to a Scot or an

Irishman; to Mr. Blunden it is a gentler-running water with turmoil only where the mill pool swirls and rages, and the fish that he loves and watches are chub, dace, roach and pike, not speckled trout and shining salmon. Yet, north or south, water is the eye of a landscape, and nobody that I know has ever interpreted water and the water dwellers better than this man: if I had fished down the streams that he describes I could hardly know them better; and he with his rapt watching has seen much that even an angler misses. For a more generalised expression of water's beauty scarcely even Jean Goujon's naiads could beat this:

"The water sings, its crystal body curves
With welling music round the root and stone."

Taken just as a writer, Mr. Blunden is no easy melodist; he has no naturally lilting measures. I find him at his best in the ordinary ten syllabled iambic—as Keats was: but he has not (who has?) Keats's vowel music; and like many other moderns he forgets Tennyson's precept about "turning the geese out of the boat." There are lines that buzz with s's, like a fly-haunted pane in autumn. On the other hand, he has the gift of noble condensation:

"I peer, I count, but anxious is not rich."

Or this couplet, after his description of a fertile Irish countryside in spring:

"Only the dumb grey ruins, each way seen,
Betray what has been and what might have been."

Yet even more than as a poet, Mr. Blunden deserves study as a characteristic voice of his generation, giving its testimony on war. He is indeed only one of many, but very few minds are marked by such a sober steadfastness, such a temperance, as informs all his work. He has written in prose of his wartime experiences—in this like another of his contemporaries, Mr. Sassoon; but whereas I think that Mr. Sassoon is a prose writer who uses verse under certain stimuli, Mr. Blunden

seems only by accident anything but a writer of verse. I go for the fulness of his mind about the war to these poems, because in poetry a man is free from inhibitions natural to all civilised beings, but specially strong in Englishmen. Writing verse differs from writing prose as dancing does from walking: each is gesture, each is governed by a rhythm, but the dance by its nature demands an expressiveness of gesture which in a walking gait would be extravagant: and therefore for the expression either of feeling which is almost thought, or of thought which is almost feeling, verse gives the better medium to the man who can use it. It admits also of sharper etching. For instance:

"Still zipped across the gouts of lead
Or cracked like whipcords overhead;
The gray rags fluttered on the dead."

Prose could not do that in so few words. But, to consider more essentially, I do not believe that Mr. Blunden would ever have conveyed to me in prose the whole impact of a battle on one consciousness as he has done in his poem "Third Ypres." Nothing else that I have read has driven home detail of terror with the same relentlessness: all the fiercer because the poem opens with a brief suggestion of a moment's exhilaration.

"Third Ypres" summed up the war for a great many; it was the climax of stationary war, battering and being battered in the mud. Later, when in reality "the Line was on the move" there must have been other emotions; but Mr. Blunden has nothing to say of them. What he makes us feel is that though he might have played his part valiantly in an advance, he could have shared no triumph. He came out from Third Ypres alive, but dead: the last lines give in one terrible phrase his single comment:

"... All thought dwindled to a moan, Relieve!
But who, with what command, can now relieve
The dead men from that chaos, or my soul?"

All his poetry, all the thought of that race of young men,

is a hurt life. The world has its magic still, in stream and woodland, but the magic cannot work healing :

"Something came between me and the sun."

"Time has healed the wound, they say :
Gone's the weeping and the rain ;
Yet you and I suspect, the day
Will never be the same again."

Here we are shown a young man who loved his comrades, who was proud of the men he commanded, who writes of his colonel with a feeling that gives assurance of true quality in the praiser as well as in the praised ; who took his part in the greatest struggle that is recorded, who earned the right to say : We have won victory for justice—and yet who has no pride in retrospect, no sense but that of having been involved in a monstrous indecency. There is no hysteria, no crying out against brass hats who launched havoc from funk holes : this man is too level-headed to be unjust, too well aware of the essential conditions. That is why (as was said of Bright's oratory) every word seems to weigh a pound. Those who talk glibly of war's inevitableness, and are witty about the League of Nations, peace pacts, and all such attempts to avoid it, should read these poems, and then ask themselves if they know what modern war means. As for those who saw even part of what this man saw, and did not feel what he felt, I do not think that after reading him they will applaud their own insensitiveness ; not even the sense of ulterior values which bred a kind of callousness to the most brutal facts.

JANUARY

1931

THE
FORTNIGHTLY
LIBRARY

BOOK REVIEWS

and

PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS

INDEX TO BOOKS REVIEWED IN THIS ISSUE

- | | |
|---|---|
| WORDSWORTH, by Herbert Read
(Cape) - - - - - 127 | PEPYS, by John Drinkwater. (Heinemann) - - - - - 136 |
| THE END OF THE WORLD, by Geoffrey Dennis (Eyre & Spottiswoode) - 129 | LONDON LANES, by Alan Stapleton. (Lane) - - - - - 140 |
| LAST AND FIRST MEN, by W. Olaf Stapledon. (Methuen) - - - - - 129 | THE PRINCE OF PICKPOCKETS, by R. S. Lambert. (Faber & Faber) - - 140 |
| MAN AND HIS UNIVERSE, by John Langdon-Davies. (Harper) - 129 | THE MODERN ADVENTURE, by W. J. Blyton. (Burns, Oates & Washbourne) - - - - - 141 |
| THE KANGCHENJUNGA ADVENTURE, by F. S. Smythe. (Gollancz) - - 130 | THE FORTUNES OF RICHARD MAHONY, by Henry Handel Richardson. (Heinemann) - - - - - 142 |
| THE FOURTH SEAL, by Sir Samuel Hoare. (Heinemann) - - - - - 131 | SEED, by Charles G. Norris. (Heinemann) - - - - - 142 |
| THE VISION OF DANTE ALIGHIERI, trans. by H. F. Cary. (Fattorusso) - 132 | THE MISTED MIRROR, by Henry Daniel-Rops. (Secker) - - - - - 142 |
| VOYAGES OF COLUMBUS, by Cecil Jane. (Quaritch) - - - - - 134 | TEN YEARS OF WORLD CO-OPERATION (League of Nations Secretariat) - 143 |
| H. G. WELLS, by Geoffrey West. (Howe) - - - - - 135 | PICTURES AND PEOPLE, by Roger Hinks and Naomi Royde-Smith. (Gollancz) 144 |

OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED.

- | | |
|---|--|
| LOYALTIES, by Sir Arnold Wilson. (Oxford University Press.) | A CHILDHOOD, by Hans Carossa. (Secker.) |
| A SOLDIER'S NOTE-BOOK, by General A. A. Brussilov. (Macmillan.) | THE KNIFE, by Peadar O'Donnell. (Cape.) |
| CHOW-CHOW, by Lady Falkland. (Eric Partridge.) | THE SQUARE CIRCLE, by Dennis Mackail. (Hodder & Stoughton.) |
| THE MEMOIRS OF RAYMOND POINCARÉ, by Sir George Arthur. (Heinemann.) | THE DIARY OF A PROVINCIAL LADY, by E. M. Delafield. (Macmillan.) |
| ECONOMIC HISTORY OF AUSTRALIA, by Edward Shann. (Cambridge University Press.) | GREAT COMIC SCENES FROM ENGLISH LITERATURE, ed. by Lancelot Oliphant. (Gregg.) |
| THE OLD TRADE UNIONS, by William Kiddier. (Allen & Unwin.) | THE TIGER IN TOWN, by L. R. Brightwell. (Chapman & Hall.) |
| THE SECOND REPUBLIC AND NAPOLEON III, by René Arnaud. (Heinemann.) | TUNISEA, by Lt.-Col. Sir Reginald Rankin. (Lane.) |
| A TOUR IN THE HIMALAYAS AND BEYOND, by Lt.-Col. Sir Reginald Rankin. (Lane.) | SUCCESS, by Lion Feuchtwanger. (Secker.) |
| THE APPLE CART, by Bernard Shaw. (Constable.) | TENDENCIES OF MODERN SCIENCE, by Prof. A. M. Low. (Elkin Mathews.) |
| | CHRISTINA ROSSETTI, by Dorothy Stuart. (Macmillan.) |

WORDSWORTH RECONSIDERED

by RICHARD CHURCH

WORDSWORTH, by Herbert Read, The Clark Lectures, 1929-30. Cape, 10s. 6d.

LET me begin my appreciation of Mr. Read's study of Wordsworth by recognising that it is a work of lasting quality. So far as one can prophesy—and critics have not always been futile in so doing—Mr. Read's book will be read and *experienced* and added to the life-stuff of readers as long as the influence of Wordsworth shall last. For these lectures have in them every power that affords permanence: imaginative scholarship, honesty, simplicity, shrewdness, and a deep spiritual passion flowing like blood through their calmly articulated body.

Wordsworth will always be somewhat of a mystery: perhaps even more, because less obviously so, than Coleridge, that moon who drew the tides of his oceanic nature. Such mystery is inevitable in a life that never fully discovered its main motive in intellectual origins, nor fed directly upon a non-personal culture that was pre-existent to, and, therefore, offering an external explanation of, the poet's genius. Such sources were minor tributaries of Wordsworth's personality; streams that muddied the pure rill of selfhood trickling at first sparsely out of the mountain grasses of his childhood, swelling to a clear characteristic stream, and then gradually silting up with the influence of these foreign incursions of muddy ethics and fearful morality.

It may be a comparatively simple task to trace those foreign elements in Wordsworth's nature; but to find out the origin of that deeper, middle self

seems to be impossible. The very clarity and purity of it create the difficulty. We recognise something universal welling from the depths of human nature at a place the highest and loneliest on the surface of its being. We give it many names according to every surprise which its qualities evoke in us; humility, grandeur, innocence, pride, the peasant instinct, the godlike intuition, the intense local spirit, the soul common to mankind. These warming, but vague, terms, give us inklings of the elusive personality, but no more. The poet evades us, as he doubtless evaded himself, and even his sister Dorothy. And that evasion is perhaps why we follow him for ever, with curiosity that will never be appeased. Here is our possibility of likening him to Shakespeare, who, in every other respect, is his opposite. They are both universal because both draw their most personal and original expression from non-literary and even non-cultural sources, giving their inmost selves just as the peasant and the child give: shyly, but with a swordlike directness. Let Mr. Read state clearly what I am dimly trying to explain.

"Their contrast lies in their universality. For Wordsworth is only universal in the subjective apprehension of the phenomena of the universe; whereas Shakespeare has an objective comprehension of human destiny. Wordsworth has no dramatic sense because he is his own hero and his destiny is the destiny of the world he contemplates and feels at one with. But over Shakespeare's world broods that spirit of fatality, that sense of opposition between man's desires and his destiny, which is the condition of all

tragedy and the force of all dramatic values."

In contrasting thus the universality of the two poets, Mr. Read is justified by the whole trend of his book, which is based upon the argument that it is possible to divide artists—or, better let us say, mankind, since the artist is only the trained voice of the human race—into the two types: the extensive and the intensive; the former with Shakespeare and Goethe at their head, the latter with Dante, Milton, and Wordsworth. The assumption is, of course, no more than the convenient marks upon the steelyard—real enough, but not actual.

Mr. Read's insistence upon the intuitional nature of Wordsworth's power leads rightly to a sceptical analysis of his philosophy, or *reasoned* means of life; a means by which the ageing poet tried to push out of sight the inspired extremes of his youth. He was unsuccessful, because those extremes were the demonstration of his own nature, and even to the end of his life they would suddenly crop out of the carefully tilled field of the moral old Laureate, and flash a rock-crystal to the sun, granite-like savageries which the onlooker might suspect from those sunken eyes, or from occasional gleams in his later work, such as the line describing Newton "Voyageing through strange seas of thought, alone."

Leigh Hunt, remembering the poet as he appeared in the last phase, could write: "Walter Scott said that the eyes of Burns were the finest he ever saw. I cannot say the same of Wordsworth's; that is, not in the sense of the beautiful, or even of the profound. But certainly I never beheld eyes that looked so inspired or supernatural. They were like fires half-burning, half-smouldering, with a sort of acrid fixture of regard and seated at the further end of two caverns. One might imagine Ezekiel or Isaiah to have had such eyes."

Mr. Read, using as evidence the circumstances of the poet's life, examines this crab-shell of philosophy within which the poet hid himself in later life. Suspecting that an influence tending to destroy the artist must come from some loss of integrity and self-respect, Mr. Read turns to events, and finds the cause in the Annette Vallon incident. The critic's re-enactment and analysis of that story of gradual capitulation is sensitive and profound. One lives, suffers, and grows slightly ashamed with the poet, and begins thereafter to understand the sophistry, half-unconscious, with which he converted remorse into excuses, and excuses into fear-hardened prejudice against all the ideas and events which in his youth and love-time he had supported almost to the point of action.

Mr. Read takes no side in the matter. Indeed, he makes every allowance by enlisting the further evidence of time, maturing of mind, lapse of youthful vitality, and the general political and social disillusionment that followed the French Revolution. These, indeed, were important factors, but not strong enough in themselves so to change the poet's heart that even the generous Shelley had to say of him: "What a beastly and pitiful wretch, that Wordsworth! That such a man should be such a poet! I can compare him with no one but Simonides, that flatterer of the Sicilian tyrants, and at the same time the most tender and natural of lyric poets."

With a little less emphasis, Mr. Read comes to the same conclusion, and the greatest and most inspiring part of his book is that which plunges into a noble—because so firm and acutely critical—analysis of that tender and lyrical poetry, to prove finally that Wordsworth was a poet whose exalted singleness was obtained not by systematised thought, but by feeling and rapturous meditation.

THE BEGINNING AND THE END

by GERALD BULLETT

THE END OF THE WORLD, by Geoffrey Dennis. *Eyre & Spottiswoode*, 8s. 6d.

LAST AND FIRST MEN, by W. Olaf Stapledon. *Methuen*, 7s. 6d.

MAN AND HIS UNIVERSE, by John Langdon-Davies. *Harper*, 16s.

THESE four books, different as they are in style and scope, have in common one thing that makes them highly characteristic of our times: they are all intimately concerned with the adventure of thought. In the days of the great Elizabethans the mind of man received tremendous stimulus from the voyages of terrestrial discovery. In our own day, the astronomer brings us fresh news of the universe around us; the physicist discovers to us, as best he can (for his proper language, that of mathematics, is not ours), the equally complex system of worlds residing and revolving in the atom; and the psychologist propounds revolutionary theories about the intimate nature of the human mind. These specialist activities are in some degree—a far higher degree than formerly—being shared with an uninstructed but eager public, that is, with you and me; and they cannot be without their effect on our imaginations: an effect so profound that it may well be the beginning of an intellectual and spiritual renaissance. In the nineteenth-century, science and poetry tended to keep their distance from each other, and science and religion were held to be in sharp conflict. To-day that distance is not so much bridged as annihilated, and that conflict is seen to have been largely an illusion of narrow minds; for modern poetry everywhere confesses the stimulus of new ideas in science (conspicuously, to take but one

example, in *The Testament of Beauty*); and science is now popularly expounded (as in Sir James Jeans's recent and widely-read book, *The Mysterious Universe*) in a spirit that is neither alien to the spirit of the poet, nor hostile to the spirit of real religion.

Superlatives are best avoided in a review of contemporary literature, for eulogy is apt to be less convincing than a more sober way of speech. But superlatives are called for by Mr. Geoffrey Dennis's *The End of the World*. In form it is an inquiry into the problem of how and when the world will come to an end: whether by Comet, Fire, Water, Drought, Cold, Crash, or caprice of God; whether this year, next year, some time, or never; whether man will die first, or live to the world's end, or survive the world's end; and, finally, "what after?" It is this, but it is much more. For the argument, which can be of no practical use to anyone (as will be remarked by discriminating readers with delight, by the sluggish-minded with disfavour), is used as the unifying thread of a rich discourse, a piece of fully orchestrated and gloriously flamboyant prose, abundantly decorated with curious knowledge, curious fancy, and daring speculation. Its prevailing mood is a savage and exuberant melancholy, but there is humour, too; humour and irony and impish wit. You need not—indeed, you cannot, since the author presents you with a riot of conflicting probabilities—take the problem itself very seriously: the book is to be admired and enjoyed as a piece of pure literature, a symphony of splendid sounds and majestic images. I am tempted to say that not since the seventeenth-century has an Englishman so profusely and so consciously, ye

without affectation, sounded the drums and trumpets, the cymbals and dulcimers, of English prose. Tedious people will be eager to trace influences in Mr. Dennis's style, saying: "This is Carlyle, that is Meredith, here is Sir Thomas Browne, and there, conspicuously, is the accent of the Authorised Version." Well, let them have it so. Whatever tricks and tones have gone to the making of this prose, they are assimilated and fused, and the result is royal, a work of genius.

In point of style, *Last and First Men* is quite another kettle of fish. Mr. Stapledon, too, can be eloquent when he chooses; but in general his manner, perfectly suited to his purpose, is sober and precise. He feigns that one of the Last Men, a man living two thousand million years hence, tells the story of humanity, from our day to his own, using the mind and hand of a present-day man as his amanuensis. It is a book easier to praise (and it has been abundantly praised already) than to summarise. It is presented not as a prophecy, and certainly not as a wish, but as a piece of fiction in which the numerous and fantastic possibilities of human development are explored in detail. Nothing on this scale has been done before; nor is it a task that any man would set about lightly. Immense labour and considerable learning must have been lavished on it, and the whole is quickened with humour, drama, and imagination.

And so we come to Mr. Langdon-Davies, whose aim, in *Man and His Universe*, is definitely didactic. Sometimes, especially in his Introduction, he seems to me to be beating at an open door, over-labouring the point (already conceded by all intelligent people) that the curiosities of science are not fundamentally different from those of religious philosophy. But elsewhere he is persuasive, informative, and entertaining; and his book comes to us sponsored by distinguished men.

THE KANGCHENJUNGA ADVENTURE, by F. S. Smythe. Gollancz. 16s.

KANGCHENJUNGA is a very dreadful mountain, and the assault on it is really, at least from the climber's viewpoint, far more interesting than that on Everest. We are able to read Mr. Smythe's accounts with a most vivid sense of exciting discomfort. We can experience in ourselves that reasonable distaste for danger which at certain "sensational" moments makes a man wonder why he ever came near a mountain, and resolve, if he ever gets down again, to go for a walking tour in Holland. And we can also experience a little for ourselves that splendid and unreasonable spirit that makes a man go on and makes him glad because of the dangers, and makes him seek them out again after a night's rest. After a night's rest: but that is what they never really got on Kangchenjunga. Their nerves were perpetually on edge even in the lower camps. The wind worried ceaselessly and the ice avalanches of Kangchenjunga filled the night with their ominous roarings. The camps were not safe; and when a man has tackled severe climbing problems at a great altitude he needs a safe night. The strain of responsibility for the lives of so many native porters told on the Europeans, and as the problems grew stiffer and the chances of success more remote they struggled on only because the best mountaineers are made that way.

The huge avalanche which killed Chettan and, but for the luck of a few minutes, would have swept away most of the personnel, was a last and unanswerable argument against possibility. But they tried again by a hopeless route because it is very difficult for such men to give up. And later, when they had gone to the Ramthang Peak, they saw the avalanche that would have certainly killed them all. The retreat was just in time but splendidly delayed.

Mr. Smythe tells the story of all this so vividly and so minutely that our nerves are at stretch and our muscles ache, and we are cold even as we sit in our fireside armchair. No man has ever had a better story to tell, and Mr. Smythe does not fail. But we could wish perhaps that he would omit his comments, such things are superfluous; his narrative speaks for itself.

Having failed on Kangchenjunga, Professor Dyhrenfurth led his party to the Jonsong Peak (24,344 ft.), and there they were brilliantly successful. The expedition has to its credit the highest peak yet climbed by man. But man has been considerably higher, and the comparative ease with which Mr. Odell moved at 27,000 ft. on Everest has proved that altitude will not prevent the right man from climbing the highest peaks of the Himalayas. But will they ever climb Kangchenjunga? Presumably the answer is Yes. The Matterhorn was once thought inaccessible, and that is now an easy day for a lady. But how Kangchenjunga is to be climbed is not clear from Mr. Smythe's book. The technical difficulties seem to be insuperable. Climbers may overcome them, but how are porters to be got up and high camps established? And how, above all, is Kangchenjunga's battery of avalanches to be avoided? Mountaineering is an art, not a gamble. The mountaineer must find a route that is reasonably safe if he is to be justified in again assaulting this formidable peak. Disasters are not to the credit of the sport.

Mr. Smythe is to lead a small expedition next year to the Himalayas, but not to Kangchenjunga. This is significant. He is one of the finest mountaineers of the day and his courage has been proved in the severest tests. His abstinence from Kangchenjunga is an even clearer evidence of his opinion than the statements in his book. Man is not yet ready to climb it.

There is something satisfactory about

this conclusion. We have done so much. We move so easily now, where our forefathers went in difficulty and fear, that we are in danger of losing the sense of high adventure, of trusting to a little organisation and a little extra skill to get us anywhere. It is salutary to remember that not one of the peaks over 25,000 ft. has yet been climbed. We need not worry for the future: our children will have something to do. The human race has not yet finished with pioneers. Our good wishes and our hopes go with Mr. Smythe and his companions in their next round with hostile nature.

ANTHONY BERTRAM.

THE FOURTH SEAL, by Sir Samuel Hoare. Heinemann. 15s.

SIR SAMUEL HOARE takes pains to introduce himself in the first chapter as a typical Englishman of the years before the war, thinking little of the regular army and faintly despising the Territorials, and—as a Member of Parliament—caring more about Home Rule or Welsh Disestablishment than about War Office estimates or Lord Roberts's campaign for national service. The war transformed him into a captain in the Norfolk Yeomanry; and his war record might have been undistinguishable from that of thousands of others if a long illness, and the period of light duty which followed it, had not inspired him with the bizarre idea of learning Russian. His proficiency in this unusual accomplishment soon led him into the Intelligence Service, and he spent the eventful year from March, 1916, to March, 1917, in Petrograd as chief of a military mission whose task it was to maintain liaison with the Intelligence Department of the Russian General Staff. *The Fourth Seal* is the product of this year's experiences, "the end of a Russian chapter."

"It is almost impossible," writes Sir Samuel, "to exaggerate the importance of personality in public affairs."

It is evidently his most fundamental belief; and in this too, perhaps, he is a typical Englishman. We shall look in vain in his book for any inquiry into causes or philosophic analysis of the sequence of events, though it throws, incidentally, a lurid and penetrating light on some of the conditions which made Bolshevism possible and inevitable. But what we shall find is a brilliant gallery of portraits of great men who crossed his path—Kitchener on the eve of the war, fulminating against the Channel tunnel, and equally contemptuous of "the politicians" and of the Territorial Army; Milner in Russia at the beginning of 1917, tired, bewildered, and completely at sea, unable with his orderly mind to form any conception of the wild chaos surrounding him on all sides; Henry Wilson studying with undiminished zest the night life of Petrograd; and Sazonov in 1919 refusing to be treated by Lord Curzon as a "poor relation," or to abate one jot of the Imperial Russian Government's claims more than two years after an Imperial Russian Government had ceased to exist.

Sir Samuel, arriving in Russia for the first time in his life in 1916, when the monstrous machine of Russian autocracy was already panting and halting under the unusual burden thrust upon it, saw more than many of those Englishmen who had for so many years been accustomed to its smooth and uneventful working that they could not believe in the impending breakdown. He writes with unassuming modesty and only occasionally stops to point out where he was right and others wrong. But even the two Englishmen of whose judgment he speaks in terms of unstinting admiration, Sir George Buchanan, the Ambassador; and Harold Williams, "the most brilliant foreign correspondent our generation has known," had as little understanding as anyone of the forces at work

and the current of events. Each moved in his own circle, Buchanan among members of the Court and higher officials, Williams among the intelligentsia and the so-called Cadet party of Milyukov and Maklakov; and each reflected faithfully the narrow, or at any rate incomplete, outlook of his environment. The book is a study of the Russian failure, and perhaps still more of the failure of Western Europe to understand Russia.

JOHN HACKETT.

THE VISION OF DANTE ALIGHIERI. Translated by Henry Francis Cary. *G. Fattorusso, Florence*, 26s.

WHEN Mr. Gladstone, visiting Oxford in the 'eighties, heard that a favourite great-niece of his could not read Dante in the original, he reproved her energetically for regarding herself as properly educated. We fear that his reproof might now need to be widely administered, for the study of German, even though checked during the War, has largely superseded that of Italian, so general amongst the literary and cultured when Mr. Gladstone was young. But he and his generation had the advantage of being introduced to the poet in that classic blank verse translation made by Henry Francis Cary in the early years of the nineteenth-century, which is now, a hundred years later, reproduced for us, enriched by nearly nine hundred drawings, in this beautiful Florence edition.

A generation which neglects Dante loses much. The gentle scholar, who spent so many years poring over him a hundred years ago, assures his readers that the hours thus spent were not "the least happy of my life," and quotes with approval the saying of Coleridge: "My individual recollections have been suspended and lulled to sleep amid the music of nobler thoughts." Henry Cary, whose portrait, studiously reading, is here reproduced

from an old engraving, was for over fifty years Vicar of Abbott's Bromley, in Staffordshire. He must, however, have absented himself not a little from his country parish, for soon after he published his translation of the *Inferno* (in 1805), he became reader at Berkeley Chapel and subsequently curate at the Savoy Chapel. He was also for eleven years assistant-librarian to the British Museum, and this, as he says, prevented the appearance of a much-demanded third edition of his *Vision*, of which the Second and Third Parts—the *Purgatory* and the *Paradise*—had been first published in the year before Waterloo, a second edition of the whole being called for in 1819. The third edition did not appear until 1844, and in that year the amiable scholar died in London and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

His version, though open to some criticism for being executed in blank verse, which is an inadequate substitute

for Dante's *terza rima*, has, in the opinion of competent Dante scholars, the great merits of accuracy, idiomatic vigour and readableness. Samuel Rogers recommended it to readers of the *Edinburgh Review*, and Coleridge eulogised it in a lecture at the Royal Institution. The present publishers were, therefore, well advised in their selection of it for centenary reproduction; and they have enriched it with a full Life of the Poet, a Chronological Table of the chief events in his life, and a copious Index—all additions of great value to the Dante student. Of the finely executed illustrations, 450 have been designed by modern draughtsmen specially for this edition, whilst the remaining 429 are reproductions from Old Masters, or photographs of landscape and buildings. The result is a very handsome volume that even those hitherto ignorant of Dante would be proud to possess.

JANET E. COURTNEY.

Ready Jan. 16th. At all Booksellers and Libraries.

THE ANDRÉE DIARIES

Being the Diaries, Records and Memoranda of S. A. ANDRÉE, NILS STRINDBERG & KNUT FRAENKEL written during their balloon expedition to the North Pole in 1897 and discovered on White Island in 1930, together with a complete record of the expedition and discovery. Authorised translation from the Swedish by Edward Adams-Ray. With over 100 illustrations, including reproductions of 12 photographs taken from undeveloped films taken by members of the expedition in 1897, and numerous maps, plans and diagrams. 21s. net.

JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD LTD.
VIGO STREET, LONDON, W.1.

PIONEERS OF THE NEW WORLD

by V. S. PRITCHETT

VOYAGES OF COLUMBUS: Vol. 1,
by Cecil Jane. *Quaritch*. 11s. 6d.

SIR JOHN HAWKINS, by Philip
Gosse. *Lane*, 12s. 6d.

THE HORSES OF THE CONQUEST:
by R. B. Cunninghame Graham.
Heinemann. 8s. 6d.

It is not as difficult for us to imagine the scientific and geographic innocence of the most advanced thinkers at the time of the discovery of America, as it is for us to appreciate all the implications of that innocence in relation to the character of the discoverer. In Columbus we now see the man who was responsible for the most momentous discovery in the modern world. He is mysterious, legendary. But what is hard to appreciate is that the discovery was in his own day given little importance. No one knew what it meant. His objective was vague, his manner secretive. He turned out to be a bad administrator, and it was a long time before Spain was to see anything like the promised return for her money. We see him glorified by the fruits of his discovery; but to the men of his time the glory was invisible, depending on a future they could not be expected to know and which Columbus himself could hardly have foreseen.

These matters have been treated by Mr. Cecil Jane with fascinating subtlety in an earlier volume (published by the Argonaut Press) and in this one, he is chiefly concerned with the question of the objective of Columbus. Did he, according to the classical belief, sail west in order to reach Asia and the land of the Grand Khan, or had he some intuition of the existence of an intervening main land to the south? Had he any definite objective at all? To

this question Mr. Jane devotes much space and argument, and every line of it is absorbing. To put oneself under the skilled guidance of such a scholar, to isolate the mind of Columbus from conjecture and false report, to follow the evidence and cross-examination line by line, and to refresh oneself from time to time in the clear but equivocal pages of the Letters, is for the layman an exciting privilege. And what a portrait emerges as the result of this scientific probing! We see an ignorant and ambitious man, a shrewd Genoese trader believing that he was impelled by God who would reveal His purpose to him and no other; a mystic who created mystery by his evasions and silences—and who, in fact, did not know, even when he sailed, whither he was going. That is Mr. Jane's conclusion. The second half of the volume contains the letters relating to the first and second voyages with the addition of Bernaldez's account of the exploration of the coasts of Cuba and Jamaica, with the Spanish and English texts side by side.

It is no dispraise of Mr. Gosse and Mr. Cunninghame Graham to say that their respective books are on a more popular plane. They both provide two exceedingly interesting side lights on certain consequences of the discovery. In Hawkins one sees the typical English determination to get his share of the good things that are going. The long fight against the Spanish and Portuguese monopoly of the new world had begun. But the main object of Mr. Gosse's biography is to disperse the cloud by which the memory of Hawkins has been blackened—his association with the slave trade. Columbus had propounded the advantages of the trade to Isabella. To the credit of

Spain as pioneer colonial power, the trade was declared illegal, but all colonial administrators have had to wink at forced labour, and Hawkins who was a shrewd diplomatist and negotiator, can hardly be blamed for doing what everyone else was doing—to wit, selling slaves to the Spanish colonists, whose economic difficulties were such that they were only too glad discreetly to defy the law. Far from being the rough "sea-dog" of a rather lily-livered imagination, Hawkins appears as an expert in diplomatic finesse. The Spanish treachery at San Juan de Ulua is interestingly treated in the light of further information discovered at Seville and published by the Hakluyt Society last year. The book is written in that partial and patriotic style with which we favour our Elizabethans, and Hawkins, because of his cloud, really needs this kind of treatment.

Mr. Cunninghame Graham's book deals with a figure whose importance to America, and whose history there, has never received recognition—the horse. During the tertiary period of the continent there had been horses on the pampas, small creatures little bigger than sheep. But the race vanished and when the Spaniards landed in Mexico there was not a horse in the country. Without their horses, the Spaniards might never have succeeded, for the Indians were intelligent and war-like and very different from those timorous natives of the Antilles who fled into the forests like deer when Columbus approached, and who on one occasion were put to rout by the ship's dog. To the Mexican, however, the Spanish horsemen were centaurs, and the roar of their musketry was supposed to be a diabolical barking. Many years after the march of Cortés into Honduras, missionaries discovered the sacred image of a horse in an Indian temple. The image represented one of the animals of Cortés, which had

sickened on the way and which he had left in the care of an awed chieftain who had, so to speak, canonised it. Mr. Cunninghame Graham, of course, knows everything there is to know about the South American horse and the men who ride it, and his book is packed with fascinating lore. Written with zest, free from literary affectation, it is at once scholarly and limpid, amusing in its crotchety delight in the Spanish tongue, and even in its repetitions.

H. G. WELLS, by Geoffrey West.
Howe. 10s. 6d.

THIS minutely informed, well written, and in general judicious as well as warmly sympathetic book deserves a welcome from all Mr. Wells's publics. There are, I think, not more than two things to be urged against it.

The first is that Mr. West has not steadily enough kept in mind the truth, or what many of us consider the truth, about the relative merits of the irresponsible Mr. Wells and the almost agonisingly responsible Mr. Wells. To many of us it seems that Mr. Wells having a lark is a man of genius, and Mr. Wells reconstructing society no more than an extremely able and hasty person now and then happily interrupted by his better self.

The second is that in much of the more "serious" part of his work Mr. Wells has tended to confuse the conditions under which science reports of the world with those under which art creates its worlds. He is, in much of that portion of his work, the most provisional writer living. In it, we see him as a writer who has attained to no permanent personal sense of the world, as Pater phrased it, but is forever adopting and abandoning hypotheses in the scientist's way when the scientist is honest and modest enough.

Undoubtedly it is always interesting and sometimes exciting to see the

self-education of Mr. Wells proceeding in public; and if at moments he reminds one of Lord Randolph Churchill asking his Private Secretary, "Was I a bi-metallist when I was at the India Office?"—well, at least no one can accuse him of thinking in the one groove. But there is some treason to art in drawing up specifications to which life shall conform. Whatever the masters may have desired as citizens, as artists the wisest of them would have nothing changed in the absurd and touching human comedy, and cherished the fool abounding in his own nonsense no less than the sage and considerably more than the improvers who would bleach away colour and plane away the knots of character. They were safe-guardians of personality, enemies to the rationalisation of life.

So, in his great moods, is Mr. Wells! He is unique in belonging to both categories. Mr. West tells us that when Mr. Wells found himself neighbour to Joseph Conrad, and the writer who now chooses to be known as Mr. Ford Madox Ford, he was bewildered by their concern for technique, and in self-defence described himself as not an artist, only a journalist. There is a quarter-truth in that plea, if we are thinking of the lesser, ostensibly more important, topical Mr. Wells. But there remains the artist on imaginative and humorous holiday, the creator of certain characters a little less exuberant and free of their setting than the best in Dickens but decidedly more plausible and of a most engaging and affecting oddity.

Mr. West sometimes seems less alive to the peculiar excellence of the artist than to the curiosity and enterprise of the thinker, but he speaks plainly enough of that rather unfortunate period in which Mr. Wells, instead of pressing on to the purely artistic solution of his problems, "turned instead to the easier practical suggestion of Fabianism, to the ideas of

'Anticipations,' and 'Mankind in the Making.' " And he does see that "Mr. Polly" is unique in being "a promise of the joy and beauty he might have achieved had he been finally and consistently true to himself as artist, as *Tono-Bungay* is a promise of what he might have achieved had he been true to the intellectual consciousness." With so many fine loyalties, Mr. Wells has not had full loyalty to what for the artist is the capital truth—the uniqueness and sufficient value of personality; and he has come to write of individuality as a temporary "biological device which has served its end in evolution and will decline." I think Mr. West might usefully have driven home his criticism by citing that most wonderful passage in the letters of Keats which declares "negative capability," willingness to accept all that carries mysteriously its own validity but cannot be rationally accounted for, to be the condition of the highest achievement in literature. Mr. Wells has been too much the questioner.

T. EARLE WELBY.

PEPYS: His Life and Character, by John Drinkwater. Heinemann. 21s. net.

MOST recent biographies are written freely out of their subject and their author. They are biographies touched with fantasy, biographies bordering on the novel. They are written as much for the quality of their interpretation and suggestion as for what facts they record. Indeed, what is biographical fact? asks the modern biographer. Dates and parish registers and public documents, of course: but he continues, what of a man's multiple hourly contacts with life, his unnumbered vicissitudes of joy and tedium? Are not they a true part of his biography? This evanescent reality of a man's days is gone as completely as his dust. But that very disappearance the

SIGRID UNDSET

"There is no other novelist writing to-day who has the composure and absolute sureness of Sigrid Undset. To read her is to be lifted into the mountains and to breathe their crisp, inspiring air. She shows us men and women on an heroic scale, hard, passionate and vigorous. . . ." *Everyman.*

KRISTIN LAVRANSDATTER

A Trilogy, translated by Charles Archer and J. S. Scott

This famous work, published complete in one volume of 950 pages at the beginning of the year, is now in its sixth impression. It can be had in an attractive slip-in case for the same price as before, 8s. 6d.

"In *Kristin Lavransdatter* and *The Master of Hestviken* we have a double contribution to historical fiction for which modern literature has no comparison." *Manchester Guardian*

THE MASTER OF HESTVIKEN

A Tetralogy, translated by Arthur G. Chater

- | | |
|-------------------------|---|
| (i) THE AXE | } 10s. 6d. each volume, bound uniform in a crash cloth with a gold-blocked label. |
| (ii) THE SNAKE PIT | |
| (iii) IN THE WILDERNESS | |
| (iv) THE SON AVENGER | |

JENNY

Translated by W. Emmé

"Probably the finest of Sigrid Undset's earlier works. It tells of a Norwegian girl who goes to Rome to study painting. . . . It is a powerful and gripping story." *Times Lit. Supp.*

3s. 6d.

In the Borzoi Pocket Books.

KNOPF



LONDON

biographer sees as his opportunity for vision. The biographer, he says, re-creates the life behind the records. He must look through the immutable shell of external evidence until he sees the life moving within.

This kind of biography has its censors. But so long as the biographer does not distort truth or, where that is lacking, probability, there is not much harm done. One must realise that the modern biography is experimental, that it embodies the writer's personal intuitions and theories about a past which admittedly is beyond the exactness of photographic realisation. What the writer insists on is that the past as he has recreated, reflected, restored it, shall have a human look. He therefore smells out every human detail. Mr. Drinkwater, for instance, records of Pepys's relative, Montagu, a General at Sea, that on one trip he seems "to have learnt a good deal about the art of navigation, to have kept his command firmly in hand, and to have been distressingly seasick." That is a typical sentence from a modern biography, human pride being shown tottering with the mere swell of the sea. The remark would have been inconceivable in a two-volume Victorian biography. The unfortunate drop into seasickness would either have been suppressed altogether or stated in such shocked disrelishing terminology that the dignity proper to a General at Sea would have remained unimpaired. The modern biographer welcomes the bathos since it links a General at Sea with his own frail tangle of blood and bone.

On the whole Mr. Drinkwater's book is not a very characteristic example of the modern biography. Perhaps for better, perhaps for worse. I think for better, especially here where Pepys is the theme. For the writing of an extremely bold biography the plays of *Oliver Cromwell* and *Mary Stuart* would seem an admirable training ground!

But, very properly, Mr. Drinkwater only once recalls anything like his own *Oliver Cromwell*—when he suggests that Pepys as a schoolboy at Huntingdon may very likely have seen Cromwell in buff and steel go riding by. Lacking recorded facts, that is Mr. Drinkwater's chaste substitute. By the strictest standards such a conjecture is allowable once in a biography of this length.

Mr. Drinkwater's creative abstemiousness is probably his elected requirement of himself as a biographer. But in a biography of Pepys, one might almost say, there is no other requirement. Primary sources and contemporary material are so copious and, the period of youth apart, so complete, that representativeness in selecting from them and neatness in ordering what is selected will almost of themselves construct the biography. Mr. Drinkwater presents his ample miscellaneous data slowly, evenly and gracefully, preserving the balance between too much and too little. His biography has definite shapeliness, which is an achievement in omission when it is remembered that Pepys himself provided exhaustive personal material for ten years of it and left only letters to provide it for the rest.

Mr. Drinkwater's main concern is to present the whole Pepys—the whole range of his activities, attainments and character. Pepys has not always been seen whole, and this is mainly due to his greatness as a diarist. The incomparable detail of the diary—the thin steady tap-stream of his daily refinements, crudities, ecstasies, miseries, self-detections—all this has obscured the outer worth of Samuel Pepys, Esquire, M.A., F.R.S., Secretary of the Admiralty of England. The book is then, among other things more fascinating, a useful forerunner of Dr. Tanner's *magnum opus* on Pepys as a Public Servant.

GEOFFREY TILLOTSON.

BURNS OATES & WASHBOURNE LIMITED

THE HOUSE OF THE TEMPLE

By FREDERICK W. RYAN

A graphic description of the attack on Malta by Napoleon, and a history of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem.
Fully illustrated with Maps. Demy 8vo. 25s. net

THE MODERN ADVENTURE

By W. J. BLYTON

A sympathetic study of the present day interesting and somewhat dangerous period.
Crown 8vo. 308 pages. 6s.

THE MADONNA

AN ANTHOLOGY IN PROSE AND VERSE.

Selected and Edited by SIR JAMES MARCHANT, K.B.E.

65 illustrations. Handsomely bound. 7s. 6d.

TWELVE YEARS IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

By JOHN L. STODDARD

Mr. Stoddard, the author of "Rebuilding a Lost Faith," looks back over his twelve years of life in the Church, and answers the frequent question whether he regrets his conversion.
Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d.

UPON THIS ROCK

By the REV. F. J. MUELLER

A vigorous exposition of the proofs that the Catholic Church is the Church that Christ founded.
Crown 8vo. 316 pages. 7s. 6d.

IMPRESSIONS OF A PILGRIM

By A. J. FRANCIS STANTON

An experimental acquaintance with the highways and lesser-known byways of life and religion.
Crown 8vo. Cloth. 6s.

LONDON: 43-45, NEWGATE ST., E.C.1.

LONDON LANES, by Alan Stapleton.
The Bodley Head. 15s.
 THE PRINCE OF PICKPOCKETS,
 by R. S. Lambert. *Faber and Faber.*
 12s. 6d.

TOPOGRAPHICAL writers who are also artists, real artists I mean, are rare. When such an author illustrates his own letterpress it is generally found that one art is very subsidiary to the other; and when the pictures are good the letterpress is, to use an old-fashioned word, somewhat jejune, and *vice versa*. The case of Mr. Alan Stapleton, like that of Dr. Philip Norman, who unfortunately gives us too little of his exquisite rendering of the London he knows so intimately, is one of the rare exceptions. Those interested in such things will remember a volume by Mr. Stapleton, entitled *London Alleys, Byways and Courts*, issued some half a dozen years ago, to which the volume here under consideration forms a kind of sequel. Both works are full of curious matter concerning those innumerable lesser arteries by which the metropolis is intersected, and both are embellished (to use another *demodé* word) by those delightful reproductions of charming pen and pencil drawings, of which their author is a master.

Mr. Stapleton seems to have overlooked none of the lanes which differ among themselves as much as inhabitants of Gaul did according to Cæsar. There are lanes which have long since passed into a far more important status, like Drury Lane and St. Martin's Lane; there are lanes of which few people have ever heard, such as Sheepcote Lane in Battersea and Crucifix Lane in Bermondsey; there are lanes which, in spite of urban sophistication, can yet by their tortuous or narrow character recall the day when such a title was appropriate to them, such as Shoe Lane and Ironmonger Lane, and those outlets off the Strand and Fleet Street which the busy pedestrian in those thoroughfares passes by unheeding; and there

are lanes which are still really such—Hampshire Hog Lane in Hammer-smith and Englands Lane, off Haverstock Hill, for example. The author tells us there are some nine hundred of them, and he can have missed very few, if any. The ground covered is amazing in its extent; the byways dealt with are as "various" as the areas in which so many of them hide themselves.

There are here and there in the book certain misprints, and at least one curious error, which in a new edition will no doubt be rectified. But when one has, at so reasonable a price too, such a wholly delightful picture gallery and such informative text as is here vouchsafed us, such slight blemishes (like spots on the sun) only serve to emphasise the general excellence of Mr. Stapleton's book.

At first sight there might seem little connection between this study of London topography and Mr. Lambert's study of mis-applied talents. But the fact is that although he began his larcenous career in Ireland and ended up as a reformed character in New South Wales, George Barrington, the Prince of Pickpockets in question, carried on the bulk of his depredations in London, and Bow Street became more familiar to him than Ballyshannon. His was, indeed, an amazing career, not so much because he was a successful filcher of other people's goods (so many have been that), but because he reached his apotheosis as a reformed character, and became the "Citizen Barrington," of Mr. Lambert's last chapter.

The story of this extraordinary man's career, extraordinary even in the eighteenth century, when so many abnormal people paced the stage of life, makes reading that in a novel we might well be inclined to regard as in the highest degree improbable; which, of course, only adds one more proof to the saying that truth is stranger than fiction.

E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR.

THE MODERN ADVENTURE, by
 W. J. Blyton. *Burns Oates &
 Washbourne,* 6s.

THE War set the seal on a process of disintegration which has thrown into the melting-pot not merely all our traditional standards, but, indeed, our belief that existence has any meaning at all. A social and economic world in flux is but the mirror of a bruised generation which, having lost all sense of values, falls an easy prey to disillusion, despair and negation. "The jaded are in the saddle." Yet any thinking person who will deliberately detach himself for a moment from the swirl of modern life may see quite another picture, a world working through confusion to that order which is in truth Heaven's first law. And if some there be who cry: "There is no heaven," it still remains true that "life loves pattern and seeks order."

"Give a man his moorings on spiritual facts and he will soon think straight on issues like world-peace, social and international solidarity, economic justice, family loyalties and the primal decencies."

Thus, Mr. Blyton, a welcome Triton among the modern minnows. His theme is "the religious quest at the core of life," defined in the idiom of 1930. And he lays about him with some effect in his exposure of his bright and shallow contemporaries. Let no one be dissuaded from reading what he has to say. His book bears the imprimatur of the Holy See, and here is a "modern" who is the best possible advertisement for the Roman Catholic religion; a man who, in the midst of current confusions, has *thought* himself into faith and whose essential wholeness and health may serve as a powerful tonic for our sorry state of pernicious anæmia.

What is the cause of present-day faltering in social courage—in the family, the State, and even trade? It lies assuredly in our weakened hold on final truths, in the absence of any solid

moral and rational foothold. Heaven knows, there are to-day plenty of deterrents from investment in spiritual enterprise. But we *can* recapture the lost quality of "communion," even without any deep penetration of the Mysteries. We have only "to have the courage of our own self-hood," on the one hand—realizing that the note of all spirit is distinctness (or personality)—and, on the other hand, a real appreciation of the powers of the mind.

"By right we are deep-sea creatures in the world of spirit; and yet we most of us move about on the mud-banks."

And this low-level mental life is encouraged, if not induced, by "the new psychology," where the materialist and cynical bug has temporarily taken refuge. The psychologist goes on "uncritically imputing animalistic motives to the higher life," whereas "a little practice of the introspective

BURTON'S "A Thousand Nights and a Night"

FOR £10

ILLUSTRATED LIBRARY EDITION. Edited by L. C. Smithers, and illustrated with 71 illustrations from the original paintings by Letchford. 12 vols. black cloth, gilt, London 1897. One vol. sent on approval. Quote offer 112.

LIBRARY EDITION of Sir R. F. Burton's translation of "The Thousand & One Nights," Edited by Smithers. 12 vols., cloth gilt, London, 1894. £10. One vol. sent on approval. Quote offer 112A.

What are your Interests?

If you will tell us what they are, we shall be happy to send you (gratis) our Catalogues and Lists of Books dealing with the subjects in which you are interested. We have over 2,000,000 volumes (new, secondhand, out-of-print) on every conceivable subject in stock.

Instalment Payments can be arranged in Great Britain for all books.

FOYLES FOR BOOKS

Charing Cross Road, London, W.C. 2

method would tell them that the mere solicitations that I am aware of, I don't identify myself with, *till* I have deliberated awhile. None of them moves me till I take them up into a different status, and make them motives of my own, attaching reasons to them, justifying them. And when that happens to them they are something different: they are Ideas—spiritual phenomena." The physicists, on the other hand, like Sir James Jeans, are being impelled from their observation of nature to reintegrate humanity's consciousness of a universal intelligent Power.

Mr. Blyton has gathered up the threads of the best thought of the day and woven them into a cloth of gold which reveals all the more vividly the dross of contemporary "cleverness," the emptiness of "the familiar clichés of revolt." His thrusts are swift and clean, as befits one who wields a Chestertonian rapier; above all, he shows that inestimable zest in life for its own sake, which inclines us to hold with Pascal that "*sans la foi toute la philosophie ne vaut pas une heure de peine.*"

W. HORSFALL CARTER.

SELECTED FICTION

THE FORTUNES OF RICHARD MAHONY: by Henry Handel Richardson. Heinemann. 8s. 6d.
SEED: by Charles G. Norris. Heinemann. 8s. 6d.

THE MISTED MIRROR: by Henry Daniel-Rops, translated by R. H. Mottram. Martin Secker. 7s. 6d.

THE trilogy of novels which Henry Handel Richardson has now gathered into one volume under the collective title of *The Fortunes of Richard Mahony* is definitely a great work, of permanent importance in English literature. Its place there is not perhaps quite on a level with *The Clayhanger Family*, but it is not far below. Henry Handel Richardson's minor characters have not quite the astonishing vitality of Mr. Arnold Bennett's, but her work has almost every other quality which can be demanded of a novel. It is written with a masterly and poignant simplicity. (Read, for instance, the account of the illness and death of Mahony's little girl.) It has an exceptionally interesting background. Its picture of life on a Ballarat gold mine in the 'fifties, and of Sydney building itself in the 'sixties, will surely remain

the classic accounts of these important episodes of Australian history. Finally, it has a really majestic theme, one of the eternal and universal tragedies of man. The life of the proud, fierce, gentle Richard Mahony—hopelessly unsuccessful, whether on the mine or as a doctor, because he is too fine an instrument for the work he has to do, rich only by chance, driven at length through every agony of a noble mind to ruin and madness—forms a complete tragic unity, because his character makes his fate. If I have any complaint about *The Fortunes of Richard Mahony* at all, it is that the book, though so long, is yet too short; I should like to have seen Mahony's character being formed in the Ireland of his youth.

Bart Carter's character in *Seed* makes his fate too; for he is one of those weak, sensual, well-meaning, dreamy people who expect every pleasure the world holds to fall at their feet without any effort on their part, and are surprised and upset when things turn out differently. Unfortunately Bart's creator does not see him like that; and instead of dealing with these large issues of

character and fate, he narrows his book down to a discussion on birth-control, which he conducts at times with an extraordinary naiveté. When Hardy points out that passion may be a dangerous and fatal thing to the individual man, we believe him and take him seriously; but Mr. Norris's earnest protest against "the shattering incidence of passion and the economic burden which follows it" (*vide* flap of dust-jacket) is somehow irresistibly comic. All the Carter family illustrate in one way or another the problems of birth-control; some have too many children, some too few; from 1890 to 1930 their married lives are one long maladjustment. If, however, you can forget that Mr. Norris has a thesis, there is much in *Seed* to interest and attract. The Carters live on a cattle-ranch in California, which later develops into a fruit farm. These unusual backgrounds are described with a great deal of fresh brisk detail; nor are Bart's journalistic struggles in New York without their interest. If only Mr. Norris had a more detached and adult view of life, *Seed* might have been a novel as big as it is long, for it has considerable vigour and sincerity. But alas! Bart's self-pity over his love-affairs and what Kipling calls "the almost inevitable consequences" makes the whole thing crude, jejune.

M. Daniel-Rops' hero is another of these self-pitying young men who, whenever they fail at anything, imagine that "the alliance of hostile forces" is "once more gathering against" them. Though more sophisticated than Bart, Blaise Orlier is still naive, for he seduces his half-dozen young women (at least I think it is half a dozen, I rather lost count) and is then surprised that he can find no salvation in love. *The Misted Mirror* is an intimate and assured study of the adolescent reactions to sex and religion of a certain type of young Frenchman.

PHYLLIS BENTLEY.

TEN YEARS OF WORLD CO-OPERATION. Secretariat of the League of Nations, 10s.

In the great adventure of the League of Nations is revealed, too, the impulse to order which survives our veriest confusion. Sir Eric Drummond is entirely justified in saying in his Foreword that "the mere creation of the League and its continued existence during these ten years is one of those great facts which inevitably stand out as landmarks in the history of the world." Here is the plain, unvarnished tale, told by key-members of the Secretariat, of the extent to which the highly-charged national units have found it possible, and, indeed, in the nature of things, necessary, to co-operate for the business of a world at peace. The League has a dual function to perform: "To keep the peace and to organize the world for

PUBLISHED JAN. 8

THE INKY WAY

By ALICE M. WILLIAMSON

The autobiography of the popular author of "The Lightning Conductor" and many other stories which have attained world-wide circulation. Her reminiscences are full of lively character sketches and anecdotes of King Edward VII, Lord Northcliffe, Sir Arthur Pearson, Henry Labouchere and hundreds of other notabilities in their day.

At all Bookshops and Libraries
Demy 8vo, illustrated, 18/- net.

CHAPMAN & HALL LTD.

peace"; and of these two incomparably the most important is the latter. Its main purpose is *not*, as is so often said—and, oddly enough, repeated in the opening words of this autobiography—"to prevent war breaking out again." That is a negative which would not stand the strain of *life*. The whole question is wrongly focussed, by the French, for example, and those who subscribe to the intellectualist view, as one of *preserving* peace; peace has to be *made* continually by forward-looking statesmen capable of translating into political terms the present-day moral revolution against war. And the making of peace consists precisely in *that* positive co-operation, "sometimes in fields seemingly quite remote from wars and rumours of war," which is here described in a sober, factual manner, incapable of offending any national prejudice. This book should be read by all serious-minded people, almost to the exclusion of all the vast literature that has accumulated round the subject. For it not only tells you what the League is doing, but it affords a decisive answer to the—none too easy—question of what the League is: namely, the greatest common measure of international co-operation at any given time.

W. HORSFALL CARTER.

PICTURES AND PEOPLE by Roger Hinks and Naomi Royde-Smith. *Gollancz*. 16s.

SOONER or later everybody writes a travel book. The amateur, not being aware that there are any problems for the writer to solve, goes straight at it, and is soon forgotten. But the professional is immediately aware of two prodigious problems. First of all, what is he to write about it? Is he to record having seen all the things which everybody else has seen, re-hashing the admirable Mr. Baedeker? That is

obviously absurd. Is he, then, to record the other things; to make his motto the title of that new series—*Was Nicht In Baedeker Steht*? Hardly, perhaps, a travel book, in that case. He resolves probably on a mixture of the two; but not to record what he saw, but how he saw it. The book becomes personal, anecdotal, in the grand old English chatty tradition. And then pops up the second prodigious problem: what shape can he give to this chat?

The authors of *Pictures and People* have selected one of the obvious and well-worn methods, a series of letters; but they have introduced this originality, that instead of the whole series coming from the same person and place, it is an interchange. Mr. Hinks writes from England—an England dominated by the Italian Exhibition—while Miss Royde-Smith writes from America. Her impressions are responded to by his and vice versa, and the sort of conversation goes on across the Atlantic that usually occurs when we get back. What's been happening while I've been away? What did you see?

The trouble is that the letters are not quite convincing. The authors admit that they had a book in mind, and we never seem to forget it; and yet they have not allowed their letters to take on the formal grace of letters intended for publication. Frankly, the epistolary style is spurious. Here, then, is an interesting attempt to solve the second problem in a way which is perhaps more difficult than the authors realised. As to the first problem, there is no standard of what is recorded except the very sound one of the authors' interest. As the title indicates, pictures and people happen to interest them both predominantly. They have good things to say and their greatly differing personalities emerge clearly; perhaps more clearly than they intended.

ANTHONY BERTRAM.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

FEBRUARY 2, 1931.

THE CONFERENCE AND AFTER

BY THE RIGHT HON. EARL WINTERTON, P.C., M.P.

IN my article in last month's FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW I attempted to define the general conditions in which a Federal Constitution for India would be possible and desirable. It was my assertion that unless the Conference, by general agreement among the parties to it, accepts those conditions, it will obviously have failed to lay the foundations of a Federal structure upon which Parliament can erect the actual building. How far agreement has been reached and what are the chances of final settlement at the time of writing, I will discuss later. But I want, at the outset, to elaborate in greater detail than was possible in my last article, the advantages of a Federated All-India.

It is right and timely to do so since, whether the Conference fails or succeeds, the ideal of this Greater Federation, once projected as it has been in the last few weeks, must continue to occupy the chief place on the stage of Indian politics. The "Independent India" of the Extremists, difficult enough to achieve in any event, would be a complete impossibility with the Indian States still owing allegiance to the British Crown. Equally, the immediate "Dominion Status" of the "Moderates," or, as perhaps I should say, the "More Moderate Extremists," is difficult to visualise with the Indian States excluded, because of the acute difficulties which would arise over such matters as railways, customs, and ports. The problems which arise from these matters are not easy of adjustment now, as the Butler Committee Report shows; if British India had complete control of her own internal affairs, and the Indian States the control of their affairs which they exercise at present, chaos would ensue without

some form of federation. The much-abused political department of the Government of India would have no power to approach the Department of Commerce as it does now when fiscal or commercial questions which affect the two Indias arise.

In the past, the Secretary of State has often had to decide the issue where conflicting claims have arisen between British India and the States. Not in all such cases has he had to issue orders; it may happen that the Government of India, through the Viceroy, asks for guidance and advice. The Secretary of State, with the expert assistance of his official advisers and the ripe wisdom of his Council, tenders that guidance and advice; thus he acts as a most valuable and impartial arbitral authority. Parenthetically, I may here remark that few institutions in recent years have been so fatuously attacked as the India Council. I have even met men who have held High Office in India who were completely ignorant of the true value of the Council. It had never occurred to them that the Secretary of State for India possesses a unique advantage over his Cabinet colleagues in having within the walls of his office a body of men, in addition to Departmental Officers, who can advise him in debate or in private from a store-house of knowledge of India individually averaging nearly a quarter of a century compared with such wide experience, the weight of the impressions and opinions gathered by a Presidency-Governor or even a Viceroy in the five years' tenure of his office, contrasts unfavourably.

All that I have said in the preceding paragraphs, of course, merely exemplifies the simple concrete fact that the geographical entity which is called India is at present still held together by the system of control and direction by Great Britain which has been fashioned out of the original East India Company's functions. The amount of control and direction has been greatly relaxed in recent years by the reforms and other circumstances, and whatever happens in the next few months, the degree of supervision will continue to lessen. Thus, sooner or later, the point must come when India and Great Britain will have to decide what alternative authority is to exercise, not for a part of

India, but for the whole, that ultimate superintendence of her destiny which is now vested in the Governor-General and his Council, and Parliament and the Secretary of State. Because it is that superintendence, however lightly exercised, which prevents India from splitting as China has split; which permits so many diversities of races and wholly different forms of Government to exist side by side within the same sphere.

A weekly journal of which I am a reader, has, for months past, been urging the sentimental and psychological side of future Indian Governance: that a bureaucracy, largely alien, however efficient and honest, will never satisfy an India thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the times: that Western superiority is no longer a doctrine which is generally accepted in the East: that more and more Indians are becoming Nationalist, even if in a vague and general way: that with memories of the War and self-determination still retained, the governance of India from London, even in the very modified degree of to-day, compared with twenty years ago, must be increasingly difficult. This also is the common theme of Indian politicians. As statements of facts these things are all true, but it is mischievous to a degree for an English periodical claiming to be responsible to use these facts as an argument for submission to the Indian point of view—looking at the matter through Indian eyes, I think the particular journal calls it—unless they are related to another fact; by that I mean the situation as it is. If you are going to alter the edifice by removing the cement that at present holds the vast structure together, you must put something in its place, or India will become as fragmented as is the land of her peasants. The only possible ultimate solution lies in Federalism for All-India once the supervisory control of Britain is, for effective purposes, removed. I repeat that it is reprehensible to play on the feelings of Indians, and titivate their *amour-propre* by accepting with effusion their premises unless, at the same time, one postulates the conditions in which their aims can be obtained and a lasting system in substitution of the present one erected. The present Government is also not free from reproach in this matter.

It conspicuously failed to give a lead of any kind towards a possible solution before the Conference assembled, and at the opening session its head, the Prime Minister, indulged in vague honorific declamations which I refuse to believe serve a useful purpose even in this age of "sop."

It may be asked why this supreme issue has not been clear long ago? How could anyone hope to fit the Princes into a self-governing India unless they and their States formed a part of it? Why then did the Montagu-Chelmsford Act scarcely indicate at all the road to be followed in this connection, though the creation of the Chamber of Princes showed the importance attached to the participation of that order in the general scheme at some distant date?

To answer the question one must consider the personality and point-of-view of Mr. Montagu as well as the circumstances of the times in which the Reform Act was passed. Mr. Montagu's detractors have often been grossly unfair to him, but they are correct when they state that he approached the Indian problem from an Asiatic angle. When, however, they explain this by saying he was a Jew, they are being unjust and wounding to a great community, as well as to Mr. Montagu. Because the implication is that Jews, in high position of State, cannot have the same standard of values or viewpoint as an Englishman, even if their forbears have lived here for hundreds of years. Such an assertion is palpably untrue. Mr. Montagu joined intellectual distinction and remarkably quick perception to great idealism and sincerity. He suffered fools ungladly, was highly-strung and usually impatient, and was determined to attain the end which he had in view, that of a new system of Government in India, and a new attitude to India and Indians—in as short a time as possible. Thus, many important details, lines of demarcation on the one hand, and points of coalescence on the other, were left unsettled. It is too early, in my opinion, to judge if he was right or wrong to press on with the scheme as he did, and have legislative effect given to it, or whether he should have given himself further time to work out certain aspects of it. I think, like many men of his temperament, he did not think

his mortal or political life would be a long one, and in that view he was right. He felt he must hurry. I believe I am doing no injustice to Indians in public life to say their attitude is usually the same. They also cannot afford to wait.

In his qualities and defects he resembled many distinguished Indian politicians. He was "simpatico" to them, they to him. Critics of these same politicians do not always realise that it is very common for them to have a passionate admiration for British institutions, coupled with an intense distaste for the control of Great Britain in many matters in India. Cynics assert that it is because they want that control for themselves. I prefer to think that the best of them genuinely believe that the British democratic system is a fine one, should be applied to India, but will never be so applied except through the complete agency of Indians. There is every reason to believe that Mr. Montagu shared these views up to the hilt.

How did all this affect the position of the Princes and their States at the time of the Montagu-Chelmsford Act? The answer is simple. Sympathetic, as many of them were, to the ideas of a self-governing India in the fullness of time, few, if any, of them in those days were prepared to accept for their States democratic self-Government, which was, and is, the ostensible aim of British Indian politicians. Still less were they prepared to accept the dominance of the clever lawyers and others then prominent and powerful in British India. They thought, with justice, that some of these men were anxious merely to substitute an Indian oligarchy, narrowly confined to certain classes, for a British Bureaucracy. They thought, and I agree with them, that as between a British Indian oligarchy and the autocracy of State rule, their subjects would be better off under the latter.

Indian State rule, with, of course, many exceptions, has for the last generation or two been on the whole a benevolent paternalism. In many States, on the sole initiative of the Ruler, Educational and Hospital services, roads and public works have been created on a scale and with an efficiency that need not fear comparison with British India. More-

over, for generations past, the best-governed Indian States have had the advantage of Ministers and Officials of a high calibre ; these men have imbibed British ideas of vigour and honour, whilst retaining the tact and shrewdness of their own country. For reasons which are too delicate to enter into, the selective process for administrative posts has often worked better under an Indian Prince, than a British Viceroy or Governor. If you are virtually an autocrat, with a carefully-curbed Press, and a quiescent public opinion, you can choose, without hesitation, a strong man who is also an unpopular man. In British India it is much more difficult.

Mr. Montagu was a friend of mine, but I never discussed this particular question personally with him ; had I ever done so, I should feel myself precluded, in honour, from attempting to state his views. As it is, I am free to give my own strong opinion that, like British Indian politicians, he had no great admiration for the States system which is merely the traditional Indian system. At the best, given the utmost goodwill on the part of the Princes, the entry of the States into any Federal system for all India would, from the very nature of things, have acted as a brake on the wheel of the progress of British India towards the goal which Mr. Montagu and his Indian admirers hoped she might reach in a short time. Thus, we see, both parties had reason for reluctance to show any enthusiasm for a Federal India. The Chamber of Princes was created and a number of Princes proceeded to set up legislative bodies in their own territories. Some of these bodies were and are in control of substantial powers, others are, in effect, quite powerless, and adopt the same attitude, for much the same reasons, towards the Princes who really appoint their members, as does the Italian Parliament towards Il Duce. At present, therefore, there is but a beginning of representative Government in the States as a whole. In some of the States, and not the least important, there are no legislative bodies, and the Ruler does not attend the Chamber of Princes. In such States the 10 or 11 years of the Reformed Constitution in India have made no outward difference and so far as one can judge no difference beneath

the surface. These facts must be borne in mind in considering the readiness of India, as a whole, for Federalism at the present time.

Can a Federal Constitution for All-India which will work be fashioned out of the report of the Federal Structure Sub-Committee of the Conference ? Have the conditions precedent to a workable Constitution, the beacons or landmarks to which I referred in my last article been fulfilled ? The answer, in brief, is that so many proposals in the Report, directly or indirectly, depend upon what are euphemistically termed details still to be worked out, that Lord Peel's designation of " Super-Provisional " is fully justified. Even the *Times*, which may fairly be called an admirer of the Report, says in its leading article of January 15th : —

" To criticize it in detail at this stage, when so much of it is admittedly and necessarily provisional, would be to place an entirely false meaning upon its intention. There are some very obvious gaps in it—notably the failure to agree upon any broad principle of election from British India to the Federal Legislature—which might well have been filled here and now."

The article, by the way, goes on to criticise, as the *Times* has previously done, Lord Peel and Sir Samuel Hoare for the doubts and fears which they have expressed ; the article bears the enthusiastic title, *Responsibility with Safeguards*. Lord Peel and Sir Samuel Hoare have said that they want to know far more about the details of the scheme in general and the safeguards in particular before committing themselves and the Conservative Party to support it. Surely this is both common sense and true statesmanship ; it was a courageous declaration also since, in the circumstances of the moment, it would have been easy enough to win cheap encomium, as did Lord Reading, by promising adherence to a principle before it was possible to know what form it would take. To give only one of scores of examples, how can anyone judge the value of a Constitution when the method of election to the Legislature is still, as the *Times* says, unsettled. In reality the Conservative delegates are criticised because they decline to commit themselves to the shape, weight and size of the

roof until they know the depth of the foundations and the width of the walls.

Friendly foreign observers tell us that we, in this Island, are still noted in a troubled and harassed Europe for the realism of our politics and political views. I wonder if they are not too complimentary. Take the phrase which, with the powerful support of the *Times*, shows every sign of being adopted as a catchword: "Responsibility with safeguards." It is almost a contradiction in terms.

Responsible Government in every country implies the responsibility of elected Ministers in at least all major concerns. Yet even those Indians at the Conference with the most Left-Wing tendencies, have agreed that the Ministers and the Legislature are not to be responsible for defence. If ever there is, in any country, one subject which transcends all others in importance it is defence in India. This is not because we "hold India by the Sword" in the old and, to Indians, wounding sense of the term. A very efficient police force with a competent judiciary, staffed in both cases mainly by Indians, precludes, save in exceptional cases, the necessity of using troops for civil purposes. Indeed, the feature of the present troubles has been the smaller use of either British or Indian soldiers than was the case in former periods of unrest.

But, in the sense of defence against foreign invasion, we "hold India by the sword" as much as ever we did. Soviet Russia would be even less loth to enter a defenceless India than was Czarist Russia, and that is saying a great deal. Moreover, the military capacity for doing so is certainly not less in the case of the former than it was in that of the latter. Afghanistan and the tribes on the Frontier are both better armed than they were a generation ago. This is the justification, and a complete one, for the high proportion which the cost of defence bears to the whole budget in India. Yet, admittedly, the Indian Legislature and Indian Ministers cannot, from the nature of things, be asked to bear this responsibility. Surely then "Responsibility with Safeguards" is rather a misnomer for the Federal Structure Sub-Committee's Report? What is proposed is partial responsibility or, in other words, our

old friend Dyarchy. Those who are interested in the mutability of the authorised manufacturers of public opinion in this country will contrast, with some amusement, the almost universal condemnation of Dyarchy in the Provinces which was evoked in the Press at the time of the "Simon" Report with the acclamation accorded Dyarchy at the centre by a large part of that same Press to-day.

Let me leave that aspect of the Committee's Report and ask the question, "Will the purely Indian part of the scheme, the Cabinet, supply the strong executive that is so essential?" Like Lord Peel, Sir Samuel Hoare, and, I imagine, the majority of those who have administrative experience of India, I must express doubts and apprehensions which I am sure the present Government will have to answer and meet before Parliament will consent to such a scheme. There may be answers, but they have not yet been given.

I have not the space to do more than refer in the merest outline to these doubts and apprehensions. Take the question of the Services. The Sub-Committee on the subject seems to have thought that the main concern of the members of the various All-India services would be to have their pay and pensions safeguarded. I suggest that every member of the services, British or Indian, who has keenness and legitimate ambition, is at least as much concerned about his future functions. At present every Englishman and every Indian in the greatest service of all, the Indian Civil Service, can aim at high executive office in the country of his adoption or birth respectively. Under the proposed scheme clearly every portfolio in the Provincial Governments will be carried and all offices in the Central Cabinet (with the exception of Defence and Foreign Affairs) will be filled by a Non-Official elected member of the Assembly since Officials, from the nature of things, will not be able to obtain enough votes to be chosen. Obviously the change in the prospects of the Indian Civil Service, even if it is necessary and desirable, is a fundamental one, but the Sub-Committee have made no attempt to explain or justify it.

Then let me turn to the question of what may succinctly

be described as the Governor-General and Governor's powers in emergencies ; the right and obligation, that is, of exercising ultimate responsibility for the good Government of India. At present, these High Officials are in the position of Prime Ministers in their respective spheres, subject, of course, to the control, where exercised under the Constitution, of the Secretary of State. They are in day to day touch with their Executive. In future, apparently both the Governor-General and the Governors will only preside over their Cabinets and Executive on occasions. The Ministers will be chosen, not by them, but by the Parliaments or Assemblies. How in such circumstances can either Governor-General or Governor effectively take control of all the Departments of Government which it is contemplated may be done in a grave crisis ? What machinery will he use, who will be his instruments ? If it is contended that the Departments will run smoothly and efficiently by themselves, then the appointment of Ministers at all is a mistake, and merely a concession to democratic prejudice. But, of course, it is not so. I have no idea what method will be used, and I have a shrewd suspicion that Lord Sankey and Mr. Wedgwood Benn are in the same position.

I will pass on to another "detail." The control of Finance is left in a most nebulous position by the Committee's Report. Apparently the intention is that Great Britain shall no longer control the finance of India, but at the same time she is to see to it that India does not spoil her very substantial financial heritage. This again I suppose is an example of "Responsibility with Safeguards."

Many other points, the intention or the wisdom of which are doubtful, could be mentioned, but some of them are really details and I need not refer to them now.

In conclusion I wish to revert to the eternal question of the minorities in general, and Hindu-Moslem relations in particular. I am writing a day or two before the close of the Conference, and it is possible that some arrangement may be reached at the last moment, but it does not look like it. Moreover, if agreement does come, that agreement

will still have to be authorised by the spokesmen of the two communities in India who were not present at the Conference. We may, therefore, find that just as the Nehru Report became gradually submerged in the quicksands of communal rivalry, so will the Report of the Federal Sub-Committee. If that be so, the last chance of reaching agreement on the future governance of India by conference and deliberation between groups of Indians will have failed. The Extremists had their chance when Lord Birkenhead boldly, but courteously, challenged them to produce a solution and promised to give the fullest consideration to it when it was produced.

The moderates (when I think of Mr. Jinnah and others I almost write "moderates") have had their chance at this Conference.

Failing agreement among Indians themselves, the duty of the British Government is clear. They must make up their minds what is best in the interests of India and her position as an integral part of the Empire, and, in due course, must produce a Bill for the amendment of the Government of India Act. Prior and private consultation with the Leaders of both Parties in this country and the Report of the Simon Commission, as well as the recommendations of the Conference, in so far as they are feasible and clear, should afford guidance and support. The immediate or ultimate participation of the States, as well as British India, would seem to be essential to the success of any scheme.

Meanwhile, it is the clear duty of the Secretary of State to continue to support the Government of India in all necessary measures to maintain law and order, and even to advise or insist on their extension. Courageous action in this regard and constructive thinking in respect of the New Constitution are alike necessary by His Majesty's Government in Great Britain.

UNEMPLOYMENT AND THE TARIFF FALLACY

BY SIR WILLIAM BEVERIDGE, K.C.B.

UNEMPLOYMENT in Britain is both an old problem and a new one. It was the subject of frequent discussion and exhaustive investigation in the opening years of this century; it had been recorded continuously for fifty years before then by the trade unions which made provision for it. Since the war it has taken on new forms and grown to a new scale.

In the tangled problem now presented to one puzzled administration after another four main strands may be distinguished, each perhaps itself compounded of several threads.

There is, first, the chronic problem of pre-war unemployment, that is to say of unemployment occurring in good times and bad times alike, when trade was booming and when through cyclical depression it was slack. Part of this arose from the seasonal fluctuations of particular industries—building slack at one time of the year, coal-mining and gasworks at another, printing at a third, dressmaking at a fourth, and so on. Part arose through changes of industrial structure; decay of particular industries, introduction of new machines or methods or types of labour, shifting of industry from one region to another. These changes have always been recognised in theory as a possible cause of unemployment; men displaced by some technical improvement from their former places in industry might not fit readily into the new places which the technical improvement would open. In practice, before the war, changes of industrial structure seldom caused long or serious unemployment because the changes as a rule came slowly; an industry or craft decayed less through extrusion of those in it than by taking on no fresh labour. A third and more important factor in pre-war unemployment was

disorganisation of the labour market, leaving men unaided in the search for employment and thus lengthening needlessly the intervals between one job and the next. The extreme form of this economic disease was casual employment, as practised in the docks, in building and road work, and in many less notorious cases. Another special form of it was the leaving of boys and girls unguided in the choice of careers; from this followed misdirection of juvenile labour into blind-alley occupations, into decaying industries or into jobs unsuited to the individual case. Such, apart from cyclical fluctuations, was the pre-war problem of unemployment, exhaustively analysed by the Poor Law Commission of 1905 to 1909. It continues to-day with little change, because in substance the main remedy proposed by the Poor Law Commission—organisation of the labour market by labour exchanges—has not been applied. The labour exchanges have been established by the State but largely neglected by employers. The dovetailing of seasonal occupations has not been attempted. The scandal of casual labour is undiminished.

There is, second, the problem of post-war unemployment, as we knew it in Britain between the two slumps of 1921 and 1930. Over the fifty-five years from 1860 to 1914, unemployment, as recorded by the trade unions, had fluctuated from one or two to ten per cent. and averaged $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. From the beginning of 1922 to the third quarter of 1929, unemployment among insured persons never fell below 8.7 per cent. and averaged about $11\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. This sustained high unemployment in Britain, at a time when many other countries were prosperous, is in some ways the most disturbing feature of the situation. It was perhaps more disturbing a year ago than it seems in retrospect to-day, when some of these other prosperities look in retrospect less well founded than they did. But it is serious enough in all conscience. The prime anxiety for Britain to-day must be to emerge from the present slump, not having lost more ground than other countries but having gained ground.

The third strand in the problem of unemployment to-day is the catastrophic decline of industrial activity

since the third quarter of 1929. At the end of September, 1929, there were 1,203,422 insured persons out of work, or 10.1 per cent. of the whole number insured. Fifteen months later, at the end of 1930, there were 2,499,780 insured persons out of work, or 20.2 per cent. of the whole number insured. The unemployed percentage had doubled. Some of this addition to the numbers unemployed represents the usual seasonal decline of employment from September to December. Some is due to the cause named just below, as the fourth strand in our problem. Much the greater part of the recent addition to our unemployed reflects the incidence on Britain of a world-wide depression of trade, analogous to the cyclical depressions of the nineteenth century but, so far as can be seen, of unequalled violence.

There is, finally, as a fourth factor in the problem of unemployment, the provisions made for unemployment—by the State through the insurance scheme, by the Poor Law through relief of the able-bodied. How far the insurance scheme and the relaxation of the Poor Law have led directly to men being unemployed who otherwise would have been in work may be a matter of dispute. Deliberate shirking of jobs by individuals is almost certainly small. But it is probable *a priori* that there has been a diminution in the mobility of labour locally and from one occupation to another. It is probable also that there has been an increase of short time working at the expense of the insurance scheme. One of the notable features of post-war experience is the high level of unemployment shown by prosperous and expanding trades. Thus “construction and repair of motor vehicles, cycles and aircraft,” while increasing its numbers of work-people from 192,000 in 1923 to 245,000 in 1929, had an average unemployed percentage of 7.6. In “hotel, boarding house and club services,” the numbers insured have risen yet more, from 259,000 in 1923 to 334,000 in 1929, or nearly a third, but the unemployed percentage throughout has averaged 9.8. In both these percentages the exceptional year 1926 is left out of account.

It seems certain that many people—married women and workers on short time and dock labourers—now draw

benefit as being unemployed, who would not regard themselves as unemployed if there were no benefit to draw. It is common ground also to critics and to defenders of the insurance scheme that changes in the scheme affect from time to time the numbers registered as unemployed. Thus 65,000 persons are said to have been added to the registers of unemployed applicants as the result of administrative changes in 1929, while another and greater addition has resulted from the Act of 1930. These administrative changes must be allowed for, to an increasing extent, in comparing recent with pre-war records of unemployment.

II

It is under these four headings—of pre-war unemployment apart from cyclical depression, of post-war pre-slump unemployment from 1922 to 1929, of slump unemployment in 1930, and of administrative unemployment—that the problem must be considered to-day. What is the relative importance of these four factors? An exact scientific answer to this question is not possible. The various factors interlock in many ways; any individual unemployed man may represent the operation of more than one of them. It seems safe to say, however, that the first factor (disorganisation of the labour market and similar pre-war causes) and the fourth or administrative factor are of comparable importance and are both much smaller than the other two factors (post-war pre-slump and the slump of 1930). If the total volume of unemployment is represented by the numbers of insured persons out of work at the end of 1930, namely, 2,500,000, then the relative importance of the various factors may be put very roughly at 400,000 for the pre-war causes other than cyclical fluctuation, 300,000 for administration, 800,000 for post-war pre-slump causes and 1,000,000 for the slump of 1930. The 400,000 pre-war (a little on the high side), the 800,000 pre-slump and (say) 100,000 administrative make up 1,300,000, which, on the numbers now insured, corresponds with the mean unemployed percentage of $11\frac{1}{2}$ from 1922

to the last quarter of 1929. Most of the administrative unemployment and the 1,000,000 of slump unemployment have been added since. These figures, needless to say, have no pretensions to accuracy. They are given only as indications of relative importance of the various factors at the moment. By the time they are published the total numbers may be quite different, through a change in one factor or another.

III

With the problem thus analysed, in what direction should the remedies be sought? Is there, in particular, any part for which imposition of a protective tariff in this country would be a remedy?

The two minor factors may be dealt with briefly. One of them has just been referred to the Royal Commission on Unemployment Insurance now sitting, and one was exhaustively dealt with by a Royal Commission more than twenty years ago. The obvious course with the first of these factors is to wait for the report of the new Commission, and with the other factor is to apply the recommendations of the old commission. In so far as unemployment is being created by the provision made for it, the remedy must lie in amending that provision. In so far as unemployment is due to the causes diagnosed before the War by the Poor Law Commission the remedy is to be sought in carrying out after 20 years their recommendations; the time is long overdue to abolish the hawking of labour and casual under-employment and the anarchic recruiting of trades and the blind choice of careers. These causes of unemployment are independent of the growth or prosperity of industry; to them tariffs can have nothing to say.

There remain the two major factors. Let us take first that which dominates our thoughts to-day. What of trade depression, as it was known cyclically before the War, as it has come since the War in 1921 and again with catastrophic violence in 1930? The suggestion is sometimes made that by protection it is possible to diminish the

violence of trade fluctuations in a country. This is the thought underlying the manifesto issued by Sir Oswald Mosley and his associates, in so far as that manifesto proposes protection of the home market. Sir Oswald Mosley himself makes protection only the first step to general control of economic activities by the State. As to protection alone—protection as it might be advocated by Conservatives rather than by Socialists—the answer to be given is clear. There is no reason whatever for supposing that protection can diminish the violence of trade fluctuations.

Cyclical fluctuation before the War was common to all advanced industrial countries irrespective of their fiscal policy. An American authority, Mr. T. E. Burton, writing in 1902, expressed an opinion shared by most observers in stating that "crises are more severe and frequent in the United States than in any other country"; he added that they were felt "with diminishing force in England, Germany, France, Holland, and Switzerland." The crisis of 1908, occurring after this was written, was certainly more felt in America than elsewhere. This pre-war experience has been repeated since the War. The depressions of 1921 and of 1929 have been common to protectionist and free trade countries alike; all the available evidence suggests that in each year the recession of economic activity has been more violent in the United States than in the United Kingdom and at least as violent in some other protectionist countries. This appears alike in the figures of stock prices, of physical volume of production, and of foreign trade. Between September, 1929, and September, 1930, the prices of industrial shares in Britain have fallen as from 100 to 83; from 100 they have fallen in the United States to 63, in Germany to 77, in France to 75, in Belgium to 60, in Holland to 63, in Italy to 68, in Sweden to 78. From the third quarter of 1929 to the third quarter of 1930, the physical volume of industrial production is estimated to have fallen in the United States by 25 per cent, in Germany by 21 per cent, in Canada by 16 per cent, and in Britain by 10 per cent. France alone stands out as showing substantially no change. The United States has lost in the

depression more of its foreign trade than Britain has, both relatively and absolutely. In the year 1930, as compared with 1929, retained imports into Britain fell by £153 millions or 14 per cent., while gross imports into the United States fell by £296 millions or 32 per cent.; exports from Britain fell by £159 millions or 22 per cent., while exports from the United States fell by £288 millions or 27 per cent.

For unemployment itself no statistics are available in the United States and none of the various guesses made deserve quotation; the seriousness of the problem there is beyond question. In Germany the numbers officially recorded as unemployed have risen from 2,036,000 at the end of November, 1929, to 3,682,000 at the end of November, 1930; the percentage of trade unionists wholly unemployed has risen in the same period from 13.7 to 26.0 and of those on part time from 7.6 to 16.1. In another country, not only highly protected but highly organised in some of the directions desired by Sir Oswald Mosley, namely Australia, the percentage of unemployed trade unionists from 1922 to 1929 averaged about 10 per cent—very near the British figure. By September, 1930, the percentage had doubled, to over 20, and since then it has risen further; half way through 1930 it had risen to 18.5 and by the end of 1930 to nearly 25.

For Britain the effects of the world depression have been accentuated by special misfortunes, such as the political disturbances in two of her principal markets—India and South America; her unemployment figures have been swollen by administrative changes transferring men from the Poor Law to the insurance fund, yet the depression itself seems to have been less violent here than in most other countries.

IV

All the obvious facts tell against the view that fluctuations of industrial activity are made less violent by protection. So does consideration of the probable causes of fluctuation. While there is much that is obscure as to the precise causation of the slump of 1930, while the means alike of

prevention and of cure for similar disasters in the future are uncertain, there can be no risk of error in regarding it as being in essence and origin a monetary phenomenon. The dominant feature of it is the fall of prices. It represents a failure in the world as a whole to manage the mechanism of cash and credit with even tolerable success, and so to keep industry on an even keel. This failure relates both to gold, which for most countries is now the basis of their currency, and to the super-structure of credit, which in nearly all countries is erected thereon. The second type of failure is probably the more important; the experience of America shows that abundance of gold is no preventive of depression, and makes the cruder forms of mercantilism more patently foolish than ever before. But whether the root of the trouble lies mainly in gold or mainly in credit, protection is no cure. No advanced country, least of all Britain, can cut itself off from the financial system of the world. The idea that by taxing foreign goods it can keep away depressions is like supposing that by a smoke screen it can keep away bad weather.

Let us come to the other main element—the dead-weight of unemployment above the pre-war level carried by Britain from 1922–29. Here the argument that a remedy might be found through abandonment of free trade appears and is stronger than with any other type of unemployment. It appears strongest on the face of things, because, while the slump of 1930 is common to all the world, the troubles experienced by Britain before the slump from 1922 to 1929—are to some extent peculiar to her. During these years the United States and some other countries prospered exceedingly; though some, like Germany, had good and bad fortune, few if any showed such a record of long-drawn heavy unemployment as Britain. May not her exceptional policy of free trade and her exceptional distress be connected, as cause and effect?

It is easy to follow up this general argument by a specific one. The case for free trade is that it causes the various factors of production of each country—natural resources, capital and labour—to be put to those uses for which experience shows that they are best suited. If a country

which could make boots gets the boots its needs, not by making them, but by making gramophones and importing the boots in exchange for exported gramophones, that shows that making gramophones is a more advantageous use of its energy than making boots and leads to its getting its boots by importation at less cost than by making them. All this, however, amounts only to saying that, where the question is between employing its factors of production in one way rather than in another, free trade will lead to a more profitable use of them than state interference can. What if over a long period some of the factors of production never got employed at all? The free trade case was all very well when it could be shown, as it was shown before the war, that there was no real surplus of labour in Britain, and that unemployment represented simply fluctuations incidental to the growth of industry. Does it ring as true when the question is not one of using labour and other factors of production more or less advantageously but of finding any use for them at all? Many who formerly supported free trade are inclined to say that the existence of a permanent mass of unemployment alters the case. Would it not be better to employ all the labour in the country under a protective system than to employ 90 per cent. of them a little more advantageously under free trade and ten per cent. not at all?

To that question the only possible answer is in the affirmative. The question itself, however, burkes the issue. It assumes what has to be shown, that a larger proportion of the working population will find employment at substantially the same wages under protection than under free trade. It assumes that by cutting off imports it will be possible to absorb the unemployed surplus in production for the home market, without cutting off at the same time the employment of those now making for export. Theoretically there are circumstances under which this could happen, but they are not the circumstances in which Britain found herself in the years from 1922 to 1929. If the circumstances of that time be looked at more closely, three principal facts as to unemployment emerge:

First, at the beginning of the period there was still

substantial unemployment due to the cutting down of war industries to peace-time proportions. In the war some industries were bloated, others starved. The return to peace-time proportions involved a change of industrial structure of unprecedented scale and speed and so caused unemployment of labour too fixed to follow the change.

Second, as this change passed, another change from pre-war conditions became apparent—the decline of the export trades. To quote the results of an analysis made by myself elsewhere: “The cramping of Britain’s trade overseas appears to be one of the more enduring dislocations involved in the war. Whether this is to be explained simply by growth of economic nationalism and tariff barriers or has some deeper cause will be considered later. Whatever the cause, the result is a shifting of industrial structure and of quality of labour demanded, too swift for the labour supply to follow. From 1923 to 1929 all the staple industries on which the former prosperity of the country was founded—coal, iron and steel, cotton, wool and other textiles, shipbuilding, even engineering, have lost in numbers and suffered more than the normal unemployment. In contrast, new and minor industries have expanded, with as a rule little unemployment?”*

The third special feature of the period, though bearing on unemployment, is a fact about wages rather than about unemployment. As compared with the last years before the war, real wages in Britain have risen at a rate unprecedented even in her most prosperous time before the war. Though estimates of the productivity of labour vary, there seems little doubt that, till recently at least, the rise of real wages exceeded the increase of productivity—that the labour cost of each unit of output was materially greater and not less than before the war. That this is one of the factors in the decline of exports as well as in unemployment generally is hardly open to question. I can only refer those who wish to go more fully into the point to what I have written more fully elsewhere.

The position from 1922 to 1929 may thus be summed up as one of decline in the staple trades mainly concerned

* *Unemployment: A Problem of Industry.* (1930) pp. 357-358.

with export, inadequately compensated by growth of minor trades mainly making for the home market. In such a situation, protection of the home market is not a cure for unemployment but an aggravation of it; it is a means of hastening a transition—from export to home industries—already violent enough to cause unemployment. There is a theoretical case in which protection of the home market might directly reduce unemployment, that is to say, if at any given time unemployment was occurring in a country predominantly through underselling in its home market of its former principal industries. This would presumably be stimulating the growth of some of its other industries making for export, but, since labour could not move readily from the declining to the rising industries, unemployment would result. Unemployment of this kind might be diminished by temporary protection of the old industries slowing down the violence of the transition.

It is, no doubt, possible to find industries in Britain which have suffered from 1923 to 1929 from invasion of their home market. But this is emphatically not the main feature or an important cause of unemployment in that period. The actual incidence of heavy unemployment from 1923 to 1929 is the reverse of that in which protection of the home market might lead to less unemployment.

In so far as unemployment from 1922 to 1929 was due to a change of industrial structure—from making for export to making for the home market—it could only have been aggravated not reduced, by protection. For the effect of protection would be to make the change more violent. That almost certainly has been one effect of the protection afforded to a few industries, by safeguarding and similar duties since the war. Domesticating the Ford and Citroën works for motor-cars in Britain means diminishing imports of cars and so means diminishing the capacity of other countries to buy from us some other article; the loss is there just as much as the gain, though it may be less visible.

It is probably felt, indeed, by some supporters of a tariff that, though hastening the change over from export to home industries may aggravate unemployment at the

moment, yet the change over is inevitable, and that it had better be made quickly in place of being long drawn out. "If 'twere done when 'tis done 'twere well 'twere done quickly." To that the only answer is: why? To adjust oneself as rapidly as possible to unpleasant changes that have occurred in one's economic position is wise. To hasten such changes is meeting trouble half-way; it may even mean making trouble that would not come of itself. Once the idea that a protected country is less liable to depressions than a free trade country has been dispelled, as it is dispelled by the facts, any advantage of the protected over the free trade conditions vanishes: desire to hasten to the former becomes absurd. If the economic conditions of the world are going to drive Britain back more and more upon her own limited natural resources and territory for maintenance of her population, the more slowly she can so retire, the less pain there will be in the process. At the end of it she must be less prosperous than if international trade and division of labour had grown.

V

This deals, however only with one case of Britain's exceptional unemployment from 1922 to 1929. What about the other, more general cause, the abnormal rise of real wages?

One of the common arguments against protection is that it would raise prices. If that is so, ought it not to be regarded, in the circumstances of to-day, rather as argument for protection than against it? If protection raises prices it will, other things remaining unchanged, lower real wages and so correct the previous rise. Will not that reduce unemployment? This is not the kind of argument for protection that is much used in political speeches. But it weighs undoubtedly with many minds. If wage rates are to be regarded as sacred and prices left to themselves keep tumbling down, may we not be driven to protection as an indirect way of lowering wages with them? The suggestion is plausible but for three good reasons beside the mark.

First, the manufacturer for export (and the main though

not the only trouble is with him) is affected by money wages rather than by real wages. If he has to go on paying the same money wages as before for the same output, it is of no advantage to him that his workmen find their wages not going as far as before in buying food and fuel and clothing. He must either get the price of what he produces raised in terms of gold or get a bigger output for the same money wages or give lower money wages for the same output.

Second, the lowering of real wages by protection raising prices, even if in any indirect way it can be shown to be good for employment, depends entirely upon the workmen being prepared to sit quietly on their money wages while prices rise against them. What is the chance of this?

Third, though wages on an average may have risen out of relation to productivity, the rise has been by no means uniform. The wages of different occupations are badly out of gear with one another and are unequally out of gear with prices. The remedy is certainly not a uniform depreciation of wages by raising the cost of living. Greater flexibility and detailed readjustment of wages are needed, rather than a general concealed attack on wages through the cost of living.

Every consideration of common sense and common honesty points to bringing about directly and not secretly the necessary readjustment between the costs of our production and the prices we can command for the product, between wages and output.

VI

What has been said here is not a full discussion of unemployment and still less of the whole tariff issue. To follow in detail the various ways in which tariffs of different kinds might affect prices, wages, distribution of the product of industry, foreign lending and the foreign exchanges, and so might re-act on employment for good or ill, would require a volume, not an article. To examine all the other issues raised in the tariff controversy—of dumping and preferential trade and the position of agriculture or other key industries—would fill another volume. But as regards unemployment the main lines of the position are clear

enough. To each of the four main elements in the problem of unemployment to-day, a tariff for Britain, broadly speaking, is irrelevant.

It cannot touch directly—if it can touch at all—the pre-war unemployment due mainly to seasonal fluctuations and disorganisation of the labour market, the post-war pre-slump unemployment of 1922-29 due mainly to decline of international trade and a rise of real wages out of relation to productivity, the slump unemployment of 1930 due to world-wide dislocation of prices, or such unemployment as may result from weaknesses in the law or administration of insurance and poor relief. Those who urge that it can are blind raisers of false hopes that darken still more the difficult and clouded way to real remedies.

For the slump of 1930—a world disease of money and prices and, it may be, as Mr. Keynes has suggested, of discordance between lenders and borrowers as to rates of interest—the remedy, if there is a remedy, must clearly lie in some form of concerted action by those whose business is the management of money and lending—the Central Banks of the chief industrial countries. That is their business and no one else's; whether they can find a remedy or not, no one else can. For the British depression of 1922-29, as it may be found continuing again when the world slump has gone, the remedy must be found in bringing production and standards of living, output and wages into accord once more; raising the one as much as possible to make as small as possible the lowering of the other.

(This article forms one chapter of a book to be published shortly by Messrs. Longmans, under the title of The Case for a Tariff Examined by a Committee of Economists under the Chairmanship of Sir William Beveridge.)

THE INNER STORY OF THE AISNE, 1918

BY CAPTAIN LIDDELL HART

IT was late in May, 1918. Night had drawn its cloak over the Chemin-des-Dames, that blood-soaked ridge north of the Aisne river which within the past four years had become the most famous, or notorious, hill-barrier in France. On it the German tide of invasion, ebbing from its first surge towards Paris, had halted in September, 1914. Against it, the Allied waves had beaten in vain, while the newly buoyant hopes of hurling the invaders back to the Rhine slowly sank. Along it, the front had frozen into the stagnation of trench-warfare, with the fair provinces of Northern France locked in on the wrong side. And in repeated attempts to break this iron grip thousands of Frenchmen had been hurled to their death. But at least their sacrifice had purchased possession of the ridge itself.

Now, with the coming of spring in the fourth year of the war, the Germans had taken the offensive anew in a desperate bid for victory before the full tide of America's armed strength could develop. And now, in consequence, possession of the Chemin-des-Dames was a comforting thought to the hard-smitten Allies. Especially to the people of Paris. For the distant ridge served as the outlying rampart of the capital and seemed an impassable rampart. The Germans' first inrush in March had swept down the Somme valley until it lapped the outskirts of Amiens; their second had submerged the flats of Flanders. But the direct path to Paris, with this lofty hill-barrier astride it, was felt to be pleasantly secure. If they tried to make a fresh breach they would try an easier spot—so the responsible French commanders argued.

But the humble soldiers who stood guard along the Chemin-des-Dames felt less easy. Indeed, definitely

uneasy. There for the first time since 1914 the low-voiced talk in the front trenches was in the English tongue. At least on the eastern part of the ridge and beyond towards the battered city of Rheims. There, four battle-worn British divisions, that had borne the brunt of the German assault in Flanders, had been sent to "rest" in what was considered a quiet sector. Foch, the newly appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Armies, had demanded this exchange in compensation for the French troops that had been despatched north to aid the British in barring the road to Calais. He must have their services for such trench-garrison duty if he was to justify to the French politicians his own action in sending French reserves away from the front that covered Paris. And he was sure that these battle-weary and weakened troops would be able to recuperate in tranquillity.

They were not so sure after they arrived. The first impression was a revelation of unimagined bliss. After the drab monotony of the Flanders scene, of its mud and its mists, it was a vision of heaven to come to this verdant Champagne country in the full radiance of spring. Restful villages, still unscathed by war, nestled in the valleys amid green cornfields and leafy vineyards. Even along the trench front itself the scars of earlier battles were hidden by new shoots of grass or a luxuriant growth of fresh foliage. And to men dazed with the continuous concussion of guns the occasional "pop" of some distant piece and the still more infrequent burst of a shell nearby suggested that peace had been tacitly proclaimed on this front.

It seemed too good to be true—this was their first feeling. It *was* too good to be true—that was their next. In a curiously imperceptible way a day by day increase occurred in the enemy shelling. The incoming troops were the more uneasy because of the defensive arrangements that they found ruling here, in the French Sixth Army sector, under General Duchêne. Disregarding recent experience and newly developed methods, he insisted on the old practice of massing the infantry in the forward positions. Not a yard of ground was to be given up, and everything was to be staked on retaining the Battle Zone

north of the Aisne. When they saw the ground, the British divisional commanders were aghast at this method of defence. They protested that it placed the bulk of their troops, and even their guns, in front of the natural barrier of the Aisne. They pointed out that the divisions might be trapped and ground to dust between the German front and the river, and that, if so, there would be no reserves to check the subsequent onrush of the enemy. They knew only too well, from personal experience of the earlier German thrusts, what this meant.

But as Duchêne had disregarded the instructions of his Commander-in-Chief, Pétain, on a deep and elastic system of defence, it was not likely that he would heed the protests of his British subordinates. He rebuffed their arguments with a curt and conclusive "J'ai dit." Thus, like the neighbouring French divisions, some of them equally anxious, they had to conform to the purblind plan of defence. In compensation, they had the dubious comfort of being assured that no attack was probable. The French higher command, right up to Foch himself, was satisfied that this sector would remain undisturbed.

But one morning in the last week of May three haggard men were seen on the brink of the front trench, craving admission. They were found to be French soldiers who had escaped from a German prison-camp. In answer to the questions that were showered upon them, they reported an ominous activity behind the German lines. Masses of fresh troops were arriving, guns were being dug in close up to the front, the prisoners-of-war camps were being emptied—hence their own chance of escape. But all the satisfaction that the British Corps Headquarters received from French Army Headquarters was the message: "In our opinion there are no indications that the enemy has made preparations which would enable him to attack to-morrow."

Next morning, the 26th of May, a keen-eyed intelligence officer sighted a number of black boards newly raised in the German lines—direction boards of the type known from past experience to be used to guide tanks or transport.

Then in the afternoon came something far more definite

—over the telephone from the rear. The signallers jotted it down in their pink message slips before hurrying out to seek the staff officers of their respective brigades. "The enemy will attack at 01.00 hours to-morrow 27th inst. AAA." The face of life had been changed by this simple sentence—a sentence of execution. The peaceful prospect had faded as abruptly as a film.

In the dim light of early morning a German patrol had stumbled into the arms of a French patrol in No Man's Land, losing two prisoners. Under an examination, euphemistically termed "special," these had disclosed that an attack was impending, and would be launched the following morning.

Yet, even then, with every minute precious, scepticism was so tough that the warning was not sent out until after mid-day to those who had to face the close-looming menace. A story will illustrate the scornful atmosphere that prevailed at Duchêne's headquarters. About six o'clock in the evening into the sudden bustle of trench preparations intruded a signal officer from Army Headquarters. He smilingly explained that he had come on a tour of inspection. He was told that the Brigade Signal Officer was forward, busily supervising arrangements to meet the morrow's attack. His smile broadened. "Attack?"—old hands on this front did not swallow such trench rumours. It was an evergreen yarn. "The Boches are wiser than that. They could never break through here." He went back, soon to be wiser.

Darkness settles on the trenches. And with it falls an unnatural hush. The hasty local preparations and dispositions have been made. About nine o'clock the French and British guns open a harassing fire on the unseen routes by which the German reserves may be marching up. But their noisy clamour only seems to intensify the silence—of the German guns. A terrier is barking at a mastiff. Conscious of the contrast, the troops in the trenches begin to count the hours until the German bombardment is expected to open. Midnight comes. Now count the minutes. How they drag!

"Whizz—plop!" All along the line gas-shells flit to

earth and burst with their soft sucking sound. Doves of the storm, not of peace. They came so fast and thick that the air seemed alive with them. And the earth was soon drenched with the smell of gas. Ten minutes later it was upheaved as if by an earthquake, and the darkness was rent by the flame of myriad explosions. Nearly four thousand guns had opened fire, drowning the pitiful bark of the Allied artillery, while serried trench mortars heaved their cans of high explosive on to the trenches of the infantry. For two and a-half hours the luckless troops had to endure a bombardment unparalleled, according to the verdict of the more experienced sufferers, in intensity. And the ordeal of those hours of helpless endurance was the more trying to the survivors, who sat in dug-outs that rocked and reeked because they were semi-suffocated in gas masks. If these masks, the damp-blanketed doorways, and the lighted braziers, kept out the gas they also kept out the air.

Meantime, what had been happening on the other side of No Man's Land? What was happening now could neither be seen nor heard. But why had so little been noticed earlier? Because of secrecy and camouflage *in excelsis*. Every German artillery wheel had wood-wool wired on to its tyre; every axle was wired with a leather covering; every horse's hoofs were muffled in rags; every chain, ring, shield or ladder was wrapped in straw.

On the railways, no car was allowed to have a label, no troops were allowed to move out of the stations in daylight. On the roads vehicles were to bear no distinguishing marks and troops to make no movement by day except in small bodies. And if any such body was caught on the open road when enemy's observing aircraft appeared, it was instantly to turn about as if marching away from the front. Among the inhabitants, all persons were to be re-examined and houses to be searched. In military offices, even the locks on desks and cupboards were to be tested.

The guns were all brought up and ensconced in hiding places by the night of the 25th. The following night they were man-handled into their positions for firing. To feed them close on two million shells were carried up and

dumped in concealment. The attacking infantry began to arrive on the 16th, creeping closer by nightly stages to woods where they could be hidden by day. They were not even allowed to light fires. Then when darkness fell on the 26th, they moved up to their starting line just before the bombardment opened.

Another formidable problem lay in front of their starting line. For, here, the little river Ailette ran through No Man's Land, and they would have to cross it before they could begin their assault on the lofty ridge. Of foot-bridges alone, twenty-four were needed for each divisional sector. All this material had to be brought up and hidden near the bank.

Success was aided by a strange freak that had a flavour of Aristophanes's immortal comedy. The river bottom swarmed with frogs. And the frogs' nightly concert made a deafening noise which cloaked the preliminaries. The actual bridging on the fateful night was only begun when the greater orchestra of the bombardment blazed forth.

Nature, too, lent its cloak to the German infantry, for in some parts at least an early morning mist deepened obscurity created by the smoke-shells. Thus, once again, as in the earlier breaches of the British front, a blanket enveloped the machine-guns of the defence. A vital asset to the attack, and one without which no real break-through ever took place on the Western Front.

At 3.35 a.m. the assaulting infantry crawled forward to the edge of their own wall of bursting shells. Five minutes later the barrage moved on and a torrent of Germans swept over the Allied parapets. In the main attack fifteen fresh German divisions, with seven more following close in support, were hurled against five.

The front line troops were soon overwhelmed. The first news that reached one rear headquarters was the astonishing report: "Enemy balloons rising from our front lines." By massing his troops north of the Aisne, Duchêne had all too well ensured that once the German guns had made a bloated meal of this compressed cannon-fodder, the German infantry would find few reserves to block their passage through the rear zones. By mid-day

the gray waves were sweeping across the Aisne, helped by the fact that Duchêne had delayed giving the order to blow up the bridges. By evening their central spearhead had reached the Vesle. Three days later it reached the Marne—site of the great ebb of 1914. After nearly four years a menace deemed for ever past had returned to a point that endowed it with a demoralising symbolism. Happily it proved to be “thus far and no farther.”

On the easterly flank, the side of Rheims, the Germans were checked by the re woven resistance offered by British remnants and French reserves. In front they were checked by the River Marne. Hence, from May 31st onwards, they turned their efforts to a south-westward expansion of the great bulge—down the corridor between the Ourcq and the Marne towards Paris.

Hitherto the French reserves had been thrown into the battle as they arrived, in a vain attempt to stem the flood. The usual result was that they were caught up and carried back by it. On June 1st, however, Pétain issued orders for the further reserves coming up to form, instead, a ring in rear. Digging themselves in they would thus have ready, before the German flood reached them, a vast semi-circular dam which would stop and confine its now slackening flow. The result justified the calculation. For when the flood beat against this dam in the first days of June its momentum was too spent, its force too diminished, to make much impression. In contrast, the appearance and fierce counter-attack of the American 2nd Division at the vital point of Château Thierry was not only a material cement, but an inestimable moral tonic to their weary Allies. Thus the menace to Paris passed, and with it the danger of a general collapse of the French front.

But why, a month after the previous onslaught in Flanders had faded away; when there had been this long pause for preparation and examination of the situation by an Allied command now unified under Foch—why should the Germans have been able to bring off the greatest of all their surprises? This question is the crux of its history.

And the answer? Partly, perhaps, because the German method had here through practice reached its zenith.

Partly, it is sure, because of Duchêne's stubborn folly in making his troops a conveniently crowded target for the enemy guns. But, chief of all, because an attack at this place was unexpected. The higher commanders were utterly caught napping. If the fault was primarily Duchêne's, and he justly paid the penalty, the ultimate responsibility was that of Foch. And he nearly paid the penalty. With nothing yet to show for his assumption of the Inter-Allied Command, public and political confidence in him was severely shaken.

Yet the inner history of the crisis is that the surprise need never have come. Because it was no surprise to one of the Allied Commands—the American. They had diagnosed the symptoms correctly, but had no power to apply the remedy. Nor was their warning even heeded until too late. Why? Because in French eyes theirs was still an army of amateurs. How could their diagnosis be correct when they had come so new to the job with such an improvised army? How much less could it be right when it conflicted with the diagnosis formed by an Intelligence service that had enjoyed four years of practice, following on forty of preparation? This conscious or subconscious feeling was, surely, the underlying reason why the warning was disregarded.

The famed logic of the French is essentially national and peculiarly invulnerable to reasoning of foreign production. So in this case. For the American warning drew its strength, above all, from reason. And was rejected, above all, because it lacked authority.

How did the warning originate? Let us portray the inner story of this successful attempt of certain American Intelligence officers to project their minds across the forbidden expanse of No Man's Land, through the wire and steel bars of the trenches beyond, into the remote and secluded room where Ludendorff sat in conference with his assistants, drawing up the plan for the third of their tremendous blows against the Allied front.

Similar if less successful attempts at mind projection were being made, and daily developed, at the headquarters of the other Allied Armies. The British Intelligence was

housed in the old walled town of Montreuil that stands on a lone hill close to the Channel Coast. Montreuil had been awakened from an age-long sleep to witness an apparent re-staging of its past. Nearly three centuries earlier it had likewise been a General Headquarters when the armies of Britain and France had last fought together on French soil against a foreign foe. Thither Cromwell had sent a British Expeditionary Force to operate under the supreme command of the great Marshal Turenne. Now a greater Expeditionary Force was present under the supreme command of Marshal Foch. On May 13th the British Intelligence reached this conclusion: "From indications of the enemy's preparations observed up to the present it seems that an attack on a broad front between Arras and Albert is intended."

A fortnight later this seemed a hopelessly bad guess. But in the light of history we now know that it was remarkably correct up to a point. It gauged Ludendorff's desire aright, but not his decision. It penetrated his intention, but not his immediate action. Let us imagine that the British had managed to conceal a dictaphone in Ludendorff's room and that the instrument had been suddenly switched off half way through the discussions. The record would then have been as exact up to a point as their actual deduction, and yet as vitally incomplete.

For, actually, Ludendorff was convinced that the British, severely shaken in the great battles of March and April, must be the target for his decisive blow, and had chosen their front in Flanders as the stage on which he would produce the final drama of victory. But he knew that his April blows had drawn to that front the bulk of the British and many of the French reserves. It was too strongly held at the moment. He felt that if his next punch was to smash through it, he must first weaken it by drawing away the French reserves. Hence he reluctantly decided to launch a preliminary attack against the Chemin-des-Dames as a diversion. He hoped that then, without too heavy a drain on his reserve balance, he might attract a high proportion of the Allied reserves. As it was the nearest front to Paris, the French would be all the more likely to yield promptly and fully to his "attraction."

Quitting his room as the conference ends, let us fly back across the entrenched lines to a new landing point—the dusty provincial town of Chaumont, in Eastern France, where the General Headquarters of the A.E.F. has taken up its abode. It is the afternoon of May 14th. In one part of the gaunt bare French barracks that has been converted into offices for the American staff a number of officers are gathering, entering in turn a black-painted door that bears the sign "G.2.A." It is a meeting of the heads of the various sub-sections of the Intelligence Section, under General Nolan. The British view of Ludendorff's next move comes up for discussion. Some are inclined to agree with it. Captain Hubbard, the Chief of the "Battle-Order" sub-section, is called on to give his opinion. His task is to piece together from multiple fragments of information the whereabouts and movements of the German divisions, and so to plot the enemy's dispositions from day to day. He emphatically declares his disagreement with the British diagnosis. Instead, he argues, the next German attack will be against the Chemin-des-Dames sector, and will fall somewhere between the 25th and 30th of May.

Among the broad reasons he gives are that, surprise being the keynote of the new German method, this sector is one of the few left where an attack would seem to the Germans to have a chance of being unexpected. It is all the more likely to be chosen because it is regarded as secure and used as a resting ground for tired divisions. The Germans have not at the moment the reserves necessary for attack on a wide front, while the Chemin-des-Dames sector just about fits their resources. If these reasons are accepted as a general indication, there are known facts about the enemy's battle order which go far to confirm the deduction. For, round Hirson, behind this sector, a large group of German "storm" divisions has been located. If the next attack was to be made against the British this mass of manœuvre would not be assembled so far away from their front. Moreover, not far behind the Chemin-des-Dames a Guard Division has been located; as this has not been in action since the March offensive

it would not be brought hither unless for an offensive purpose. As for the date, that prediction is based on information which shows that the divisions round Hirson will not be ready until some days after the 25th.

Thus with a Sherlock Holmes-like neatness, inferences and clues were woven into a strong chain of reasoning. It was tested by adverse criticism from other members of the conference. But next day, after General Nolan and Colonel Conger had examined the actual links of the chain, they were satisfied with its soundness. Major Farnum, the liaison officer with French Headquarters, was deputed to convey the opinion and urge the French to keep a look-out for any signs which might confirm it.

But the French saw no reason to abandon their own conviction that the attack would come elsewhere. The warning was reiterated, as more clues were obtained. Eventually, Colonel de Cointet, the Chief of the French Intelligence, was won over to its acceptance. But a fresh obstacle was met. Now, as with equal disastrousness at Verdun in 1916, the Operations Section opposed until too late the awakened opinion of its own Intelligence. This time, however, it was less blameworthy, for it was tugged the other way by the comforting assurances of General Duchêne and his staff. If those who were responsible for holding the Chemin-des-Dames did not believe in the danger, why should others worry?

Foch himself did not, although Pétain seems to have had some qualms. Foch, indeed, had received from another American source earlier warning. As far back as April 23rd, General Bliss, of the Supreme War Council, had sent Foch a memorandum, prepared by Colonel Embick of his staff, in which the Chemin-des-Dames was suggested as the probable site of the next German blow. But, correct as this was to prove, it was speculation rather than deduction; a shrewd guess rather than an estimate built up from "battle order" facts. And, subsequent to its despatch to Foch, the Germans made a fresh effort to break the Flanders front. Perhaps this may have made Foch chary of accepting the later warning, if it reached him.

There is one more "piece" to complete this mosaic of American Intelligence, a corroborative anecdote from an officer who left Chaumont about May 15th on his way back to Washington. At dinner on May 26th he was caustically asked by one of his shipboard companions: "You are fresh from the inner secrets, so suppose you tell us when and where the next offensive will break?" Remembering Hubbard's prediction, made in a conference just before he left Chaumont, he retorted "to-morrow or next day, near Soissons." Not many hours passed before a radio message was posted in the ship with the news of the Chemin-des-Dames attack—of the break that need not have been a break-through if the warning had been taken.

Here we have one of the great "ifs" of the World War. For if the American warning had been listened to, there is hardly a doubt that the German onslaught would have been foiled, Ludendorff's thrust parried. Probably the Germans would have carried the Chemin-des-Dames and reached the Aisne. But there they would have been blocked. For, as it was, Pétain ordered twelve reserve divisions thither on the eve of the attack, and if there had been more notice they would have arrived in time to form a strong barricade of wire and fire. In that case, Duchêne's foolish dispositions, whatever they cost his own troops, would have opened no path to the enemy's.

Yet we know that the crisis, perilous for a time, was safely passed. And that, this being so, it turned out to the ultimate advantage of the Allies. While they lost some 65,000 prisoners to the Germans, this loss was soon to be more than made up by American reinforcements. In contrast, the astonishing opening success tempted Ludendorff to press it too far and too long, the attraction of success drawing hither his own reserves as well as the enemy's. When his attack was brought to a standstill he was drained of the reserves for his intended decisive blow in Flanders. Strategically, he had poured them into a huge sack—the bulging salient which reached to the Marne and pointed towards Paris.

Two months later, after two more ineffectual diversions.

that sack was to prove a trap. For it gave Foch the chance for his flanking counterstroke of July 18th, in which French, Americans and British combined in pinching the sides of the German sack. If the Germans managed to wriggle out of it, their failure was revealed to the world and its moral effect palpable. This retreat from the salient began the ever-spreading retreat which did not end until they were back beyond the Rhine.

If the German thrust on May 27th had been parried early, Ludendorff would probably have drawn the French reserves to cover Paris at a minimum expenditure of his own. Then he might have launched his next stroke sooner and with maximum force. It might not have succeeded, but at the worst it would not have engulfed him so deeply in a dangerous direction as happened on the Marne. Thus it would have been easier to resist the Allied blows when growing superiority of numbers enabled them to take the offensive.

The wedge that was driven in as far as Château Thierry was at the spot most remote of any from the main German communications, and most accessible for the counter-flow of reserves along the Allied communications. It prolonged the nose of the great salient already formed by the German trench-line in France.

It invited assault, aided assault, and made resistance to such assault difficult. The superstitious might conclude that, in default of other designers, fate itself had intervened to create this pitfall in which the fortunes of Germany sank. Thereby another of the repeated paradoxes of history was recorded. Wisdom was confounded and folly rewarded. And the old proverb of "a blessing in disguise" was never more signally attested than by the ultimate result of the French disregard of the warning they had received from their American Allies.

THE FORTUNATE ISLAND

BY SIR LEO CHIOZZA MONEY

I

MR. W. H. DAVIES, who has given us so many charming nature poems, has happily sung the praises of England in negative fashion by reminding us of the evils we escape. "Give me this England now for all my world," he says :

We have no winds that cut down street by street
As easy as our scythes can cut down wheat.
No mountains here to spew their burning hearts
Into the valleys, on our human parts.
No earthquakes here, that ring church bells afar,
A hundred miles from where those earthquakes are.
We have no cause to set our dreaming eyes,
Like Arabs, on fresh streams in Paradise. . . .

A trifle too much of the excellent fresh water from time to time, the poet forgot to add, but even so we have our reward and compensation in the green fields which, springing in eternal hope, are sadly missed when we visit lands upon which the sun smiles more frequently. And if we have good cause to be thankful with Mr. Davies for the things we have not, we must grant also that nature has been extraordinarily good to us in the things that we have. Britain is the Fortunate Island, whether viewed by the lover of serene beauty or by that austere creature the economist, who is condemned to shut his eyes to beauty and to hail as wealth only those things which have value in exchange.

Jupiter was the god not only of War but of Property, and Pallas Minerva, his accomplished daughter, looked with a favourable eye upon the plains of Albion, dowering them as the best workshop of the world. It was wonderful

enough to be constituted an island, lapped by friendly waters which at once divided Britain from possible foes and invited her to take the broadest of roads to the three corners of the world. It was good to have that temperate climate sung by the poet—a climate which moderates the passions of men and which, if it subdues brilliancy, confers constancy in adversity and steadfastness in danger and disaster. The goddess of wisdom and the arts crowned her work by stuffing the British subterrene with coal and iron enough for six populous nations. No more was needed to equip the Fortunate Island with the means of abundance.

The secrets of coal discovered by the Islanders, their way was plain. In Britain, as nowhere else in the world, the materials of work could be assembled and dealt with to advantage. The Island leapt into wealth at a bound. The good coal at once set the factory chimneys smoking and foiled the foreign enemy. Napoleon was defeated not in the playgrounds of Eton, but in the coal mines that furnished Pitt with the handsome subsidies which he poured into the war-chests of Russia, Prussia, Spain, Portugal, Sicily, Sardinia, Sweden, Denmark, Austria, Bavaria and other countries. For long there was no one in a position to contend with the nation which at once commanded the high seas with her navy and the world of work with her fuel translated into iron and steel, engines and machinery, railways and ships, cottons and woollens. Not for several generations was any other nation to be in a position to wield the coal-based inventions. Germany had coal, but was a "geographical expression" until past the middle of the nineteenth century. America had coal, but for long had little population to work upon her resources.

The British monopoly of the use of coal could not, of course, last for ever, and Germany and the United States were presently to emerge as very successful exponents of power-industry because they, too, had been favoured with splendid deposits of the mineral. But the economic position of Great Britain has remained unique, for it is still true that there is no other place in the world where modern work can be done with such peculiar advantage. Here, if

anywhere, is the ideal power unit. Germany is no island with splendid coal placed adjoining splendid ports; she is almost entirely landlocked; and the German waterways system, admirable as it is, amounts at the best to no more than an ingenious attempt to manufacture a mere fraction of the advantages conferred by the seas upon the Fortunate Island. America, although dowered with the finest supplies of fuel, water-power, petroleum and metals the world knows, yet contains no area of similar size which embodies such a combination of magnificent correlative advantages as Britain possesses. While coal remains the arbiter of industrial power, Britain will remain the world's best natural workshop. I had some talk with Mr. Hoover on this subject at Washington in 1926; he is a man of wide outlook and penetrating vision and I was glad to find that his view of the British economic position is that here stated.

II

In 1929, the last year for which we have complete figures available, the world as a whole produced 1,379 million metric tons of coal, lignite being incorporated in this aggregate in terms of coal. Of these 1,379 millions, America produced 546, Britain 261, and Germany 202, so that these three countries together accounted for 1,009 million tons, or nearly three-fourths of the world's output! This amazing disproportion accounts for the industrial predominance of these three favoured nations. It is very difficult to form a nice judgment of how far the Islanders have made good or full use of their advantages. It was only as it were the day before yesterday in history, or barely more than five generations since, that coal-based industry took origin. This at least is certain, that in a very short space of time Britain grew relatively wealthy in a poor world. The Industrial Revolution built great towns in haste, and had little or no regard for the lives of those who built them, leaving a heritage of physical deterioration which is still with us. Crude coal-burning yielded a great "economic" harvest, and a great middle-class was built

up as millions of people obtained entire release from manual toil. By the exportation not merely of goods and shipping services, but of capital embodied in foreign and colonial railways, docks, harbours, industrial establishments and municipal undertakings (to say nothing of war material and waste) Britain came to possess by 1913 some £4,000,000,000 of oversea investments which played their part in winning the World War. During the period of this accomplishment, between 1750 and 1913, there were not wanting periods of depression, as notably after the Napoleonic and Franco-German wars, when prominent Islanders not only despaired of their country but freely ventilated their despairs in public. Broadly reviewing these years of development, it is impossible to deny that great things were actually done; it is equally impossible to deny that things might have been done better. We need not be surprised, therefore, that at each successive trade depression, and depression occurred not only after wars, but at curiously regular intervals of about ten years, there was hot dispute between those who held that all was for the best and those who propounded doctrines of reform.

We shall do well to remember that foreign competition has always existed and must necessarily exist. If a world of 2,000 million people resigned manufacturing to an island workshop, however well equipped, containing about one-fiftieth of the world's population, we could not possibly meet the demand. Let us remember also that before the invention of the steam-engine England was an importer of manufactures and an exporter of raw materials. Important British trades were learned from Continental pioneers. Normal foreign competition to Britain, as to every country, is more help than hindrance, as any nation can ascertain for itself by reflecting upon what its industries would be if they had never profited by "foreign" example and invention.

Our general position in the world of work may be gauged by the fact that, for the greater part, the world's 2,000 million people have small opportunity in the matter of power industry. That is plain from the coal figures. The world as a whole produces coal to the extent of only twelve

cwts. per head per annum. Even in Europe the coal output is only one and a half tons per head per annum. The Fortunate Island produces nearly seven tons per head per annum. As one of the three nations possessing super-abundant supplies of fuel, Britain most obviously possesses the first essential of successful "foreign competition," for that, as we can so easily forget, is what British exports represent to other nations.

Nor must it be forgotten that one-fourth of the world's land is painted red on the maps, and that in this great area the Islanders possess special advantages. The degree of success achieved by the British exporter must be related to the outstanding fact that none of his competitors possess such a special lien upon natural opportunity. So, if we compare the progress of the exports of Britain with those of Germany in 1870-1913, we have to remember that the Imperial markets of Germany were negligible when compared with our own. If we are to form a judgment as to whether the Fortunate Islanders have succeeded economically in a degree commensurate with their advantages, we have to relate their accomplishment to the value of the markets won for them by their seamen and held securely at a cost which was sometimes thought high, but which was really ridiculously low. When, in 1913, Britain had absolute command of the seas at a cost of thirty millions a year (as compared with the forty-five millions a year which our well-to-do classes were then spending on pleasure motoring) she did not realise how great a thing she was doing with so little money. Nor does she realise it now.

III

It is impossible to deny that British commerce for a century past has been extraordinarily successful in achieving the end and aim of oversea dealings, the acquisition of imports. The Fortunate Island secured not only a great annual tribute of realised imports, but a great lien upon the world which at the present time, although not quite so great as in 1913, because of the selling out of dollar

securities to meet war commitments, still amounts to about £3,500,000,000. That has been accomplished despite foreign competition and the multiplication of foreign and colonial tariff walls.

Whatever the truth as to what more might have been done, much has been accomplished. Whatever the degree of success achieved, we cannot be satisfied with the British economic developments of the last generation. No competent observer who has studied with care the relative progress of scientific industry in Britain and other countries has found it possible to declare that Britain has maintained the pre-eminence which she won in the opening period of the Industrial Revolution. Thus, in iron, British producers were for long content with small blast furnaces, while in America and on the Continent of Europe, furnace practice had come to deal with material in thousands instead of hundreds of tons. The leeway was partly made good before the War, but not until the old pre-eminence had departed. Yet there seemed no good reason why Britain should have allowed herself to fall as an iron-producer from the first place to the fourth. If we turn to cotton, we have come to realise that natural conditions of a most favourable character, while yielding a truly splendid harvest, were accompanied by the building up of an exceedingly complex and wasteful trade organisation or lack of organisation. When the War came, with its special call upon work, British military efforts were placed in jeopardy—to name only a few examples—by lack of sufficient iron, by neglect of all-important raw materials plentifully produced in the Empire itself, by want of a chemical industry capable of producing those curiously allied commodities dyestuffs and high explosives, and by a dearth of native timber in a country where millions of acres are given up to waste.

The deficiencies revealed by the War found remedy, at least, to some extent, and at the present time British industry is better equipped than ever before. It cannot, however, yet be said that the essentials of power-production and distribution, or of transport, are yet properly organised and co-ordinated, or that our major industries

are in the van. Muddling with coal goes on from year to year, and only the possession of magnificent supplies of the finest fuel in the world, placed near the sea as no other coal is placed, hides from us the fact that we are playing ducks and drakes with a goodly inheritance. How fortunate any other country in Europe would deem itself if by some magic power such glorious opportunity could be acquired. How often we hear it said that a British coal strike spells ruin for Britain. Yet a number of countries exist which have no coal and in which the consequences of a coal strike are perpetually ordained. That a country should possess such coal as we have, and should treat it with such little commonsense, is nearly the most amazing thing in economic history. I should like here to urge that there is now only one way out of an exceedingly complicated and dangerous situation, and that is to unify the British coal system. Let the best commercial management at command be applied to British coal considered as a single unit, with the reform removed from political risks by the creation of an Authority on the lines of that which with so much success controls that great unified undertaking, the Port of London.

As for industrial organisation in general, it is only too clear that more than one great British industry stands in need of the thorough-going organisation which was accomplished for the chemical industry by the late Lord Melchett. The time has passed, when, in the primary industries, it is possible for a trade to be conducted by a host of uneconomical, unco-ordinated agents, many of them parasitic upon the wealth they handle. And neglect of science and artistry in British industry must be remedied if the Islanders are to hold their own in a world which is no longer content with crude productions. Just before the War broke out, I examined three wonderful Continental exhibitions of art and industry at Cologne, Copenhagen and Christiania. I recalled their excellences with some dismay when, at the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley, I witnessed such a disarray of splendid material and such a lack of artistic perception, associated with an amusement park whose vulgarity beggared description, that I felt that

if this was truly a microcosm of British Imperial endeavour, we had good need to fear the future.

Something more than mere advertisement is needed in modern commerce. I confess that I find it difficult to be patient with the oft-repeated assertion that British goods are the best in the world but that we neglect to advertise their astonishing qualities. The legend remains that Germany makes rubbish and sells it, and that Britain makes magnificent goods which she neglects to sell. What nonsense it is. Germany sells her goods because they are good, and Britain often fails to sell her goods because they are not always good. I do not mean that this is universally true, but it is true in cases enough to make it necessary for us to examine the facts and face their meaning. I paid two visits to Germany before the War and examined their methods and productions for myself. I became convinced that we had to face not a competition of price alone but a competition of sheer quality. The matter was put to deadly proof when the World War came. We then found, to name only a few things out of many, that German optical instruments made ours seem like toys, that German warships were not so easily destroyed as ours, and that German high explosives were the product of a supreme chemical industry. It was, of course, only the magnificent quality of the German scientific output that enabled Germany to withstand four years of siege by overwhelmingly superior forces backed by a blockade which deprived her of essential materials. The German resistance would have been impossible unless it had been associated with an economic superiority based not upon natural advantages but upon the successful exploitation of inferior natural resources.

With each successive year these all-important details of manufacture matter more and more to the Islanders; they can no longer afford to rely upon their natural advantages; they must call to their aid every known means of improvement; the world no longer has much use for crude manufactures. It is necessary to add that the world has no use for *snobbery in industry*—for that fatal belief that only very expensive goods need be nicely shaped or well-finished. Cheap goods are falsely imagined to be neces-

sarily nasty goods, whereas, cheap goods can easily be of high quality—good value for every penny. I confess that I find it painful to look at the contents of shop-windows in British poor neighbourhoods, stocked as they so often are with rubbish—the manufacture of which should be prohibited. Again and again I have the misfortune to see displays of crockery, glass, ironmongery and miscellaneous wares which are sheer trash; it may sell at home, but it certainly could not sell abroad.

And thus it is, most unhappily, with two trades which matter perhaps more than any others to our social life. The first of these is domestic building—a trade which is in the main protected by Nature. Since the War, tens of thousands of little rubbish houses have been worked off upon poor people at anything from £300 to £1,000 a-piece; to look at them with the eye of knowledge is to feel hot with indignation that such ugly imposture should be possible in the light of day; it is an imposture which is the more pitiable because it is practised against the most deserving of our citizens—against poor, thrifty people who in the hope of buying a home are palmed off with rubbish.

So with furniture. To meet the exigencies of the hire-purchase system an enormous amount of rubbish furniture is worked off upon deluded home-makers. Here is lack not of “salesmanship,” but of self-respecting industry.

To return to the case in its general aspect, the depression of 1929-1931 is, of course, a world-wide symptom, but what is not world-wide is our method of dealing with it. We have applied to a degree of unemployment, counted by the million, a method which was devised, and I still think happily devised, to deal with unemployment counted in tens or hundreds of thousands. At the beginning of 1931, the British government must have spent since the War about £800,000,000 on the payment of unemployment benefits. We may, in passing, relate this figure to the aggregate of the British national debt in 1913, which was £711,000,000. We thought that a dreadful figure to contemplate, and I suggest that the £800,000,000 of doles is a figure which is not only dreadful, but ridiculous. It is without exception the most childishly silly thing ever

done in the history of the world. The best that can be said for it is that it has staved off revolution, for it is undoubtedly true that there would be revolution in England in 1931 if three million unemployed were left without the means of subsistence. When, however, we reflect upon what might have been executed with the £800,000,000, in the purchase not of idleness but of work, we must admit to ourselves that instead of merely staving off revolution we might have bought both present contentment and future income. We might have eradicated slums, unified and re-equipped the coal and associated industries, reformed and co-ordinated our entire transport system (including ports, harbours, docks, coastwise traffic, canals, roads and railways), reorganised and improved our postal, telegraph and telephone services, created a generous all-electric power-system, and in many other ways improved the British national undertaking. You can buy much work for £1,000,000,000, a sum we shall soon have spent upon mere doles. These works, of course, should have been put in hand as soon as the War came to an end, and as I said so at the time I have the right to repeat myself now.

IV

Let us now pass to the British trade figures of the last three years. The economic storm has everywhere reduced the figures of external trade, but nowhere else in the world is there recorded such an extraordinary contrast between the imports and the exports of manufactured articles as stares at us from the current British trade returns. Here are the facts :

IMPORTS AND EXPORTS OF ARTICLES WHOLLY OR MAINLY MANUFACTURED

	Imports for Home Consumption. Million £	Exports of British Goods. Million £
1928	291.8	578.9
1929	305.5	573.8
1930	283.3	439.7
Fall in Value in Two Years	8.5	139.2

It is clear from these figures that while our exports of British manufactures have declined with the general depression in world markets and with the fall in prices, our imports of manufactures, so far from declining, have almost maintained their value, which means, since prices have fallen greatly, that their volume must have actually increased. With exports of this kind down in 1928-1930 by £139,200,000, the imports have fallen only £8,500,000. I find it difficult to regard these figures with equanimity. At a time when our traders are afflicted by a depression of unequalled severity, imports are pouring in as though our purchasing power had increased.

The explanation is not far to seek. All over the world foreign countries and our own Dominions have been increasing their tariffs, and these barriers have played a great part in the manufacture of depression. At the same time, a number of nations, through the financial agreements made as a consequence of the War, must export at any price to repay war loans, to pay interest on war loans, and to pay reparations. These exports are forced into the world market, and in that world market Britain alone maintains an open door. What wonder, then, that such a force of competition is brought to bear upon the British home market as it has never experienced before? Even while British purchasing power is diminished, the foreign exporter is availing himself of a very large proportion of that reduced purchasing power. Thus, it is a special feature of the British trade returns of 1920 that they exhibit abnormal imports in a time of very serious trade depression.

Let there be no exaggeration. It would be utterly false to relate the whole of the increase of unemployment since January, 1928, to the receipt of an undue proportion of manufactured imports. On the other hand, it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that at the present time, in the conditions that obtain, a considerable amount of avoidable unemployment must be attributed to the sale in a slump market of a largely increased proportion of imported manufactures. I particularly direct attention to the words, "largely increased proportion." It is a case of, in 1930, total sales, down; foreign sales, up. It is an unescapable

conclusion that in the process employment must have suffered severely.

We can obtain further light upon this very important point by comparing our imports of raw materials and imports of manufactures. This is done in the following figures :

COMPARISON OF (1) BRITISH IMPORTS OF RAW MATERIALS AND (2) BRITISH IMPORTS OF MANUFACTURES, IN EACH CASE FOR HOME CONSUMPTION

	Raw Materials	Manufactures.
	Million £	Million £
1928	268.3	291.8
1929	285.3	305.5
1930	212.4	283.3
Fall in Value in Two Years	55.9	8.5

In 1930 our imports of raw materials for home consumption were down by a value of £55,900,000 as compared with 1928 ; this roundly corresponds with the fall in prices. But what a contrast with the imports of manufactures, which have almost maintained their value and greatly increased their volume. Stranger still, let us note how in 1930 our imports of raw materials were nearly £71,000,000 less in value than our imports of manufactures !

Such a condition never obtained before the War. Thus, in 1913 our imports of raw materials were worth roundly £100,000,000 *more* than our imports of manufactures. Of the many curious and disturbing features now presented by our Trade Returns the change in this respect is perhaps the most remarkable.

A great manufacturing people should not easily be content with such a change, and it should be observed that it is reflected in other available records. The number of men and women who get a living (of some sort) by *selling* is gaining upon the number who get their living by *producing*. Between July, 1923, and July, 1930, the insured distributive workers amazingly increased from 1,254,000 to 1,764,000, while many important manufacturing trades showed decline. Too much touting ; not enough making. Too much talk ; not enough real work.

Examined in detail, we find that trades have suffered very unequally. Among the worst of the sufferers has been iron and steel, in which we find that while the imports for home consumption have declined but little in value, from £23,960,000 in 1928, to £23,059,000 in 1930, exports have greatly declined, from £66,789,000 in 1928 to £51,270,000 in 1930. The iron and steel situation, indeed, is becoming very serious, and it is with difficulty one recalls that as recently as 1885, the United Kingdom produced as much iron as America and Germany put together. By 1913 British pig-iron production had fallen to third place, and in 1930 to fourth place. Let me set out the figures for steel since 1890, at which so recent date the British output was almost one-third of that of the entire world. Here is the record :

STEEL PRODUCTION

	In millions of tons			
	1890	1900	1913	1930
Britain	3.6	4.9	7.7	7.6
Germany (with Luxemburg)	2.2	6.3	18.6	13.8
United States	4.2	10.2	31.3	42.0
France	0.7	1.5	4.6	9.2
All the World	12.2	29.5	74.7	95.4

We see how from a high position Britain has fallen to a bad fourth, and that the greater part of the relative decline has occurred in recent years. The position had become very unsatisfactory before the War, with the result that when War came we had not steel enough for our military operations. Since the War, the relative decline has been accentuated.

V

I do not know if there is anyone who regards these facts with complacency ; for myself, I think them a reproach to British industry, and I remember that I said as much before the War, when the last worst developments had not yet been accomplished. I do not wonder that Mr. Walter Runciman, M.P., thinks it unsatisfactory that the units

of production in the British iron and steel trades are not yet as large as those of America or the Continent of Europe. Britain has the coal, the iron and the limestone, and she can bring the special iron ores of Sweden and Spain cheaply to her coal as no other country in the world can do. Here as nowhere else iron and steel should be triumphant.

The worst remains to tell ; it is that in the closing months of 1930 the iron and steel imports into the United Kingdom exceeded the exports in volume. Thus was coal (literally, for when we import iron we import the product of much coal) brought to Newcastle :

IMPORTS AND EXPORTS OF IRON AND STEEL IN
DECEMBER, 1930

	Volume Tons	Value £
Imports for Home Consumption	282,567	2,049,000
Exports (British)	169,544	2,922,000

The tonnage figures are not quite so desperately bad as they look, for the value of the exports exceeded the value of the imports, which means, of course, that the exports were not so crude as the imports. Nevertheless, that at the end of 1930 (the excess of iron imports began in November), for the first time since the Industrial Revolution began, the weight of British iron and steel imports exceeded that of the exports, is surely matter for serious national concern.

The year 1931 opens with the Islanders in grave doubt as to their prospects. If what I have said of their natural advantages is true, they should have no real cause for anxiety, for no other country in the world possesses such excellent opportunity. If, on the other hand, I have not exaggerated the shortcomings of the British industrial position, it must be plain that it is not enough to rely upon natural advantages. Nature has done her best for us, but while Nature grants opportunity she does not concern herself with what is done with it, and it is entirely true that Providence helps those who help themselves. What the nation needs is leadership. It needs to be recalled to action, reminded of its magnificent inheritance, and led forward to recovery with vision and capacity.

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE IN SCIENCE

BY R. E. PRIESTLEY

TO the average man science connotes "natural science," or the study of natural phenomena, and, if we adopt this definition, then the chief primary expression of the spirit of the age in science is perhaps the application on the grand scale of scientific discoveries and the principles of science to the solution of problems in industry, government, and everyday life.

It was only in 1898 that Sir William Crookes, in a Presidential Address to the British Association, gave it as his considered opinion that, if the then rate of increase of the world's population continued unchecked, before 1931 the nations would be faced with the problem of a world scarcity of bread, the staff of life. The hour has come and what do we see ? There is a glut of wheat in the markets of the world which is one of the main problems of the governments of to-day, and is likely to become increasingly so in the near future in spite of the gradual conversion of the peoples of the east to a wheat basis of their food supply. Since the beginning of the twentieth century academic and industrial chemists in turn have been concerned with the fixation of atmospheric nitrogen—the element on the shortage of which Crookes' calculation was based—latterly with such success that there is now danger of overproduction of synthetic nitrogen manures, and the Chile nitrate industry is safeguarded chiefly by a prejudice among farmers in its favour born of its proved value in the early days of the application of fertilisers to agriculture and by the special value of this particular type of fertiliser under certain defined conditions. This inexhaustible supply of nitrogen, the one essential element for crop production not naturally available in sufficient quantity or readily procured in mineral form, which the world owes to the industrial

chemist, has ensured a relatively high level of yield from the poorest soils, while the discovery, by the agricultural chemist, of a substitute for farmyard manure in the form of scientifically-rotted straw, enables the farmer to add the necessary humus to the lightest soils without the aid of animal husbandry should economic conditions or national emergency at any time make it profitable to do so.

At the same time the plant breeder, by producing wheats with a shorter period of development and ripening, has pushed the wheat line a degree of latitude and more farther north, opening to the Canadian wheat farmer thousands of square miles of fertile territory. From a single grain of Marquis wheat planted in an experimental plot in the spring of 1903, upwards of 300,000,000 bushels were produced in 1918. By breeding wheats immune to rust the plant-breeder guards against devastating epidemics; by stiffening the wheat straw he enables the plant to stand under the greater yields he also makes possible; by improving that mysterious quality in wheat known as "strength," he goes beyond our necessity and panders to our love of luxury by giving us a larger, better-aerated loaf, which, also with the aid of science, the miller and baker make with whiter flour.

These two illustrations of the results of science applied to humanity's basic industry and catering for mankind's basic needs give us some insight into the revolution that is still taking place through its agency in our everyday lives which science now touches at every point.

The application of science to industry is of course not the work of this or any other single generation. On a small but increasing scale science played an essential part in the industrial revolution of the nineteenth century. Faraday's publications on electricity set forth the basic principles on which all modern electrical generators and motors have been built. The substitution of gas for street lighting was one of the early triumphs of chemistry. Dozens of similar cases could be cited from the history of those days, and by the commencement of the twentieth century the chemical industry of Germany already provided an outstanding example of the industrial application of scientific research. The general recognition of the value of the

scientist's work, and the possibility of its systematic exploitation by and in industry was, however, long delayed. It needed the European War of 1914-1918, with its mobilization both of science and of industry in the service of the nation, to drive home to everyone the importance of intimate contact between the two worlds. Once contact was made, however, the industrialist was quick to see the possibilities involved.

One obstacle to full co-operation has perhaps been a failure on the part of each party to recognise the special difficulties of the other. The academic scientist is prone rather to despise applied science: the industrialist is perhaps too insistent on the virtues of the practical man. The Professor has a strong desire to keep in the service of pure science the best brains among his pupils and he is in a peculiarly favourable position both to assess these brains and to influence the men in their choice of a subsequent career. Such influence the industrialist not unnaturally resents. Competing with both are government research laboratories and institutions, also on the outlook for the most promising recruits. The industrialist, if really alive to the importance of science, which is still not always the case, has the definite advantage that he can attract by higher pay. On the other hand, the government employee can look forward to an established post and an assured pension. Again, to a certain type of mind, academic life and the distinction which accompanies the publication of individual results, which is possible in University research to a much greater extent than in industrial or government research, where secrecy is often essential, outweigh either place, power, or wealth. All things considered, if the Professor does not throw his weight too heavily into the scale, distribution as among the three vocations should be fairly equitable, but the above proviso cannot be said to be negligible in practice at present.

It cannot be too clearly recognised that the three types of research are complementary and should not clash. Money devoted to each is well repaid and there is little danger of waste through overlapping. So long as apparatus does not become so complex that its provision is an undue strain

upon the resources of the institution, whose first care must, of course, be education, the proper place for the pursuit of research in pure science—and without pure science applied science cannot advance—is the University. The application of science to industry is a more complicated affair and experience has shown that it can be dealt with in more than one way. Many industrial concerns retain academic scientists as consultants; some of the larger make large contributions to University laboratories to further research in special lines of pure science or particular problems of applied science. Some firms have recently founded industrial bursaries and scholarships whereby their own employees are stimulated to reach the necessary standard of general education, and are then supported through an undergraduate or post-graduate course at a University.

The application of each discovery in pure and applied science to industry is a matter which cannot generally be dealt with in the Universities at all. Trying out a project on a commercial scale is a matter of years, of great expense, often of engineering on a large scale. Such work is best carried out in special institutions such as can only be established and financed either by whole industries banded together in research associations, which are often nowadays assisted from Government funds, or by individual firms of the largest size.

Apart altogether from the question of expense, the length of time and the special nature of the work required to perfect an invention, still more a machine comprising a number of parts all of which require to be perfected, makes such research an unsuitable subject for University work. There is, for instance, no essential difference in principle between the motor-car of 1908 and the motor-car of 1931, and the chief discoveries in pure science on which both are based were made long before the former date. Nevertheless, while many people are still riding pre-war bicycles, which passed through their development stage in earlier days, the pre-war motor-car has long since been relegated either to the scrap-heap or the museum. Alteration and adjustment with a view to greater comfort and efficiency are still actively taking place, each of many hundred work-

shops contributing in turn towards the perfection of the whole.

One definite contrast between industrial and academic research must always be the method of procedure followed. The industrial scientist must usually keep working steadily ahead with one objective in view, ignoring side-issues, however fascinating they may appear. His employer expects results: he expects them to be obtained rapidly and economically. Often, he becomes impatient and needlessly cramps or even scraps his organisation before it has got well under way, emerging from the experiment with what he considers to be a healthy distrust of science and all its works. Sometimes, through stress of economic circumstances, he is forced to give up the experiment, for he cannot ignore economic conditions and cannot always afford to take the long view.

The University research school can, on the other hand, afford to explore to some extent every promising avenue that opens up during the course of the researches of its members. Indeed, it is not uncommon to find a school, starting out to follow one branch of research, find its ultimate fame in quite another aspect of the subject. Under the modern system of post-graduate education—itsself the response to the call for large numbers of research workers—where every promising science student spends two or three years working at supervised research and preparing a dissertation for his doctorate, research in the larger laboratories where the students are often organised in a team under one or more directors of research, has to be wide in scope to provide a sufficiency of subjects suitable for the purpose. The result tends to be the exploration of diverging paths over whole tracts of the unknown rather than concentration along single tracks. One effect of the mass of work now proceeding has thus been the approach to borderline subjects in all directions. It is still the day of the specialist, and will become more so in future as the detailed knowledge increases, but the specialist is increasingly feeling the need for a broader basis of education. He may still merit the definition "a specialist is a man who knows more and more about less and less," but to cover his

small field adequately, he must have a sound knowledge of several sciences.

In industrial scientific research, as in other departments of industrial progress, other countries have in recent years led the way. The writer calls to mind at least one considerable British industry which, until very recently, relied for its share of the contributions of science almost entirely upon the output of a great research laboratory founded by a firm in America to which the British firm, which had American affiliations, paid an annual subsidy. Happily this stage is now past, and a British research laboratory, manned by graduates of British Universities, is at least supplementing the contributions from abroad. This is indeed perhaps as much as is desirable, since the total reliance upon the home laboratory would be a retrograde step towards the strictly national outlook which was a characteristic of Victorian England and which gave Englishmen a reputation for insularity which was not undeserved.

To obtain the best results from industrial, as from academic, research the freest possible communication between firm and firm, industry and industry, nation and nation, is necessary. The restriction of this free circulation of information is one of the peculiar difficulties of the application of science to industry. In the face of vigorous competition everyone concerned feels that trade secrets must be kept. The law of patents and international conventions give certain safeguards that were not in existence in the days when Phœnician ship captains working along new trade routes gained honours and rewards by outwitting pursuing Roman galleys, even at the expense of the loss of their ships and their crews. Nevertheless, the desire to keep in ignorance or mislead competitors, which has always controlled the contributions made to geographical exploration by the enterprising skippers of whaling vessels, still operates to a great extent in reducing the sum total of the attainments of industrial research organisations.

Government research is, of course, mainly directed towards the solution of special problems affecting the different departments of government, now occupied with most aspects of human life. In problems affecting defence and

national health, where matters of life and death to the nation or the individual are concerned, this research nowadays may be on the very largest scale. Greater resources can be called to its aid than even those available in industry, though the wise government devotes no small part of its available revenue to education and to pure and applied research. Such research has for many years been catered for in England by special institutions such as the National Physical Laboratory, the Admiralty Research Laboratory, and the Research Department at Woolwich; and in recent years the self-governing dominions have followed suit, and daughter institutions are competing for the best product of both the Dominion and the home Universities. Directing the activities of government laboratories, and co-ordinating their work with that of the Universities and industry, are such Government committees as the Committee for Scientific and Industrial Research and the Medical Research Council.

A very considerable extension of this delegation of the functions of government to "commissions of experts" would appear to be inevitable if democratic government is to survive in an Age in which so many of the problems with which government has to deal are economic and scientific rather than political. The representatives of the people in a modern Parliament are necessarily chosen mainly on their power to state a case in public; or as representing a particular political party. It does not follow that they are necessarily the best people to adjudicate on economic or scientific questions, or to develop scientifically the resources of the country they rule.

The British government to-day is faced, on the one hand, with a world-wide trade depression and intense and sometimes subsidised competition from countries in many of which the standard of living has remained or has fallen far below our own. On the other hand stands the British workman with a very natural desire to retain this standard, combined with a fear of rationalisation which to the dispassionate observer appears to be an unfortunate legacy from earlier and wickeder days when employees had a freer hand than they have to-day and were less enlightened.

Placed thus between Scylla and Charybdis, the government tends increasingly to look to the scientist to produce the rabbit of prosperity from the hat of science.

One of the principal assets of the Briton is an immense undeveloped or only partially-developed colonial empire, mostly situated within the Tropics. There Nature is especially prolific, and a great proportion of the raw material required by industry can be drawn from these territories if they are scientifically developed and wisely administered. The Universities are being asked to provide large numbers of workers, trained in science and qualified by character for administration, to man the new services required for the more efficient exploitation of these regions. They have to a considerable extent met this demand.

Still the flow of recruits has been barely sufficient, and conferences have recently been called to consider the supply of trained biologists and, that other problem upon which supply is dependent, the teaching of biology in schools. Some people claim that the biologist is born and not made, and it is true that certain boys and girls are much better fitted than the average person for the observational side of biology, and that such individuals have made great contributions to biology in the past. But the day of the self-trained naturalist is almost over. The modern biologist must be equipped to use both chemistry and physics, and sometimes also mathematics, as his weapons of attack, and his education has thus become of paramount importance. The question of the adequate supply of research workers in biology is one that is greatly concerning many teaching both in the schools and the Universities at the present moment. Amongst reforms that have been suggested are an increase in the amount of time apportioned to biological subjects in the schools, and the introduction of a compulsory biological subject at some stage in the training of science men at the Universities.

Many people well qualified to judge believe that the world must look to biology for the next great advances in science, but the biological sciences do not at present carry enough guns. Much of the work being carried out at present is high in quality, but the total quantity of research

is small compared with that in the physical sciences, while the problems involved in the study of living materials are necessarily very complex. These things suggest that slow progress in biology might in the near future limit advance in science generally, and, from this point of view also, the attraction of a greater proportion of the keenest intellects and best-trained minds of the nation to this branch of science would appear to be desirable.

The application of science to the things of everyday life has led directly to what may perhaps be regarded as the chief secondary expression of the spirit of the Age in science. Nothing, it appears to the writer, is more characteristic of the present generation than what may be termed the democratisation of science. Undoubtedly wireless telegraphy, the perfection of which has been one of the chief triumphs of twentieth century science, has played and is playing the chief part in this revolution, though the Press, always responsive to the tendencies of the moment when not engaged itself in moulding them, is a good second and not far behind. Every day the world is inundated with popular articles, many of them by research workers themselves, and with comments, often unfortunately greatly exaggerated, on the discoveries of the moment. The advertising agent, his living bound up with the exploitation of such intriguing and elusive substances as vitamins distinguished by half the letters of the alphabet, or vigorously applying, and too often distorting, on behalf of his employer and himself, the principles of the new sciences of human dietetics and animal nutrition, helps to swell the chorus.

Modern man feeds daily on food scientifically canned in a dozen different parts of the world; wears clothes prepared by science from the wood of trees; is carried to his work at a speed that would have appalled his immediate forebears; spends his leisure hours tinkering with the insides of motor-cars and motor-cycles which modern science has made almost foolproof, or building wireless sets on which he traps the messages of the whole world. His wife, whose mother and aunts wore whalebone in obvious form, would be interested but not astonished to hear that the same

substance is used in the manufacture of some of the silks she wears. Is it surprising that his son and his daughter have themselves a lively interest in science?

Modern scientific education is introducing whole generations to science and making them familiar with its classical experiments. The exploitation of the mass scientific curiosity which arises from this is a matter of moment to the world. Around us is growing up a generation who, through constant familiarity with toys of the Meccano type and the interior of wireless sets and motor vehicles, is beginning to think with ease in three dimensions where its parents had difficulty in reading a simple plan or blueprint in two. And the new outlook on science has not arrived too soon. One physicist friend tells me that the era of experiment with simple and cheap materials, productive though it has been, is passing fast. Even academic research is beginning to require complicated apparatus which, incidentally, through its expense, is making the problem of financing the University science schools more difficult each year. The framing and conduct of the experiments of the future will require a considerable degree of engineering skill, but the modern youth will be very suitable raw material out of which to make, possibly with the help of a revised system of education, the experimental scientist of an engineering Age.

International co-operation in science is unquestionably one of the characteristics of the present Age, but so much has not been achieved in this particular direction as might have been expected by the optimist surveying the future from the New Year of 1901. That time saw preparations for a great international scientific attack on the Antarctic continent, the last great unknown space on the world's surface to be traversed by man. Numerous scientific journals of international scope and importance were already in existence. International co-operation in science and industry appeared already to be well started on its campaign towards the final breakdown of the barriers between the nations. During the first few years of the new century progress was maintained, though not without checks due to nationalism. In 1914 chaos replaced co-operation and the civilised world trembled for years on the brink of destruction.

During the war the progress of science itself was multiplied many times, and not always with destruction as its objective. The same applications of science which enabled Germany to procure a sufficient supply of munitions despite the blockade also assisted her to feed her people, and laid the foundation for some of the more important agricultural advances that took place when the war had ceased. International co-operation was for the time being reduced to group co-operation, but all the resources of both groups of allies were pooled without the reservations which must exist in times of less dire emergency, and the Intelligence Departments of the warring nations strained every nerve to penetrate the jealously-guarded secrets of their opponents.

After the war true international co-operation was again delayed by mutual suspicion and the memory of things done through policy or in the heat of war. Also the vast experiment initiated in Russia, which, whatever may ultimately be the outcome of it and the verdict of history upon it, appears certainly incompatible with a civilisation organised on capitalistic and individualist lines, has delayed the entry of Russia into true scientific co-operation.

The first drawback is, however, disappearing. The attendance at conferences during the past year suggests that the effects of the war are, in this direction, now almost negligible. International co-operation in scientific organisation and discovery is likely in the future on a scale never approached in the past. Meanwhile, as distances become dwarfed by modern transport, and civilisation grows yearly more complex, more and more problems arise which can only be solved by work on international lines, and—in the League of Nations at Geneva—the world at last possesses an organisation which, when full grown, should be capable of bringing about concerted action on the required scale.

A single example of the type of problem may perhaps suffice. In the past, even until well into the last decade, whaling was carried out from shore stations and, because the available shore stations in the last great whaling field—the Antarctic seas—were in the control of the British Empire, action on national lines might have been expected to be adequate to prevent the extermination of the whale

in these waters—its last refuge. The introduction of great floating whaling factories of ten to fifteen thousand tons burthen, and their penetration right through the Antarctic pack into the Ross Sea, have removed this last safeguard. Nothing short of international action can now save the whale from early extinction, or, at least, reduction to numbers useless to man. The League of Nations remains the one hope of mankind in this very remote and comparatively insignificant department of his activities, just as it will be in the future in an increasing number of aspects of his corporate life.

And, finally, one thing with which the people of the present generation are very much concerned is the attempt to reconcile science with religion. It is only to be expected that one of the chief preoccupations of mankind should be the inquiry into the meaning and the end of life. To the man in the street, at any rate—the average man—life in this connection, equally as a matter of course, means human life.

This aspect of the problems which confront the world is well represented both in the columns of the Press and in the wireless programmes. It is the subject of endless private discussion and personal thought in the University, the workshop, and the home. As one listens to the talks of the experts provided by the British Broadcasting Company the thing one is most conscious of is often the unsatisfactory nature of one's own mental equipment. Nevertheless, the problem has to be faced and each of us is facing it in his own way. It is probably true that, while fewer people attend formal religious services than in the previous century, a greater proportion of thinking people are anxiously endeavouring to reconcile religion and the new knowledge placed at their disposal. It is this desire to find a plan and purpose in life and behind it that is largely responsible for ranking popular expositions of natural science among the "best-sellers" of the day.

A SERIOUS QUESTION

By V. S. PRITCHETT

THAT night, when it was time to go to bed, James Harkaway kissed his wife, went to his room and she to hers which was next door, and there they lay like two children talking guiltily through the wall to each other. But talking like adults, long-married and never saying what they meant, keeping it all on the surface and only letting glints of real intent and buried brooding appear. You can lead a very tolerable life if you play at everything. Harkaway was irritated by this fact. The one thing he could not stand was playing, for he was a small, trim man with a wide patient chest, blue eyes that looked slightly upwards as if to penetrate what was a long way ahead, and a sandy moustache as neat as a little arithmetic. He did not wish to play. He did not wish to be a child, though he desired children as a bill desires its receipt. That was the trouble: he was, as it were, a payment going begging, a man with a fanciful desire to be suspected of passion, to be known for his dangerousness and to father progeny. His difficulty was his fatal unobtrusiveness, his resignation. Once a rent collector always a rent collector, he argued, once on the earth and of it always on the earth and of it. And this is where he and Mrs. Harkaway differed. She was not the kind of woman to commit herself or resign herself to anything; to regard herself as the vehicle of nature, the tool of a fate, or the wedded wife of James Harkaway. She would not admit it. This was the reason why they had no children and talked through the wall; and why she was most affectionate when Harkaway kept on the other side of it. She was a perverse woman, small, young and dainty, with a voice like the playing of a musical box, and a will of iron.

The questions she had to ask when she got into bed! How agitated her head and her wide open eyes were, that

lay quite still like indoor flowers in the dark. She stared at the ceiling wondering if there were any spiders on it. "Did you lock the back door?" she said. "Did you let the cat in? Did you leave me my matches? What was that? It must have been that mouse. Do you think it was really only him? What a noise those apples make when they fall off the trees. Why don't they gather those apples instead of letting them waste? Did you put the guard round the fire? Did you shut the gate?"

Ah, that was a *serious* question, thought Harkaway leaning on his elbow and looking out towards the window. Did he shut the gate? He was a man of habit and he always shut the gate, but this night had he or hadn't he? He strained his eyes and could see nothing but the hairy darkness of the trees and the brow of pale sky above the hedge.

And then a breeze of reckless greatness inspired him, who was rarely reckless and never great except on the day he proposed to Mrs. Harkaway, and then he was not thinking.

"Yes. I shut the gate," he called.

But in between their talk that white gate seemed every now and then to rush down the full length of the garden, wide-open and accusing into his mind.

Then Mrs. Harkaway's mind was easy and she laughed, given freedom by the dark. She mocked. She thought her warm bed was a boat that floated free of everything towards delightful dangers; and she laughed more to make it rock merrily on the ripples. And then she tried something sharper than laughter. Something more dangerous. But Harkaway's bed was a bed, nothing more, straight, still, and serious, and with brass knobs on the end of it. It was meant to be slept in, Harkaway perceived and prepared to sleep. Mrs. Harkaway had no intention of sleeping.

"I feel very talkative," she said.

"Well I don't," said Harkaway.

"You never do," said she.

There was no reply.

"Talk to me," she pleaded. "Say something to me."

"Oh dear," sighed Harkaway, "What shall I tell you?"

"Tell me what you think."

"Oh, my God!" thought Harkaway, as though his soul were slipping out of his body. Then aloud, "I don't think anything."

There was a long silence and Harkaway was nearly dozing when his wife began again: "Did you see Mrs. Feathers this morning?"

Harkaway grunted. He couldn't remember. What was the importance of Mrs. Feathers? Sleep was the most important thing. And "What did old Mr. Dukes say?"

"Oh nothing. Only about his dogs," grunted Harkaway.

"Lovely boys. I wish we had a dog," persisted Mrs. Harkaway. "And Mr. Radfield," she went on, "has he paid his rent yet?"

That touched John Harkaway on a serious matter. He opened his eyes.

"No," he said. "It's a bad look out for him. He hasn't."

"Poor man," she said.

"Poor man!" exclaimed Harkaway slightly annoyed. "I like that. He'll be poor if we sell him up." To call dogs "lovely boys," and an old scoundrel like Radfield "a poor man"!

"You're not going to do that?" exclaimed Mrs. Harkaway rebelliously. "He can't help it. It isn't a crime."

"I'm not so sure," returned Harkaway loftily, putting his chin over the top of the sheet. For, to a rent collector, it is a crime not to pay your rent. It is a blow at the roots of society. "I say I'm not so sure. It's stealing, when you think it out. It's taking what isn't yours."

"How can you say so," exclaimed Mrs. Harkaway, hot in the defence, for she knew that Harkaway rebuked her in a general way when rebuking others in a particular one.

"Supposing I took all my takings every month," he said derisively at the ceiling, but intending it for her.

"Well," she tossed out the word. "Suppose you did."

For lying in the dark with the wall between them and the door pleasantly open every mocking sentence was like a dip of the paddle which shot her boat wildly forward, more sharply every time into the mists and uncertainties of a quarrel which could, after all, be stopped in a moment.

"And land me in gaol and you in the workhouse," he said. "A fine lookout."

"Well," she said giving a final reckless push to the argument. "What of it? What about it? We're not like that poor Mrs. Radfield. We haven't any children."

That was the sore point and yet she played like this with it.

"No, thank God," said Harkaway with painful bitterness, but he did not mean that at all. At the word "children," his thoughts froze him and then his heart galloped like horses, his blood rushed back in a swirl as though his limbs were filled with the roll of drums, rousing him and waking him to pain. There was a fiery anvil in his breast. No children. This perversity and playfulness in his house; but no children! Why did he live adding little bits of charm and persuasiveness to his manners; "Good morning to you, Mrs. Feathers," and "A very good day to you, Mr. Radfield," only to have Radfield slamming the door in his face and others treating him like a licensed burglar. Was there nothing serious, understanding and purposeful in the world? Was he wasting the pride of his strength as he sang down the hills on his bicycle with his bowler hat over his eyes; and was there no reward for the sense of moral endeavour which filled him as he got off his machine and, with greater pride because it was difficult, pushed it slowly up the steeper hills? And all the time, when he knocked at a door, schooling himself to pretend that the last thing he had in him was a packet of virgin receipt forms.

Now Mrs. Harkaway knew she had said the word which ought not to have been said. She had said something real to him by accident, when the only way she could be happy with him was by inventing a fairyland of pretence. Their talk became painful, bitter, and spasmodic.

"I ought not to have married you," she said in a small high voice. She had often said that in the middle of the night, from the safety of her room and the darkness.

The ripe September cold came in at the window blowing the smell of fallen apples with it and the dampness of the fields. She sighed and he dramatically groaned. She sighed again and beat the sheets with wafts of desolation.

He muttered aloud. In a moment they were playing at sighing and being unhappy, until at last startled by the distance to which they had mysteriously slipped, he said.

"What is it, dear?"

She would not answer.

"What is it darling? . . . Oh well, if you won't speak . . ."

He sighed miserably and she relenting said, "Darling."

This was his turn to enjoy silence.

"Oh dear, what has happened!" she said.

A devilish joy gurgled inside him where the bitterness had been. He unclenched his fists and smiled and stretched himself spaciouly. Lord, but bicycling didn't half play up the calves of your legs! There was no way out of it. Once a rent collector always a rent collector. Once a husband always a husband. So on it went day after day, night after night, he yawned. World without end, he went on yawning. Now and ever shall be, he punched the pillow and sank from depth to depth into sleep.

But Mrs. Harkaway troubled by her pillow, wondering if she were going to be warm enough, if there were any spiders on the ceiling, sitting up to listen for the watch, wondering if that mouse was going to nibble at the wainscot again—in short, refusing to be resigned to anything and determined to do the opposite of all the sleeping people in the world, Mrs. Harkaway lay awake as long as she could. There were always noises; the apples falling off the trees, the creeper rustling, the chickens fluttering in the barn, the sound of the cat padding in the room. Now he was asleep, she thought, she could passionately love her husband. Tears were in her eyes.

She slept at last with a pretty, defiant heaviness and her head became alive with dreams that burned as clearly as the scenes of a lighted stage. One after another, hour after hour, through the night the caravans passed. She listened astonished to her secret thoughts. She heard herself say in fright "What's that noise?" Saw herself sit up in bed, saw herself see a man with hob-nailed boots on climb in at the window, and walk through the room; the tall, dark man whom you see when a fortune teller, noting you

have no wedding ring, encourages your hopes. But he was a burglar. She heard herself scream. Harkaway said when she screamed: "It's only a burglar."

Wasn't it like him to be still and doing nothing! Then several men came in and she lay deathly still, stiffening gradually from the toes and keeping herself rigid and holding her breath. She lay so a long time until she woke up gasping as though she had put her head in a bucket of cold water. The eyes of sky between the branches of the trees were looking in at the window. It was morning already and there *were* noises. She was not dreaming. In the garden. Men walking in the garden. She screamed out:

"Darling, there are men in the garden. Quick."

Harkaway sat up in bed dazed. The elms were full and clear, and the sky under the branches was cold and white. The ragged hedge stood up like hair on end. He listened and also heard the sounds. Men in the garden! And then he saw a smooth and silvery shadow pass by the sill. He jumped out of bed, his heart pumping loudly.

"All right," he said, trembling, glad she was next door, the wild one. As he fumbled for his slippers he heard an unmistakable stamping of feet, a crunching, ripping noise, a heavy groping breathing as though some huge man were leaning and groaning against the house, and straining to push it over. There was an eerie snorting and hissing under the window. Some creature fantastic, malevolent and supernatural, was in the garden. And now he knew that stumbling, that snorting, puffing, tearing, crunching. The white gate, wide open and startling, seemed to whistle like a ghostly wind down the garden into his conscience; horses had got into the garden. Herds of horses trampling through the flower beds, kicking up his lawn.

"It's horses," he said, in consternation, for he was afraid of their jaws and legs, being a man for wheels, a bicycling man himself.

"In the garden," exclaimed his wife. There was a scuffle of clothes, and a thump like the fall of one of those apples as she jumped out of bed. She met him at

the door in her night-dress, her hair was bushy and her eyes were wide open and eager to get to the battle.

"The naughty boys!" she cried, as he pulled the door open. "Look at them."

And with her behind him he picked up a twig and advanced upon them. He did not mind, he was indeed glad that she had called them boys.

In the cold air they stood, not a herd but three great farm horses, two roans and a grey, standing still and staring at him in his pyjamas. The creatures stopped like gawky louts who had been caught robbing an orchard. Sardonic in their nakedness, swishing their tails, and the smell of hide, manure and bruised grass steaming on them. While he had been sleeping they had been out all night, mysteriously arched, and munching through the darkness. The stars had shone upon them, the darkness coated them. Three grotesque gods, he thought they were, naked between wild mane and bearded fetlock, with fine feathery hair on their bellies; three gods sniffing raw morning at their nostrils, the rime of the morning on their backs, and amazed grins gone askew on their slobbering mouths.

Harkaway squared his shoulders and delivered them a final notice in his professional way.

"Go on. Get out of this. Gee up," he shouted. They lowered and stretched their long necks, so weirdly long, to the grass, and casually, prosaically ate their way through the clover to the gate, turning to eye him as they went. He watched their great casual gait with awe as they swaggered through his Michaelmas daisies, snapped his sunflowers, slithered against the flints in his rows of potatoes, and shot up their shining hooves as they sprang, amid a shower of dew, through the bushes. He advanced upon them at a discreet distance, with dignity.

"Go along, you naughty boys. I will tell your master. They know they've done wrong," cried Mrs. Harkaway. Harkaway emboldened, shouted louder:

"Get out of my garden. Gee up. Go on now!" And two of them trotted out with a ringing clatter. But the third, the grey, took fright and plunged at the wire in panic, wheeling round at every gap and throwing himself

against it, broke into a brief clumsy gallop to the end of the garden, almost as far as the house, and then up again. Harkaway kept clear.

"Don't frighten him," commanded Mrs. Harkaway. How great Harkaway felt at the idea of his frightening anything. Down went the grey again and, at last, with an unearthly neigh as though he were laughing at Harkaway, he broke through the sunflowers, slithered on the gravel and went blindly at the gate, not stopping until he was on the road with the others, who were taking bites at the hedge in impudent farewell. At the grey's arrival they swung their heads, neighed, and broke into a jog trot down the road with a confused gobbling of hooves.

"Well I'll be danged!" said Harkaway and turned to look at his wife, grateful for the excitement. The air was like a cold pond put in a swirl. It reeked of the animals, the smell of leaves and of grass from which the dew had been dashed. His ankles and shoes were soaked and his pyjamas legs were wet, too. She, fey and war-like, was waving her twig. The dashing gods had gone. And now, as the ring of the hooves on the road grew fainter, Mr. and Mrs. Harkaway stood alone on top of the silence which spread like a dew on the earth. The broad aspect of the country was weird with melting capes of mist. The new day shapes were not yet born and as yet there was an unearthly configuration on the land. The hills and their woods had capsized and disintegrated and in the valleys below the Harkaway's cottage the lower vapours poured into milky lagoons that smoked and foamed, and the higher ones grew out of the earth in melting smoke through which the woods could be seen fragmentarily in violet immaterial palisades. Appearing above the highest branches of the mist, like a gaudy parrot in a forest, was the glow of the unseen sun. Harkaway in his pyjamas and his wife in her night-dress seemed to be the only living and breathing creatures in the world, for there was no sound, not even singing, and they stood in awe like two travellers who in a dream had come upon the beginning of a world before anyone was born in it and unshaped spirits kneeled in the final vigils of their ritual, entranced. Harkaway, feeling his moustache, thought in

his professional way of all the people he would call upon after the sun had long risen that day. They were all asleep. Even Radfield in his farm that was sunk in mist—asleep, and their houses dead. He thought, supposing they were not there. Supposing there were nothing. No more rents to collect. He marvelled. If at any time in his life he had felt magnified and immortal it was at that moment. Jupiter, the great progenitor. He thought he shone like the god upon his wife with sudden love.

She laughed at him.

"You have a spider web in your hair," she said. But that did not dash him. He flung the mockery aside and suddenly picked her up in his arms and ran stumbling into the house. He laid her down upon her bed, with all the morning winding in his blood and his heart beating like the hooves of the horses. He was like them, godlike and great and ruinous, a communicant with darkness and mystery. But as she lay there quickly curled up like a feather, looking at him with a kind of fear, he suddenly became timid, tender, pitiful, apologetic. Alas! he sneezed and the god vanished.

"You will catch cold," she said, "If you stand there."

And at this, misery stamped out his fire and almost with tears of desolation he kissed her and went to his own room and the tepidity of his bed. She called to him through the wall:

"You did leave the gate open. That is how they got in, the cheeky boys."

That serious question of the open gate came rushing into his mind to add to his perplexities. When he was calm the daylight became cold and golden and the new sun was born. The vigilant hills had got their day but, his children, they had vanished.

AMERICA MEETS DEPRESSION

BY J. A. STEVENSON

THE state of political equilibrium which has prevailed in the United States for virtually a decade is now at end and an era of uncertainty and transition obviously lies ahead. At the Congressional elections, which were held on November 4th, the overwhelming ascendancy which the Republican party has been enjoying, was terminated by a manifestation of popular displeasure on the part of the voters which found effective expression at the polls. It is true that the Democrats were disappointed of their hopes of gaining control of both Houses although they came within a narrow margin of accomplishing this feat. For the House of Representatives, there were elected 218 Republicans, 216 Democrats and 1 Farmer-Labourite, which means that the great Republican majority of 103 in the last House has been cut down to a bare 2. Of the Senate, the membership now consists of 48 Republicans, 47 Democrats and 1 Farmer-Labourite. But in this body the position of the Republican Party is even worse for at least 10 of the Senators, who are nominally classified as Republicans, have been at loggerheads with the Hoover administration ever since it assumed office, and have laboured almost consistently to thwart its policies. The more farseeing Democrats are probably well content with the present situation for, while they are in a position to embarrass the administration in its plans and policies, they are not saddled with the responsibility which control of Congress would have involved. The Republicans were prepared for a substantial erosion of their popular strength and are taking comfort from the fact that their loss of popular support is only 17 per cent. whereas, at previous Congressional elections held under similar conditions of business depression, they have lost between 30 and 40

per cent. But the fact remains that President Hoover enters upon the second half of his Presidential term with the Upper House under hostile control, and the Lower house held by a bare margin. In the latter, it will require very efficient whipping to make majorities steadily available for the administration, and a few deaths which entailed loss of seats at bye-elections might easily give the Democrats predominance.

The causes of the Republican setback are not hard to discover. While most of the rest of the world was suffering the travail of a serious economic depression, the people of the United States, until a year ago, were enjoying a well-diffused prosperity which they believed or hoped would be permanent. The Republican party has always advanced the claim that it was the only reliable architect of national prosperity and a preponderating majority of the voters had come to accept the validity of this claim and to believe firmly that a Democratic régime at Washington would inevitably spell hard times. But with the stock-market débâcle, which befell in October, 1929, there began a business recession which has steadily gathered momentum throughout the present year and has now assumed very serious dimensions. All the accepted business indices show a great decline from the peak which was attained in the summer of 1929, industrial activity has experienced a tremendous curtailment, the farmers contend that they are faced with ruin, the railways have seen their earnings grievously impaired, and unemployment is rife from one end of the Republic to the other. Estimates vary about the exact volume of unemployment as there is no method of collecting accurate statistics. Probably the estimate of ten millions, which is attributed to Mr. Henry Ford, is too high, but the real figure of workless people is probably not far off five millions. In that event, if account is taken of the much greater proportion of people still engaged in agricultural pursuits, the actual ratio of industrial unemployment in the United States is as large if not larger than the figure for Britain.

Moreover, the United States is completely unequipped with any kind of social machinery adequate for coping

with such a problem. In all the leading cities funds for the relief of the sufferings of the unemployed are being raised by voluntary subscription; New York, for instance, is trying to raise six million dollars, which will prove a drop in the bucket as far as meeting the demands which will be made upon it. The British system of unemployment insurance has doubtless many flaws, but it has at least ensured that in a time of acute economic depression no one in Britain within the last ten years has died of involuntary starvation, and it will be impossible by the end of the present winter to say the same of the United States. The winter conditions which prevail in the northern half of the United States are much harder than anything which the unemployed of Britain have to face, and grim stories are already being told of the hardships of the poor in cities like Chicago and Toledo. Writing in the *New Republic* of November 12th, Mr. Bruce Bliven gives the following picture of the situation in Chicago:

"There is now no doubt that the suffering this winter among the unemployed and their dependants, to say nothing of the partially employed who are not eligible for charity and whose plight is therefore sometimes even more desperate, will be the worst in at least a generation. Everyone now admits that this will be the case; but even some of those who admit it do not seem to realise what it will mean."

He goes on to describe how on the lower level of Wacker Drive, the double-decked motor speedway which runs along the river bank and carries traffic out of the congested district of the Loop, there are hundreds of unemployed men to be seen, ragged and penniless, camping out every night around little fires made from odds and ends of broken wood picked up on vacant lots.

Naturally, the vast army of workless people had lost confidence in the thesis that Republican rule is the only safe guarantee of prosperity, and a goodly number of the business and professional classes as well as farmers, who had formerly voted Republican, took the opportunity to register their dissatisfaction at the November polls. The opposition candidates did not fail to exploit the situation, and Mr.

Heywood Broun, the well-known journalist, who was running as a Socialist in New York, made a popular hit when he told an audience of unemployed "Pretend you are Belgians, and Mr. Hoover will soon look after you."

Again, the Republican leaders had pinned their faith upon the Smoot-Hawley tariff which had carried protectionism to its most extravagant heights in the country's history, but it has signally failed them. Its passage has been followed by the worst business slump of recent years, it has aroused hostility abroad which has had disastrous repercussions upon foreign trade, and it has failed to avert widespread unemployment. It was from the start very unpalatable to influential banking and business interests, notably the motor manufacturers, who felt that it would jeopardise their foreign markets; many of its schedules are wholly indefensible, and it furnished the Democrats with a wealth of effective campaign ammunition.

Another desperate source of trouble for the Republicans was the prohibition issue. In 1928, both Mr. Hoover and his party had committed themselves completely to a "dry" programme, and thereby had secured the solid support of the Anti-Saloon League and all its cohorts. But immediately after the election there began a sharp reaction against the prohibition laws; evidence accumulated that over wide areas they were a dead letter and that by providing an economic basis for the criminal classes they have been responsible for a condition of lawlessness and banditry which is making the country a byword throughout the world. The "wets" whose chief organisation, "The Association against the Prohibition Amendment," had been carrying on a steady campaign of propaganda without securing any tangible results for some years, suddenly found themselves gathering recruits for their crusade from unexpected quarters and they became more militant. At the election of 1928 it was the Democratic party which had been seriously troubled by the liquor issue as it has produced a deep split between the "dry" Democrats of the South and their northern brethren, who were almost solidly "wet." But in the intervening years the Democratic

party, although its southern "drys" have not changed their views, has been becoming steadily "wetter," and it was able to carry the conviction that it offered the only hopeful instrument for the reform of conditions which were becoming intolerable. Two years ago, the majority of the "wet" Republicans were not ready to break their party for the sake of liquor reform, but now many of these voters have arrived at the point when they believe that the elimination of the obnoxious prohibition laws transcends all other issues and that they must give their support to the party which holds out the most hopeful promise of accomplishing this end. Mr. Hoover and his allies had become sensible of this rising tide of anti-prohibitionist sentiment, and had tried to placate it by appointing a Commission, headed by Mr. George Wickersham, charged with the duty of investigating the operation of the liquor laws and the general problem of law enforcement bound up with them. The performances of the Wickersham Commission did not please the "wets" and aroused the suspicions of the Anti-Saloon League; it heard a great deal of evidence and produced a colourless interim report, but its final findings have yet to be disclosed. Faced with evidence that the Republican "wets" had not been placated, some Republican candidates openly advocated repeal of the Volstead Act, and others tried to straddle the fence upon the liquor issue. Mr. Dwight Morrow, who took the former course, was elected by a handsome majority in New Jersey which is one of the wettest States, but candidates who tried to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds, went down for the most part to ignominious defeat. They forfeited a large body of "dry" support which they would otherwise have secured, and they could not convince the "wet" Republicans that Mr. Hoover would dare to defy the Anti-Saloon League. It was this revolt of Republican "wets" which was largely responsible for surprising Democratic victories in States like Ohio, Illinois and Connecticut, which are normally regarded as Republican strongholds. One of the most intriguing contests was for a Senatorial seat in Illinois where Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick, the daughter

of Mark Hanna, the great Republican "Boss" of the nineties, and the widow of Senator McCormick, made a heroic and expensive effort to achieve the distinction of being the first woman elected to the Senate of the United States. She was an able and attractive candidate, experienced in the political arts, but she found herself faced by an astute Democratic veteran in Mr. James Hamilton Lewis, who had held the seat from 1912 to 1918. The battle of "Jim Ham versus The Widow," as some correspondents styled it, attracted nation-wide interest, but Mrs. McCormick equivocated upon the prohibition issue and Mr. Lewis announced that he was as "wet as the Atlantic Ocean." As a consequence, "Big Bill" Thompson, Chicago's celebrated Mayor, although officially a Republican, mustered his forces on the side of the "wet" Mr. Lewis, and he carried Illinois, which normally gives a Republican plurality of half a million votes, by a huge majority of just about this figure. "Wet" sentiment was responsible for Republican disasters all over the country; it contributed greatly to the spectacular triumph of Mr. Franklin Roosevelt who was re-elected Governor of New York by a tremendous plurality despite the fact that his Republican opponent had emerged as anti-Prohibitionist. Furthermore, in at least half a dozen States, referenda taken upon the subject of prohibition resulted in large "wet" majorities; Illinois and Rhode Island voted for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, and Massachusetts decreed the abolition of its State Enforcement Act.

But perhaps the most encouraging feature of the election was the disposition of the voters to support candidates of a genuinely progressive type. Republican Progressives, like Senator Borah of Idaho and Senator Norris of Nebraska, although avowed "drys," had no difficulty in securing re-election, and Senator Walsh of Montana, a "dry" Democrat, beat off the attack of a "wet" Republican opponent. In Pennsylvania, Mr. Gifford Pinchot, who was one of Roosevelt's chief allies in the Progressive campaign of 1912, and is a staunch "dry," was elected Governor in face of the open hostility of the Republican machine of Philadel-

phia, and Colorado has sent to the Senate a useful recruit in Mr. Edward Costigan who was, until he was ejected by reactionary influences, one of the ablest and most efficient members of the Tariff Commission at Washington. These results offer proof that the American people are veering away from the mood of rigid conservatism which has possessed them since the War, and want at Washington and elsewhere some effective spokesman for progressive ideas. The Democrats derived also peculiar satisfaction from their recapture of practically all the seats which they had lost in the southern States at the election of 1928, when the Presidential candidacy of the Catholic "Al" Smith alienated thousands of Protestant Democrats, and they believe that they can henceforth count upon a "Solid South" once more.

The old Congress reassembled on December 2nd and on the following day Mr. Hoover read his customary presidential message to both houses in united session. In the forefront of the sessional programme he set measures for the relief of unemployment and drought-stricken areas, and he requested an emergency appropriation up to \$150,000,000 in order to accelerate the construction of a series of public works and to provide loans for seed and feed for the benefit of distressed farmers. Discussing the financial situation, he admitted that owing to the decline in revenues and unforeseen contingencies in expenditures, a deficit of about 180 million dollars would have to be faced at the end of the present fiscal year, and that, as a consequence, the reduction of one per cent. in the income tax which was decreed last year would have to be cancelled and the old rate re-established. But even with the help of this additional taxation, he would only forecast a surplus of 30 million dollars for 1932, and he declared that even this could only be secured by the rigid curtailment of any plans for further governmental expenditures. He did not touch upon the prohibition issue except to recommend the completion of the legislative measures for the reorganisation of the border patrol to prevent smuggling.

The path of the Hoover administration has been greatly smoothed by a pledge, publicly given by seven leading

Democrats, that in view of the serious national emergency created by the economic slump they would lend their influence to facilitate the easy passage of appropriation bills and any measures designed for the relief of unemployment. The signatories of the letter which embodied the pledge are such distinguished figures as Senator Robinson and Mr. John Garner, respectively the house leaders of the Democratic party in the Senate and the House of Representatives; and the three last Presidential nominees of the Democratic Party, Mr. James W. Cox, Mr. John W. Davis, and Mr. "Al" Smith. This offer has been cordially welcomed by Mr. Hoover, and the President has held Conferences at the White House with Senator Robinson to discuss arrangements for the progress of public business. The move is a novel episode in American politics, and disinterested observers of the Washington scene find no difficulty in interpreting the motives behind it. The signatories belong to the more Conservative wing of the Democratic party. They are credited with the aim of persuading "big business," which has hitherto steadily lent its influence at elections to the Republican party, that its Democratic rival is not in the hands of radicals who are bent upon dangerously subversive policies, but is under safe and sane control and is fit to be entrusted with the destinies of the United States. The theory of these Democrats is said to be that they have the Hoover administration on the run, that the economic depression is not likely to lift before the Presidential contest of 1932, and that, if they can only persuade "big business" to adopt an attitude of neutrality, a Democrat will occupy the White House for the first time since Woodrow Wilson vanished from the stage.

As a result of his triumph in New York, Governor Roosevelt has enormously strengthened his claims to the Democratic nomination for the Presidency in 1932. He has the dual advantage of a famous name and a singularly attractive personality; he is now a very experienced politician who has a record of consistent success behind him, and his views are liberal enough to attract the genuinely Progressive elements. Indeed, he has only one serious

handicap and it remains to be seen whether it will prove fatal to the advancement of his political fortunes. The famous Tammany organisation still rules the roost in New York City and controls the Democratic party. When it was under the sway of "Al Smith," who was a Tammany man, it underwent a process of reformation, for Smith insisted that it must mend many of its evil ways. But Tammany has now again fallen under the control of baser spirits and has reverted to its old malpractices. There have been a long series of seamy revelations and malodorous scandals which have been brought home to Tammany; there is indisputable evidence of a wholesale perversion of justice for the benefit of crooks and corrupt business interests and the practice of racketeering, which is a term for blackmail accompanied by threats of violence, too often translated into action, has reached ominous dimensions. The whole business community is groaning under the tyranny of the racketeers and the authorities seem helpless. Now, for this disgraceful situation, Tammany, which controls the municipal and police administration of New York, is being held responsible, and a Democratic paper like the New York *World* has openly charged Governor Roosevelt with being derelict in his duty inasmuch as he has not ventured to utter any public condemnation of Tammany and its works. The reason alleged for his silence is that, if he had taken sharp issue with Tammany, he would have lost the support of the organisation and not been elected Governor. But he is now being branded by the Republicans as a politician who is a complaisant creature of the evil Tammany organisation, and propaganda to this effect is being sedulously disseminated far and wide. Tammany has always been unpopular with the rest of the country outside New York, and it has in the past been an easy matter to excite prejudice against candidates who have its backing; for instance, it was just this anti-Tammany prejudice which enabled Woodrow Wilson to defeat Champ Clark for the Democratic nomination in 1912. Now Tammany will furnish the New York delegation to the next Democratic convention and if it backs Mr. Roosevelt, as is altogether likely, with vociferous zeal, the

other delegates may decide that it would be wise to choose a candidate who is not thus handicapped in the eyes of the rest of the country.

Naturally there is much speculation about the future of the political fortunes of President Hoover. Ex-President Coolidge has his obvious deficiencies, but he is an extremely shrewd commentator on events in the political world, and some time ago he ventured the opinion that if prosperity returned before 1932, Mr. Hoover would have no difficulty in securing the Republican nomination and in being elected. On the other hand, if it deferred its reappearance until after 1932, nobody else would want the Republican nomination, for a Democrat would certainly be elected President. Now a President, thanks to his tremendous control of patronage, can easily, if he so desires, make sure of his own renomination, and there is no reason to believe that Mr. Hoover does not aspire to a second term of office. About his re-election, however, there is less certainty. To-day, President Hoover's friends and the managers of the Republican party are said to be more troubled about the prohibition issue than the probable effect of the business depression upon their party's fortunes. They calculate that business and trade will both be well on the mend before the presidential campaign of 1932 begins, and that the business interests of the country will not be easily induced to abandon their faith in Republican policies. But they are almost distraught over the prohibition issue and see in it a real danger to their success. They apprehend that a group of important Republican states, including New York, Massachusetts, and Ohio, will send "wet" delegations to the next Republican convention and make an effort to include in the party platform a repeal plank which will split the party wide open. It has been suggested in certain quarters that Mr. Hoover is ready to advocate a modification of the liquor laws, but this suggestion is discounted as a consequence of a recent editorial in the *Christian Herald*, a strenuous supporter of prohibition. Its editor, Mr. Stanley High, after a prolonged conference with President Hoover, issued a call to the organised temperance forces in the American churches to work for the renomination and

re-election of President Hoover. In his editorial, Mr. High asserted that the Democratic party was ready to declare at its next national convention for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and that the anti-prohibitionists were now ready to turn their attention and money to the undoing of the Republican party. The editorial declared that the one obstacle in the path of the anti-prohibitionists is Mr. Hoover and there was "no likelihood whatsoever that Mr. Hoover would change his position relative to prohibition, save perhaps to make a new statement of it." Mr. Hoover was therefore the most important political asset of the "drys," and it behoved them to see to it first of all that Mr. Hoover was re-nominated on a "dry" platform. The Republican "wets" will undoubtedly argue that it will be impossible to re-elect Mr. Hoover on a "dry" platform, because the southern states, although "dry," will once more give a solid vote to the Democratic ticket, and the normal Democratic vote in northern states like New York and Ohio will be reinforced by thousands of insurgent Republican "wets" who are bent upon making an end of prohibition. But luckily for Mr. Hoover the only Republican "wet" who is a possibility as an effective Presidential candidate, Mr. Dwight Morrow, is his personal friend and is certain to refuse to enter any contest for the Republican nomination. Yet the Republican "wets" are now such a numerous body, possess so much financial and social influence, and are in such a militant mood that they can no longer be treated with contempt. Their placation is the most serious task before Mr. Hoover.

THE RISE OF THE BLACK PEOPLE

BY CAPTAIN W. HICHENS

"The gods have made no man despicable."

—*African Native Proverb.*

I

A NEGRO was baked alive in a cell in a Texas gaol a few months ago, while a mob of white men—and women—fought against the tear-bombs and guns of the police in their frenzy to tear a black man to pieces.

Such outbreaks of the race-hatred which permeates the whole of American contact between black and white, are more than significant at the moment when Britain, in recasting her native policy for the East African colonies, has not only reaffirmed the paramountcy of native interests, but has declared that where black and white interests conflict, "the former should prevail."

To-day we may look with revulsion on the lynchings of blacks in America. Our contact with blacks is wider; yet we avoid that degradation of national emotion. In Eastern Africa some thirty thousand whites live cheek by jowl with fifteen million blacks: in houses, shops and offices, on farms and plantations, in the street and the home, white and black men and women contrive to live and work upon terms of close industrial contact, but in amity. There are no lynchings, and as yet there is no active or vocal expression of racial antagonism to embitter their everyday relations. As a race the natives respect the whites; as a class, the white settlers do not disrespect the blacks. To a great degree the settlers associate themselves with the broad outlines of the Government's policy of trusteeship. They are tolerant of the native's vagaries and shortcomings, critical and corrective of his worst vices, not unappreciative of his virtues and ambitions, and not unwilling that he

should progress towards civilisation by learning a lesson from contact with white standards of life, industry and thought.

II

At the same time, settlers are conscious and proud of being quite distinct from the natives. They are members of the dominant white race and they regard themselves not only racially, but individually, as the superiors socially, economically, and mentally of the blacks. That they have neither desire nor intention to relinquish this dominant status is made evident by the strenuous opposition levelled by the settlers at the native policy now reaffirmed in the recent White Papers, which they describe as "retrogressive" and "anti-pathetic to the European population," and by no means do they contribute to the "ideal" that white and black can "some day meet upon equal terms intellectually, socially, and economically," the hope of the Hilton Young Report. Indeed, the majority of settlers may be said to regard black and white racial equality not as an ideal, but as a visionary and impracticable idea, not only subversive to their national prestige, but repugnant to their personal pride. It is here that there gapes the first fissure of a colour chasm, even were it not for the fact that barriers bristling with racial jealousies have already been raised as foundations to an edifice of racial conflict of the acutest kind.

Everyday life in the streets of Nairobi or Daressalaam can instance many of these racial crevasses, small but like cracks in ice, of imminent portent. The native, for instance, is expected and he at present concurs, to make way for the white man on the footpath, not to sit until given permission, and, if sitting, to stand in the white man's presence, to come at a run when he calls, and to respond if he beckons, though he may be an utter stranger. It is accepted as a matter of course that farmers, planters and estate managers shall on occasion inflict corporal punishment, usually with a whip of rhino-hide, upon native labourers for insolence, theft, desertion, laziness, breakages, or what not. At present this dominant attitude over the unsophisti-

cated native, who is new to both the liberties and the restrictions of the white régime, may even be claimed to be of a beneficial and disciplinary nature. But it does not conform to the principles of racial equality of Britain's native policy, and although no very active resentment is yet shown by the mass of the natives, yet the time is now come when the native will definitely resist and actively oppose this dominant stance of the white; and that, not only in minor matters of everyday public contact, but in the much more acute field of those social and public amenities which are oil to the cogs of convenable daily life.

III

Despite the insistence upon paramountcy and equality of native interests, no provision has yet been made, nor has any, apparently, been anticipated as essential, either by settlers or government, for the native's participation in those very public and social services in which we have been most urgent in persuading the native to appreciate and to co-operate.

That main public service, the railway, affords an outstanding case in point, for it brings within the general focus a great number of points of social and economic contact between white and black which have their counterparts in social and industrial contact between the two races in the everyday course of life in the home, the office, the workshop, the hotel and so on.

At most of the East African railway stations may be seen any day ribald and disgusting stultification of all efforts to raise the native standard, and a short train journey evidences at every turn the wide distinctions between black and white. So far as racial equality goes, the black's race-barrier on the railroads is made literally of tempered steel. It consists of a steel grille, like a cattle-pen, to herd the blacks from propinquity with the whites. Into these cages—there is no other word for them—on Nairobi, Mombasa and other stations, native passengers are crowded before the train arrives; they are not allowed on the platform. Europeans are, of course, admitted to the platform and as a rule whether they are intending passengers or not: the

white man's baggage, and baggage is usually considerable on long East African train runs, is allowed to be put, by his black servant, into the coach, in which the white passenger may elect to sit until the hour of departure; or he may stroll and chat on the platform, visit the buffet and dining room, enjoy a drink or a meal in well designed, clean, airy buildings in which his culture and comfort are especially catered for. If he is hot and dusty, a well-appointed toilet room is available to him, equipped with suitable sanitary arrangements. Waiting rooms and station seats are also provided for his convenience. We assume these conveniences as a matter of course. In contrast, none is provided for the black. One may remark here that the native contribution to the finances of the railways, both in fares and in general votes through the Treasury, is considerably in excess of the white man's proportion, so that upon financial grounds alone the native is in a position to claim major and not minor consideration.

Quoi qu'il en soit, he is thronged into the grilled station room, men, women and children, and there he must stay with his baggage, his worrying wife or wives, his hot, whimpering, children.

Usually a violent and obscene altercation goes on between the (Indian) babu station staff and indignant natives. The babus lose no opportunity to place native passengers under ridicule, obloquy and every trivial, loutish inconvenience of the most exasperating kinds, such as only the babu mind can machinate. Baggage is deliberately damaged or muddled; the native is told he has too much baggage; if he wants a ticket, he must come to the box later: when he comes later he is cursed for not coming earlier. In many cases he is given wrong change, or refused change for notes and told to get small cash; trouble is made about his wives and children; are his wives prostitutes, fugitive from the police? Is he abducting someone else's wife? Where is he going? Has he permission to go? What is he going for? And so on.

To the native, who like the rest of us, is apt to arrive at the railway station in a hurry, somewhat hot and bothered, harassed with his family and concerned about his baggage,

the treatment meted out on the average East African station is literally provocative of murder. Assuredly no white man would stand it; the station would be strewn with dismembered babus! Even the placid, good-tempered African disposition, which will stand a good deal of affront in white contact, is riled by the trouble and indignity of this should-be simple matter of buying a train ticket; and the railway native grille is one of the few places in East Africa where the native completely loses his temper. Moreover, no provision whatever is made for the toilet of his women-folk and children, who like most women and children get hot and dusty travelling and require facilities for washing. The native sanitary arrangements, too, are invariably by nature of a dilapidated corrugated iron hut whose interior is foul beyond words, an ironic stultification of the authorities' efforts to teach sanitation to the native.

No adequate provision is made for the black to obtain refreshments. There may be a tea or fruit stall, run by an Indian, where those commodities may be had at exorbitant prices, and at stations up-country along the line, itinerant natives visit the coaches selling fruit, milk, eggs, fowls and so on. But no room is provided where the native may sit to eat a meal in peace, and in the clean orderly surroundings, that the education and medical departments have told him he should strive for.

A few natives travel second-class, mainly servants, for whom their masters have paid, chiefs, headmen, native gentlemen and traders; but the great mass of the native passengers travel third, in trucks of two kinds, one a wooden-built truck, long and corridor-like, with a long wooden form down each side as seating provision; the other, known as an NBX, an iron truck, just an open metal truck intended for goods and becoming as hot as Hades after a short run under the tropic sun. In neither of these is there any lavatory accommodation, and the native passenger who desires this convenience must needs hold his soul in peace until the next station stop, a mile or maybe twenty miles ahead. No provision whatever is made for native passengers' meals or refreshment on the train during the journey, so that a native travelling from, say,

Mombasa to Kisumu, or from Daressalaam to Tabora, is faced with the prospect of two days without cooked, hot food, and must subsist, with his womenfolk and children, upon such cold viands as he can carry with him or buy by the wayside. Neither is a proper water supply provided. The natives may obtain hot water from an obliging engine-driver, or cold from the station hydrant, unless and until the station babu raises the all too frequent objection.

There appears to be no definite restriction against a native dining in the train's dining saloon nor at a dak bungalow: it does not seem to have been contemplated that a black would do any such thing. But it is certain that were an ordinary native to take a seat in the station meal room and order dinner, amongst European passengers, he would be "removed." The majority of Europeans would object to eating in company or rather eating in equality of circumstances with a black. They have no objection, *per se*, to the presence of natives in the dining room, for the table boys are natives. But the *sight* and *thought* of a black sitting down to dine with them would exasperate most settlers to the point of ejecting the black man with such vocal or physical force as might be requisite. Settlers would doubtless be puzzled to give logical reasons for their objection. They would probably find no fault with the black diner's behaviour; they would probably admit that he was "a decent enough fellow: but, hang it all, he's a native!"

Equally, the spectacle of a native, however well comported, educated and dressed, and though he might be the chief of a tribe drawing a government honorarium—the spectacle of him dining in dinner dress at one of Nairobi's European hotels would be a public and Press sensation.

IV

The possibility of the native in the garb of his new education, culture and self-respect that we have tailored for him, entering into normal public life as a normal member of society, to enjoy the quite common and ordinary social amenities that all whites regard as necessary factors in daily

life, is a contingency which neither settlers nor officials appear to have contemplated despite that it is the alpha and omega of the native policy. In so many words the Hilton Young Report states, "*If white and black can some day meet on equal terms, intellectually, socially and economically, their racial and economic antagonisms may be merged in a community of interests.*" It is to that end that most of the native tribes have been given literal self-government upon a tribal basis which absorbs European ideas of progress into the mould of all that is sound and progressive in the tribal régime. The enthusiasm which the various tribes have directed towards the enlightenment of their tribesfolk, the development of their lands and herds upon up-to-date scientific, economic and industrial methods; their willingness, indeed, anxiety to embrace the white man's systems of education, child welfare, public hygiene and sanitation, agricultural, veterinary, transport and other methods, has been a dual source of official gratification not unmingled with unofficial consternation during the past few years. This intensive "civilisation" is being avidly assimilated by the younger natives of the rising generation. The widespread adoption of European clothing, the increasing desire to build houses in European style, if smaller in scale, and to equip the native home with furniture; the new and keen interest of the native in magazines and newspapers, cinemas and other public recreations and events; these are but a few indications which show that the day has come when the native will try his prentice hand at living up to a civilised scale. But the white community evinces no preparation for the admission of the native into their plane of life.

On the contrary, the attitude of the mass of the whites is that the black "should be kept in his place." His attempted incursions into the social and public arenas of the white is regarded as more than an intrusion. It is looked upon as a trespass upon the racial preserves of the white and as a kind of racial indecency on the part of the black, which calls for prevention and correction, by penalty if necessary, not only in the interests of white prestige but in the interests of black prestige; because it "takes

the native out of his proper sphere," to use the common phrase.

The merest approach of the native to white standards, except in case of white convenience or conviction, is indeed a source of irritation to many settlers. A native, for instance, is expected to wear a shirt and shorts if he walks in Nairobi's streets; and if he strolls nude, except for a windblown blanket as the Masai are apt to do, settlers write to the Press and complain that such things are subversive to public decency. On the other hand, if the native out of working hours discards his khaki shirt and shorts and dons a smart European suit, with collar and tie, socks, shoes and gloves, then the irked settler complains that the black is "apeing" the white and that there is in this a risk of the native becoming "too familiar" and "lacking in respect." In the same way the white objects to the insanitary state of native kraals: but he objects much more forcibly to any idea of natives being permitted to reside, at white standards, in white residential quarters.

Nothing could be more evident than that this race-conscious and race-jealous attitude cannot go hand in hand with any policy of black and white racial equality. While at present there is only a small minority of the native population either able or desirous of sharing the public status, rights, conveniences, pleasures and privileges of the white, it is only too obvious that the coming generation of natives will strive earnestly to set themselves in the higher plane of the white man's daily standards. Either that, or the native policy will be a failure, or its principles will be shown to the native as false and hypocritical to the point of viciousness.

It is equally evident that with his active intention to live to a higher standard, the enlightened native will be impatient, and rightly so, of inconvenient racial distinctions and disadvantages which in the past his forebears have placidly endured. The railway, for instance, was a marvel to the pre-war native: a rail journey was an adventure. The war, however, showed its easy and practical utility. To-day, natives regard the railway as quick, cheap, convenient transport. They are by far the largest users of it.

To the native of the new policy the railway will be an economic necessity, as necessary to him and his tribe as spears and shields were thirty years ago. It is not likely, in the trend of human nature, that the native educated at a government college, trained in standards of self-respect, hygiene, comfort and business, and who embarks, say, upon coffee planting at Moshi (where the natives have already a great planting industry with its native planters' association), will be content, on a business trip, to travel in a sweltering iron NBX truck, with no seats, no meals, and nothing to sleep upon except the metal floor. What was tolerable to his father will be exasperating to him. He will demand and will be willing to pay for the same amenities of public service enjoyed by the average white.

We need not anticipate that the cultured African of the new régime will seek to travel with whites in the same coach, or dine with whites in the same hotels or clubs, or sit with whites in the same rows of theatre stalls, nor, indeed, even transact business in pseudo-white environment. The native, like us, much prefers his own colour. He is not, and has no occasion to be ashamed of being black; he enjoys the social pleasures and intimacies of the folk of his own race, who share his mental and psychological outlook.

It is noteworthy that eminent Africans to-day in East Africa do not seek to obtrude themselves upon white society: and this applies not only to the now many cultured Africans of the coast, but to the more "primitive" up-country chiefs and members of the kindly and aristocratic tribal families, whose comportment and culture, although peculiar to the African environment, invariably bears the irrefutable hall-mark of good taste and gentility.

But the enlightened native will not, of course, be obtuse to the aura of racial hostility, whatever its political or social veneer, that the white community sets against the incursion of the black into the preserves of the white standard. The native feels very much that way himself: he dislikes the white man butting in upon tribal privacies and privileges. As the tendency of the existing native associations and social organisations in East Africa shows, the native, like

the white, tends to keep within his own social circles. He already has his own clubs, his own small restaurants, his own political, agricultural and industrial societies, whose interests are solely black. Their power is as yet small, but it needs no imagination to perceive, with the rising generation of educated and enlightened natives, all blessed with the benison of our native policy of equal racial privilege, that black organisations with a populace of fifteen millions behind them could argue very forcibly about dominance and status and social and public privilege, against the negligible minority of settlers who in all East Africa do not yet number fifty thousand.

V

However cultured one is, however willing to pursue racial harmony, one must live. And the majority of us must work to live: and in this plain fact considerable conflict of racial interest is already imminent in East Africa. The trained educated native has now invaded the realm of the unskilled white worker with such success that this venue of the labour market is already closed to whites. It is but a matter of a few years when qualified native doctors, lawyers, surveyors and other professional men will be practising in the tribes, as pioneers in the white professional field.

The growth of native planting and farming industries is being watched with considerable consternation and alarm by whites engaged in those pursuits, for the native has already shown—as instance cotton on the Rufigi, which has increased from £3,000 a year to £50,000 a year, in five years, and coffee at Moshi, which has grown from nothing to £40,000 a year in like time—that black industry can produce economic crops of world importance on a scale and at a price that are both a serious menace to white enterprise.

The tribal system of self-development, moreover, tends to turn the tribes into enormous co-operative societies for industrial and productive effort directed towards the production, perfection and marketing, in bulk and with the

merest margin of expenditure, of specific commodities under non-competitive conditions. Such conditions are the antithesis of the risks, hazards, and obstacles which beset the white man's individual enterprise, and present a factor threatening the submergence of the white farming, planting, and commercial community, which cannot be disregarded in the economics of African enlightenment.

Physical and physiological factors, too, would appear to operate adversely to the white in his struggle to maintain a dominant status against the up-trend of black standards. Apart from the various tropical diseases which harass the European, but against which the black would seem to have acquired, in many cases, either immunity or at least considerable resistance, it is more than a moot point whether the white can survive a decade in the tropics. By this is not meant whether he can spend part of his life under tropical conditions; but whether as a permanent resident in the tropics he will be able to propagate and perpetuate his kind up to the present physical, mental and psychological standards which are commonly accepted as those of the white man to-day.

Despite vigorous contra-assertions, it is well known that residence over a comparatively short period in Kenya produces a state of memory-lethargy known locally as "Kenya memory." This would not seem to be an impairment of the intellect, but merely a slowing down of the recollective process. Again, while residence on the lowland coast of Kenya produces a markedly easy-going placid outlook, residence in the highlands around Nairobi produces a type antithetic to an equally marked degree.

On leave at home most East Africans will admit to the exaggeration of viewpoint, the distortion of critical faculty, the lack of perspective and proportion, that are the results of residence in the highlands. On minor as well as major issues, both social and political, East Africans as a community may be described as hyper-sensitive. And paradoxically though it may seem, there is also a tendency to sub-normal sensitivity in matters of social régime. Conduct which would be scowled upon at home is glossed over as being in some way excusable in the tropics; intemperance of habit,

dress and appetite, and incontinence of person and speech, being the outstanding instances. Psychologically this tropical hyper-sensitiveness on the one hand is complementary to subnormal sensitivity on the other, and the quotient of this ratio is found in the factor of general degeneration of standard. In purely physical factors, white life in East Africa has been over too short a period for any reliable data to have been collated, but South Africa instances the production of a "type" which departs from the standard that the East African would himself set as typical of the "white man." South African born, speech, countenance and personal deportment are typical of themselves only; they are a production of South African conditions. Similarly, it is only to be anticipated that East Africa will evolve its white type, and, ethnologically, it is likely to trend more towards the negroid than towards the white type. Apart from any intermingling of the racial bloods, it has been fairly conclusively shown that life under tropical conditions modifies physical structure. For instance, whites with thin, narrow noses are less likely to survive than those with broad, thick noses, since the latter type of nose is the suitable organ for a hot, moist climate. An expressed swarthiness may also be postulated in the future generations of whites in the tropics; for the pigmentation of the negro skin is, of course, an environmental characteristic. Equally, the tropical heat and ultra-rays and changed atmospheric conditions, quite apart from the dependence of the white upon black labour for many activities that he would otherwise discharge himself, will inevitably be reflected in a general slowing down of nervous and mental processes, with a corresponding diminution of control over the natural appetites. This tendency towards and menace of degeneration has not been overlooked by those whose concern it is to apprise white settlers of such factors in the development of tropical white society. "One objective," says a recent Rhodesian Educational Commission Report, "must be to develop in the white youth of the country the moral stamina to overcome strong and subtle influences which in a mixed society are constantly at work to sap the energies and weaken the moral tenacity of the privileged European. We

found among witnesses everywhere a lively and almost alarmed sense of the danger of moral degeneration which threatens the youth of the country where the services of others are so easily come by. The danger lies in the fact that in the ordinary routine of daily life he (the white) can shift to the shoulders of others that burden of the arduous and irksome which, in countries where conditions are sterner, affords the main discipline of character."

Linked with this tendency of the white to rely upon the black in routine service is the vital factor that the white economically and industrially is not self-provident in the larger issues of labour. Planters and farmers and, to a major extent, industrially-engaged whites are dependent for labour upon the black to a degree, as already stated, of ousting the not highly skilled white from the labour market.

Natives have already taken up work as clerks, shop assistants, bar-tenders, factory hands, carpenters, blacksmiths, fitters, masons, engine-drivers, motor-drivers, station masters, warehouse-keepers, laboratory assistants, and so on; and their industrial education is now advancing to equip them for positions as farm, plantation and factory operatives, overseers, and managers, posts hitherto the prerogative of whites. But in the enormous field of unskilled farm, plantation and manual labour the black is labour-dominant: here he discharges an industrial function which the white is physically, by reason of tropical conditions, and economically, by reason of the low wage-rates, unable to discharge himself. We dare not postulate that under the attractions of high and profitable tribal productivity on the one hand and advantages held out to the educated native by more skilled labour on the other hand, the fount of native labour will run dry under the sun of "civilisation."

While the self-supporting settler as well as the employed white are faced with this dual prospect of degeneration from standard and closure from industry, the oncoming generation of whites is by no means exempt from undesirable influences.

In many of the scattered farming areas much of the white children's time is spent in native company and this to

a degree that not only definitely impresses the white child's mind in a pseudo-native cast, but, in several cases known to the writer, was evidenced by children of seven and eight being able to converse fluently in the native tongue, and with advanced sophistication, whereas they could barely express a coherent notion in the comparatively unfamiliar English.

The vast area and consequently scattered nature of white settlement naturally deprives settlers' children of the social contacts which are such important factors in the cultural education of a child, and at the same time it complicates the problem of school education. At present, many settlers send their children to schools in England or to boarding schools in the larger East African towns; but, with the expansion of settlement the number of settlers who are able to adopt this expedient is likely to be in the minority as it is now in South Africa, and the problem of providing suitable education for white children will be an acute one in these colonies.

It is the more acute in that such education must, by the factor of black progress, be of a high standard. "The only opportunities for Europeans apart from farming," says the Hilton Young Report, "will be found in the professions and in positions of management and oversight . . . since all unskilled and increasingly the greater part of the skilled labour will be performed by natives." In the light of this certainty, and despite the advocacy of farming as the white's recourse, it must not be overlooked that but a small percentage of settlers' children will be either desirous or financially able to buy land for farming. A settler parentage is no criterion of like disposition in the child: and there is no indication, even if it were, that the oncoming generation of white children will be blessed with an adequate ability for settlement or that they will do other than follow the trend in South Africa towards the industrial centres of the towns. In this aspect alone there is the incipient danger of the creation of a race of inefficient "poor whites," incapable of filling the social and industrial niche set for the white standard.

At the best, in the face of these few amongst many other

factors operating adversely to him, the white will have a strenuous fight in maintaining his prestige, his personality, and indeed, his physique and mentality, if he is to march ahead, and not fall into the rear, of this trek of black progress.

We must be prepared, and within this generation, for an African naissence—if we think with Mr. Leakey, perhaps, we should term it a great renaissance—not only social and industrial, but cultural. It will contact the white not only with black leaders of industry and trade, but with black leaders of thought, arbiters of new standards of native intellectual life. Twenty years back we whites who lived in the Kenya of then, would have thought it impossible for a Kikuyu native—a "Kuke," just a "Kuke"—to have put into words, "The paramount duty of our leaders in Africa should be to see that their children are well equipped with the weapons, not such as the swords, spears, or guns which our ancestors inherited, but with the trained heart, head and hand, which will enable them to improve their country and find their places in the world. Let us educate the mothers of our nation, because it is through the women that Nature writes on the hearts of men."

So speaks the son of a Kikuyu chief, a young man now at college. He is typical of the rising generation of Africans who are keeping abreast of the wave of progress: he is typical of the unprecedented awakening in native life. Yet he is a member of a tribe whose mental, moral and social horizons, before the war, were walled in with the phantasies of superstition, with the horrors of black magic, and with the hostility of barbarous and irrefragable customs.

There is little to guide us in this process of metamorphosing our inter-racial outlook. There is no record in history upon an applicable scale of the white and black races having met upon common grounds of equality. There are many, indeed, who regard the idea as so impracticable and visionary that they can only foresee the doom of white dominance in the goal of the native policy. In the words of one witness before one of the Kenya Commissions the white man's influence in East Africa can be but "a ripple on the sands of time. The future landscape of Africa will be

coloured black and we shall be submerged as a white speck in a black ocean."

We may rather believe, however, that in the wider issues of racial economy the standards and precepts of white races will be sought by the native as potent factors in the rise of his people. A racial clash is not inevitable, for we have yet a free hand to correct the errors that exist and to avoid those which have led other countries into racial conflict, and by sound British sense, goodwill and tolerance we may thus maintain that prestige which has always commanded the respect and admiration of the black and which is a far more valuable national asset than the transitory pomp of colour dominance.

FOR AN INDIAN HOT WEATHER.

—□□□—

Now does the koël split the tortured air
 With shriek on shriek from shrill and rasping throat ;
 Across the plain the shimmering heat-mists float,
 And rain-starved, close-cropped fields lie brown and bare.
 Dumb is the music now, for blazing there,
 Where rang the jingling river's laughing note,
 Are sun-bleached sands ; only the vultures gloat,
 For Death moves swiftly, and there's none to care.
 The nights are breathless with the creeping flame
 Of each new dawn, and sleep is scared away
 As moon and stars give comfort-light in vain. . . .
 It seems that God has hung His head in shame
 At the unhindered clutch of Indian May,
 When day is horror and the night is pain.

A. R. UBSDELL.

DR. JOHNSON'S PUBLISHER

BY W. FORBES GRAY

ANDREW MILLAR was dubbed the "Maecenas of the age" by its foremost literary representative—Samuel Johnson. The analogy between the Roman statesman and the Scots bookseller is not very clear, but probably what Johnson meant was that Millar was conspicuously generous in his treatment of authors. That he paid high prices for literary wares is well known, and Johnson was cognisant of the fact when he remarked : "I respect Millar, sir, he has raised the price of literature."

The history of English literature in its commercial aspects during most of the eighteenth century cannot be adequately understood without reference to Millar's career. "By consummate industry, and a happy train of successive patronage and connection," says Nichols, "he became one of the most eminent booksellers of his time." Certainly, one who published for Johnson, for poets like Thomson and Collins, for novelists like Fielding and Smollett, for historians like Hume and Robertson, for divines like Hurd and Warburton, and for philosophers like Reid, Adam Smith, and Lord Kames was well entitled to be called eminent. That Millar should have swept so miscellaneous a body of literary magnates into his net is proof that, besides being a highly successful vendor of books, he was endowed with some estimable qualities. Millar began, if he did not complete, the demolition of Grub Street, which surely was something of which to be proud. Moreover, he wrought a great work in the cause of popular enlightenment. Receptive of new ideas and methods, he brought the era of cheap, wholesome literature perceptibly nearer.

As his name sufficiently indicates, Andrew Millar was a Scotsman. Johnson of course thought him "clannish," and disposed to preferential treatment in the case of books

penned by his own countrymen. Little is known of Millar's early days, but there is some reason for believing that he served his apprenticeship with an Edinburgh bookseller. Be that as it may, our first glimpse of Millar is as a young man settled in London, and already in business on his own account. His shop in the Strand was originally known as "Shakespeare's Head," but, characteristically, he renamed it "Buchanan's Head." Here, by industry and unerring commercial insight, he built up a substantial fortune, which enabled him to reside in Pall Mall, and afterwards to retire to a villa at Kew Green, there to live the life of a country gentleman.

In the first steps to fame and fortune, Millar was assisted by two men of letters who, like himself, hailed from Scotland—James Thomson, the bland poet of *The Seasons*, and David Mallet, a typical specimen of the literary adventurer. Probably the first work Millar published was Thomson's *Spring* (1728). Two years later he paid £137 10s. for the same poet's "classic" tragedy—*Sophonisba*. He also brought out the masque of *Alfred* (1740), composed by Thomson and Mallet, and in which first appeared "Rule Britannia." Millar, I should add, was Thomson's man of business, being "always at hand," says Patrick Murdoch, "to answer or even to prevent his demands."

Millar's introduction to Fielding was brought about by Thomson. Fielding did not then write "light literature," but Mrs. Millar, after reading the manuscript of *Joseph Andrews*, advised her husband to accept it for publication. The advice was taken, and Thomson and Fielding were invited to bargain over a bottle of wine. The young novelist asked Millar his terms. "I am," replied the bookseller, "a man of few words, and fond of coming to the point, but I don't think I can afford to give more than £200." "Two hundred pounds!" exclaimed Fielding. "Are you serious?" "Never more so," answered Millar. "Then," rejoined the novelist, "give me your hand, the book's yours."

Thus began a connection creditable as well as profitable to both. "Millar the bookseller," wrote Horace Walpole to George Montagu in 1749, "has done very generously by

Fielding: finding *Tom Jones*, for which he had given him six hundred pounds, sell so greatly he has given him another hundred." By this time Fielding's fame was assured, and Millar boldly offered £1,000 for his next novel, *Amelia*. But the relationship was not merely commercial. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1781 there is a story of Fielding being in dire straits for money, and of Millar acting the good Samaritan. Nor must we forget that he bequeathed sums of money to the novelist's two sons.

II

An outstanding event of Millar's career was his connection with the publication of Johnson's *Dictionary*, perhaps the most formidable literary project undertaken in this country up to that time. Says Boswell: "Mr. Andrew Millar, bookseller in the Strand, took the principal charge of conducting the publication of Johnson's *Dictionary*." What this meant we learn from further remarks by the biographer. "As the patience of the proprietors was repeatedly tried and almost exhausted by their expecting that the work would be completed within the time which Johnson had sanguinely supposed, the learned author was often goaded to dispatch, more especially as he had received all the 'copy'-money by different drafts a considerable time before he had finished the task." Boswell's statement does not accurately represent Johnson's indebtedness, for Dr. Birkbeck Hill quotes a passage to the effect that when the lexicographer's receipts for advances were examined it was found that Johnson had overdrawn more than a hundred pounds.

Millar played the chief part as regards the publication of the *Dictionary*. He superintended the printing, and it was to him that Johnson sent the "copy," the unpunctual arrival of which sorely tried the publisher. Of this we are reminded by Boswell. "When the messenger who carried the last sheet to Millar returned, Johnson asked him: 'Well, what did he say?' 'Sir,' (answered the messenger) 'he said, "Thank God I have done with him."' 'I am glad' (replied Johnson with a smile) 'that he thanks God for anything.'"

III

But we get the deepest insight into Millar's character and business capacity by studying his relations with David Hume. Indeed, it is impossible to interpret Hume's literary success apart from the labours of his faithful publisher. Both were specially intimate, and a voluminous and revealing correspondence passed between them. It is true that they sometimes disagreed, but both were profoundly conscious of mutual advantage. The first volume of Hume's *History of England* was published by an Edinburgh firm, but met with a disappointing reception. Hume resolved to change his publisher, and it was arranged that Millar should bring out subsequent volumes. During 1756 the writing and printing of the second volume was in progress. On September 22nd Hume wrote, requesting that the fresh instalment appear in November; that presentation copies be sent to his London friends; and that Mallet, whose reputation for immaculate English the historian placed amazingly high, be asked to note "any slips of language."

The second volume was as distinct a success as the first was a failure, and in 1759 Hume informed Adam Smith that he had agreed to write for Millar the history of England from the Romans till the accession of Henry VII, the price being £1,400. Millar was extremely anxious to publish the *History* in parts and to insert Hume's portrait as a frontispiece; but the historian did not relish these propositions. "I like much better your publishing in volumes than in numbers. Though this last method has often been practised, it has somewhat of a quackish air." Hume also was averse to pictorial ornament, which he regarded as a "superfluous expense." Moreover, he considered the proposal impracticable, there being "no picture" of him in London. However, if Millar insisted, he would ask Allan Ramsay (son of the poet) to "direct the engraver."

Anxious to convince Hume that he stood high in the roll of popular authors, Millar enlarged on the rapid and extensive sales of his *History*, and plied the historian

with the opinions of his "most judicious friends." These included Adam Smith, who pled strongly for a continuation of the *History* from the Revolution onwards. Millar, according to Hill Burton, seems to have scarcely ever relaxed his efforts to forward this project; and probably it was his importunity, and not any personal wish to pursue the task, that kept the design alive in Hume's mind. At all events, Hume acquiesced, and roughly sketched several post-Revolution reigns; but the work was never completed.

IV

In 1762 Hume, desirous of befriending the unbefrienable, Jean Jacques Rousseau, suggested to Millar that in the event of the author of the *Social Contract* bringing out a new work, he should publish a translation. "I should think Rousseau very fortunate if he were in your hands," writes the historian. Millar was not enamoured of the idea; but when Hume contracted with another firm to publish the account of his quarrel with Rousseau, he was "much hurt." Hume's defence was that he did not think it would have been worth Millar's while. But the publisher was ready with his answer. "Can you imagine anything however so trifling in which your name is concerned not worth my while?"

In letters in which praise and blame are judiciously blended, we get a fair idea of Millar's attitude. But what did Hume think of Millar? The historian spoke with two voices. In 1758 Millar was ill, and Hume wrote to Strahan expressing real concern. "I know few who would make a greater loss to this country, especially to the young men of letters." High commendation surely, but over against it we must place a remark about the "rapaciousness of Mr. Millar" being "most incurable." Yet there was real esteem on both sides, and friendship too. Hume frequently invited Millar and his wife to visit him in Edinburgh. In 1764 he wrote from Paris to say that one agreeable circumstance attending his return to England would be that Millar and his spouse could give him more of their company. Millar was equally

cordial. On October 4th, 1766, he wrote to Hume as follows: "I could scold you most heartily if you were here, and so could Mrs. Millar, for breaking your appointment with friends that love you sincerely, when they had provided a turtle, and a fine haunch of forest venison for your entertainment." Hume replied from Edinburgh: "I hope to be often merry with you in your house in Pall Mall."

V

Having, in 1758, completed his *History of Scotland*. William Robertson, through the kind offices of Hume, entered into agreement with Millar for its publication. The work was published in two quarto volumes on February 1st, 1759, and was received, says Dugald Stewart, with such unbounded applause that a second edition was called for before the end of the month. During the next three years the work ran through other three editions. The price paid for the copyright was £600, but the profits were over £6,000. Robertson told Johnson that he had sold the work at a moderate price as its success was problematical. But he was less modest in his demands when he carried the manuscript of the *History of Charles V* to Millar. Dr. Birkbeck Hill mentions a manuscript letter from Robertson to Strahan in which the historian agreed to accept from Millar, or in the event of his declining it, from himself (Strahan), the sum of £3,400 for the copyright. Millar, however, paid £4,500, a sum exceeding anything that had ever been paid in England for a literary composition, Pope's translation of the *Iliad* excepted. Robertson's masterpiece was published early in 1769 in three quarto volumes, and was received with the enthusiasm that had heralded the *History of Scotland*. But Millar did not share in the triumph: he died on the eve of the completion of the work. His reputation, however, was made.

Millar has gone down to posterity as a publisher who, by his generous payment of authors and discriminating appraisal of literary wares, gave a great impetus to English letters in the age of Johnson.

MARRIAGE IN ENGLISH FICTION

BY HELEN GRIERSON

"AND so they were married and lived happy ever after." That is the proper, orthodox finale of fiction. The novelists took it over (the spirit of it at all events) from their predecessors, who told fairy-tales, and for many a year marriage was always shown as the supreme felicity and the ultimate goal of life. Through the course of three substantial volumes the leading characters aspired to the estate of holy matrimony, they moved towards it with indomitable perseverance, and in the final chapters they attained to it with unquestioning rapture. In fact, the hero and heroine ran a sort of obstacle race to church. The lengthening or shortening of the road to wedlock provided the complications necessary to the plot: the bad characters were there on purpose to frustrate the matrimonial urge, the good ones justified their existence by circumventing the machinations of the ill-disposed. The course of true love was the prime theme of fiction.

The eighteenth-century novelists, for the most part, held to the good old way. In Fielding and Smollet the journey to church was a very slow one, with innumerable deviations and wanderings, at least on the hero's part, before he leads the heroine to the altar. But in the end they reach their appointed goal. So it is in *Evelina* and *Cecelia*. When the figures of the happy couple disappear into the church porch we lose sight of them and the story is over, unless a spot light chances to fall for a moment on some significant incident of their after-life, such as a possible christening, or inheritance. Thenceforth they are sufficiently occupied in being happy ever after. They rest

"as after much turmoil

A blessed soul doth in Elysium."

Jane Austen did not presume to vary the system in

theory, though she went some way towards changing the emphasis. Her young women are all on the way to marriage and go off to church as the final chapter approaches. Jane was a person who never refused to face facts and she found falling in love to be one of the leading interests in life: she experienced it in herself, she observed it in others, and she reckoned with it accordingly. Close beside the agreeable and thrilling fact of love she found another, equally important. There was the necessity, or at least, the extreme advisability, of an "establishment" for all young women. The two things had to be got into place in life somehow, and reconciled. Jane saw that quite clearly. The ideal was, that the two lines of approach to marriage should converge, that is what all sensible people desire, but nobody can be sure life will take the right turn. There is always the possibility that the two things may run counter to one another, that love and money may not be embodied in the same person. Then the dangers and the difficulties of the course of true love begin. To ignore the "dreadful little might" of Cupid is dangerous. We feel the gravest disapproval when Charlotte Lucas marries Mr. Collins from entirely prudential motives: we are not in the least surprised that Maria Rushworth, *née* Bertram, makes shipwreck on the rocks of a loveless marriage. Nevertheless, if even the most agreeable of young men is totally impecunious, a sensible girl will firmly dismiss him from her mind, as Elizabeth did Mr. Wickham. (What a comfort it is when the ineligible youth turns out to be also unworthy!) Love in a cottage, unless it be the cottage of Mr. Robert Ferrar's dreams, is always at a discount. When once married, people ought to make the best of it. Mr. Bennett's sarcasms at his lady's expense are a mistake, and Willoughby really should not speak of the former Miss Morton in such terms as he permits himself to use. We will not be mercenary. A country parsonage shall be as sufficient for bliss as the lawns of Pemberley, when a suitable number of hundreds are there by way of stipend, but till that turns up prudence is wiser than romance. When even the minimum of income is safely secured to the young couple Jane is as thorough an advocate of matrimony as her own Mrs. John

Knightley. But her lovers are never "quite enough" in love to think that three hundred and fifty pounds a year would supply them with the comforts of life."

The nineteenth century brought some change of attitude. A veil of mystery and a mist of sentiment surround the bridal pair now. In theory, the Victorians intensified the "happy ever after" plan, and took marriage far more romantically than Fielding or Jane Austen. On the other hand, in practice, the community novel hit the old convention hard. When the great Victorian novelists felt the need to expend their over-flowing energy and vitality on such enormous canvases as *Vanity Fair* and *Middlemarch*, they were compelled, whether they would or no, to modify the proceedings. Room had to be made for other interests, and the wedding could not always be saved up for a *bonne-bouche*. They had to deal with marriage in "being" as well as in "becoming," and their different ways of doing so are characteristic.

Thackeray regards it with a respectful dissatisfaction. It is so apt to be a disappointment. When the romantic hopes of lovers are fulfilled they find themselves in a workaday world after all. Happiness is a matter of such delicate equipoise. To be too rich or too poor, too clever or too stupid, may so easily lead to disaster. The little foxes of life are always ready to spoil the grapes. He is always warning us of the probability of disillusion, and how many vaguely unsatisfactory marriages he gives us, besides the downright disastrous ones. Dear Lady Jane is mated for life to Sir Pitt Crawley. It is a poor business, though not actively wretched like that of Clara and Barnes Newcome. There Thackeray looks hard at a question that in his day it was generally thought polite to ignore. What *should* be done about these definitely wretched marriages. He shows us that in his opinion poor Clara's remedy is rather worse than the disease, and then walks on with a dreary dissatisfied shrug of the shoulders. He lays Clara's disaster to the account of her "arranged" marriage, though he does not assure us that there is any certainty of better luck in a love match. It will not absolutely secure "happiness ever after." Yet Laura and Pen are very

tolerably happy together, and Emmie and Dobbin do well enough on the whole, though she is jealous of her daughter at times. If Henry Esmond gets less bliss than we wish him with Lady Castlewood, he has learned not to pitch his expectations too high. The whole business of marriage is as inevitable as breathing, and often for long periods no more troublesome. We must make the best of it and be thankful it's no worse.

Dickens on the other hand, is incurably humorous when he deals with marriage. It is his defensive attitude. He is just a little afraid of the great emotions, they over-excite him and he is never quite sure of rising to their full level, except when he can treat them pathetically. That being so, it is best to take things lightly and turn them off with a joke. A wedding is the suitable last act of a story, but amongst the crowds of almost over-vitalised characters whom Dickens brings together on his stage, the bride and bridegroom do not always seem of much consequence. The actual wedding ceremony is almost invariably comic. The pew openers and bridesmaids seem to have walked out of *Trial by Jury*, and the married couple are part of the joke. But Dickens is no disillusionist in the matter of marriage. He shows a certain half shy, rather engaging optimism; he always expects that the future will hold something better than the past, and in spite of his own uncomfortable domestic situation he is consistently encouraging to those about to wed. The quality he most values in marriage is comradeship and loyalty. We recognise and like something of it in Mr. and Mrs. Kenwigs, even while we laugh at them, and it becomes entirely delightful in such folk as Tommy Traddles and his Sophy.

George Eliot takes marriage very seriously. It has occurred to her that it is more a beginning than an ending, a career, and often an arduous and anxious one. Neither Dorothea nor Lydgate for instance, find that life's perplexities are all made clear at the church door. Slowly and painfully they have to deal with them, as they increase upon their hands, by a process of growth and re-adjustment, as the years go on. But it is notable that instead of upsetting the apple-cart they each proceed to get into harness and to

pull it along as best they can. In the novel of to-day they would, in all probability, have overturned it into the ditch at once. George Eliot would never admit that it could be got rid of so cheaply and easily. Imagine Dorothea transplanted into some modern novels we can all think of. Finding that her marriage to Mr. Casaubon does not come up to expectation, she would promptly leave him in the company of Will Ladislav. After a brief interval it would be plain that so mercurial a temperament as Will's was unsuited to her serious disposition, and it would become obvious to her and to the reader that Lydgate was her real affinity. Perhaps she and Rosamund would discuss the situation with philosophical detachment, and decide on an exchange of partners. Even then the chances are that nobody would be entirely satisfied, and it may be that one or another of the quartette would commit suicide. That is the most melancholy feature of such situations as they are treated in so many modern novels. Even when the seventh commandment has been broken into the smallest pieces nobody seems much the better or the happier. But George Eliot had no place in the world she created for such breakages. She did not sit tight to the conventions herself, but she entertained no sort of doubt but that her case was the exception that proved the rule.

Trollope takes marriage prosaically. Beneath all the flowery Victorian assumptions which he accepted as a matter of course there lies an eighteenth century foundation of solid, unromantic horse-sense. He keeps a pinch of sentiment ready to sprinkle at the right moment, but his usual condiment is kindly, clear-sighted, worldly wisdom. He sees the advantages of marriage as being chiefly the woman's. It is her business in life to get married if she can, and the man's to defend his liberty against all comers. It is a fair game, to be played out honourably and with spirit. When the man has capitulated in the end, it behoves him to be kind and considerate. Then, if the woman is submissive and affectionate, all will go well. Trollope has an immense appreciation of the qualities of wifely devotion and faithfulness in trouble, such as he shows us in Fanny Robartes and Mrs. Crawley, and it is

on the woman's side that the finest virtues show themselves. The couples whom he sends to church in his final chapters go off to felicity in quite the orthodox fashion, but to a sober happiness that does not imply any high degree of rapture. Mary Thorne and her Frank, Lucy and Lord Lufton, will have only a moderate amount of romance in their future lives, but there are not likely to be serious disagreements either, and anything like shipwreck is unthinkable.

For an impassioned romantic view of marriage we turn to George Meredith. In Richard Feverel and his young wife we observe the apotheosis of Victorian sentiment about the marriage tie. The relation between the sexes is transfigured into something so impassioned and so supremely ideal that it becomes a kind of religion. So intensified, it carries with it a sort of smouldering rebellion against the very nature of the relation that is idealised. A thing of such fiery beauty should not be committed to contact with the things of everyday life. Butcher's bills, shirt buttons, and new bonnets are out of keeping with so emotional an affair.

In the main body of his work Hardy treats marriage with a large melancholy acceptance. He shows it to us as in the nature of things, no more to be controlled or escaped than the changing of the seasons or the courses of the stars. No one expects much joy from it or, if they do, they are disappointed. Most of his marriages are vaguely unsatisfactory, not bad enough perhaps to be called calamitous, but leaving us with a general sense that fate is inscrutable, and the mystery of human nature deeply tragic.

To-day the popular novelists have travelled a long way from the old assumption that marriage is the aim of life and its prime felicity. We oftener find marriage treated as the entrance gate to life than as its goal, and at times it seems as gloomy and threatening a portal as ever Dante met in his "*selva oscura*." Or it may be a negligible episode in a career of amorous adventure, or a temporary refuge between storms. At all events it almost never appears to anybody to be the end of anything. The old impression of stability is gone. The institution of marriage used to be taken for

granted in fiction. It was grumbled at, it was laughed at, in extreme cases it might be rebelled against, but nobody thought of calling on it to justify its existence. Now it is called in question continually, and put on its defence. Moreover the jury is packed, and the judge bribed. From being the natural goal of life it has become the grand calamity. We are snowed under with studies of unhappy lives lying bound in its prison, as Christian did in Doubting Castle, of characters that are cramped and deformed by its chains, careers ruined by its cruel deprivations and disabilities. Where George Eliot saw it rather sadly as a school of character, an advanced class in life's university, where important lessons must needs be learned, now our novelists are apt to see it as a House of Correction, or even a species of Dotheboys' Hall. The wedding garment has turned into a strait-waistcoat on our hands, unless indeed it is stripped away altogether. Mystery is gone, and with it we have lost a good deal of beauty as well as some humbug.

The greater artists in their craft do not, of course, fall into the more obvious absurdities of this method, but they are not quite free from its influence. Their commonest attitude is a vague resentment at the whole business.

We can trace an interesting relation between Meredith's view of marriage and Galsworthy's. Both are disposed to idealise natural love and to be impatient at the formalising of it that is implied in marriage. But where Meredith chafed at the institution in a half petulant, half admiring way, Galsworthy goes near to dissatisfaction with human nature, which has so tremendous a business to deal with, and seems so inadequate to manage it. He thinks not so much of the social relationship as of the emotions that mix themselves up with it and confuse the issues. They are so perilously complicated with what is in fact almost superhuman (though he would not put it in that way) on the one hand, and what may so easily become sub-human on the other, that the whole business fills him with a kind of pitying despair. The characters that he draws, with such a mastery of his art, are always beating themselves against the nature of things, like flies on a window pane. They

are confronted with a mystery to which they have lost the key, but they never can cease to look for it and wish for it, and feel for it in all possible corners. Soames Forsyte is always at that vain search, though he often carries it on sub-consciously, the two Jolyons, old and young are in the same case, and know it all the time. There are lots of other perplexities and dangers. Wealth is an octopus with far-reaching tentacles, poverty a monster that waits to devour the unlucky, class is a clumsy, hampering affair, but sex, and its involvement in marriage is the worse problem of all. The characters stray in the mist, following the lure of a beauty they can never grasp, and in the clutches of their own emotional past which will not let them go. Freedom is the ideal, but what a hopeless one in a world where one man's liberty is almost inevitably another's slavery. Michael Mont is for ever knocking his head against that, and feels it most of all in the marriage relation. Some of the older novelists would have told him that a world with God left out is always a world of unrelated fragments.

Arnold Bennett is apt to see marriage rather fiercely as an unceasing strife between two uncomfortably linked creatures. He accepts it, on the whole, as a practical working arrangement, but his married folk are always straining at the harness and feeling it rub and gall them. They are perpetually trying to get the better of each other, and if they do not oftener rebel against the tie it is because they are not clever enough to think of it. Mr. Bennett never lets us forget how much more intelligent he is than the creatures of his pen, and is a little contemptuous of them even while he manages the puppet show with such dexterity.

Mr. Wells is rebel and romantic combined, but we get the impression that even while he thinks marriage a clumsy, confused arrangement, he cannot quite free himself from a sort of blind belief that there is something tremendously worth having to be got within it that eludes those who dispense with the ceremony.

Mr. Hugh Walpole's characters are inclined to look on marriage as a dangerous and alarming adventure. They go into it to show they're not afraid, but with an underlying apprehension. And they never put too much of themselves

into the relation. Part of them is there, carrying on the business, keeping the shop windows open conscientiously, but there is always something kept back, something that preserves its freedom and remoteness all the time, and is often quite far away from the very tolerably successful marriage that occupies the foreground of the picture.

A reaction is nearly due. In another twenty years it may be that marriage will return to its old place as the be-all and end-all of the novel. Again the infelicitous couples will be decently ignored, again a mist of tender sentiment and romantic mystery will close round the bridal pair. The world of novel-readers will again be interested in the normal rather than the pathological in sex relations. Edwin and his Angelina will hold the stage, as they are bound to do at intervals, while the human race continues to make its journey between birth and death, and the novelists continue to study them in the doing of it.

EBB AND FLOW

A MONTHLY COMMENTARY

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

NO doubt there are people who will remember 1930 with satisfaction as the year in which they fell in love surprisingly, got married to their liking, produced a desired firstborn, rowed in the winning eight at Putney, got on the line in the Royal Academy, or achieved some other gratifying result. Mr. Bradman, for instance, is likely to look back on some hours of supreme felicity—though even he, it seems, has had the year marred for him by one of those mysterious and almost metaphysical complications which tend to arise between distinguished athletes and the hierarchies of their sport. But on the balance, there are few to say a good word for that item in the long register whose account has been closed, not without leaving a trail of menacing possibilities hanging loose to hamper the progress of 1931. I cannot recall, in this prevailing mood of depression, any book or any picture by which 1930 endeared itself to me. There was no *Constant Nymph*, no *Good Companions*—although the authors of these valued works did produce other volumes that had a certain solace.

As for us citizens, who desire to be comforted concerning our citizenship, matter of encouragement is hard to find. My own small country, the Irish Free State, is better off than most parts of Europe, but shows little sign of recognising its comparative good fortune. Satisfaction over the successful launching of what we call the Shannon Scheme was drowned for farmers by pernicious weather. All other parts of the infinitely greater commonwealth, in which we have our second citizenship, are groaning and travelling; Mr. Bennett, returned to Canada, finds him-

self at grapple with the formidable problem, what to do with too much wheat; and Mr. Scullin, back in his Antipodes, must be setting his mouth hard for the fight of a fighting man's life. However, in his absence there has been no lack of courage shown; his acting Prime Minister, Mr. Fenton, and the acting Finance Minister, Mr. Lyons, have played the men against proposals to sacrifice Australia's credit; and when they called on their countrymen to back them by subscribing a great Conversion Loan, a hundred thousand Australians with the most admirable promptness put up more than the money needed. Australia has all the troubles of an advanced democracy, but it has no sign of decadence.

Meanwhile at the centre of things there have been great hopes and great disappointments. Yet we should be too quick despairers if we counted the Dominions Conference as a lost effort—or even as an opportunity bungled.

Free Trade: The Economic Issue.

Before so great a change is seriously contemplated in any country, but above all in a highly conservative democracy, such as Great Britain is, the first essential is to create conviction of the necessity for change. A generation ago Chamberlain failed to do this, when he enjoyed a personal prestige that no man has since approached in England. Now, the impetus comes from the other end: the younger nations demand a closer connection with the parent stock; and yet they make plain that its basis must be more freedom, not less, for the off-shoots. So far, indeed, the only freedom which it has been proposed to curtail is the mother country's. In a word, the price asked for maintaining the "Imperial" connection is that Englishmen shall sacrifice their cherished right to buy absolutely, without restraint, in the world's cheapest markets. This appanage of Liberty is uniquely British; neither the Frenchman, the American, the Canadian, the Australian, nor even the citizen of the Irish Free State possesses it; and it is defended specially in the interests of British working men, though in practice it chiefly conveniences England's middle class—or classes.

However, in the discussion whether Great Britain must maintain free imports as essential to British freedom, Mr.

Free Trade : the Moral Issue. Bennett and those of his mind have received important though undesigned assistance.

Russia bountifully sends us products at a price entirely below all possible competition, at the expense of somebody in Russia. We do not yet know much about the corn, but we begin to be aware that the timber reaches us cheap because the hewers of wood in Russia are enserfed. Its price is their liberty. Sir Hilton Young, a man neither credulous nor untrustworthy, has published the affidavits of three persons who escaped from these slave gangs. On the other hand, a large firm of British timber buyers has written to declare that its sole business is to consider whether the timber which they buy and sell is good value for the money. Thereupon Commander Carlyon Bellairs wrote to the Prime Minister giving further grounds for moral anxiety about this traffic, and the Prime Minister replied with an asperity that, to say the least, was surprising and injudicious. Swedish timber dealers have also written, expressing their hope that conditions of fair competition may be enforced. But the Labour Government so far incline to regard Britain's right to buy goods where they are cheapest as too precious to be sacrificed for any consideration—even of morals. Once an attitude so extreme is assumed, the whole principle defended will inevitably be called into question. Twenty years ago Mr. Asquith challenged anyone to establish an effective system of protection, so long as four staples came in free—wood, wool, meal and meat. I can hear now his sturdy voice throwing down the sturdy Saxon monosyllables, with assurance that no one dare propose to tax these elementals. Yet there are certain prices that a Briton is not prepared to pay for his privileges, and I am in no way sure that Mr. Asquith, if he were alive, would stand for acceptance of this slave-hewn timber, dragged to the vessels by half-starved men, and sold by the Soviet Government to pay for a campaign—against what? Yet once admit the possibility of limiting free import, and the whole issue of the fiscal system is opened up—and opened up,

quite possibly, with a public distaste for the freedom that was ruthlessly exploited. The existing order is defended not only by argument, but by a prejudice to which Mr. Snowden has skilfully appealed; it may be assailed now, not only by arguments, but by a prejudice which the Prime Minister's very uncharacteristic display of insensibility will have increased. Prejudices are bad things, no doubt; so are poisons. But in measured doses they often administer useful stimulus to a sluggish system.

Moreover there is this to be considered. The question raised at the Dominions Conference was propounded as one of Free Trade or Tariffs. It was in reality one of reorganisation of the British Commonwealth of Nations. How, after all, could you reorganise, till you knew whether India was to be counted in or no? Enough has happened, since the Dominions Conference adjourned, to make it certain that any framework which is planned must now be constructed so as to include India. Before this is possible, we must know what India is going to mean. We must even take account of a separate Burma.

After all, when one speaks with disparagement of the year 1930, it is well to be cautious; posterity may look back to it as the year in which foundations were laid for an extraordinary achievement. Given three hundred millions of people, divided by race, by language, by religion, by climate, by everything that can make for disunion, yet somehow schooled into a sentiment of common nationality, but with no experience of unity except under an alien bureaucratic rule—how to find workable institutions of self government which shall preserve the unity, and be reconcilable alike with European ideas and Asiatic feeling? No problem could have seemed more impossible; and yet it looks as if the best brains of Britain and of India, put together, had at least approached a solution. If the Conference can agree upon something, that in itself will be a phenomenon. It will be the final demonstration of what these last two months have already proved—that India can

produce Indians, having not only ability but moral courage of the most unusual kind. Every Indian who came to the Conference knew that he would be bitterly attacked for coming; that for everything he agreed to, he would be stigmatised as a traitor, either to India, or to his creed, or to both. The Princes had perhaps less to fear than the British Indians; but if they were freer, they used their freedom to some purpose; India will owe it to their initiative, if all India now moves peaceably forward to the status of a self-governing dominion.

"Peaceably" is here a relative term. But it means that they will have the chance to start from an existing order, not from an established anarchy. Of course, their task will be beset with difficulties created by their own people. Of course, also, there are risks of failure; but to stop at this point, to try to put back the clock, would not be a risk; it would be the certainty of chaos. There is now no possibility of denying to India a degree of self-governing freedom which makes the reorganisation of the Imperial Commonwealth an urgent task of the near future. But it is a task which can be faced with a wider vision than was possible, when it seemed to involve only the relations of less than seventy million English-speaking people.

Lord Irwin's successor has been chosen, a man who has held several important government posts and has earned distinction in them all—though never in face of any great emergency. But two or three months must pass before Lord Willingdon can actually assume his post and by that time things must have changed greatly in India—for better or for worse. Whichever way it goes, Lord Irwin's tenure must still be attended with the gravest anxiety—and no small risk. Yet he has now fairly in sight the hope of a return which to most men would mean triumph; to him, more probably, a thankful heart.

There will be anxious minds, and not only for a few years, among the men of whom Sir Michael O'Dwyer is an outstanding type. He spoke for them in a letter to the *Times*, recalling the position, and the number, of the "depressed classes"—some seventy millions—whom the caste Hindus had "condemned to hereditary servitude for

the past three thousand years." Yet although these great Anglo-Indian administrators have been in the truest sense "protectors of the poor," they have not availed to alter this servitude. If the caste system is to be altered, it cannot be by pressure from without. European education has set up a ferment throughout the whole educated Hindu body, as it did in Turkey; and the educated mind of India will find criticism of the barbarities of caste harder to face when India, and not England, is in power. Changes in India, not less surprising than those in Turkey, may come to pass if the natural ferment of education is left free play; but this ferment will be neutralised while the foreigner retains the right to shape India's policy.

Lord Reading, who probably carries more weight outside his own party than any other British member of the Conference, made a speech in the debates which marked a long advance from his original position (adopting the Simon Report) and is said to have moved India profoundly. Sir Samuel Hoare, speaking as an individual Conservative, expressed unwillingness to go so far; but his friendly words recognised that the Conference had created an *esprit de corps*, a solidarity of its own. In the Irish Convention, after some months of working, one leading Unionist used a remarkable phrase: "It will never be possible hereafter for any of us here to speak, *or to think*, of those opposed to us, as we have done in the past." The same change seems to have taken place at Westminster: the asset thus gained need not be wasted, as it was in Ireland.

In Europe, Spain provided an addition to the general disquiet by threats of a revolution. These, however, came to a somewhat ignominious end: there was an abortive rising of troops in the north, and a spectacular demonstration from the military aerodrome in Madrid itself—where a well-known pilot, Major Franco, took the lead. It is plain that republican propaganda has made some headway in the Army; and not less plain that labour disturbances are now more

The Trouble in Spain

centrally controlled, and, therefore, more formidable than before. Strikes begin suddenly, and what is more surprising, end suddenly, contrary to the normal genius of the country. But attempts to unite the disaffection of the army with that of labour have been foiled because, in short, republicanism is not communism, and the soldiers' distaste for this unsympathetic bed-fellow prevents the union of civil and military revolutionaries. Meanwhile the exhibitions of disorder have had their economic effect; prices are rising; and there is a natural veering of the republicans towards acceptance of the present regime as at all events a lesser evil than the devil they don't know, but can guess at. General Berenguer promises a return to normal constitutional government in March; and he has in his favour the fact that even in quarters where monarchy is disliked on principle, the King's personality makes it much less objectionable in practice. There is, however, a natural demand that the return to constitutionalism shall not be illusory; that the elections to be held shall be free.

At home, one needs a microscope to look for signs of improvement—possibly a telescope would be better. The coalfields are in grave unrest: cotton threatens trouble; who will show us any good? To make things worse, one of the most valuable lives in the British industrial world has been cut short long before its intellectual energy was expended. Lord Melchett, as Sir Alfred Mond, showed a force and richness of mind beyond almost any member of parliament of his time. As a debater on questions where economics and politics touched, only Mr. Asquith was more effective, and not less convincing. But Asquith's approach to the subject was entirely political and entirely English; he had mastered all the relevant facts and arguments as they presented themselves to English minds and to English statesmanship; and he gave the sense of complete mastery in British administration. Mond, on the other hand, had read apparently all the literature of Europe that bore on these issues, and had tested it by a judgment used to handling vast economic machinery. I never heard a man whose

knowledge of theory seemed to be so exhaustive, yet who showed himself so clear of mere theoretical considerations. His was a massive and powerful intelligence, complex, and yet able to simplify; he was as easy to follow as Mr. Asquith, and no more could be said of any speaker. Yet in his speeches the economic dominated the political; he had a perfectly clear grasp of political considerations, just as Asquith had of economics; but economics were his natural element, out of which he moved into the other; whereas Asquith moved from politics into economics. It was curious also to contrast their culture. Whenever Asquith spoke, one felt the classics with their ordered and clarified beauty present in his speech. Mond's speech had no quality of charm; I never heard him name literature or art; yet one felt insensibly that he was familiar with all the beauty full of deep shadows that has been created in the modern world—and that probably music was a passion with him. He had the temperament of one of the old merchant princes—or perhaps simply that of the rich Jew at his best. But the Jew has not generally shone in administration: Goschen, for instance, was a great financier rather than a great administrator. Mond was much more than either merchant or financier. He began his life in big business, directing manufacture; left that way of work for politics, and, when he got office during the war, was notably successful and might have played a much greater part. But, after the break in his political career necessitated by his change of parties, it appears that the great industry with which he was connected needed him, that he returned to that field and achieved really great results in what we call rationalisation. At the same period, going beyond the sphere of his immediate concerns (though it was wide enough for most energies) he set himself to accomplish the supreme task of rationalisation—a working consultative alliance between organised labour and organised capital. The Mond-Turner conferences were, one may hope, a beginning; at least they propounded an alternative policy to class-war; and it seems agreed that Mond did his full share in surmounting the hostility to the idea of such alliance which was outspoken in labour circles.

If he helped towards conciliation in so great a matter, the credit to him is the more because he was superficially ill-fitted for the task; he had none of the charm which counts for so much; his voice and his accent were anything but pleasing, and his temperament often found expression in a bluntness of speech that held nothing attractive. Indeed, he had his full share of that intellectual arrogance, that inability to suffer fools even civilly, which is often found in a very able Jew. Still, in dealing with the trade-union leaders, he was dealing with men who really understood the subject they had to discuss; and the quality which (to judge by my recollection of his speeches) raised him almost to brutality in retort was a pretentious priggishness. Lecturers on economics who set up to lecture the House of Commons were on occasion tossed and gored by this formidable adversary. His change of view from the defence of Free Trade to support of an economic reorganisation of the Empire was to me the most authoritative endorsement of the view that war had completely re-shaped the material circumstances on which the policy of free imports depended for its justification.

In France M. Steeg, having survived a very narrow division within a couple of days of forming his new Ministry, has adjourned the sittings, and gained a little respite. In the meantime the old Marshal, for whom that famous title was revived for the first time under the Third Republic, has died in circumstances that fixed the world's attention on his essential quality. Sixty years ago Joffre was a lieutenant helping to defend Paris. Sixteen years ago he was the commander-in-chief when the German armies were flung back within two days' march of Paris. "I cannot tell you who won the battle of the Marne," the old man is said to have answered one day; "but if it had been lost, I know who would have lost it." His shoulders carried the heaviest load when France was nearest to crumbling. This year, close on eighty, he endured the amputation of a leg—a desperate expedient, which availed nothing except to prove the

prodigious power of vital resistance that was in this stoical veteran. The war was in essence a trial of resistances, and no nation had so searching a trial as the French, who for four years had the German lines no further from Paris than London is from the Severn—and at times much nearer. Joffre was the very type of the French armies—their heart, as Foch was their brain. It seems difficult to make England realise the quiet sturdiness of that country-bred nation; but if anything can do it, it should be the figure of this old warrior. He was none of your cloud-compellers, no swift director of thunderbolts; but he stood up to punishment indomitably, and made his people indomitable. I saw a French officer, like Joffre the son of a little shopkeeper in a country town, who had just come out of Verdun after the first breathing space; for forty days and nights he had been under that hammering, and he was quiet and low-spoken; but, in mind and body, as hard as thrice-beaten steel. There he was, what Joffre had made him, and hundreds of thousands like him, a defender of the frontier, who stands to my mind a picture, not of martial offensive, but of determination to defend. "*Il y a eu un moment où nous disions, ils passeront,*" he said, "*mais à présent, ils ne passeront jamais.*" That was France in April, 1916; and it was France as Joffre had made it.

Two books about France have appeared latterly which are well worth English people's study. In *The French at Home*, Mr. Philip Carr (the *Observer's* well-known correspondent) describes the natural history, as it were, of this most domestic people; and its main emphasis is on the sober thriftiness of the French, and (for good or bad) their tenacity. As Marshal of France, Joffre received the remuneration (Mr. Carr tells us the figure) of £1,200 a year. His life was ordered in keeping with that scale of payment, and it probably never occurred to anyone in France that he was under-rewarded. It seemed natural to France; just as it was natural in the final account to reward his tenacity with a more than royal funeral.

Marshal
Joffre

The Gallic
Temperament

But in fact the meagreness of public salaries in France is part of the peasant's thriftiness. He agrees that people may become rich, but not by his vote. M. Siegfried, in his *Tableau des Partis en France*, explains that French democracy is equalitarian but individualist. There is dislike of difference in fortune, but a still greater distaste for interference. The small man does not want a limit set on his own power to amass money, even though he sanctions the existence of millionaires without the least chance of joining their ranks. But he limits what he can limit—salaries and power. M. Siegfried explains with witty clearness the perpetual tendency of Frenchmen to move towards the left—towards more liberty; a tendency perpetually restrained always by one thing, fear for the national safety, whether that be financial or military. The French peasant is as ready to defend the frontier as if it were his own farm; but if M. Siegfried is right, no power could induce him to sanction serious adventure beyond it. Colonial enterprise goes on, as it were unbeknownst to him; though now indeed it is represented as the acquisition of new defenders for the frontier; and for the peasant there is only one frontier. A conclusion follows from M. Siegfried's analysis. Admitting that the Frenchman is willing to accept supreme sacrifices for the safety of the frontier, they must be exacted with strict and literal equality from all. Introduce the idea of privilege, exemption, or possible evasion, and no man could do what Joffre did; introduce the idea of a paid army, and your French population would not pay enough to get security. There are certain root principles of their life as a free people to which they cling instinctively, and this of universal compulsory service is perhaps chief of them. In such matters they have a complete constancy. In others, M. Siegfried makes us understand the periodic laws which constantly determine their apparent fluctuations. One main fact is not sufficiently grasped in England. If a member of parliament gives a vote that upsets a British Ministry, he usually brings on himself a General Election, and an expense of about a thousand pounds. The French deputy can upset half a dozen ministries in the course of one parliament;

and if he does not take the risk of doing so, he is likely to lose his seat.

Italy, under the new order, begins to stand for a completer antithesis to French individualism than even Germany presented when the Kaiser ruled. But the team spirit had its superb glorification in the first week of this year when a flight of sea 'planes completed their voyage from Italy to South America by a final leap that spanned the Atlantic from Portuguese Africa to Brazil. It was not accomplished without loss; two of the heavily loaded machines met disaster at the start, five lives were sacrificed; but ten 'planes in ordered formation circled triumphantly over Bahia before they made their landing: General Balbo, the flight commander, and his black-shirted airmen had good cause for pride. The technical significance of this achievement is for experts to assess; at least there is no doubt that it will stabilise the Fascist rule. Every Italian will feel himself an inch taller, and that counts for much more than sixpence off the income tax.

The New Year honours list seemed even longer than usual and had some engaging features: the House of Commons will rejoice particularly to greet Sir James Sexton, who is liked, I think, almost in the way that used to be reserved for Will Crooks. But interest centred on the Order of Merit awarded to Mr. Wilson Steer, an artist whom the public has not been slow to appreciate, but who has been peculiarly the painters' painter. It is an odd comment on the organisation of British Art that the first award of this distinction should go to a man who has always held aloof from the Royal Academy, and yet so quietly aloof that most people had forgotten the fact. If Mr. Steer has been a rebel throughout his career, he has been the least controversial of dissidents, and Burlington House is likely to join in praising the award. The Labour Government shows its appreciation of this art by another well-chosen honour, the knighthood conferred on Sir William Rothenstein, whose

The Italian Flight.

The New Year's Honours List.

painting and draughtsmanship have the quality that in a writer we call fine scholarship; a severe craftsmanship, yet, remembering his exquisite drawing of Tagore, one knows how much it can radiate.

SONNET FOR A DAY WASTED INDOORS

— ■ ■ ■ —

Lord, I have missed so many things to-day ;
 The birds' first splendid song across the lawn
 Reaching to greet Thy rose-flushed joyous dawn
 That crept soft-footed from night's fading grey ;
 I did not see the silver sunbeams play
 On rippled water and on wind-swayed awn,
 Nor yet the tree-spun shadows, quietly drawn
 Where dew-hung, wildflower-patterned carpets lay ;
 I did not see the sure returning tide
 Stretch out to clutch again the pebbled sand
 With those swift waves of jade which one by one
 Came tumbling shorewards ; and I missed the wide
 Cloud-stippled sky above the day-green land.
 And Lord, I lost the setting of the sun.

A. R. UBSDELL

F E B R U A R Y

1 9 3 1

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

BOOK REVIEWS
 and
 PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS

INDEX TO BOOKS REVIEWED IN THIS ISSUE

THE CAMBRIDGE ANCIENT HISTORY, Vol. VIII. (Cambridge University Press) 275

THE MEMOIRS OF RAYMOND POINCARÉ, Vol. IV, trs. by Sir George Arthur. (Heinemann) - - - - 276

LOYALTIES, MESOPOTAMIA, 1914-1917, by Lt.-Col. Sir Arnold T. Wilson. (Humphrey Milford) - - - 277

THE PERSONAL PAPERS OF LORD RENDEL, ed. by F. E. Hamer. (Benn) - 278

THE SPIRIT OF THE CHINESE REVOLUTION, by Arthur N. Holcombe. (Knopf) 279

THE APPLE CART, by Bernard Shaw. (Constable) - - - - 280

THE THEATRE OF MY HEART, by Geoffrey Whitworth. (Gollancz) - - 280

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF ROBERT FROST. (Longmans) - - - 282

IN DEFENCE OF SENSUALITY, by John Cowper Powys. (Gollancz) - - 285

VULGARITY IN LITERATURE, by Aldous Huxley. (Chatto & Windus) - 286

THE KNIFE, by Paedar O'Donnell. (Cape) - - - - - 287

CORDUROY, by Adrian Bell. (Cobden-Sanderson) - - - - - 287

THE SQUARE CIRCLE, by Denis Mackail. (Hodder & Stoughton) - - - 287

OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED.

VIKING CIVILISATION, by Axel Olrik. (Allen & Unwin.)

A REALIST LOOKS AT DEMOCRACY, by Alderton Pink. (Benn.)

THE ANDRÉE DIARIES. (John Lane.)

SOUTH OF SUZZ, by William J. Makin. (Jarrolds.)

AN INNER HISTORY OF THE BALKAN WAR, by Lt.-Col. Sir Reginald Rankin. (John Lane.)

TALES OF MYSTIC MEANING, ed. by R. A. Nicholson. (Chapman & Hall.)

THE HUMAN BODY, by Logan Clendening. (Knopf.)

THE INKY WAY, by Mrs. C. N. Williams. (Chapman & Hall.)

MR. THAKE AGAIN, by "Beachcomber." (Chapman & Hall.)

I WALK ALONE, by Kathleen Wallace. (Heinemann.)

THE FORESTER'S WIFE, with preface by Sir A. Quiller-Couch. (Dent.)

CHRISTINE, by Julian Green. (Heinemann.)

WHEN JOAN WAS POPE, by Richard Ince. (Eric Partridge.)

THE STRUGGLES OF ANCIENT ROME

by G. R. STIRLING TAYLOR

THE CAMBRIDGE ANCIENT HISTORY. Vol. VIII. ROME AND THE MEDITERRANEAN, B.C. 218-133. Cambridge University Press. 35s.

It would be a work of the highest value in psychological research if it could be discovered by what strange mental processes it happens that a crook drama of the underworld of Chicago or Moscow, when translated into a printed narrative or a pictorial film, will almost certainly have a larger sale than a history of the march of Hannibal from Spain into Italy, and sixteen years of warlike adventures when he got to the other side. Just consider the contrast between the facts. In the one case a gang of entirely insignificant persons shoot at each other from below tables in drinking saloons or out of motor cars. In the other case, an invading general leads a great army across the Alps, and holds the greatest State the world has known on the verge of destruction for a decade and a-half. This latter story is full of brilliant generalship, beside which the tricks and strategies of the detective dramas are as insignificant as peas rattling against an iron-clad battleship. By what error of judgment does the trivial and crude outstrip the great and subtle when they are both offered for sale in the book-shops?

Each new volume of the Cambridge world-histories raises immense problems. It is not an unexpected result; for they are all conceived on a vast scale. They cover the history of the whole of that civilisation which has resulted in Europe and North America. Embedded in that long story are to be found all the facts

which have made us what we are to-day. The record is of such profound importance because only those who will take the trouble to search for these basic facts can know their own stage of culture. It is not a paradox, but the simple truth, to say that until we know a great deal of the history of the Greeks and Romans, we cannot know very much about ourselves. Just as the man is the grown-up edition of the boy, so the present civilisation of Western Europe is the adult form of the Europe of Pericles and Julius Caesar.

That is why it is so urgent to persuade those readers who have any desire to be intelligent people that they must take the trouble to read such essential books as the *Cambridge Ancient History*. The extraordinary thing is that there should be any difficulty in making this the most popular book of the year. For these volumes are of such immense interest and of such varied attractions. This new volume, the eighth, has for its central figures Hannibal of Carthage, Philip V. of Macedon, and the Scipios of Rome, all of whom, were they alive to-day, would wipe the heroes and heroines of Hollywood and the detective story books off the list of best sellers within a week.

It is a complete mistake to imagine that any fiction writers have thought of a better or more exciting tale than Hannibal's invasion of Italy. Sherlock Holmes and his innumerable imitators never did anything so smart and clever as the Carthaginian general's repeated traps for the soldiers of Rome. The present writer recalls passing the scene of the battle of Trasimene, with two American girls on the other side of the

railway carriage, endeavouring to overcome what they considered the boredom of an Italian journey to Rome, by a constant absorption of the latest American magazines, supplied by an indulgent and palpably prosperous papa. They were all unaware of the fact that they were within sight of a battlefield that would have turned all their homeland newspapers into headlines over half the page: and for a week they would have even forgotten to accept advertisements!

The struggle between Rome and Carthage, told with such breadth, and also detail, in this volume, is one of the great events of the world. If it had gone the other way, if Hannibal had captured Rome, history might have taken another turning. At least, that is the first impression. But reading the narrative carefully, one is driven to an interesting conclusion, which appears to be important if we are to weigh the great men with judicial care. The question then arises whether Hannibal had ever any substantial chance whatever of accomplishing what he set out to do—namely, to conquer Rome. Was he not fighting against the irresistible current of facts? Had he any remote chance of wearing down the Romans, who were fighting in their own land, and protected by an all-powerful navy from the danger of reinforcements coming from Carthage to Hannibal's assistance? If he had not these reasonable chances, then the great Carthaginian soldier was not really a military and political genius, but only an inspired fanatic.

Such are the intensely interesting questions raised by this volume, which is full of the excitements of human psychology, compared with which the romance of fiction is usually as dull as ditch water. It is indispensable for anyone who desires to be tolerably well-educated. It has chapters on Latin literature, on Roman religion, and Hellenistic art.

THE MEMOIRS OF RAYMOND POINCARÉ. Vol. IV (1915). Translated by Sir George Arthur. *Heinemann*. 21s.

It can rarely have happened that a statesman who has held, as M. Poincaré did, the highest position in his own country and has for so many years been behind the scenes of all the important happenings of his time, should give to the world so intimate and so revealing a document as these *Memoirs*, of which Sir George Arthur now gives us a fourth instalment. The book is of absorbing interest. We not only read, we *think* with M. Poincaré. He admits us to his most secret thoughts about men and events; we actually make history *with* him.

The present period is 1915, that year of strain and trial when, the first flush of war enthusiasm passed, the country had to settle down to endurance and persistent effort in face of disillusion and disappointment. The battle of the Marne had raised high hopes, yet the spring offensive, promised by Joffre, delays and, when undertaken, is but partial and fruitless. With M. Poincaré we doubt, we are again re-assured by the general in command, we reason with exacting critics like Clemenceau, de Freycenet, Etienne, Léon Bourgeois; we console the weary and harassed Ministers—Millerand and Viviani. And incidentally, we visit the front, dressed in a costume convenient, if not comely, which may incur chaff but is anyway workmanlike. "I can't tramp about in the mud," says M. le Président, "without leggings, nor open an umbrella in the trenches, so latterly I have taken to wear a cap and put on a pea jacket and gaiters." And we reflect in passing on the mentality of high personages, such as the Kaiser, the King of Italy, the Pope, Mr. Roosevelt, President Wilson, and M. Clémenceau—above all M. Clémenceau!

(Continued on page 278)

THE MESOPOTAMIAN CAMPAIGN

by REGINALD BERKELEY

LOYALTIES, MESOPOTAMIA, 1914-1917 (a personal and historical record by Lt.-Col. Sir Arnold T. Wilson, K.C.I.E., C.S.I., C.M.G., D.S.O.) *Humphrey Milford*. 25s.

THE War is remote enough to this generation: there is indeed much shrewdness in Mr. Somerset Maugham where he makes a character in one of his recent plays say "When was the war?" But if the War in Europe is remote, the War in Mesopotamia is relatively pre-Waterloo. It merges with Ur by the Chaldees into the illimitable deserts of the past; and most efforts to recapture public interest are rewarded by something not unlike the fruits reaped by those who plough in sand.

Loyalties deserves a better fate. As a chronicle of the campaign in the years 1914-1917 it is carefully recorded and admirably told. Sir Arnold Wilson, the author, one of the greatest living authorities on Persian affairs, served with distinction during the campaign and with even greater distinction in the resettlement of Iraq after the War. His authority is unassailable. His bibliography, which he is careful to tell us "is in no way complete" is a whole magazine article in length! From this one would be justified in dreading the dogmatism of a pedant. Nothing, however, could be farther from any such quality than the vivid nervous prose, and the tense, well-balanced narrative which moves almost with the speed of a film scenario. Only one unhappy characteristic calls for criticism—a tendency at times to employ a pen too richly charged with indignation. There are moments when Sir Arnold Wilson feels that he does well to be angry—especially with

General Townshend and the Turks. No one would wish to minimize the tragedy of Kut el Amara or the miseries endured by the unhappy garrison when they fell into the hands of the enemy. But such epic and terrible events lose rather than gain by bitterness in the telling. There is no good sense in cherishing grievances that belong to the past and that were caused by men who are mostly dead. Go back far enough and ugly stories are plentiful enough in our own domestic history. For that matter there were sufficient ill-sounding atrocities perpetrated in every Army on the European battlefield. There are unspeakable things practised by "civilized" European people on the helpless minorities in their power—savage mutilations, murders, cruel persecutions. These things are done in the face of the League of Nations. When we think of Poland, does it lie in our mouths to animadvert upon the Turk?

This single criticism made, it is pleasant to add that *Loyalties* has already received a place on the bedside table which holds those chosen books that are a refuge from the trivialities and exasperations of everyday life. In a later volume we are promised some aspects of (shall we not be justified in expecting also some asperities upon?) the activities of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company. The sooner the better. Anything written by Sir Arnold Wilson will, so far as one humble reviewer may speak, be awaited with eagerness. And if on the score of the Comity of Nations I have ventured to comment on his strictures upon the regenerated Turkish people, let me hurriedly add that as an amateur of letters, I would not have his prose with one whit less of its individuality and salty tang.

(Continued from page 276)

Turn up the index references and you will find him all through the year complaining of "idle troops," attacking Ministers, or M. Poincaré, or the High Command, or England, or the Pope. "He now has the whole world under his daily instruction," is M. Poincaré's comment when the Pope comes under the lash of the editor of *L'Homme Enchaîné*.

He meets Mr. Lloyd George, who unfortunately has little French, so they can only converse by gesture and through an interpreter. "I was greatly struck by his mobile features which betray strong feeling and are those rather of an artist than of a statesman. . . . One does not know whether, under this brilliant surface, he may not be rather shallow." He comments on the premature division of problematical conquests, as, for instance, the future disposal of Constantinople. "One would think that our flags were already floating over the Golden Horn and that three religions were disputing for possession of St. Sophia!"

And perhaps best of all is the tale of the King of Italy's telegram in reply to the President's warm congratulations when Italy entered the war. This reply tarried unaccountably, and when a discreet enquiry was made at the Italian Embassy, it was revealed that M. Tittoni, thinking the wording too chilly, had returned it for revision, but nevertheless he lets the President see both the original and revised versions! So official telegrams, sent by indiscreet sovereigns not only need, as in the Kaiser's case, severe editing, but are on occasion as much in need of expansion as the telegrams of Reuter to the newspapers.

A word must be said again, though it has been said in previous notices, of the excellence of Sir George Arthur's translation.

JANET E. COURTNEY.

THE PERSONAL PAPERS OF LORD RENDEL. Edited by F. E. Hamer. Ernest Benn. 18s.

THIS book belongs to a class which is apt to confront the reviewer with a divided duty between his author and his editor. It is full of stuff which clamours for quotation—shrewd judgments upon people of importance in their day, revealing anecdotes, discovered secrets—good "copy" from the newsman's point of view at every turn. But on the other hand, it is much more than a collection of stories and "revelations"; and to represent it in that light would be to do flagrant injustice to a work of rare and dignified savour. For the character reflected in every one of these reminiscences is that of a man of high honour, wide culture, and sound practical commonsense, moving with credit and integrity through a maze of conflicting interests and ambitions; while the picture of the political history of his time, here rescued from note books and personal papers, does much to confirm the conviction that, taken in the large, the Victorian age in politics was one of deep responsibility, sincere, devoted service, and impregnable patriotism among its leading spirits and dictators.

It is seventeen years since Lord Rendel died, and these papers have already been too long withheld from print. They consist partly of a narrative, begun but never finished, of Rendel's relations with Gladstone between 1880 and 1898, partly of extracts from a diary, and partly of letters. From the first moment that they met Gladstone took a fancy to Rendel, and very soon he was seeking the younger man's advice upon all sorts of prickly problems. Gladstone was struck at once by Rendel's "incessant self-repression and self-sacrifice"; he felt that he had here a supporter whom he could trust to have no axe to grind; and, no doubt, he allowed that shy and

retiring urbanity to stand unfairly between Rendel and the Cabinet rank, to which he was so eminently entitled, but which he was never permitted to enjoy.

Meanwhile, Rendel made the best of his confidence, and these note books simply glitter with intimate glimpses into the secret politics of the time. There is a striking account of Gladstone's arrival in London, after the bursting of the Parnell-O'Shea bomb-shell; the Grand Old Man was shaken to his base, and quivering with apprehension. There are particularly valuable notes upon the disaster to Gordon at Khartoum, with searching reference to the attitude of Lord Wolseley and Lord Hartington. Lord Rendel shows his astuteness in attributing to Queen Victoria the rather unfortunate step of inviting Lord Rosebery to assume the Liberal leadership; it was kept a secret at the time, but later information confirms his suspicions. The political consequences of Sir Charles Dilke's catastrophe are revealed from various points of view, and there is much of importance on Welsh Disestablishment, as seen behind the curtain with the penetrating gaze of "The Member for Wales."

The partial portraits of celebrities are swift and emphatic. Gladstone, of course, fills the centre of the stage, and the purity of his public life is continually vindicated. "No public man," Lord Rendel declares, "ever faced unpopularity with more indifference, or suffered it with more dignity." For John Morley the diarist had the same high esteem; but the then Duke of Devonshire is dismissed as "totally without the desire to please, appearing quite emotionless, and without a spark of poetry or chivalry in his composition," while Joseph Chamberlain comes in for some very frank criticism indeed.

Still, whether he blames or praises, Lord Rendel shows, in all his judgments,

a broad-minded tolerance that springs from a wide sympathy with human nature, and from an integrity of aim and outlook which never yields to petty instincts or ambitions. It was his way to judge a man by what he was, not by what he said. A notable instance is afforded by the respect he manifested for Mr. Lloyd George in his most unpopular days; and, throughout his comments, he shows himself loth to attribute, either to a colleague or an opponent, motives or impulses which were suspected rather than proved. In short, Lord Rendel was a true English "gentleman" of a type happily not yet extinct, and a typical politician of an age in which politics were still the natural and congenial sphere of men of honour, courageous and unashamed.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

THE SPIRIT OF THE CHINESE REVOLUTION, by Arthur N. Holcombe. Knopf, 7s. 6d.

THE lectures given by Professor Holcombe at Boston early last year, and now in book form, deserve a wide welcome. There is no more interesting speculation than to see what the Nationalists (a far wider body than the assertive Kuomintang) will make of China. So far, they have made a sad mess of it. Nevertheless, Nanking, for all its faults, stands definitely for something new, which thoughtful men approve. The spirit of the Chinese revolution might be defined as a sense of common nationality hitherto unknown. Much reform is needed in the Nationalist system and much dead wood must be cut out, but this idea is spreading and deepening in all educated classes. Professor Holcombe associates different phases of the revolution with different personalities, though he says quite truly that "the forces with which they are associated are far stronger than

any individual"; by this means he gives a lucid account of the various currents at work, although one cannot always agree with his conclusions. He is hard on Chiang Kai-shek in coupling his name with the military spirit. Though he has fought several wars, Chiang is far more statesman than soldier. His supreme service to China, the repudiation of Communism, necessitated the use of force; but without it China might have gone all Red. And although he may yet have to play the Cromwell to the Kuomintang junta in Nanking, one does not see him as military dictator. One must also demur to Professor Holcombe's apparent view of Mr. T. V. Soong's position as Minister of Finance. It was not the Chinese bankers who made him their representative in the Government but "T.V." who has striven to get the best brains of the business class brought into active co-operation with the Government as the only source of stability. This may be attained through the District Assemblies to which the Kuomintang are said at last to have agreed. Many will think there is too much hero-worship in Professor Holcombe's otherwise most interesting pages on Dr. Sun Yat-sen. The latter's "chief contribution to the theory of political education," we read, was that "all citizens should be educated for citizenship, only those who are naturally fit should be educated for statesmanship." Who will decide which is which? This doctrine actually is the negation of republicanism and has directly led to that tyranny of the Kuomintang, which is one of the great problems of to-day. As a political thinker, Sun Yat-sen was a very doubtful quantity; his value lay in his unwearied courage and the vision of a new China, which he set before his countrymen. The book is enlivened with sketches of leading men of the Revolution, not omitting the meteoric Borodin, another of Moscow's broken vessels.

O. M. GREEN.

THE APPLE CART: A Political Extravaganza, by Bernard Shaw. Constable. 5s.

THE THEATRE OF MY HEART, by Geoffrey Whitworth. Gollancz. 2s. 6d.

The Apple Cart was produced at the Malvern Festival of 1929 and taken to Birmingham; it then enjoyed in London so long a run that most serious playgoers had the chance to see it either as inhabitants of, or as visitors to, these towns. Furthermore, it has since been on tour, so that the play hardly needs discussion now. What is new is the preface. The piece was not a major product of its author's. After *Saint Joan* and *Back to Methuselah* it came rather like a Greek satiric drama at the end of some magnoperative trilogy. The preface, too, is not a major preface. The greater part of it is a reprint of an address on Democracy broadcast by Mr. Shaw in 1929. It is a useful summary of the doubts about democracy felt by intelligent people, but it is important to realise that Mr. Shaw, although he poked his fun at the democratic ministers with the license that is the right of one who avowedly labels his criticism an "extravaganza," did not sum up in favour of Mussolinist short cuts. Mr. Shaw knows perfectly well that anybody can pick holes in the working of representative government; the job is either to repair it or replace it. He comes down strongly on the side of repairs. "Our obsolete little internal frontiers must be obliterated and our units of local government enlarged to dimensions compatible with the recent prodigious advances in facility of communication and co-operation." All this might be an extract from a pamphlet written by Mr. H. G. Wells thirty years ago. New Shaw is but old Fabian writ otherwise. His preface is, perhaps, most interesting for its explanation of the constant allusions in

the play to Breakages, Ltd., by which is meant all those forces of industrial conservatism which hate a new invention. The machine-wreckers of the early nineteenth century have their modern counterpart in the vested interests of to-day, both employers and employed, who resent and oppose a simplification of industrial technique because it means simplifying plants and jobs out of existence.

Mr. Shaw's preface, like his play, has plenty of sting in it. Were it suggested for the repertory of an English National Theatre there might be a rumpus. The democratic zealots would complain that a public institution was being used for the mockery of their gods. (In Dresden the play was actually banned on these grounds.) Is that an argument against a National Theatre? I think it a slight argument

only, and Mr. Geoffrey Whitworth, who has given us a fascinating book of confession about his faith in dramatic art, and particularly in the need for its public recognition and support, would probably agree that the National Theatre, for which he has so faithfully striven, would be a Theatre of the Centre; it would have to make its compromises as the price of its status. But status, granted to the drama as to painting, music, and letters in all other European communities, is exactly what drama needs in this country. Mr. Whitworth makes the plea for status, not to give the drama pomp and ceremony, but to give it security and encouragement. In England the art of the theatre occupies a perilous corner in the huge industry of entertainment. That it deserves something better is Mr. Whitworth's deep-rooted belief.

IVOR BROWN.

Ready Feb. 6th. At all Booksellers and Libraries.

THE SHORN LAMB

By WILLIAM J. LOCKE

In this, his last novel, completed shortly before his death, Mr. Locke returns to the mood and spirit of "The Beloved Vagabond." It is the story of the impersonation of a twin brother, and in this case the "shorn lamb" only escapes from the icy blasts of destitution to fall into the hopeless entanglements of mistaken identity. The development of the plot is typically Locke, delightfully unfolding to its proper conclusion and touched with that urbanity, humour and pathos which have made his stories so irresistible.

7/6 net.

JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD LTD.
VIGO STREET, LONDON, W.1.

AN AMERICAN POET

by C. HENRY WARREN

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF
ROBERT FROST. Longmans. 15s.

It may at first seem strange that, among the modern poets of the rural scene, one of the best should be an American. We are apt, at this distance, to picture America as mainly mechanical and wholly sophisticated. The smoke of the Pittsburgh chimneys, however, leaves a few blue patches in the skies over there; and, to the sensitive imagination, those patches may well shine the brighter for the prevailing black. By sheer force of reaction, therefore, America might have brought forth a rural poet fit to compare with the best. But it was not rebelliousness against a surrounding sophistication that made Robert Frost into a rural poet: he sings of the country because it is in his blood, and he preferably chooses country folk for his characters because they are the people he best understands. He is, in fact, as remote from those Pittsburgh chimneys as any poet living in the greener fastnesses of Europe. Save that the landscape of his poetry is as likely to disclose a maple as an elm, a bear as a fox, or an oven-bird as a lark, it might almost be of England that he is singing. Moreover, his voice is twin to that of our own late Edward Thomas, of all poets the most English, and of all our rural poets the most native and sincere. The wonder is, therefore, that he has remained so long unadmired in this country. A few of his poems, it is true, have stolen by stealth into our anthologies, but for the most part his work is almost unknown.

It is with the greater pleasure, then, that we hail the appearance in England of his collected poems: a stout volume handsomely produced. Here is our

chance at last to make friends with one of the friendliest of all modern poets:

"Whose woods these are I think I know,
His house is in the village though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.
My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.
He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake,
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake
The woods are lovely dark and deep;
But I have promises to keep
And miles to go before I sleep:
And miles to go before I sleep."

To call him the Wordsworth of our time is perhaps to put a false complexion on his work and so, in these unmoralising and unphilosophic days, to drive the intending reader off the track. Frost's poetry is as direct and unmoral as the song of a bird. He has no theories about life—or, if he has, he never lets them betray him into a hint of didacticism. And he has a blessed sense of humour such as Wordsworth, alas! never knew. It is to Wordsworth, nevertheless, that he can be most worthily compared: a Wordsworth born (if such could be imagined) in the spontaneous air of America and unshackled by any notions about the mission of the poet. Frost is to-day (we believe) a lecturer, but it is well to remember that he was once a farmer; and those moods and facets of nature which, to others, are merely evocative of a vague spiritual nostalgia, are to him so inherently fraught with symbols that, in picturing them, his poems convey their transcendental meaning as naturally as a clover-head exhales its

NEW PUBLICATIONS 1931

FICTION

THE LIMESTONE TREE by JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

Returning to the style of *The Three Black Pennys*, Joseph Hergesheimer has here described the splendid chronicle of a family through a hundred years of loving, fighting and hard living. (February 10th) 7s. 6d.

TIME REGAINED by MARCEL PROUST

It is a pleasure to be able to announce that Mr. STEPHEN HUDSON, who was closely connected with Proust in his lifetime, has completed the translation of the last volume of *A La Recherche du Temps Perdu*, and that it will appear on February 24th in a strictly limited edition of 1250 copies on a rag paper, bound uniform with the previous volumes. 21s.

REARGUARD by COMPTON PAKENHAM

This long novel traces, without satire or sentiment and with considerable humour, the history of the Langdale family, from Geoffrey's arrival in Shanghai in 1879 in virtual exile, to his return to England during the War and his subsequent assumption of an earldom. (Published) 7s. 6d.

THE GLASS KEY by DASHIELL HAMMETT

"A very rare literary phenomenon—a detective story by a real detective," said *The Evening Standard* at the head of its Editorial on *The Maltese Falcon*, this author's previous novel. (Published) 7s. 6d.

GENERAL

THE LIFE OF J. PIERPONT MORGAN by J. WINKLER

"Mr. Winkler's brilliant biography—eloquent and outspoken—of a plutocrat whose pride increased with his prestige—more entertaining than any novel."—*Morning Post*. (Published) 15s. Illustrated.

THE HUMAN BODY by LOGAN CLEADENING, M.D.

A revised and cheaper edition of a very readable but accurate book, with over 100 illustrations, originally published at 25s. "This book deserves high praise, for it illuminates a mass of complex knowledge simply and adequately."—*Times Lit. Supp.* (Published) 10s. 6d.

TESTAMENT OF A CRITIC by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

The fundamental critical faiths and doctrines of America's foremost dramatic critic, set down in his own lively fashion. (Published) 7s. 6d.

THE CIVILISATIONS OF THE EAST by RENÉ GROUSSET

VOLUME I—THE NEAR AND MIDDLE EAST.

The first volume of this authoritative work on the history of Asiatic arts is of special interest in view of the Exhibition of Persian Art. It begins with the prehistoric art and goes on to deal with the pre-Islamic art of Persia, the art of Arabia, and the Islamic art of Persia and Turkey. With over 300 illustrations. (February 10th) 25s.

KNOPF



LONDON

scent. Here, for instance, is the little lyric with which this fat book opens:—

"I'm going out to clean the pasture spring;

I'll only stop to rake the leaves away
(And wait to watch the water clear,
I may):

I sh'n't be gone long.—You come too.
I'm going out to fetch the little calf
That's standing by the mother. It's
so young,

It totters when she licks it with her
tongue.

I sh'a'nt be gone long.—You come
too."

It is so simple and shy and direct that, like the run of a deer, it seems effortless; Similarly, when it comes to those longer narrative poems, wherein he lays bare the emotional lives of humble men and women, Frost is so sure of his ground that, unlike the rural poets among our own "Georgians," he can afford to stand aside and let those men and women tell their stories in their own words. Indeed, it is even a fault with him that the conversation of his characters can occasionally descend to the level of the banal. As a rule, however, he shows himself too good a craftsman to let his search for a proper simplicity lead him astray; just as he is too well versed in the essential nobility of the country heart to offend by sentimentality. Besides, as "Mending Wall" can testify, there is always that native humour of his to keep him sane:—

"... He only says, 'Good fences make good neighbours.'

Spring is the mischief in me, and I wonder

If I could put a notion in his head:

'Why do they make good neighbours?
Isn't it

Where there are cows? But here there are no cows.

Before I built a wall I'd ask to know
What I was walling in or walling out,
And to whom I was like to give offence.

Something there is that doesn't love
a wall,

That wants it down.' I could say
'Elves' to him,

But it's not elves exactly, and I'd rather

He said it for himself. I see him there

Bringing a stone grasped firmly by the top

In each hand, like an old-stone savage armed.

He moves in darkness as it seems to me,

Not of woods only and the shade of trees.

He will not go behind his father's saying,

And he likes having thought of it so well

He says again 'Good fences make good neighbours.'"

From all of this it will be seen that there is nothing "modern" about the poetry of Robert Frost. In a land and time where experimentalism in poetry is the order of the day, he remains apart, a poet treading with his own particular gait along familiar ways. An American, writing in the twentieth century and possessed with extraordinary genius, he might have made his poetry a trumpet-call to advance; but

"I shall be telling this with a sigh

Somewhere ages and ages hence:

Two roads diverged in a wood, and

I—

I took the one less travelled by,

And that has made all the difference."

To be understood and appreciated by one's contemporaries is held by some as a sign of an inferior genius; but on the other hand, there are those among us who count it a commendable thing to have understood the limits of one's grasp, and to have culled, within that orbit, whatever perfect flowers the seasonable moods of the spirit have offered.

IN DEFENCE OF SENSUALITY,
by John Cowper Powys. Gollancz.
7s. 6d.

THERE was recently a Salvation Army poster which read: "Stop the next Army man you meet and ask him for his latest spiritual experience." Imagination withdrew appalled at the prospect; yet, on a higher plane, an equally incoherent prospect faces one in Mr. Powys's book. Too unctuous for hedonism, he is only incidentally concerned with sensuality or sensuousness. He is a mystic hitching his clay-daubed wagon to a star, and a little uncertain which is which. It is hard to know what to say about his doctrine except that we ought not to scorn the experience of any man but only his lack of art in interpreting it. And Mr. Powys's experience is expounded with such a gluttonous excess of verbiage, with such a ranting melodrama of metaphor and sentimentality, with such a surfeit of milk and honey in the promised land, that the many sound, persuasive things in his book are made almost invisible. His repetitions are preposterous. The essential points might have been made in 30 pages, and have been stated in as many lines by the poets.

There are more people in the world willing to hear exhortations to praise life, than to stay away and praise it. And the mystic has this advantage, that his words may be made to mean everything or nothing. You take them, as you take Blake, not as a food, but as a purgative. Mr. Powys aims at the obliteration of the active, human self in the effort to melt into a state of peaceful effortless rapture; something that is ours, according to Mr. Powys, when we are aware of the extreme points of sanctity and vegetation, the stars and the Saurian mud. For him there is what (defying ridicule) he calls the "ichthyosaurus ego with atavistic reminiscences that go back to the vegetable world, and the

rock-world, and with prophetic premonitions . . . that go forward to the super-men of the future." And it is only when we sink our consciousness into this loneliness of the spirit—maybe after much wrestling with "life"—that true unfevered happiness, which should be our aim, is experienced. Blessed are the lonely in spirit.

But what is this teaching but that old and essentially sterile spiritual masturbation of the mystics? Why this inhibiting of man's instinctive gregariousness and love of action? Excellent to attack utilitarianism, but how can Mr. Powys assume that human nature when active is only "acquisitive, spiteful, hot and feverish"? He asks, rhetorically, what difference to our essential happiness could be made by the invention of machines to take us, for example, to the moon. The question is absurd. The difference is

NOW READY

TALES OF MYSTIC MEANING

Being selections from the "Mathnawi" of Jalāl-ud-Dīn Rūmī, translated with an introduction by R. A. Nicholson, Sir Thomas Adams Professor of Arabic in the University of Cambridge. The famous mystic poem, the "Mathnawi," written in the thirteenth century, has been well described as the Bible of the Sufis. Professor Nicholson has for many years been engaged in editing the text and translation of this work, and the present edition contains a selection of the best stories from this entertaining work. Demy 8vo, 21s. net. Limited edition of 50 copies, printed on hand-made paper, numbered and signed, 63s. net. This work forms the fifth and final volume of "The Treasure House of Eastern Story" series under the editorship of Sir E. Denison Ross.

CHAPMAN & HALL LTD.

enormous to the essential happiness of the inventor. An inventor invents because he must and his happiness is in the act not in its exploitation. Mr. Powys is merely pretending that that half of life which does not please him is without significance. "Democratic humour," he says in one of many onslaughts on the breed, "is the spleen of the normal in the presence of the abnormal." It is also the pin that pricks spiritual flabbiness in high places.

Yet one's strictures on Mr. Powys are caused in the main by the excesses of his manner rather than by the vagueness of his matter. For there is to be discovered in his book a certain stoicism, a tragic sense, and a poetic delight in life and acceptance of it which make the reading of such passages a stimulating, beneficial task.

V. S. PRITCHETT.

VULGARITY IN LITERATURE:

Digressions from a Theme, by Aldous Huxley. Chatto & Windus. 2s.

THIS is a brilliant essay, perhaps the best that Mr. Huxley has written. The only fault that I can find with it is that Mr. Huxley tends to go to life rather than literature for his examples of vulgarity. Hence perhaps the title *Digressions from a Theme*. The signet-flashers and triumphant parvenus have their literary equivalents; nature's "non-gentleman," as Mr. Huxley calls him, may be your neighbour at dinner, or, in calf and morocco, he may take up a yard of your shelves. The only writers whom Mr. Huxley discusses at any length are Dickens and Poe; he gives a few lines each to Balzac, Baudelaire and D'Annunzio. But his digressions are lively and pointed and never merely a rambling away from the subject.

Almost any page could be quoted to illustrate the subtlety and penetration

of the argument. The reader naturally asks: What do you mean by vulgarity? And Mr. Huxley answers briefly:

"It is vulgar, in literature, to make a display of emotions which you do not naturally have, but think you ought to have, because all the best people have them. It is also vulgar (and this is the more common case) to have emotions, but to express them so badly, with so many too many protestings, that you seem to have no natural feelings, but to be merely fabricating emotions by a process of literary forgery. Sincerity in art, as I have pointed out elsewhere, is mainly a matter of talent."

Now most people's answer, would have stopped with the first sentence; but see how far Mr. Huxley has taken us! It is true, though at first sight disturbing, that sincerity in life and in art are quite different things—as one should know from reading devotional verse or lovers' twaddle. Indeed, the more one examines his statement, the more obvious it becomes. That is a good test. Many epigrams surprise or tickle the palate, but do not survive their face-value; scratch the paint off and you either find nothing, or some obvious lie masquerading as truth. In the course of this book Mr. Huxley says many surprising things, which he does not wait to justify. His assertions that Dickens's jollity is often pathological, that Keats's love letters are never vulgar, that Flaubert was never guilty of ostentation (what else are parts of *Salamambo*?) provoke the inquisitive reader to run hard with Mr. Huxley. If one lags for a moment he may suddenly dart down a lane, and it will mean a cross-country scramble to come up with him again. I have read few more provocative and entertaining essays which at the same time give so distinct and individual a view of their subject.

G. W. STONIER.

SELECTED FICTION

by L. A. G. STRONG

THE KNIFE, by Paedar O'Donnell. Cape. 7s. 6d.

CORDUROY, by Adrian Bell. Cobden-Sanderson. 7s. 6d.

THE SQUARE CIRCLE, by Denis Mackail. Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d.

MR. O'DONNELL has written a fine book. I know of no record from Ireland during the last twenty years which so clearly shows the terrible senselessness and the terrible logic of the struggles that set one man's hand against another: the compelling power, and the essential folly, of the beliefs that had "long roots to them." Another Irishman, Canon Townsend, has recently observed that Irishmen are spiritually minded. Mr. O'Donnell proves this to the hilt. The fine qualities of faith, the courage that holds firm to the death, can so blind their eyes that they do not realise the nature of the things they do.

When the Godfrey Dhus buy Montgomerys, a farm in the midst of a solid Orange district, there is bound to be trouble: trouble which involves Nuala, the daughter of the house, involves The Knife, Sam Rowan, Billy White, Father Burns, the whole district. The trouble breaks out soon enough: but local antagonisms are caught up in the greater trouble. The last chapters, where The Knife and Dr. Henry are courtmartialled and lie in jail awaiting their death, touch a very high level indeed. One need not know how much Mr. O'Donnell has himself been through to realise the authenticity of this book.

There is one reservation, which I would not mention did not Mr. O'Donnell's name seem likely to be bound up with the best of modern Irish literature. His dialogue and

quick narrative are admirable, but his descriptions—his set pieces—are ineffective. Compare the preliminaries to the fight at the fair with the description of the fight itself. Compare Chapter Nineteen with the Prologue. I should guess that Mr. O'Donnell has been influenced by Mr. O'Flaherty; but Mr. O'Flaherty, being a man of genius, with his riot of vivid colours produces a precise composite impression. His method is not to be imitated; and Mr. O'Donnell, as the rest of his book shows, need imitate nobody in the wide world.

Corduroy tells how its author (or his narrator) went as apprentice to the good Suffolk farmer, Mr. Colville, was initiated into country mysteries, and

A New Story by Rhys Davies

entitled "ARFON"

To be published in February, in a limited edition of 400 copies only, signed by the author. Demy 8vo. Red Buckram, gilt lettered.

12s. 6d. net

This story, a magnificent piece of work ten thousand words in length, demonstrates that Rhys Davies is indeed the artist in words critics consider him to be.

Rare Books and First Editions

In Foyle's Rare Book Dept. will be found Association Copies, Modern First Editions, Limited Editions, Autograph Letters, Modern Presses, etc. If unable to pay a visit, send for Catalogue of Dept. 18 (gratis). This Catalogue will be sent to you as issued if desired.

FOYLE'S LITERARY LUNCHEONS
Object: To assist book collectors and readers to see and hear, without the difficulties of personal contact, those authors whom they have come to know already from their works.
Particulars on application.

FOYLES

Charing Cross Road, London, W.C. 2

finally bought a farm of his own. To a countryman, it makes delightful reading—even if he smile now and then at a convert's enthusiasm. Mr. Bell learned his job, and liked it. He has a quick eye, a sense of humour, and no conceit. He is the practical farmer, and his story is a model in straightforward, objective writing. He is very sensitive to character, and has the knack of making his reader feel at once the significance of people encountered only for a minute. All his experiences are well told; the ferreting and the hunt could hardly be told better.

Mr. Mackail's book we should expect to be in a different category. The other two are serious records of life, but Mr. Mackail (as we have known him) aims principally at entertainment. After reading *The Square Circle*, I am not so sure. Entertainment there is in plenty, and the same power of presenting certain rather simple-minded aspects of life which distinguished *Greenery Street*: but there is something else.

He turned his head and kissed Mrs. Bristow, not passionately, but with genuine and tested affection. Just, however, as his cheek was leaving hers, a sudden memory of Miss Carpenter shot across the background of his mind. And for some reason Mr. Bristow kissed his wife again.

Mr. Mackail's previous works have not been exactly rich in undertone; and, if this note occurred, it escaped me. There is a good deal of it in *The Square Circle*. Mr. Mackail is an excellent observer. What, in its way, could be better than this:—

Colonel Parkinhorpe arrived from his friend Jackson's shoot in Scotland, with dead claws and feet sticking out of his luggage; had a violent row with his ex-military

butler because of an alleged infernal smell which was ultimately traced to one of the garages at the back; made peace with the same long-suffering and red-faced henchman; wrote a number of actionable letters to the supposed instigators of the said smell and to the ground landlord; and so rested, still breathing rather loudly, before calling up the autumn meeting of his committee.

The children's party at Number Twenty-two is another example of Mr. Mackail's skill and sympathy. It is a full book, this chronicle of a year in Tiverton Square. It is shrewd; it is often very funny; and it is often (to my taste) a little sweet. I do not mean that Mr. Mackail is a sentimental writer, but that it is sometimes rather sentimental of me to read him.

CONJUGIAL LOVE

By
EMANUEL
SWEDENBORG



Problems of sex are met with everywhere. Swedenborg wrote thereon with insight, a clean mind, a sympathy with people in different states of development. He saw that sex is God-given; that, rightly used, the related gifts of man and woman lead to the greatest happiness. The ideal relationship is marriage, which alone is allowable to the Christian. His word 'conjugal,' in place of 'conjugal,' is now recognised in the dictionaries, suggesting a spiritual basis as fundamental to true union. His book "Conjugal Love" is in two sections: I, *On Love truly Conjugal and its delights*; II, *On Scortatory Love and its insane pleasures*.

IN CLOTH BINDING, 3½ x 5½, 5/-

From any bookseller, or direct from the Publishers,
THE SWEDENBORG SOCIETY (Inc.),
20, Hart Street, London, W.C.1.

Write for Catalogue; we have other valuable works on the deeper issues of LIFE and DEATH.

CONJUGIAL LOVE

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

MARCH 2, 1931.

THE PROSPECTS OF LABOUR

BY WICKHAM STEED

BY the arrangement with the Lloyd George Liberals the Labour Government seems likely to prolong its life. Barring accidents, Mr. Snowden will produce another Budget. Thereafter his colleagues may hope to enjoy the sweets of office, with or without independent power, for an unknown period. In any event, a general election this spring is less probable than it was last autumn. The moment is therefore opportune for taking stock of the position, not only of Labour and of other parties, but, to some extent, of the nation's needs and interests.

Political memories are short nowadays, much shorter than they used to be. Public attention passes swiftly from one incident to another. Party leaders have to compete, in unfavourable conditions, with film stars, murderers, prize fighters and escaped convicts for a share of the limelight. The mock lament of a minor French poet: "Ah! que la vie est quotidienne!" applies as much to politics as to the thousand-and-one disjointed episodes to which the popular Press directs the cinema-ridden minds of its readers. Yet, in "daily" or longer wave-lengths, the stream of life runs on, more steadily than the ripples on its surface suggest; and the question for those whom it bears on its bosom is: "whither?"

Ahead, the outlook is hazy. But, if, in glancing back, we call to our aid such memory as we may possess, visibility will be less "low." With an effort we can still recall 1927 and 1928 when Labour was gaining ground nearly as fast as it has lost it during the past twelvemonth, and when a dull and disheartened Conservative Government was trying to stave off the day of reckoning for its failure to fulfil the

CXXIX

N.S.

M

hopes that had surrounded the spectacular birth of its huge majority. In those years the undertone of public opinion was plain to all who had ears to hear. "Let us get rid of this Government," was the sense of it. In May, 1929, the non-party electorate desired to "turn the Tories out" much more definitely than to "put Labour in"; and far beyond the ranks of Labour, the verdict of the polls was hailed as a great deliverance. In August, 1929, Mr. Philip Snowden's stand for British interests at The Hague Conference made him almost a national hero. Two months later, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald was felt to have borne himself as a worthy representative of Great Britain during his visit to the United States. The interests of the country were held to be safe in the hands of the Labour Government. Now the current feeling is that Labour is not fit to be their steward.

Why this change? At bottom, it is due to the same process of semi-conscious reasoning that cost Mr. Baldwin and his colleagues all, and more than all, the public favour they had enjoyed from November, 1924, up to the summer of 1926. Party politicians seem unable to reflect that allegiance to them sits lightly upon the "floating electorate" which is, to all intents and purposes, the "country." To-day this "country" is larger in proportion to the number of registered voters than it was in the old days before universal suffrage and "votes for women." The floating, or non-party, vote is broadly national in feeling and sanely progressive in tendency, though it may become nationalist on occasion, and well-nigh reactionary in given circumstances. It likes to feel that a party in office is behaving as its trustee, without pedantic insistence upon party pledges. When it guesses that, with Ministers, party tactics come first, it turns slowly against those Ministers and wants to turn them out.

At a Conservative party meeting in July, 1929, one rebellious Tory said: "Our leaders . . . thought the 1924 election was a message from heaven instead of a letter from Moscow." Mr. Baldwin, to do him justice, did not think so at first, however sincerely he may have come to believe it towards the end. In his broadcast

address on the eve of the polling in May, 1929, he said that though the manifestations of enthusiasm in 1924 had been wonderful, the demonstrations he had just witnessed were still more wonderful. He thought he had the "country" with him. He is said to have received, while he was at Downing Street, 8,000 pipes, several thousand tobacco pouches (with "Baldwin for Britain" embroidered on them), hundredweights of tobacco and 15,000 pots of home-made jam. Then, during the election, he paraded the West of England between rows of broccoli. These things may have blurred his vision. Non-party onlookers had long seen that he would be lucky if he lost less than 150 of the seats which his followers had won in 1924.

Yet he had begun well. He described the triumph of 1924 as a national, not a party, victory; and in this spirit he behaved until after the General Strike. Then the spirit forsook him. The "country," that is to say, the floating electorate, noticed the change before Mr. Baldwin himself was aware of it. Miss Margaret Bondfield was returned for Wallsend by a majority of more than 7,000 votes as compared with the majority of only 1,600 which her predecessor, Sir Patrick Hastings, had secured in 1924. Still, public opinion would have backed Mr. Baldwin in 1926 had he handled the Coal stoppage with firm impartiality, and had he brought in a simple Bill to declare a General Strike illegal; nor would the substitution of "contracting-in" for "contracting-out" of the Labour political levy upon Trade Unionists have caused general resentment. But Mr. Baldwin waited a year before sanctioning a "Trade Disputes and Trade Unions Bill" of so diehard a stamp as to outrage non-party feeling; and though he was fain to disavow its language and to invite the co-operation of the House in modifying it, it retained the character of party rather than national legislation. Now Labour, in its turn, has made a party business of amending it; and, instead of attending solely to national affairs, like Unemployment, it has struck a bargain with Mr. Lloyd George in order to keep itself in office and to undo what the Tories did. Incidentally, the bargain bids

fair to thwart Mr. Baldwin's plans for turning the Government out. Thus do chickens come home to roost.

Thus, too, does party after party foolishly think of itself and forget the "country." There is no national need either for a swift amendment of the Trades Dispute Act or for the Alternative Vote. There is need for a Government utterly devoted to the public weal, no matter whether or not that Government possess a working majority in the House of Commons. Yet, like Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald began well. He also proposed to govern as trustee for the nation. He talked of Parliament as a "National Council." On New Year's Day, 1930, he declared "The nation calls for a union of service in setting our house in order, so that the place which we inherited may still be ours"—even while he was allowing the toxin of party spirit to spread among his colleagues. He may not have been wholly free from it himself. The removal of the "genuinely seeking work" provision, as a condition of unemployment benefit, was a clear sign of backsliding. Mr. MacDonald condoned this "concession," though he would have served his party interests far better had he stood by Miss Margaret Bondfield in her plucky fight against it. Then the Coal Mines Bill showed more care for sectional than for national welfare. Neither the mitigated failure of the Naval Conference, the almost undisguised sterility of the Imperial Conference, nor the still doubtful issue of the Round Table Conference has availed to retrieve the position which the Labour Government held in public esteem during its first nine months in office.

And what of Unemployment? Is not the Government's loss of popularity due in large measure to the growth of worklessness, the approaching bankruptcy of the Unemployment Insurance Fund, and the absence of any comprehensive industrial policy? The feeling that Labour Ministers are not big enough for their job certainly weakens faith in them, though the "country" is fair-minded enough to give full weight to the plea that the Government have been "hit by an economic blizzard." On the other hand, it is merely estranged by Mr. Morrison's contention that

unemployment is inseparable from the "capitalist order of society," and that the only sure cure for it is to replace that order by the Socialist State. Mr. Morrison ought to know better than to broadcast Marxist claptrap. He invites the partisan retort that there might, indeed, be no unemployment if a dictatorship of the proletariat in a British Socialist State could send all its critics to institutions so beneficent as the Soviet Labour camps.

One serious factor in the Government's unpopularity is doubtless the heavy increase of taxation in Mr. Snowden's last Budget. The policy of taking money from "the rich" in order to give it, ostensibly, to "the poor" has its limits; and any Labour Government will transgress them at its peril. The "country" is not Socialist, though it is eager for constructive reform. Its faith in Labour has declined because it recognises that the Government are now playing a party game, and that, in point of creative ideas, Labour thought is as bankrupt as the Unemployment Insurance Fund itself. This is why by-elections, with an exception here and there, continue to run against Labour as strongly as they ran against the Tories three or four years ago.

But are the Conservatives in better case? Have *they* any constructive policy, or any creative philosophy, such as to warrant belief that they are fitter to govern now than they were in 1928? Is there anything in their programme to warm the cockles of the non-party heart? "Safeguarding," or even a general tariff, as a means of defending home industries, promoting economic co-operation with the Dominions and getting a "fair deal" from other countries may be all very well, but as a policy it seems to lack thoroughness. This is why Lord Beaverbrook's Empire "Crusade" evokes sympathies which not even his irresponsible antics can altogether chill. He gives the impression that he is in earnest; and, since the "country" earnestly wants to see something done, it watches his worrying of Mr. Baldwin without indignation.

Notwithstanding business depression, and the prevailing doubt whether things will improve until something happens somewhere to lift the world out of its troubles, the

"country" is not convinced that nothing can be done. It would support any leader, or any man in any party, who should make it feel that he understands the new dimensions of a new age, and that his ideas are large enough to fit them. It is looking for leadership big and bold; and it is not thinking in terms of its stomach or of its pocket alone.

Here we touch the deepest cause of the Labour Government's unpopularity—and of the lukewarmness of public feeling towards Mr. Baldwin. The leader of official Conservatism is highly respected. Even his opponents, save, possibly, Mr. Lloyd George, have a profound regard and liking for him. Yet friends and opponents doubt whether he has the stuff of leadership in him. If confidence in Mr. Lloyd George's sincerity were one-tenth as robust as is admiration of Mr. Baldwin's homely virtues, the nation might turn to the "Welsh Wizard" once more as to a leader of drive and force. But it feels that he is a slave to "tactics" in which his temperamental agility finds a scope that a policy based on principle might restrict. Like Mr. Winston Churchill he is too unstable to have much more than a forlorn chance of excelling.

A few of the younger politicians in the Tory and Labour camps have an inkling of what is in the mind of the "country," and seek, in their several ways, to express it. Against party discipline and official remonstrance they have, as yet, made little headway. But they represent something real. Sir Oswald Mosley and his 17 men, no less than Mr. Oliver Stanley, Mr. John Buchan and Major Walter Elliot, enjoy a wider measure of support than their leaders are willing to recognise. Snubs and "birch rod" speeches may smother them for a while, but they will make their mark if they have the courage to go forward. They are vaguely and restlessly aware that Great Britain and other industrial communities are in the midst of a revolution—a revolution at once social and industrial, national and international—and that the "country" is looking for a seer or statesman to read the signs of the times and to translate the "rede" into deed. They feel, perhaps, that the nation would not ask for quick returns if it were sure that its affairs were being managed on the right lines;

and they or, at any rate, the young Tories, may even believe that it would hearken more readily to a gospel of discipline and self-sacrifice than to any mountebank advocacy of short cuts to the millennium.

Thus it has ever been in hours of real crisis. Abraham Lincoln did not inspire the Northerners in the War of Secession by telling them that he was "good for prosperity." Gladstone's magnetic hold upon the people's heart was not won by the "free breakfast table." There was no prospect of profit in his denunciations of the "Bulgarian atrocities" or in his advocacy of a "bag and baggage" policy in regard to the Turks. Garibaldi swept the Italian masses into the struggle for national redemption and unity by offering them "Hunger, thirst, death." The real hold of Labour upon its adherents has hitherto come more from the idealist than from the materialist side of its evangel; and, if Labour is losing ground to-day, it is because no man in the Labour ranks speaks with the voice and the fervour of a Keir Hardie. Neither Mr. Maxton nor Sir Oswald Mosley "fills the bill" in these respects.

The doctrine of Labour sadly needs overhauling. In part, it is well-nigh obsolete. In part it is discredited by the object-lesson of Soviet Russia. Labour leaders realise that the Russian Bolsheviks have carried the teachings of Karl Marx to a logical conclusion, and that the result finds little favour in the eyes of British working men. Yet they talk of "Socialism in our time," without trying to make clear to themselves or to others what the phrase means. On the other hand, their opponents think to damn them by calling them "Socialist," without reflecting that, if Labour succeeds in doing anything good, however non-Socialist the good may be, it will have been hall-marked in advance as "Socialist" by hostile denunciation. Is, for instance, Mr. Morrison's Road Traffic Act "Socialism"?

A little book, *What is Socialism?* published some years ago, contains more than 200 definitions of its subject. They range from recipes for the establishment of the Kingdom of God on earth to dogmatic assertions that the collective ownership of land and capital, and collective

control of production, distribution and exchange, can alone heal the world. Few of them bear the impress of clear thought, and most of them are vague enough to cover the aspirations of any social reformer. One may read them all without gaining a positive notion of the best way to tackle and to overcome the difficulties that confront us as a nation.

There is no salvation, and there may be no irrevocable perdition, in "Socialist" nostrums. Those who are old enough to remember the enthusiasm displayed and, in some quarters, aroused in the early days of the London County Council by such pedestrian reforms as the municipalisation of tramways and the taxation of "unearned increment," will smile at the fear lest the extension of similar ideas to the national field turn everything upside-down. Matters of expediency rarely involve fundamental principles. And there is some force in Professor Laski's argument that "the enormous improvement in health, in educational standards, in housing" were "effected in the last generation through a deliberate transfer of wealth from the rich to the poor," and that the State "used its authority deliberately to equalise the consequences of economic differences." But, if this is Socialism, all parties must be tainted with it, since all have been responsible for it; and one of the questions now at issue concerns rather the expediency and the pace than the righteousness or the iniquity of further steps in the same direction.

The main trouble seems to be that economic conditions, as revealed in unemployment and in the over-production or under-consumption that now afflict the world, have outrun political and economic thought. Political economy, always enlightening about the day before yesterday, and usually wrong about the day after to-morrow, helps but little. Karl Marx is as out of date as the Manchester School, and the outlook of the Trade Unions is less progressive than that of intelligent employers. The Trade Unions persist in regarding human labour as a commodity to be bought and sold in a market which it is their business to rig in favour of their members by collective bargaining and Trade Union rules. They do not assert the superior

ethical value of the human element in production over the material elements of capital and machinery. In this they are far behind the far-sighted employers and capitalists who perceive that rationalisation, or the scientific management of industry, presupposes the effective partnership and the willing co-operation of employees in the work of production. The Trade Unions are too strongly tainted with the Marxist heresy of denying the utility of private capital and of private property. They fail to see that the right line of advance for them would be to assert the principles that, when capital has been fairly remunerated, the surplus profits should go to those who work, by brain and hand, without forgetting the rights of the consuming public; and that, as the representatives of human labour, they are entitled to co-operate in the management and control of private industry.

Labour might improve its prospects, and gain public goodwill in a degree hitherto unsuspected, if it could show its ability to think for the community as a whole and, by example, to discredit the unsocial outlook of "Capital." No less than Capital, perhaps more than Capital, Labour has a vital interest in understanding the meaning of mechanisation and the implications of "labour-saving" machinery. Merely to resist "labour-saving" devices is to court disaster in a competitive world. Merely to demand higher wages, without reference to industrial conditions, may be economic suicide. It is surely to the advantage of wage earners to help in cheapening output and in reducing costs of production—provided always that the cheapening and the reduction be not effected at the sole expense of the "commodity" of human labour. The deliberate object of the Trade Unions should be to gain, and to be fit to exercise, partnership in industry, a responsible share in its organisation and control, and to see that the machines which are nowadays the indispensable agencies of efficient production shall be jointly owned by investors of capital and by the workers in industry, from the managing director at the top to the apprentice at the bottom. The rewards of capital, as a material element in production, being limited to a fair rent for its services,

and the rewards of Labour, as the human element, being in principle unlimited, wage earners and salary earners would have an interest in cheapening output, effecting economies, and in securing for themselves both a "stake in the country" and a recognised status as economic citizens.

Hitherto there has been little sign that such a conception is spreading among Trade Union leaders or in the ranks of the Labour Party. They put forward material demands, grievances and claims. They take far too mean a view of their task and opportunities. Therefore the country feels that there is no help in them.

Unless this defect in Labour thought be remedied, the growing public conviction will be strengthened that Labour in office is a worse custodian of national welfare than the Tories have been. No amount of electoral bribery, in the form of additional or extended "social services," will avail to change this conviction until Labour makes some contribution to the stock of positive ideas. "Social services" cannot do duty for hard work and harder thinking. They may even become a deadly drain upon the economic strength of the community.

Take, for instance, the present arrangements for preserving the health of industrial workers. A few months ago the medical superintendent of a large concern, a man whose views are certainly not anti-Labour, drew my attention to a state of things for which he could see no remedy. He said that, whereas 14,000,000 working weeks had been lost through sickness in 1919, no fewer than 19,000,000 working weeks were lost in 1929, though the general health of wage-earners had improved in the interval. This economic loss he felt to be a heavy, unseen handicap upon our national well-being. He did not ascribe it, in any degree, to conscious ~~malinger~~ *malinger* on the part of wage-earners. He thought it was due rather to the suggestive influence of our health arrangements in so far as they tend to make wage earners feel that, on the whole, they had better not return to work until they are perfectly fit, even though their degree of unfitness be negligible and would be likely to vanish altogether with the physical exercise and

the mental stimulus of regular work. The evil, he concluded, is psychological, not such as to yield to medical treatment.

When I suggested to him that the true remedy would be to give wage earners the status of employee partners in industry—not solely a prospective share in profits under some profit-sharing scheme—so that wage-earners might feel that, by unnecessary absence from work, they were damaging the prospects of the concern in which they were interested, he admitted that something of the kind might supply the necessary corrective. As matters now stand, he admitted, any hint of restricting "social services" would be treated by Labour as an attack upon recognised rights and as an attempt to set back the hands of the social clock.

In a word, the present perspective is wrong. It needs urgently to be put right; and it can only be put right by a social philosophy tending towards the creation of an economic citizenship for wage earners equal in quality to the political citizenship which they already possess.

It may be that the lead in this direction will have to come from "the top," and that it is futile to expect it from "below." In the individual cases where such a lead has been, even tentatively, given from "the top," the response from "below" has been so ready and generous, *as soon as suspicion of motive had been dispelled*, that the results have been astonishing. In practice, the quarter from which the lead came would matter little. On present lines the prospects of Labour, and of the Labour Government, are as hopeless as the industrial outlook is likely to be until there is a thorough change in the organisation of industry and in the conception of its relationship to the body-social and the body-politic. The time is ripe for such a change. Whence will the lead come?

SPAIN'S FATEFUL HOUR

BY W. HORSFALL CARTER.

YOU cannot begin to understand the situation in Spain unless you have grasped the lesson of political realism which our playboy schoolmaster, Mr. Bernard Shaw, attempts to bring home to us in *The Apple Cart*.

Of course behind the grim tug-of-war between Royalty and Democracy now being staged looms the Spanish equivalent of "Breakages Limited" which is not likely to risk its position of power, built up through years of political paralysis, without a struggle. Without going below the surface, however, we can see how well Mr. Shaw has hit off the actual situation that has developed in Spain. Here is, in the words of the Preface, "the unfortunate monarch making a desperate bid for dictatorship on the perfectly true plea that democracy has destroyed all other responsibility (who) is compelled to assume full responsibility himself, and face all the reproaches that Mr. Proteus can shirk." At the same time the way in which the Spanish King manages to breast the waves that beat about his throne illustrates how much, even in 1931, that superiority counts which comes not merely from personal cleverness but from the authority and practical power that accompanies the kingly office.

King Magnus's boast, it will be recalled, is that "the indiarubber stamp theory (of constitutional monarchy) breaks down in any real emergency, because no King (or minister) is the very least little bit like a stamp: he is a living soul."

Now the two facts that stand out in the picture of Spain to-day are that the present moment is emphatically one of "real emergency", and that King Alfonso still retains, in

spite of every conceivable discomfiture, such a faith in himself and his mission as may yet, he calculates, turn the scales in his favour. Crisis succeeds crisis and one section of the nation after another demands the King's head on a charger; the student nuisance, which is the saxophone accompaniment to the traditional political music, compels the Government once more to close the universities, the peseta continues its unsteady course—now, as I write, hovering in the regions of 50 to the £: yet the King goes on his way undaunted and signs a decree for elections to *Cortes* which are repudiated by the majority of Spain's political groups!

It is no exaggeration to say that the country is suffering at present from a latent state of civil war, and the alternating conspiracy and repression have produced an atmosphere of despair and exasperation comparable only with that of the years following the Cuban war.

To the ultra-modern force of non-violent non-cooperation, borrowed from India, nevertheless, King Alfonso opposes the "old-fashioned" methods of resolution and majesty. Whatever may be the merits of this controversy between King and nation, we cannot but admire his audacity. It is a glorious gamble of the kind that appeals particularly to every Spaniard—when he is not being carried away by his sense of grievance. Unfortunately that sense of grievance is highly developed—and after our Indian experience Englishmen have no excuse for underrating its importance or its power. *El sentimiento de honor*, as Professor Madariaga and Señor Miguel Unamuno have indeed assured us, is the supreme national characteristic. The sense of honour of the country as a whole and of many an individual Spaniard forbids them to support a régime which has more than once flouted the nation's self-respect. Did not Señor Santiago Alba, the one popular figure on whom the King was counting, justify his refusal to participate in the elections—three days after the decree was published in the *Gazette* (February 8th) by the quip that he stood "neither for the King nor for the Republic but for Spain's dignity"? (Incidentally Señor Alba who fled to Paris in 1923 to escape prosecution by the Military

Directory is reported to have a most lucrative lawyer's practice there and is therefore not so desperately anxious to return to Spain—but that is neither here nor there).

On the face of it the case for the prosecution is overwhelming. It was summed up most pertinently in the manifesto which was addressed to the nation by the Republican leaders of the abortive revolt last December. Basing their action on the fact that the legal path to reform was blocked and that only a resort to force remained, they declared: "When we clamoured for justice our liberty was taken away; when we cried for freedom we were offered as a concession a *Cortes* manufactured on the pattern of those swept away, born of adulterated suffrage, convened by a dictatorial Government, the instrument of a perjured King, and elected with the help of the old-time bosses."

Here can be heard two distinct notes of criticism. There is the sense of insult to the national honour which is represented by seven and a-half years of extra-constitutional rule; there is also, no less vibrant, the cry from the heart of a people resolved that the political jobbery and corruption, above all the "inertia and fecklessness," in Señor Cambo's words, of the pseudo-parliamentary régime which brought about the Dictatorship, shall not return. The King, of course, stands indicted on both counts, but unless we separate them we shall not understand why General Berenguer and his Government, who sought to restore to Spain her Constitution and Parliament, were receiving no thanks for their pains.

II

When the Monarchy was restored in the 'seventies after the short-lived and ill-fated Republic, the young King Alfonso XII. significantly paid homage to the age-old Spanish tradition that the nation is sovereign and that the King only derives his sovereignty as representative of his people. The *Cortes* being the oldest representative body of its kind in Europe is cherished by Spaniards with the same almost mystical devotion as Englishmen—until the present generation—were wont to accord to Parliament. The Constitution of 1876 was for all practical purposes a

compromise between this Spanish tradition and the very different Hapsburg and Bourbon form of despotism which had had a long innings in Spain before 1868. Alfonso, XII., son of Isabella II. was welcomed by his people as rapturously as his mother had been ignominiously expelled six years before. His early death, however, deprived the country of its one hope of effecting a final and satisfactory blend of the two traditions. The next fifty years were little more than a dismal process of disintegration, the while the energies of the politicians were consumed in resisting pressure, on the one hand from an ecclesiastical caste bent on re-establishing its former ascendancy, and on the other hand an army caste which had accepted with a bad grace its loss of political power.

The national conscience, however, which had been stunned by the prolonged civil wars of the nineteenth century, began to re-assert itself after the first shock of the Cuban disaster and the loss of Spain's remaining colonies had worn off. Its awakening could not, as in Italy, take the form of a nationalist *risorgimento*, since the circumstances were so entirely different.

The best minds of the time gave themselves up wholeheartedly to the task of educating the new Spain for its future responsibilities. The *Residencia de Estudiantes* in Madrid, matched by similar colleges in several other big towns of to-day, the post-graduate work organised by the *Junta para Ampliacion de los Estudios* (Board for Development of Higher Studies), a semi-independent body, together with a number of model schools—these are their lasting monument. The present writer once spent seven months as a student in the Madrid *Residencia* and can testify to the stimulating influences which radiate from this whole educational movement. There was this drawback, however, that so many of the men nurtured in this environment tended to look down upon the unedifying political scene and allowed themselves to be detached from the crucial development of internal organisation at a time when their assistance was most needed. It required the shock-treatment of the Dictatorship to make them realise that scruples must be set aside and they must take a leading

part in compelling a re-organisation of Spain's political forces. There is no question but that this has been appreciated to-day, and therein lies the hope that, when the crash comes, these elements will obtain control of the situation and not the syndicalist and anarchist forces which have in the past given Barcelona such a bad name. All honour to Don Fernando de los Rios, one of the most respected Spaniards of the day, who is now languishing in a Madrid gaol for his share in the Republican plot that failed last December. Many years before 1923 indignation had been focussed upon those elements in the 1876 Constitution which "dishonoured" a modern progressive nation, and particularly on the corruption and other electoral abuses which, with a Parliamentary system unintelligible to any but the educated governing class, flourished like the green bay tree.

The present King Alfonso XIII. was constantly at loggerheads with the *politicos*. Astutely he played one off against the other while leaving them in fear and trembling lest at any time as Commander-in-Chief of the Army he should call upon what was to all intents and purposes a Prætorian Guard to rid him of Parliament and all its works. Their worst fears were confirmed by the *coup d'état* of September, 1923, which had at least the tacit support of the King. The nation as a whole, disgusted with its experience of political jobbery, was not sorry to see the 1876 Constitution go by the board and looked forward to the opportunity to make a fresh start, with a political system more in harmony with the pressing economic and national problems of the century. At the same time there was widespread resentment that the King should have connived at the establishment of a Dictatorship at a time when (1) a strong movement of opinion was on the point of effecting a reform of the constitution in a democratic sense, restricting further clerical privilege and (2) the Commission investigating the Annual disaster in Morocco (1921), in which King Alfonso was said to be implicated, was about to issue its report.

The sequel covering the last seven and a-half years is familiar to us. At the end of ninety days, which

original limit fixed for General Primo de Rivera's emergency Government, the "new" men on whom he—and presumably the King—had staked his throw, had shown no sign of coming forward to replace the discredited *politicos*, and the Presidents of the Senate and Chamber respectively paid a formal visit to the King to remind him of Article 32 of the Constitution which imposed on the Moderating Power (the King) the obligation to see that an interval of more than three months should never elapse without a *Cortes*. In continuing to support the Dictator, King Alfonso technically broke his part of the contract with *Cortes*, although indeed his action might be construed as merely a formal recognition that the 1876 Constitution as it stood was a broken reed. Later on he was persuaded by General Primo de Rivera that it was necessary to break entirely with the past, and, having really very little choice in the matter, he agreed to sign a decree convoking a National Consultative Assembly whose business it would be to forge another and better instrument of Government.

This episode in 1927 widened the breach between the King and the old *politicos*, most of whom had every intention of resuming Parliamentary life, when the Dictatorship should come to an end, as if the Constitution had merely been temporarily suspended. The suspension of constitutional guarantees had been a favourite expedient of the *politicos* themselves—a fact which greatly contributed to their unpopularity. Señor Sanchez Guerra, the veteran leader of the Conservative Party, went off to France in high dudgeon exclaiming against the King's perfidy and threatening to throw in his lot with the Republican enemies of "the throne and altar." But the King's action found a certain amount of favour among those who still hoped that the Monarchy might, as in early Spanish history, lead the nation out of its political morass. This hope became tinged with suspicion when the Dictator's Assembly of Notables produced a Constitution that gave more power to the King and, nominally at least, less power to the *Cortes*. For several months General Primo de Rivera allowed free discussion of this Constitution with the result that it was

sort of attempt to support his henchman's plan any further, and the product of twenty months' hard labour in the Committees of the Assembly was put into cold storage.

Disillusionment came finally, when, at the end of January, 1930, King Alfonso dropped the pilot and replaced him by his Chief of the Royal Household, General Damaso Berenguer, charging him with the mission to restore that "constitutional normality" for which General Primo de Rivera had striven in vain. A host of the unpopular measures of the Dictatorship were at once rescinded and the prospect of elections in the autumn was held out to appease popular discontent. Then, however, it was seen that King Alfonso had once again shifted his position. He was no longer in agreement with the majority of the nation that some form of national convention should assemble in which every shade of opinion would participate to remould the political forms. Now he proposed to take up the threads of parliamentary life where they were snapped in September, 1923, without taking any account of the vital energies that the last few years had released.

Consequently during the twelvemonth following the collapse of the Primo de Rivera dictatorship the full force of the national exasperation has been visited upon His Majesty's head. He could hardly have expected much mercy from the "intellectuals" or from those who speak for the liberal and professional classes, who now, despairing of securing reform by legal means have openly rallied to the Republican cause. But it must have been very galling for the last of the Hapsburg Kings to listen in to an address by Señor Sanchez Guerra, formerly a staunch Monarchist, which was attended by men and women of the highest society, in which the "tiger of Spanish politics" referred to the Monarchy as a "putrefying corpse"; to find himself snubbed by Army officers who, when he offered them a cigarette, suddenly found they did not smoke; to have his bronze bust in the court of Madrid University knocked down and dragged about the precincts; and finally to know that—only a few weeks ago—Señor Pedregal, a prominent lawyer and financier, on his appointment to the Council of State, declined to be sworn in on the grounds, it was said,

that the oath was useless in Spain, since the King swore to uphold the constitution only to violate it afterwards.

III.

The history of the last few months, apart from the abortive revolt of moderate Republican elements, is a record of one group after another joining in the general demand for a re-organisation *ex novo* of political forces, a fresh start based on the sovereign will of the nation expressed through a Constituent Assembly. The first duty of that Assembly would be to obtain a clear-cut vote on the question as to whether Spain's new Constitution should be that of a Monarchy or a Republic. Señor Bergamin, former Conservative Minister, who is among the "Constituent" group demanding that the King should face the music in this way, prophesied recently that there would in that case be an easy majority for the Monarchy. Not so much from love of King Alfonso, he added, as from a fear of the alternative. The chief thing that hampers the progressive movement in Spain indeed is the haunting fear that moderate and democratic reformers might be swept away by an explosion of the anarchical forces under the surface, just as Kerensky and Co. were swamped in Russia—to which is added a kind of inferiority complex due to the sorry failure of that earlier Spanish Republic sixty years ago.

Another prominent Conservative, Don Angel Ossorio y Gallardo, lamenting the fact that his friends had deserted him either for the National Monarchist Union (a small body of no account composed of the hangers-on of General Primo de Rivera) or for the Republican camp, has put forward another alternative, which to my mind offers the best method of tiding over the first few years of "normality." He proposes in effect that King Alfonso should, with a gesture becoming the first gentleman of Spain, declare his intention of abdicating in place of his eldest son, the Prince of Asturias. This should have the effect of rallying all except bigoted Socialists and Republicans to the Monarchy. Did not he recently proclaim his indifference to the personal question in the words "*Que*

importa Monarquía ó República? Lo que importa es España," (although indeed the occasion of this statement was the inauguration by His Majesty of a hydro-electric enterprise for which an avowed Republican millionaire had put up the funds!) And there is, after all, ample precedent in Spanish history in the abdication of Charles I, Philip V, Charles IV, Isabella II, etc. There are, of course, difficulties connected with the Prince's health, but I have heard it affirmed on good authority that the Royal Family have at last found a remedy for his affliction, hæmophilia. Moreover, it would be understood, though not publicly proclaimed, that in a few years' time, when the present passions should have died down, King Alfonso might return to take up the reins of power. He might in the meanwhile go forth on royal embassy to Spanish America to win moral and financial support for the Madrid University City by which he is known to set such store.

This, however, is in hypothetical vein. The paramount fact is that King Alfonso is not prepared to accede to the demand of a Constituent Assembly and take his chance on a vote of confidence, still less to seek safety in abdication. He was willing, apparently, to go through the solemn farce of convoking a *Cortes* to which only Carlists, Integralists and Traditionalists—*i.e.*, the three sections of the extreme right, Catalan Regionalists, and one or two remnants of the old "rotating" parties will be sending representatives. At the back of his mind, no doubt, is a knowledge that at least for a little while longer he can continue to rule the country through the Army and damn the consequences, meeting the threat of revolutionary republicanism with open force. But we have seen that the dis-affection has now spread to the Army and is likely to continue spreading. More significant still is the evidence which is now accumulating that the ecclesiastical elements can no longer be relied upon to give solid support to the Monarchy. The parallel of the situation with that of France in the later years of Louis XV is very striking.

What then can be said for the course which King Alfonso has chosen to adopt? His critics will, of course, look upon the latest development as proof positive of the charge laid

to his door by Señor Ortega y Gasset, the spokesman of educated opinion, that the King continues to "speculate on the national failings," of which inability to organise an effective opposition is perhaps the chief. King Alfonso, on the other hand, while admitting that his is a gambler's throw may contend that only by some such reckless, "Quixotic" exploit can he possibly hope to rally the faint-hearted to the monarchist cause. He may also argue—which is true enough—that a great deal more education is necessary before the Republic of their dreams can be a going concern in such an individualist country as Spain. It is probably true to say that the Spanish people in the mass is still monarchist at heart. Three-quarters of the public figures who are now the King's chief opponents are only what we may call "circumstantial" Republicans.

Anyone who is familiar with Spanish history knows that the Monarchy has traditionally assimilated the living forces of the nation. There is a compulsion to unity as potent as the national urge to disgregation. Where the national organic genius is that of a Democracy, presided over by a Monarch, an attempt to introduce parliamentary machinery framed on the English model was foredoomed to failure. It may be that after a period of sustained tension in which affairs will go from bad to worse, King and nation in Spain will yet cry quits, each admiring the stubborn purpose of the other; and then, acting in concert, they may evolve the appropriate political institutions for which Democracy in every country has hitherto sought in vain.

IF FOCH HAD NOT CHANGED HIS MIND

BY CAPTAIN LIDDELL HART.

A DISMAL sort of rain was falling from a grey September sky that lugubriously foretold the approach of autumn. The scene was in keeping with the sky, an unkempt landscape ploughed not by the shallow symmetrical furrows that welcome the fruitful seed, but by furrows of a cavernous, grave-like depth. It had the peculiarly drab desolation which is felt where no man moves above the surface of the earth. Only the dark huddled masses of the woods gave relief to the eye, and even they, to a closer view, were marred by many stark, riven tree trunks. Moisture dripping from all the sodden forms of nature intensified a gloom that outwardly became complete as the grey sky darkened into night. It matched the gloomy mood of the men who inhabited the furrows on the northward side, men who whispered together in guttural tones, and suffered the depressing conviction that they were in the minority. Their anxious thought was whether they would get away from the scene before death overtook them. On previous nights the guns that were their means of protection had been dwindling through removal to the rear. Now they were waiting for darkness and the word to begin the first stage of withdrawal from a salient that seemed, to danger-quicken imaginations, to have the unpleasant outline of a sack.

Far otherwise was the atmosphere in the opposite set of furrows, that trench system which encircled the salient in a threatening embrace. There, the promise of spring was in the air—whatever nature might suggest. The dawn would herald the spring tide of the First American Army. For months it had been a dream of postponed fulfilment. They had been months of fertilisation beneath the surface, but also of sudden hostile frosts, and even of subterranean

intrigue. When the collapse of Russia, undermined by revolution, had enabled Germany to mass forces for a gigantic onslaught in the West, their own danger of collapse had led French and British to clamour for American reinforcements. And when Pershing resisted, they had gone behind his back, in efforts to obtain his over-ruling by the President. Meantime, he steadfastly, if to overstrained allies it seemed callously, pursued his aim of producing an independent American Army.

Now it was produced. As darkness fell, the roads leading up to the front were filled with an unseen multitude. These streams of embattled manhood crept on, while behind them the ear could detect the rumbling of transport, the clanking of tanks. Orders for silence might still the voices in the dark columns of infantry, but the machines behind seemed all too audible to keyed-up listeners. And all the more audible because forward, where the interminable mounds of upheaved earth showed the dim trace of the opposing trenches, there was an eerie hush, the tense calm that precedes a storm. Ever and anon Verey lights would curvingly rise and spread their white circle of radiance. Otherwise there was merely the occasional ping of a bullet, the crump of a remote shell.

But back behind the trenches where guns were clustered so dense that they seemed almost wheel to wheel, a many-linked chain of artillery officers stood watch in hand and whistle to lips. Midnight had come and gone, ushering in a new-born day, the day of September 12th, 1918.

The watch-hands reach one. The earth is smitten with concussion, the darkness rent by flame. Almost three thousand guns have opened fire—and keep on firing. Mainly French, they are paving the way for the American infantry. The trenches opposite are being pounded into pulp. Can anyone still live there? Even the troops who wait the moment to assault, and know that the defenders' destruction means their salvation, murmur "Poor devils." But in large part their sympathy is wasted. So are the shells.

Minutes lengthen into hours. The thunder of Mars—mechanised, goes on unceasingly. While the lighter guns

are smashing the trenches and wire, their big brothers are spraying high explosive over the roads and rest-billets behind the German front. Super-heavy naval guns on railroad mountings are sending huge shells, that roar overhead with the sound of an express train, to be "unpacked" on the German railroads near Metz. A day later, when reluctant French consent had been conceded, they were "delivered" in Metz itself.

At last, five o'clock comes. The leading wave of infantry has already crept out into the dim No Man's Land, and are crouching down behind the curtain of bursting shells. The curtain lifts, though only to come down a little farther on, as it rolls back slowly in front of them. The infantry are up, and are sweeping steadily over the pulverised enemy trenches. Tanks are leading them. The sun comes out—a shining augury. Along twelve miles of front on the east side of the St. Mihiel salient six American divisions are attacking—driving in a deep wedge. Three belong to Dickman's corps, the others to Liggett's corps, which is nearest the hinge of the salient. Three French divisions are putting a gentle pressure on the nose of the salient, to keep the defenders busy until the Americans have cut off their retreat.

On the west side of the salient there is as yet no movement. Only the noise of the guns. For weeks the Germans had been meditating and preparing to forestall the attack by a withdrawal. They had actually begun it the night before the attack, a fact which has led to the satirical description of St. Mihiel as "the sector where the Americans relieved the Germans."

Unlike the bigger strategic retreat to the Hindenburg Line in 1917, which dislocated the whole Allied plan of attack for the year, this St. Mihiel withdrawal worked out to the disadvantage of those who planned it. Although the German command were as well aware of the impending blow as most of the café-loungers of France, and were not deceived by the American pretence of staging a battle in Alsace, they hesitated too long over their decision and made their preparations too leisurely. Thus they were caught in the act of retirement and without the support of a large

part of their artillery. And if much of the Allied bombardment was wasted on empty trenches, the longer-range fire trapped some of the retiring columns on the roads.

A good hour before midday Liggett's divisions were on their final objective for the day. Soon after they had reached their second day's objective! Liggett, getting a message by pigeon, had wasted no time in speeding-up the time-table. The dazed and thoroughly disconcerted Germans had offered little resistance. Liggett's men were now close to the base of the salient, and to the last German line, the Michel Stellung, uncompleted and far less strong than the ones they had broken. Dickman's corps, nearer the centre, had reached its first day's objective with almost equal ease.

The 1st Division's task was to turn inward across the salient and meet the 26th Division, coming from the other side. Thus the two together would close the neck of the sack, pulling the string tight. Unfortunately Pershing's orders had tied them too tight to his apron strings. When he loosened them, the fresh orders did not reach the troops until after nightfall. The 26th Division was quickest off the mark. Groping forward in the darkness one regiment reached Vigneulles, the midway point, before dawn. About 8 a.m. troops of the 1st Division arrived and met them. Most of the Germans had now slipped out of the sack.

But the Salient had been wiped out. For four years this wedge, sixteen miles deep, had lain embedded in the flank of France, galling her in body and mind. It had interrupted the railways from Nancy to Paris and Verdun. During the epic struggle of 1916, the army of Verdun had had to fight half-choked through the pressure of the St. Mihiel fang on their windpipe. And now the fang had been removed.

On the 13th, the troops of the other corps pushed up into line with Liggett's facing the Michel Stellung. There they stopped. Ant-like men clad in field-grey could be seen frantically digging, working on trenches which previously had only been marked out. And those trenches had little barbed wire in front of them, very different from the dense entanglements that had covered the lines already pene-

trated. As early as noon on the 12th, the enemy commander, Fuchs, had ordered the complete evacuation of the salient. He was driven to this emergency decision not only because it was essential "if the troops in the St. Mihiel sector were to be saved from capture," but because the American 2nd Division was desperately close to a weak point in the Mihiel line and he felt "there was danger of a break-through." Soon he had a fresh nerve-spasm, because the danger was "very great and continually threatening" at the point where his men had given way before the 42nd Division. It seemed almost too good to be true when word came that "the enemy had not followed." Not until that night had he collected enough troops to fill that hole in the Michel line. But there were still other holes. Next day American patrols walked into some of them and had an unopposed look round before coming back. Even after forty-eight hours of frenzied labour the line was still incomplete. The German army group commander, Von Gallwitz, recorded: "I was glad that no attack took place on the 14th as we were not ready in the new position." Why didn't the Americans go on?

II

It is exactly a fortnight after the dawn of St. Mihiel. A grey dawn. In the dim light of early morning nine American divisions were advancing to the assault, with three more close up. But there is not one which shared in the St. Mihiel test; only three have even had battle experience. And the greenest of all are those in the centre who are pitted against the grim ridge of Montfaucon, which dominates the corridor between the Meuse River and the Argonne Forest up which the Americans were trying to push. For the scene has shifted. The second act of the American offensive is being staged west of Verdun, on the spot where the German Crown Prince vainly sought two years earlier to break through the French front.

Will those who now attack in the reverse direction fare any better? They have no inviting salient to pinch off as at St. Mihiel. It is an uncompromising frontal attack, with a river on one flank and a rugged forest on the other.

Aptly named is the Mount of the Falcon. Sharp are its beak and claws. Before the attackers can even reach it they have to cross rough ground where well-hidden machine-guns give them a rough passage. Rougher still is the handling suffered by those who attempt to gain its forbidding crest.

If Montfaucon was yielded next morning, September 27th, its resistance had fulfilled the German purpose. It had broken the initial impetus of the Americans' offensive, had thrown out of gear their military machine. With only five under-sized divisions, the Germans had skilfully made the best use of their slender resources, so as to draw the sting of the attack. They had adopted an elastic defence with the real resistance placed some miles in the rear out of reach of the enemy bombardment. The Americans ran into this intact and cunningly woven belt of fire when their initial spurt was exhausted, their formation disordered, and most of their artillery left behind. Thus they were brought to a halt several miles short of the Kriemhilde Stellung, a continuation of the great Hindenburg line, which barred the path to the lateral railroad from Metz through Sedan that it was their object to cut.

In the days that followed, the renewed attacks made small progress and only made that under increasing difficulties. The enemy had gained time to bring fresh divisions to strengthen the barricade. And many of the attacks were merely examples of vain gallantry, revealing the costly folly of trying to overcome a "mowing machine-gun" defence by sheer weight of human bodies without the aid of surprise or adequate fire support.

The all too obvious failure to fulfil the original aim provoked widespread reactions behind the front. Clemenceau visited the Allied Commander-in-Chief, Foch, and bitterly remarked: "Those Americans will lose us our chance of a big victory before winter. They are all tangled up with themselves. You have tried to make Pershing see [the wisdom of putting the Americans under French command]. Now let's put it up to President Wilson." Enemy propaganda seized its opportunity and made play with such insinuations as "Americans driven

to slaughter." Among the troops there was a prevalent soreness ; even bitterness. If it did not quench their determination, it caused a natural disillusionment, for comparison with the St. Mihiel "show" was obvious and odious. The feeling was typified in the story that a dough-boy was heard saying : "Pershing says he'll go through if it costs a hundred thousand men." Silence for a moment. Then another voice, sarcastically : "Ain't he a damned generous guy !"

He did go through in the end. Yet another renewed general attack on October 14th failed to break through, although it gained a hard-earned footing on the Kriemhilde heights. Even the higher command realised that the effort was spent, and wisely called a halt. It was a lengthy halt. Liggett, who now took over direct charge, saw that it was better to rest and reorganise his forces for a sure bound as soon as possible, than to throw away lives in attempting the impossible. He spent a fortnight in replenishing his supplies, improving his communications, and generally overhauling his machine. When he let in the clutch on November 1st it bounded forward, crashed through the Germans' newly-improvised lines, and ran on with little check until it reached the Sedan railroad on November 7th.

But it had taken forty-three days in all to get there. And in the meantime the German armies, if badly bruised, had been able to withdraw safely before the railroad was interrupted. For four years this railroad had been their lifeline. On it they had depended for the nourishment of their armies in the gigantic salient which their front in France formed. But when it was cut it had ceased to be their lifeline.

The Americans were thirty miles from the railroad when they started on September 26th. The distance was much farther than they would have had to go from the St. Mihiel sector to the railroad, if still much less than the British, on the other side of the great salient, would have to go to reach the Western end of this railroad. Thus the American thrust was potentially the more dangerous to the German armies.

But those thirty miles were across a country strewn with ridges, ravines and woods—not to mention trenches, wire, and Germans. Terrible country for movement. And made worse by the autumn rains that turned the sparse roads and tracks into ribbon-like quagmires. Through the mud and over the rugged hills had to travel the food and ammunition for over half-a-million men. Little wonder that traffic jams often blocked the essential flow of supplies and reserves, and prevented guns getting forward to support the infantry. Traffic control was more often at fault than troop control. Hastily raised boards bore the painted appeal : "Play the game, boys ! Obey the M.P. ! " Inexperience played the same part as it had with us at Loos in our first big offensive.

For inexperience, toll will always be paid. But here the toll was greater because a new army had come to a region where nature did her worst to handicap inexperience, and placed the stiffest obstacles in the way of movement. How different to the Plain of the Woevre beyond St. Mihiel was this rough and hilly country of the Meuse-Argonne ! It was a bad course over which to run a race against time. Why did the Americans go there ?

III

Because Haig wished it as keenly as Pershing disliked it. Haig gained his way and Pershing, the stubborn, for once gave way. Here is the inner story of America's first and last great battle. Its site, and its fate, were decided by a personal tug of war between Haig and Pershing. And Foch was the rope.

For if it was Haig's wish, it was not his responsibility. He, rightly, was concerned with and for his own army. He urged that the American army should seek battle in the Meuse-Argonne because he thought, wrongly, that it would help his own army's attack. Foch, who acted as Conciliator-in-Chief rather than Commander-in-Chief, induced Pershing to change his own plan for Haig's. And Pershing yielded against his better judgment as the price of a con-

cession. He chose the obstacles of nature for his army as a means of avoiding the obstacles of man to his army—to his ambition of fighting with an all-American army.

The St. Mihiel attack had fulfilled a dream and a scheme which had been born when America entered the war. Yet not a fully-satisfying fulfilment. Pershing and his staff had come to Europe in June, 1917, with their eyes fixed on St. Mihiel and their minds on Metz, beyond it. The British, they knew, must fight near the Channel coast because that gave them the shortest line of supply from their home base. The French naturally wanted to cover Paris above all. If the Americans wanted a sector of their own the easterly one facing Metz was the natural one. It was the easiest of access from their own base ports on the Bay of Biscay, and clashed least with their Allies' lines of supply. But to an ambitious strategist there was a greater incentive. This sector was obviously the Germans' most sensitive point. A thrust here need only penetrate a short distance before it would imperil the Germans' whole position in France. For it would cut the great lateral railroad at the end nearest Germany, and would "turn" the flank of all the successive trench lines to which the Germans could retire short of their own frontier. Further, such a thrust as Pershing dreamt of would release the Briey iron mines and menace the Saar basin—on which the German armies largely depended for their munitions. Military effort has an economic basis, for armies cannot fight without munitions.

A year passed before the American Army was ready to fulfil the dream. In July, 1918, American divisions under French higher command played a valuable part in repulsing Ludendorff's last bid for victory on the Marne. Then, as the German tide began, unmistakably, to ebb, Foch called a conference of the allied commanders to discuss their future action.

In July they meet at Bombon. The place is aptly named, for the prize they seek is a very modest one. Foch does not choose to look far ahead. Hard knocks have damped even his ebullient assurance. He merely suggests a series

of local attacks to free the allies' lateral railroads. Next year, when the full tide of America's armed strength has arrived, he will aim at the German lateral railroad.

The first of the "freeing" attacks is delivered by Haig on August 8th in front of Amiens. It takes the Germans by surprise and causes an astonishing if temporary collapse of their defence. Ludendorff later will speak of it as "the black day of the German army in the history of the war." For the allies it reveals a horizon brighter than they had imagined. Its dramatic evidence of the moral rot that has set in among the German troops changes the whole picture. Haig declares that "we ought to hit the Boche as hard as we can, then try and get peace this autumn."

The Americans, also, go beyond Foch's modest suggestion. To them has been allotted the task of pinching off the St. Mihiel wedge, and thereby freeing the lateral railroad in Lorraine. Foch thinks of it as a necessary security for next year's plans and a safe try-out for a raw army. Pershing looks further. On August 11th, the newly-formed staff of the First American Army moves to the St. Mihiel area and there frames a plan to pinch off the salient. But it is a telescopic plan and can be extended to break through the baseline and sweep on towards the Metz railroad—if the going seems good. They plan to use fifteen American divisions—each double the size of a British or French division—and four French divisions. Pershing approves. So does Foch, who becomes so enthusiastic that he adds another six French divisions in order to widen the front of attack. He wants "to strike the heaviest blow possible and secure the maximum results." Everything in the garden is blooming.

But on August 30th a shadow falls athwart it. Foch comes to the American headquarters at Ligny with an entirely different plan. "Everyone is to attack (Belgians, British, French and Americans) as soon as they can, as strong as they can, for as long as they can." But the Americans are not to attack where they want to.

Haig has caused Foch to change his mind. He has convinced Foch that the Germans are staggering, and although Foch does not yet share the belief that they will

fall this autumn, he is willing to try the effect of a heavy push—all together.

Haig, for his part, is willing to stake his judgment and his reputation by assaulting the ill-famed Hindenburg Line—the strongest fortified defences on the whole German front. But, to reduce the risk and increase the profit, he urges Foch to alter the main American attack so as to converge towards his own. He calculates that it will thus have a quicker and stronger reaction upon the German armies facing him, and by loosening their grip will ease his task.

Foch feels that if Haig is willing to disregard the cautious counsels of the British government, he deserves any concession that will help him. Foch, too, conjures up a picture of gripping the German armies between converging pincers—British on one side and American on the other. Pétain is quite agreeable to the new plan which promises to draw the German reserves to either flank and leave the French an easier path in the centre.

Thus, Foch, on arrival at Ligny, proposes to Pershing that the St. Mihiel plan shall be modified to a mere extraction of this awkward fang. The operation is to be a preliminary to the main American attack, which he now wants driven north-west towards Mézières and Sedan instead of north-east towards Metz. He also perhaps sees more subtle advantages in this new plan. It will give him an excuse to keep the Americans in French leading-strings. So he proposes that while Pershing's army shall operate over the easier ground west of the Argonne, a mixed French and American army under a French commander shall attack in the difficult Meuse-Argonne sector. It is also Foch's idea to send General Degoutte to hold Pershing's hand and guide his tactical decisions.

The change of plan comes as a shock to Pershing, and the other proposals as an affront. The discussion grows lively and the atmosphere heated. "If we must change our St. Mihiel plans," declares Pershing "and fight this new battle in the Meuse-Argonne, we will do it under American command." Foch replies: "This is an emergency," and hints that he will appeal to President Wilson. The threat has as little effect on Pershing as when previously em-

ployed. Foch implies that Pershing is trying to shirk his share of the battle, and Pershing retorts that he is fully ready to fight "as an American army." Foch ironically remarks that even for St. Mihiel Pershing cannot raise an all-American army without depending on his allies for guns, tanks, and aircraft. Pershing rejoins that it was by the Allies' request that America had shipped only infantry during the spring crisis.

Foch wisely drops the argument and leaves Pershing to "chew the cud." Next day, after reflection, Pershing writes to Foch. In his letter he does not hide his dislike of limiting the St. Mihiel attack. "However, it is your province to decide as to the strategy of operations, and I abide by your decision." But on the other question he is unshakeable. "I can no longer agree to any plan which involves the dispersion of our units." "Briefly, our officers and soldiers alike are, after one experience, no longer willing to be incorporated in other armies." "If you decide to utilise the American forces in attacking in the direction of Mézières I accept that decision, even though it complicates my supply system and the care of my sick and wounded, but I do insist that the American army be employed as a whole . . ."

The letter was carried to Foch's headquarters at Bombon, where it became a bombshell. Foch realised that it was a new declaration of independence, and that American co-operation in his combined general offensive could only be obtained at the price of a big concession. But Pershing's actually cost America more.

Two days later Foch and Pershing met anew, with Pétain also present, for a crucial conference. Its outcome was that Pershing gave up his own plan for a share in Foch's and Foch conceded Pershing's claim to American unity—realising that without the Americans his right pincer would have a weak and worn point. But he left Pershing to choose whether he would operate west of the Argonne, where the ground would be easier, or east of it, where supply from the base would be simpler. And Pershing fatefully decided: "We'll fight east of the Argonne."

Thus, although he had given up his own plan unwillingly,

the ultimate responsibility for taking the stiffer of the two remaining courses was Pershing's. And another decision made it more difficult. Foch wanted the general offensive of the allies—"Tout le monde à la bataille!"—to open on September 20th, and therefore suggested that the St. Mihiel attack should be dropped. Pershing and his staff were unwilling, and argued that they must pinch off the St. Mihiel wedge as a safeguard to their Meuse-Argonne attack. Again, their claim was conceded. But although it seemed a secondary point it had a primary importance. For it meant that they could not switch divisions from one battlefield to the other, and so were compelled to use green divisions for the second, the greater and harder attack.

Each attack interfered with the other. And the consequences were compound, not simple. Because of the difficulty of switching troops from St. Mihiel to the Meuse-Argonne, the force for the St. Mihiel attack was cut down by half, and the western pincer was whittled down to a single division.

We have already seen how this one-sided weakness helped the Germans to slip out of the sack at St. Mihiel. Moreover, the very fact that the attack was to be limited, and to go no further than the baseline, led Pershing to keep his troops on a tighter rein and so delayed their arrival on the baseline. Few as were the casualties they might have been fewer still, and the prisoners more.

But the greater effect of this undesired restraint was to be felt in the Meuse-Argonne, where it was to affect the course of the war and the cost of America's share.

IV

What would have happened if Foch had not gone back on Pershing's plan, if the St. Mihiel attack had gone through? It may be an idle speculation, for it cannot restore the dead, but it is of interest to those who survived—and, not less, to history.

In the first place, it would have made no difference to Haig. Here is the irony of the change. For the British attack broke through the Hindenburg Line, and through its strongest section, before the Meuse-Argonne attack

had drawn off any German divisions from Haig's front. Thus the result justified Haig's confidence but not his precaution, proving that his troops could break through without indirect help to ease their path.

If it is certain that the Meuse-Argonne attack did little to help the British break-through, it is almost certain that a continuation of the St. Mihiel attack would have helped greatly. If the Americans had broken through the Mihiel Line the menace to Metz and the lateral railroad would have been so close and so far-reachingly dangerous that Ludendorff could not have ignored it. He would have been forced to call away some of the German divisions now facing the expected British attack on the Hindenburg Line, where one-third of the whole German strength was massed. Thereby the British would have used up less effort in the break-through, and would have been able to follow up quicker. The German armies would have had less time to prepare their withdrawal, which might have become a disorganised retreat.

But if the American attack at St. Mihiel had been pursued to the full, as Pershing desired, could it have penetrated so fast and so far as to have decisive results? Would the German resistance have collapsed? Pershing certainly thought that "an immediate continuation of the advance would have carried us well beyond" the Mihiel Line "and possibly into Metz." Dickman was still more emphatic: "The failure to push north from St. Mihiel with our overwhelming superiority of numbers will always be regarded by me as a strategical blunder for which Marshal Foch and his staff are responsible. It is a glaring example of the fallacy of the policy of limited objectives." . . .

On the other hand, Liggett—a shrewd, cool reasoner—considers that "the possibility . . . existed only on the supposition that our army was a well-oiled, fully co-ordinated machine which it was not as yet." Von Gallwitz, also, is dubious, although he admits that a quicker following up would have caused him more loss.

Yet there is one factor of which criticism has taken no account; a factor which endowed Pershing's original plan with a special advantage. Almost every attempted break-

through in the war had been based on the idea of a single penetration. When two thrusts had been tried they were too far apart to cause any prompt sagging and collapse of the sector between. But the St. Mihiel salient was ideal for trying the yet untried method of dual penetration—a method which fulfilled Sherman's famous maxim of putting your opponent on "the horns of a dilemma."

If two powerful blows had smashed the flanks and faces of the salient, the defenders in the centre would have dissolved into chaos—and been "caged." Through this collapsed centre a fresh force might then have driven, with a clear path between the protecting wings. In Pershing's original plan he could have provided this force. The American eagle could then have used both its wings and its beak. As it was, both wings were held back, one wing was clipped, and so was the beak. Foch had clipped them, his arm jogged by Haig.

It will always be a question how far the Americans could have advanced beyond the breach. Here the main factor would not have been defences or defenders, but supplies. The road blocks and transport difficulty actually experienced in the limited advance do not encourage an optimistic answer. And the last weeks of the war were to show that the more experienced armies could not solve the problem of maintaining supplies during a sustained advance, even though almost unopposed. Thus the American advance might have come to a halt before it reached the vital rail artery, and might not have reached it quick enough to cause a sudden collapse.

But an advance from St. Mihiel would have profited the Americans more, and cost them less, than the advance in the Meuse-Argonne. This is almost certain. Who should know better than Von Gallwitz? He has declared that "A successful attack launched against the Mihiel position would have been more important than the successes gained along the Meuse and in the Argonne." Further "An American advance to Longuyon [the rail junction] would have been a blow which we could not have borne." The war that ended on November 11th might thus have ended earlier—if Foch had not changed his mind.

THE PRESS AND PARLIAMENT

BY THE RT. HON. EARL WINTERTON, P.C., M.P.

THE struggle, sometimes carried on boldly in the open, at other times in secret behind the scenes, between Parliament and politicians on the one hand, and the Press on the other, has been going on for centuries. Indeed, its birth was contemporaneous with that of the first broadsheets.

It has always been a contest for power and influence, the desire to guide or control one's fellow-men and women being the strongest of human motives, at least to some people. Cant phrases such as "the freedom of the Press," "our glorious liberty," or "the will of the people" have sometimes obscured, but never altered the main purpose.

Naturally enough, this ancient fight has never been an unequal contest or it would long ago have ended as some people at the time, optimistically, thought that it had when the Press was legally permitted to report the proceedings of Parliament. The fortunes of each side have fluctuated and the finish seems to-day, despite appearances to the contrary, to be as far off as ever.

It is a fascinating subject for every student of public affairs, and indeed for all who take an interest in the history of their country. Moreover, though everyone can see the outward form of the struggle to-day, and the modern weapons used, the inward motives and methods are not always fully grasped by the public. This is natural enough since the contestants have reasons for reticence in expounding them.

If that portion of the popular Press which, since the war, has done its best, both overtly and covertly, to lower the prestige and belittle the actions of Parliament, were to disclose its real motives, it might suffer unpopularity. No one really wishes the Press to control our destinies,

however much some may deplore the incompetence of Parliament in doing so. Since "dog does not eat dog" the rest of the Press is disinclined to unmask the batteries of its powerful contemporaries. As for the politicians, they have a not ungrounded fear of attacking the Press, which is considered to have such a powerful influence in marring or making the careers of those in public life.

At times, of course, on this ancient battle front, there is fighting in the open for all the world to see. This happened during the days of the Coalition Government, when a very prominent "Press lord" attacked an equally prominent statesman with great ferocity, and the latter counter-attacked with even greater ferocity, attributing indeed by a certain gesture during his speech in the House of Commons mental instability to his opponent. The reporters, for the most part, wisely ignored this little piece of by-play. Again in recent months we have seen, without concealment, the fierce struggle between the leader of a party aided by his supporters, and the controllers of two great Press combinations.

For the most part, however, the combatants remain in covered and indeed camouflaged trenches, in which intense sapping and mining go on day and night. Judging by outward appearances, there might be peace. Prominent statesmen and equally prominent newspaper men meet at public banquets and extol each other's virtues; the burden of their speeches is always that the two professions are complementary to each other and cannot do without each other. That is true in a sense, but has never and will never prevent their rivalry. They are competing for the public favour as surely as do the cinema and the stage. These two institutions are complementary in the sense that you must instil in the individual a desire to see dramatic presentation in some form before he or she will pay money to enter a theatre or a cinema. It is only when this is done that the fight begins to get him or her to accept the rival merits of stage or screen.

In the same way, the politicians and the Press must first get members of the public to take some interest in national and international affairs before they can induce them to

decide whether they will be guided by the advice of a party leader or the owner of a newspaper amalgamation. Since the public, as a whole, is notoriously averse to interesting itself, save in some stupendous crisis, in national or international affairs (I am afraid I don't include Test Matches, Cup Finals, or the Derby in that category) the initial work of the rivals is not easy, and they may well be thankful for mutual help until the real struggle starts.

In the present article I shall endeavour to portray some features of that struggle as I have seen it develop during the 26 years I have been a member of the House of Commons. To show that I am not wholly biased in favour of one of the combatants, I would mention that during those 26 years I have been a paid contributor on many occasions to the daily, weekly and monthly Press, as well as the editor, for a time, of a periodical. Further, I have a number of friends and acquaintances in the newspaper world.

The opposing armies are better organised and munitioned than they were in 1905. The circulation of the popular newspapers of those days was much less than it is to-day, and Press combines were fewer and on a smaller scale. The controllers of those combines were not known to the public as well as they are now, and none of them, of course, had held ministerial office, as later some of them did during the war. Statesmen and politicians on both sides of the House had the advantage of a faithful party Press with, it is true, a lower circulation, but a greater prestige, than that of the new popular Press. Unlike the latter, these party newspapers did not attack individuals within their party or run political "stunts" at the command of their owner. A party and its leader knew that unless they did something incredibly foolish or outrageously mischievous they could count on the firm support of their Press; equally they knew whether they did well or badly they would have to face the consistent hostility of the Press of the other party. Both these factors had a steadying effect on policy and outlook. To-day a political party may enjoy the ecstatic approval of some vast Press organisation one week and have to be prepared for its

ferocious attacks the next. The helping friend of to-day may be the formidable enemy of to-morrow; nor can it truthfully be said that these sudden changes are always due to sincere differences in public policy. Questions of personal pique, prejudice and ambition are often very considerable factors. Prime Ministers and Ministers of a party in office have to reckon not merely with the raw material of public opinion, but that opinion as it may be partly manufactured by a Press controller. That controller may be, in theory, an opponent of their party, but, in fact, a far greater opponent on grounds other than those of purely public policy of one or other of the leading men in the party whose principles he professes to support. In his anxiety to injure the latter, he may refrain from attacking or exposing the policy of the party to which he is opposed. This means not only a growing element of uncertainty and instability in public life, but opens the way for intrigue and log-rolling. How far it has really weakened Governments and parties will be discussed later.

Let me now turn to the other side. Political parties, making all allowance for the decline of the Liberal Party (which is clearly due to causes other than that of organisation), have a better and more cohesive organisation than they possessed a quarter of a century ago.

That of the Socialist Party speaks for itself. Hardly a works, a mill, or a street corner in the country is without its emissaries, ready and eager to expound its policy and projects. Through the Trades Unions and the Co-operative Societies it possesses a solid block of supporters which Press opposition and popular disapproval alike cannot break, though they may shake it, as they did in 1924. But in that instance the swing of the pendulum, always a constant factor in British politics, contributed largely to the result.

Despite statements to the contrary, the Conservative organisation also has greatly improved in the last quarter of a century. It has in almost every constituency to-day what were extreme rarities in 1905—speakers' classes, study circles, debating groups and the like. The literature which the Central Office and divisional

headquarters issue is more extensive, more practical, and more informative. Its paid agents are of a better stamp and better educated. Such institutions as the Bonar Law College were unknown before the war.

The increase in the number of actual subscribing members in the constituencies as a whole seems at least to have kept pace with that of the electorate. In some the total in the men, women, and junior organisation branches runs into five figures, a respectable proportion of the whole electorate in such constituencies. It is fair to assume that on an average each of these enrolled members influences one or two other persons in favour of his or her political views; each individual member is also naturally influenced by the local Conservative candidate or member of Parliament, and they in their turn by the leader of the party. To use military terms, there is thus at all times a loyal and disciplined cadre capable, during elections, of being expanded into a corps; the previous training of the officers and non-commissioned officers makes deployment by the candidate for either attack or defence much more easy than if there were only a makeshift force.

Press enemies of politicians recognise the strength of these party machines and pay them the compliment of questioning their morality and ridiculing their methods. I doubt if they are justified. Persons of the same political views and principles are perfectly entitled to band themselves together in order to propagate those views and obtain support for them. They are justified also in insisting on a certain standard of loyalty and discipline, since otherwise their disruption would be probable and their usefulness impaired. Though the sources of political funds are sometimes questionable, the uses to which they are put when they have been obtained are legitimate enough. Indeed, no other country that I know has as clean a record as ours in this respect; a study of American or French politics shows how snow-white and virginal our political life is by comparison. Moreover, newspapers whose incomes depend largely upon incitements to betting are hardly in a position to act as judges of ethics in this regard.

Ridicule, too, of the machine is misplaced, since again

and again in Press attacks on a political party it is the machine which has diverted or blunted those attacks and rendered them innocuous. Hence the desperate eagerness, in a recent phase of the struggle, of a very prominent newspaper owner to prove that he had attracted from his enemy many important supporters in the constituency organisations. In point of fact, the numbers were infinitesimal and their influence negligible.

It is not merely purely political organisations which have improved their mechanism since the war. In this country there have always been an amazing number and variety of associations to advocate or oppose certain principles or alleged principles of religion, ethics, art, sociology, business and indeed of human activity generally.

Dormant and little noticed normally, they leap into activity when any issue which affects their particular interests is, or is likely to be, before Parliament. Probably the war taught them, as it did others, the power of personal propaganda and canvass. At any rate, to-day these associations overwhelm members and candidates, through the post, with printed requests to vote in a certain way on a specific proposal. These postcards or forms are signed by supporters of the association concerned in the different constituencies; sometimes over 1,000 will reach a member from his division in two or three days; it may be hazarded that not a third of the signatories fully understand the purport or meaning of the proposal upon which they presume to direct their member's vote. They have been told by the secretary or committee of the association to sign and dispatch the magic form, and they accept his order without question, sometimes, indeed, appending their signature to statements and demands which are inaccurate and peremptory. These associations, with their perfected machinery of pressure, act as some check on both the combatant forces in the Press-politician struggle. They unquestionably frighten timid M.P.s and influence the views and intentions of others with unsafe seats. Thus they are a factor with which Whips must reckon. But they also frequently mitigate the effect of newspaper pressure; since a member of Parliament, who is being told daily by

some newspaper with immense circulation that public opinion demands a certain course, is less prone to be convinced if at the same time he is receiving hundreds of letters or postcards from his constituents in the contrary sense.

Of course, no one of the organisations to which I have been referring has the publicity range of a newspaper with its daily circulation of over a million. If those among the latter who attack from time to time the whole body of politicians as such, and directly or inferentially disparage Parliament as an institution chose, with their subsidiary and associate journals, to direct an intensive bombardment for months on end, they might seriously damage the trenches of their opponents.

Here, however, business principles intervene. The experts on mass circulation believe that the public is frivolous and volatile; that it cannot take a sustained interest in any serious subject. Thus we constantly see this phenomenon. A number of allied newspapers have been for several days or even weeks attacking some political party or its leader or urging some alteration in law or policy; then there is a sudden stop: the columns are "switched on" to deal with some such question as "What Men Like in Women" or "What Mothers Want," or perhaps the life story in picture and letter-press of a criminal celebrity of the moment.

For a period the harassed Prime Minister or party leader has the opportunity to strengthen or remake his defences. He can concentrate on his real front, where his political enemies face him, until the powerful guerrilla forces again attack his flank.

When one regards the matter from the standpoint of national interests, these journalistic chops and changes are less satisfactory. There can be no question that the issues involved in the governance of this country and its relationship with the Empire and the rest of the world are more complicated than at any time in history. It is also true that the proportion of electors who have either the will or the knowledge to bring an unprejudiced mind to bear on those issues is smaller than it was before recent

extensions of the franchise. In such circumstances it would seem to be the duty of honest and patriotic commentators to keep the public continuously informed of the trend of events in matters of moment. That is exactly what the popular Press does not do. It encourages interest in some big subject of national importance with every device of headline and poster. Though its attitude may be hopelessly one-sided and biased, its action at least has the merit of stirring an electorate far too prone to concern itself with nothing beyond what is conceived to be its own immediate interests. But before this emphasis has had a real chance of making a permanent impression on the minds of the readers of the particular journal the subject is dropped.

One weapon used by the popular Press does real damage to national interests and is grossly unfair to Parliament and politicians alike. It can only be described as one of *suggestio falsi* and *suppressio veri*. This is the growing habit of entirely ignoring particular speeches of importance in both Houses of Parliament or the country, and sometimes complete debates because the speakers or the subjects are unpalatable to the particular newspaper or its proprietor. The specious excuse sometimes put forward, that space is very valuable and the room that can be given to speeches is far less than it was before the war, is very dishonest. Since, whilst both assertions are true, they are not the real reasons for the exclusion. Because, again and again, one sees unimportant incidents and statements in Parliament reported which have no real news value, but are inserted because they suit the personal prejudices or predilections of the proprietor. This tendentious attitude has, indeed, been carried to ludicrous lengths in recent years. There have been instances where no feature in a debate has been reported except the speech of some particular pet of a newspaper combine. The speech may have been of no merit, delivered in halting phrases to a thin and bored House in the dinner hour, but this has not prevented a full column or more being devoted to it with ecstatic commendation of its matter and manner. At the same time literally no mention has been made of the salient features of the

debate as a whole, and important speeches of the leaders on both sides are dismissed in a line or two of casual comment. This evil example of unscrupulous one-sidedness has been followed to some extent recently by writers, one or two at least of them members of Parliament, purporting to give a resumé of the proceedings of the House in weekly journals. All who believe in parliamentary institutions and wish to see them given a fair chance in this age of their severe test and trial should disparage this practice. Equally they should be grateful to certain newspapers with great traditions and unimpaired reputation, both in London and in the Provinces, who report parliamentary proceedings and platform speeches with scrupulous honesty. The space which they devote to both may sometimes seem exiguous, but at least it is fairly allotted.

Politicians have one comparatively new weapon against unfair treatment by the popular Press which, as yet, they have used sparingly. That is the wireless. It has been observed that women consider the pictures, the sales advertisements, and the dress designs to be the principal attraction in the newspapers with huge circulations; men, on the other hand, are mainly interested in the sport and betting news. It is suggested that by means of improvements in television, the B.B.C. will be able to supply the former in a few years, and could, if they chose, provide the public with the latter to-day as efficiently as the morning or evening Press. Parliament exercises partial control over broadcasting. It is easy to see what a vista these suggestions open up in the way of a counter-attack by the politicians. But, for various reasons, no plan founded on them is likely to be put into operation.

I have referred to the daily newspapers of standing with a history and tradition going back for generations. There is a vast difference between them and the popular Press, not only in outlook, but in their treatment of every subject with which they deal. They may fairly be termed the responsible Press. Whereas the popular Press closely resembles its contemporaries of the same species in the United States, the Dominions and many European countries, the responsible Press is unequalled anywhere

for accuracy of news and sobriety of judgment. It, together with a number of weekly, monthly, and quarterly journals, maintains the prestige which the British Press enjoys in foreign countries. I have said already that politicians have no cause to complain of their personal treatment by such papers.

It is none the less true that the responsible Press has, in recent years, joined in the campaign of disparagement of political parties and even of Parliament itself. There is a definite, if veiled, hostility between it and the body politic. At the beginning of this article I observed that the clash of ambitions, laudable enough in themselves, to influence and guide the nation was a main cause of the contest between the politicians and the Press.

The responsible Press, with its well-trained foreign correspondents and an admirable general intelligence system, believes it can speak with as much knowledge and authority as any Minister. Supported, as it thinks, by conclusive facts and figures, it urges a certain course and is disgusted with the timidity or pig-headedness of the Government or Minister or party leader who refuses to take it. Usually the course is less clear than the newspaper thinks; nor are all the facts so easily ascertainable as is urged. An experienced Minister, aided by members of the most efficient and expert Civil Service to be found anywhere, is frequently a far better judge of what is likely to be the effect of any proposal upon the interests of the nation and public opinion than a newspaper. Few editors, even of the responsible Press, have had to explain their policy at a noisy public meeting or persuade, firstly their Cabinet colleagues, and then Parliament to adopt certain proposals. Yet such is the common task and concern of Cabinet Ministers.

It may be objected that Press criticisms of Parliament and attacks on politicians could not be persisted in if it were not for popular support. That may well be so, though the public has not a very accurate diagnosis of what is wrong.

The mistakes that are made, and the disappointment that is caused, is not due primarily to the faults of politicians or the inadequacy of parliamentary machinery

to suit the needs of the times. Politicians are often blame-worthy and the procedure of Parliament is often fatuous, but the Public themselves and the Press who encourage them are the chief culprits.

At a time when, owing to international and national complexities and perplexities, issues are more difficult and clouded than ever they were, they expect them to be clear-cut and definite. They urge the insistent need of economy in Government; at the same time they agree that we ought to have the highest-paid Army, Navy, Air Force, and Police Force, and the most generous system of war pensions of any country. The whole, or sections of them demand to be housed, given free education from the infant school to the university, provided with pensions, the most expensive modern sanitation, and unsurpassed roads for high-speed motoring at the nation's expense. Yet they complain when they have to pay a high price for their beer or sign a big cheque for their income tax. They have had the goods, but dislike paying for them. Human infallibility does not exist, politicians are very fallible, but the most fallible and changeable thing of all is public opinion.

HAPPY HAMPSTEAD

BY ARTHUR WAUGH

I

EVERY evening now, to the watcher on the terrace of Golder's Hill, the orange lights of sunset seem to linger a little more reluctantly ; every morning the birds in the high hall garden, misled by the false dawn of spring, start twittering of nests and eggs ; and, almost before we realise that our Lenten season has begun, the groaning and creaking of the lorries in North End Road will proclaim the invasion of the Easter Fair, which is always the signal to the dwellers in "Happy Hampstead" that their winter of seclusion is over, and that once more the multitude is at their gates.

It is an old conflict this—between the inhabitants of our northern sanctuary and the invaders from below ; and this year it has broken out with renewed bitterness. A strenuous effort has been made to stop the Easter Fair, and many arguments have been arrayed against it. The festival has certainly changed its character ; like everything else in this age of robots, it has become more mechanised and noisy. Gone are the long rows of coster-girls, in velvet cloaks and plumes, who used to keep up the dance along the Spaniards Road from noon to nightfall ; gone is the comedian on stilts, with "Votes for Women" embroidered upon the seat of his trousers ; indeed, his occupation is gone as well, and there would be no one left to plant a blow upon the place appointed. Gone, too, are the menagerie and the living mermaid, whose tents used to abut upon the very spot, where Keats sat on a stile by the battery, one summer afternoon, composing those enchanted lines : "I stood tiptoe upon a little hill." Gone in fact, are the old-fashioned humour and simple vulgarity of those Cockney saturnalia ; and in their place the crackling, whistling,

and hooting of machinery fill the hours of holiday with ugly echoes from the factory of every-day toil. It certainly does not seem a very fitting celebration of the most solemn day in all the Christian year. No wonder churchgoers of all denominations have combined in complaint. They lost the day, however ; the claims of the crowd were paramount.

How long has this conflict been in progress ? There are signs of it at every turn in Hampstead history. The Heath was won for the people by a long and vacillating struggle ; and it is only within memory of the living that its broad acres have been secured to the public in perpetuity. It was once a sort of no man's land, over which the Lord of the Manor exercised a jurisdiction that he could not have defended in the courts. The little pound, below the Whitestone Pond, bears witness to his authority. Lord Mansfield held Kenwood in those days, and his stewards patrolled the Heath in his interests. Stray pigs were driven into the pound ; cows were sent wandering down the road towards Belsize ; there was even a frustrated attempt to set up a fair in Pond Street, of which the heath-keeper records with dignity that he "would not allow the swings nor stawles to stand on the Lord's ground." There were races behind Jack Straw's Castle, as long as two hundred years ago, when Drowsy Jenny beat Creeping Kate in two heats out of three ; and Park, writing nearly a century later, gives details of a fair for toys and gingerbread, which much disturbed the inhabitants "of the vicinity of West End, and having no legal sanction by prescription, charter, or otherwise, was presented as a nuisance at the court leet, 11th May, 1812, and steps taken in consequence to suppress it, but, owing to the injudicious proceedings adopted by some persons, the attempt proved unsuccessful." Of course, it did. Hampstead Heath has always been free country to the wandering freebooter. Highwaymen once lurked in its undergrowth ; the conspirators of Guy Fawkes gathered on Parliament Hill, waiting for the expected explosion in Westminster Hall ; the Middlesex elections took place on the West Heath in the seventeenth century ; and it seems like some fated counterblast to all this revel of

misrule that, when the plague raged in London, the judges should have deserted the courts, and held their sessions in the open air upon the Heath, where their temporary seat of judgment is still honoured by the name of Judges' Walk. So, every Easter the age-old invasion of Hampstead is commemorated and revived; and the best thing the inhabitants can do is to bear it with a quiet mind, reflecting that, while they do so, they also are following in the train of history and romance.

II

After all, it was the invaders who gave the place the name of "Happy Hampstead"; and happy it still remains, in spite of all its changes—happier, it may fairly claim, and more completely true to its own type than any other suburb of the metropolis. Indeed, it is not a suburb at all, in the depreciatory sense of the phrase; it resembles much more closely a little country town, set on a hill, and sufficient to its own necessities. "Hamsted," wrote Norden, in the sixteenth century, "standeth in a verie healthfull ayre, having London in verie pleasant perspect"; and the wayfarer, who looks over the Vale of Health towards the city to-day might repeat the compliment word for word. James Thomson has recast the picture in rough but vivid verse:

"This is the Heath of Hampstead,
There is the dome of St. Paul's;
Beneath on the serried house tops
A chequered lustre falls.
And the mighty City of London,
Under the clouds and the light,
Seems a low wet beach, half shingle
With a few sharp rocks upright. . . .
Would you grieve very much, my darling,
If all yon low wet shore
Were drowned by a mighty flood tide,
And we never toiled there more?"

There, in a phrase, Thomson has caught the true Hampstead atmosphere. The very spirit of the place is its remoteness from the noise and worry of the town; and, though this special spot, which is all that so many hurried visitors ever see of Hampstead, is now no longer a place

of peace, with its panting procession of motors, its consequential little omnibuses, and its day-long chorus of barking dogs on the edge of the pond, there are still acres of woodland and meadow, where the true lover of Hampstead can escape into the happiness of solitude, and the rest of meditation. There are still also roads and houses all round the Heath which may well be acclaimed as shrines of association. No one who holds the key to the locked album of Hampstead memories can ever take a walk abroad without companionship. There is not a corner or a nook but holds its haunting ghost.

III

Every sojourner in Hampstead has his favourite domain; my own is in the region of North End, and that for sundry reasons. To begin with, North End, more than any other part of the neighbourhood, sustains the old tradition of the country life. "Hampstead," wrote Mrs. Barbauld, about the time of Dr. Johnson's death, "is certainly the pleasantest village about London"; and North End calls itself "the village" still. It is nearly a quarter of a century ago that I built myself a little house upon its outskirts, and received a formal visit from the two gracious ladies of North End House, who said that they always liked to know anyone who came to live in "the village." The idea of having come into a village was a sheer delight to us, after twelve years in a terrace in West Hampstead; and we soon discovered that, thanks to the activity and example of those same bountiful ladies, the village spirit did indeed survive in the place where they, their parents, and their grandparents had presided for three generations over the civic and social life of the hill. That spirit is not yet dead to-day. There are still the weekly services in the little church at the end of Sandy Road; a social club meets regularly, and cultivates the arts and crafts; there are a private savings bank, and a society of bell-ringers, who go from house to house, in the week before Christmas, and play Christmas carols upon a chime of hand-bells. Closed in upon every side by the inexorable tentacles of the builder, North End is still a village com-

munity, with a quiet life of its own. I am thankful that my household should have had its share in such a simple pleasant life.

Then, again, the Heath around North End is the wildest and most beautiful of all, and by far the least spoiled by the tripper. It is true that an enterprising tradesman, with a sentimental nature, proclaims the advent of spring by setting out green garden-chairs, in discreetly separated couples, under most of the sheltering trees; but I often wonder if it pays him, for except on Sunday afternoons, when the natives keep to their gardens, these amatory sanctuaries seem unaccountably neglected. Between Wyldes Farm and the Spaniards Road, where the Bagshot sand, climbing to the summit under a forest of bracken and silver birch, marks the course of some prehistoric cataract, you will meet of a summer morning the same devotees, exercising the same dogs, and enjoying the privilege of an almost private demesne. Here, too, are the finest views, across to the Welsh Harp water, and further yet to Harrow spire; and if the rose-rash of the Garden Suburb has somewhat obliterated the foreground, no one can deny that the spire of St. Jude's is admirably placed upon the opposing hill and makes a graceful landmark above the trees. Finally, North End contains, within the narrow confines of a morning's walk, a wealth of literary and historic associations surely unequalled in the whole range of country around London. And, after all, it is to its associations with the past, and for the muster-roll of the famous residents who have climbed its rough acclivities, that Hampstead owes its peculiar and abiding charm. Let us take one such walk, with the call of spring in our ears. It will beguile us from the sullen roar of the motors, with memories of an age when man did not live by machinery alone, and still had time to linger by the way.

IV

Turning out of my little gate, at the foot of Golder's Hill, we have immediately on our left the remains of the old Manor House Estate of North End, now alas! cut up and divided between King Alfred's Co-Educational School and

the Manor House Hospital. When the Johnstone family lived here, this house was famous for its hospitalities, and Canon Ainger, afterwards Master of the Temple, used to preside over the meetings of a literary society which in its time entertained many famous men and women of letters. Ivy House opposite has attracted much attention of late years as the English home of Madame Pavlova, the Russian dancer, who was very fond of the place, and kept in her beautiful garden the bevy of swans from which she studied the movements of the most popular of all her ballets. It is, however, with the next house on the right that we begin to touch history, for Golder's Hill Park, now secured to the public for ever, has had more than one illustrious owner. David Garrick held it for a time, while about the middle of the eighteenth century, a rich man named Jeremiah Dyson purchased it, and placed it at the disposal of Mark Akenside, doctor and poet, who describes himself, in not very distinguished verse, as visiting it, in the guise of "a languid guest."

"How gladly, 'mid the dews of dawn,
My weary lungs, thy healing gale,
The balmy West, or the fresh North inhale!
How gladly, while my musing footsteps rove
Round the cool orchard or the sunny lawn."

Both sunny lawn, and cool orchard still survive, but it has to be recorded that Akenside did not make himself very popular among his Hampstead neighbours. They thought that he gave himself airs; and were far from welcoming him at the Pump Room, where Dyson managed to get him installed as medical adviser.

Returning into the North End Road, we may pause for a moment to notice the ruins of a once splendid elm tree, now enclosed in a circular railing. Behind this tree stands a red brick villa, named Elmwood, which occupies the site of the little timbered Elm Cottage, to which Coventry Patmore brought his first bride, the heroine of *The Angel in the House*. A part of the garden still remains, and, if Patmore had had his way, the cottage would have been preserved in its original state. But, when it fell into the market, he failed to secure it, and it was pulled down and

rebuilt. The same fate, many years later, befell a row of similar cottages in the ground of Pitt House, just above, one of which is believed to have been occupied by William Blake. Between Elmwood and Pitt House stands the Old Bull and Bush, famous in the ballad of our own day, and much more famous in the associations of the eighteenth century. It is said to have been built as a farmhouse about 1645; but it first attained artistic interest some ninety years later, when William Hogarth paid long visits there, and is believed to have planted the yew hedge which still grows green in the garden. In those days it was a favourite resort of artists, and Gainsborough and Reynolds used to drive out there to breakfast, to "pay court to the face of Dame Nature," as Gainsborough put it, "since the old duchess is now wrapped in her robe of green, newly dyed"—a somewhat artificial figure from the studio to describe so rural a prospect. There is also a good story of Charles Lamb and William Hone of the *Everyday Book*, who had been dining at the Bull and Bush, and turned up Sandy Road to the North Heath, with their snuff boxes in their hands. One remarked to the other that snuffing was a vile habit, and each dared the other to renounce it. In a spirit of bravado they both threw their snuff boxes away into the bushes. Next morning Lamb was discovered by his friend, scratching in the sand in search of his regretted treasure; and the good resolution came then and there to an untimely end.

If we cross the road and look up towards Pitt House upon the left, we shall see on the top storey a small oriel window, which still commands a spacious view over Hendon and Harrow. This window marks a modest suite of rooms, to which William Pitt, the first Lord Chatham, removed himself during the last three years of his life, shutting himself behind a wooden hatchway, through which his meals were handed. He was suffering from a painful disease, and his mind was overclouded by profound melancholy. There is something about the spectacle of that lonely window, at the summit of this comfortable mansion, that might well fill a moralist's imagination with reflections upon the vanity of human wishes.

Our walk shall now take us by the foot-path above the sunken road that leads to Jack Straw's Castle; and here upon the right lies a recumbent tree, now turned into a seat—a tree of gruesome memories. It was blown down in a gale something over twenty years ago, and was left where it lies, to bear witness to its past history. For this was the survivor of "The Two Sisters," gibbet elms between which was erected the gallows where highwaymen were used to swing. It was here that they hanged Jackson, who murdered his victim in the road below, and here his body was left in chains to moulder and decay. There is still extant a broadside celebrating the event. A little to the right stood until quite lately Heath Lodge, a house of rather scandalous origin, but of great charm, which was ruthlessly destroyed, together with Cedar Lawn, another fine mansion, in order to gratify the late Lord Leverhulme's insatiable passion for Palladian pergolas. Heath Lodge was built by, or for, Mrs. Lessingham, an actress of the Covent Garden Theatre. The lady's real name was Hemet, and she was living at that time under the protection of Mr. Justice Addington. Neither she, nor anyone else, had the right to build upon the Heath; and there were certain weighty authorities, called copyholders, who proposed to interfere. As fast as the builders set up the bricks by day, the workmen of the copyholders pulled them down by night. Then it came to fisticuffs, broken coxcombs, and something like a riot. An appeal, it is said, was made to His Majesty, who himself admired the lady well; and he sent up a company of the Guards to protect the builders at their work. So the lady had her mansion; and died in the odour of sanctity on March 13th, 1783, and was buried in Hampstead Churchyard. This was one of the last lawless attempts to build on the Heath. Of the last of all there remains a witness in the stately viaduct on the East Heath, which was designed to carry a road towards a mansion to be erected somewhere in front of Kenwood. But that scheme, at any rate, was defeated; and the viaduct was confiscated as public property.

We are now at the end of the North End Road, with an historic building on either side. On our right is Jack

Straw's Castle, which, it must be confessed, has no authentic association with the follower of Wat Tyler, though it possesses convivial associations with Charles Dickens. It was hither that he used to walk with John Forster for a "red-hot chop" and a bottle of good wine, in the years when he was straining his strength to the breaking point by alternating excessive brain-work at his desk with excessive exercise afoot. And on the other side of the road is Heath House, looking straight across the Whitestone Pond, the scene of Wordsworth's vision of Hampstead Heath, as a sort of aerial refuge, perched safely above the smoke and stir of the dim world :—

" Our haughty life is crowned with darkness,
Like London with its own black wreath,
On which, with thee, O Crabbe, forth looking,
I gazed on Hampstead's breezy heath."

We can identify the spot, because we know where Crabbe always stayed in Hampstead. He was the guest of Samuel Hoare, the honoured and honourable Norfolk banker, to whose library at Heath House flocked all the literary genius of the day, Byron and Scott, Canning and Joanna Baillie, Coleridge, Brougham, and Hannah More.

Until a few years ago the windows of Heath House commanded a view of the graceful frontage of what once was "The Upper Flask," another memorable haunt of artists and men of letters. But now it has been destroyed, and a maternity home is built upon the site. Whatever reasons there may have been for its destruction, it was a sad misfortune that the "Upper Flask" should have to go, for it could boast a goodly history. It was once a tavern, with a famous bowling-green; and here in the early summers of the eighteenth century would flock the members of the Kit-Kat Club, which Addison declared to have taken its origin from a mutton-pie, while Ward attributed its name to a cook named Christopher, who lived at the Cat and Fiddle in Shire Lane. However that be, the club numbered among its members the leading politicians and wits of the Whig party, the Duke of Somerset, Lord Halifax, Lord Bath, Pope, Addison, Arbuthnot, and Steele. Richardson, the novelist, has preserved the name of the hostelry in

Clarissa Harlowe, for it was thither that the heroine was conducted by the ravishing strides of Lovelace; and there she "consented to alight and partake of a little repast." But now the wayfarer will look in vain for the window out of which her anxious eyes stared in trepidation towards Hendon and her way of escape.

We now turn northward along the Spaniards' Road, and below us lies the clustering Vale of Health. There are historians who maintain that this little, cosy settlement was won from the Heath by the depredation of squatters; at any rate, it has kept snug within its borders, and guarded its own secrets. Here lived Leigh Hunt, than whom there was never a more loyal lover of Hampstead, or a keener celebrant of its "farmy fields and sloping green." Nobody seems quite certain which was Hunt's house. There is a romantic-looking, weather-boarded cottage, which bears his name on a brass-plate; but I believe my friend Mr. Ernest Rhys put up the ascription, some forty years ago, with no great certainty about his facts. Some people say that Hunt lived in a much bigger house close by; others that the hotel that overlooks the lake now stands upon the site of his Hampstead home. There is no doubt, however, about the slope that leads down from the Whitestone Pond; and there it was that Shelley came stumbling in a snowstorm, carrying in his arms a fainting woman, whom he had found upon the Heath and to whom Hunt, most generous of hosts, at once offered welcome, food, and shelter for the night. She had with her a son, who had been in trouble on a criminal charge, and Hunt found room for him as well. Next morning Shelley paid for a vehicle to take them both to friends at Hendon. On snowy nights in Hampstead that scene has often recurred to my fancy.

And now our feet are on the road to the Spaniards, keeping time with the tramp of the Gordon rioters, who are marching upon Kenwood, to burn the mansion of the distrusted "Papist" to the ground. That surely is the very best of all the Hampstead stories; not least because it is still so easy to recall every detail of the scene. Out of the inn-door rolls Giles Thomas, the landlord, himself a

former butler at Kenwood, closes the toll-gate upon the insurgents, and inquires their will. Subtle deceiver that he is, he pretends to approve the plot, but begs them first to taste his ale, which they are welcome to have for the asking. Then the revel rises; while all the while the landlord's messenger is speeding to the Horse Guards. And soon the clash of accoutrements is heard; the Grenadiers are charging the mob; Kenwood is saved—to become, after many years, yet one more possession of that richly-endowed public, for whom Hampstead preserves so much that is best worth having among the riches of the world.

V

We turn homeward under the canopy of trees that overshadow the road to Wyldes; and, as we go, we see before us the pleasant winding ways of the Hampstead Garden Suburb, in which at last, after many disastrous experiments, an attempt has been made to surround "the pleasantest village about London" with an approach not too unworthy of her "leafy rise." We have not seen one half of Hampstead's beauties, nor listened to a tithe of her stories; but I hope we may have caught some inkling of the secret that still invests Hampstead with its "happy" name. One gets tired of most places at last; but I never yet heard anyone say that he was tired of Hampstead or its Heath. I have lived in close communion with it for nearly forty years, and I have not grown tired of it yet. For me it has still the freshest air, the birds of sweetest song, the most enchanted woodland, and the richest store of memories my heart could desire. Even in the winter, the network of its branches against a pale-grey sky is like some dainty filigree from the loom of fairyland. And now the Spring is coming again; the giant bracken will uncrumple in the sand; and the gorse will be golden below Constable's firs. Why should we fret ourselves because of the engines of the Easter Fair? They will soon roll home along the rolling Finchley Road. And the blackbird will still be singing on the bough.

BUILDING A GREATER EMPIRE

BY J. H. HARLEY

THE British Empire has now been eclipsed by the British Commonwealth of Nations. This, at least, is the conclusion which infallibly emerges when we consider the proceedings at the Imperial Conference of 1930, and connect them with the discussions which went on at the Round Table talk on the affairs of India. In 1919 the British Empire appeared in the list of participants in the Covenant of the League of Nations as a main conglomerate group with its different constituents—the self-governing Dominions and India—as sub-divisions, though separate and responsible sub-divisions, of the great united whole. In 1930 the British Empire appears again in its alphabetical order in the League of Nations list. But it no longer includes the great responsible Dominions, Canada, Australia, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, the Irish Free State, or even India—as parts gathered up within its supreme fostering whole. In the League of Nations Roll of Honour each of these great Dominions and India now appears as a separate entity under its own distinct letter of the alphabet. It is as if a mother had parted with her nurslings, and each of them, with feelings of deepest affection for the old home, had gone forth to brave the battles of life in its own particular way. The purpose of this discussion is to examine into the implications of what appears to be something in the nature of a Revolution, and to persevere in asking the question what it all signifies and what its ultimate import may be.

II

Significance has rightly been attached to the proceedings at the Round Table Conference on India in this connection, because it is the present complete consensus of agreement

that India must be granted, either proximately or ultimately, full Dominion status, that has altered the whole balance of the constituent parts in the old British Empire. So long as the States which up to the present have fully, as well as formally, attained Dominion status, were looked on as the main contracting parties with Great Britain, then it might with some show of plausibility be asserted that the Empire included the Commonwealth. Territories comprising something around twenty-four millions of people look dwarfed in comparison with the four hundred and fifty millions of the whole British Empire. But now that India with its 247,000,000 in the British provinces and 72,000,000 in the native states must be carried from one list to the other, it cannot be denied that the balance is inclined in quite another direction. On the one hand we have the British Empire, comprising Great Britain and Northern Ireland, the Crown Colonies, Protectorates, and certain mandated territories; and, on the other hand, India, that huge medley of religions, races, and tongues, combined with those young and vigorous Dominions with their ardent hopes, and their boundless possibilities for the future. Can there be any longer a doubt that, in our thoughts of the coming days, it is the British Commonwealth of Nations that will include the British Empire, and not the British Empire the British Commonwealth of Nations?

III

Of course it may be objected at this stage that such a time may be, but that it has not now actually arrived. The passage of India from a Dependency to a Dominion is not yet accomplished. The Round Table Conference formulated an aspiration, but months must elapse before the effect of its work is known. But how, unless the agreement as to Dominion status for India is simply a cynical dissimulation, can anyone doubt that the proceedings at the Round Table Conference have definitely removed India from a sub-division under the ægis of the Empire, to that of a great voluntary co-operating part of that British Commonwealth of Nations which has been the proudest achieve-

ment in constitutional organisation of the whole modern world? The task of constructing the machinery for working Dominion Status in India is one of unparalleled difficulty and complexity. But so have been many of the tasks to which the British Commonwealth of Nations has addressed itself in the past! And the British Commonwealth of Nations has always addressed itself to the most complex of these tasks in the same confident spirit—with a firm reliance on pragmatic principles and their ultimate vindication and correction by the teachings of experience. It deals with constitutional conventions rather than cut-and-dried dogmatic conceptions. It appoints a Committee to consider plans and means rather than to sit at the feet of brilliant constitutional theorists. It goes forward testing and trying, adopting its proposals and hypotheses to the varying texture of events, but always succeeding in the end in attaining the goal which it had only dimly descried at the beginning.

IV

India, and it may be supposed Burmah, must, therefore, now be reckoned in the group of the British Commonwealth of Nations, and it becomes an object of the deepest importance to ask what is going to be the exact significance and constancy of such a huge conglomerate of nations and peoples in the future history of the world? For, that this commonwealth is a combination of the most impressive modernity, there cannot be the slightest doubt. In the first place it is to be a voluntary combination—no force applied to continue the Union, or to preserve the Commonwealth intact. In the second place each of its partners is gifted with Dominion status—a newly coined constitutional term which, as it has been defined in 1926 and 1930, is difficult to distinguish from complete independence, only that it carries with it a certain common allegiance to a common Crown. And in the third place—and this is one of its most strikingly modern features—it is a commonwealth constructed by combining together, on equal terms, nations which are separated by leagues of sea and by great intervening continents.

The first two features of the British Commonwealth will often receive elucidation in the course of this discussion, and will be fairly well understood before the inquiry comes to an end. But the third is not so often considered, and, accordingly, it may be convenient to devote a few sentences to its illustration at the present stage of the argument. Up till now an Empire, or a Commonwealth, could not have been conceived to be solidly established unless it had a territorial continuity of communications from end to end. The Roman Empire was a supreme contribution of the ancient world, and the Roman roads are still bequeathed to us to attest the efficiency with which the Roman engineers preserved their system of interior communications. But the territories which make up the British Empire are carved out of huge continents and consist of great islands of the sea; yet the utter impossibility of forming actual territorial contact has not prevented the participants in the several Imperial Conferences since the close of the War from believing in a strong and enduring British Commonwealth. Their constituent nations were, indeed, so widely separated that they could not, if they would, have discussed the creation of a strong and powerful common executive authority which would reduce recalcitrance to order, and prevent any of them from severing its connection with the whole. The Russian Bolsheviks have imagined a Union of Socialist Soviet Republics. But the domains of those Socialist Soviet Republics were territorially contiguous and, besides, they were realised with the assistance of such strong executive action that there could be no pretence of accepting the principle of democratic or voluntary acquiescence. The pioneers of the British Commonwealth of Nations, on the other hand, were all for free consent and for covenants spontaneously endorsed.

V

It was not until the War that the Dominions attained to anything like full self-consciousness in their desire for a full-blooded independent existence. It was certainly not till the Balfour Report was published at the Imperial Con-

ference of 1926 that the British politicians began to realise how far that autonomous movement beyond the seas had already found favour and acceptance. The Balfour Report was an epoch-making document. It laid down all the lines of subsequent separate development. It defined the 'group of freely associated members of the British Commonwealth of Nations' as "autonomous countries within the British Empire, equal in status, in no way subordinate one to another in any aspect of their domestic or external affairs, though united by a common allegiance to the Crown." Here we have a pretty outspoken assertion of the free and equal life of the constituent units in the Commonwealth. But sometimes even the Balfour Report itself recoiled from its own boldness. Thus it still considered the Empire as the greater whole of which the British Commonwealth of Nations formed a smaller, if important, part. And it elaborated a rather overdrawn distinction between status and function, which was apparently designed to show that though these autonomous countries were really free and equal, in no way subordinate one to another, yet in their functioning they might in some unexplained fashion have very different orders of importance. Was not this a rather belated attempt to take away with one hand what you give with another?

Yet, whilst giving every credit to the Balfour Report, it is necessary, also, to recall the part which the League of Nations played in familiarising the people of Great Britain with that independent status in international relations to which the Dominions had already laid claim. It appears to have been in 1926, just a few weeks before the Balfour Report appeared, that the League began to print the Dominions apart from the British Empire under their own letter of the alphabet, and thus to endow each of them internationally with the full rights and duties of membership. It must even then, however, have been with a certain start of surprise that many in this country heard that one of the Dominions was going to sit on the League of Nations Council on a footing of equality with the British Empire, and as a partner at the same board with France, Germany and Italy. Canada, too, appointed its own

Minister to the United States and declined to have him associated with the British Embassy at Washington, although he might act in place of the Ambassador if that Ambassador chanced to be absent on leave. It was hardly, therefore, possible to maintain that the League had only conceded a certain independent international status to the Dominions for its own particular purposes, and that beyond those particular purposes there was no need to make claims of general significance. The oldest of the Dominions was evidently prepared, for all purposes, to put the most liberal interpretation, so far as autonomous life was concerned, on the experimental phrase, "Dominion status."

VI

In general, then, it may be said that the Balfour Report was more successful in vindicating the diversity in the unity of the Commonwealth than in safeguarding its unity in diversity. It is true that it made a change in the Imperial titles, and that this change attracted, perhaps, the liveliest share of attention from the newspapers of that particular time. It was a dramatic reassertion of the claim that the King was the King of the whole Commonwealth, and that his titles could only be changed by the consent of the whole Commonwealth. International treaties were to be made in his name, though separately signed by each of the Dominions specially concerned, and a procedure was suggested by which no one of the members of the Commonwealth could separately enter into treaty negotiations without consulting the rest, or giving them an opportunity of participation in such negotiations if they chose. But in their own internal affairs, especially, it was already plain in 1926 that the Dominions were going to be masters in their own house. The Governor-General was to represent the King alone, and was not to be the medium of communications between the Home and the Dominion Government. Why not the latter? Because it was thereby thought to be conveyed that there was a sort of guardianship of the Dominions by the British Executive Government, and that the Governor-General might consult with the Home

Government when he was in doubt how exactly to act. All such guardianships, appropriate to parent and child, were to be regarded as figments of a superseded past. The Governor-General did not need to search high and low for advice in emergencies, because henceforth his veto was to be as obsolete as the veto is now acknowledged to be in the constitutional practice at home. The practice of disallowing or reserving Dominion legislation was, therefore, to cease. The Dominions were to have in the future as supreme competency in their own legislative efforts as the British Parliament, even if their statute violated some enactment of what was before assumed to be in some sense the Parliament of the whole Empire. Certain questions relating to the disallowance of Bills, and to the extra-territorial operation of Dominion legislation, were left to be considered by a Committee which met in October, 1929, and which reported to the last Imperial Conference. But there was no doubt, even when it was appointed, that the effect of that Committee's recommendations would be to confirm the Dominions in their mastery of their own houses. A ball had been started a-rolling and when was it going to rest?

There can be no doubt that in Great Britain a certain feeling of uneasiness about the unity of the British Commonwealth of Nations has been gradually growing in the minds of British politicians and publicists since the Report of 1926. The tendencies towards a separate and more diversified life had gradually been becoming stronger and more forcible. South Africa betrayed the influence of many disquieting currents of opinion. The Irish Free State, despite its treaty engagements, had challenged the competency of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. Australia wanted as Governor-General a native Australian whom the King had never seen. How was the Commonwealth to be kept together? It was now to be regarded as an association of free and autonomous units. If the association existed by mutual consent, then it could be dissolved by mutual consent. Might not even a single consenting party withdraw from association with the rest? If Great Britain could only act internationally with the consent of

the other members of the Commonwealth, did that mean that she would be required to withdraw from some future Federation of Europe? The fact was that wherever the eye was cast, there appeared to be dark clouds careering in the skies, and it was difficult to preserve our spirits from the gloomiest forebodings.

VII

This was undoubtedly the attitude of mind when the Imperial Conference of 1930 assembled to commence its deliberations. Had not old ties snapped away, and was it not clear that Great Britain and her Dominions had to bind themselves with other and more material bonds? Yet through all this difficult time, if any of the pessimists had deeply re-examined the grounds of his own pessimism, he would have found that there was no basis for the assertion that the old ties had lost their power. Even Sir Isaac Isaacs, who is said to be unknown to the King personally, and who was certainly a nominee of Mr. Scullin for the post of Governor-General of Australia, acknowledged his appointment in terms of the highest possible respect and loyalty for the person of the Monarch, Supreme Head of the Commonwealth. Indeed, as General Smuts once pointed out, the British Commonwealth of Nations could never be effectually worked as a Republic. From what parts of the Commonwealth could the President be drawn with the full concurrence of the rest? Who would reconcile the varying dislikes and jealousies which would then operate with the deadliest power in a Commonwealth founded on voluntary consent? If, to get over such objections, the headship was vested, as in Estonia, in a Committee rather than an individual, who is expected, in remote regions of the sea, to generate any great enthusiasm for a Committee? The Kingship may be somewhat in the nature of a figurehead, but it is a figurehead which evokes affection and loyalty. Round the King are encircled all the proudest aspirations of a common race and nationhood. The King is the custodian of the whole Commonwealth tradition. The conception of the Kingdom is a binding rather than a dissolving force. It incites to loyalty and patriotism, to

self-sacrificing toil and patience for the preservation of the common inheritance, and the more any one unit of the Commonwealth works in such a spirit, the more it multiplies the ties which bind it to the rest.

What, then, was the Conference of 1930 going to do? It was plain that it could do nothing to arrest the movement towards completely autonomous life that was rapidly proceeding in the Commonwealth. This British Commonwealth, if it was to be a unity at all, was evidently to be a unity of different nations of which each was to be the complete master of its own individual destiny. Consequently when the Committee that had been appointed in 1926 presented its report, there was no tendency to recoil from any of its self-evident conclusions. Efforts were made, indeed, by political organisation to make this tendency towards separatism consistent with some sort of executive unity within the system as a whole. Thus, although the League of Nations had admitted each of the Dominions as an apparently separate entity, it was deemed expedient to show that in the relations of these entities between themselves, they did not rank as foreign powers who presented their justiciable difficulties before the Permanent Court of International Justice. A Commonwealth Tribunal had to be found which would do the same work within the Commonwealth which the Permanent Court of International Justice performs outside the Commonwealth. Unfortunately, however, when the Conference began to discuss such a Commonwealth Tribunal, it was found that its members could not proceed very far in their agreements. There could be no restraint exercised to take even questions of a justiciable character before such an intra-commonwealth tribunal. The Commonwealth was of such a voluntary character that its constitutional arrangements were inconsistent with any coercive machinery. It could only deal with strictly justiciable issues. What did all this mean? Simply that in the international relations within the Commonwealth, Great Britain and the Dominions were unable to go further than they were ready to go in their relations to strictly foreign powers.

Was there, then, to be no solution of this problem of

internal cohesion? Or is the old sentimental attachment a sole and sufficient bond? The Dominion Premiers very soon showed that they had some other solution in their mind. Tariff Preferences and Commercial Agreements played a very conspicuous part among the considerations put forward in their opening speeches. There was many a reference to Tariff Preference in 1926. But such Tariff Preferences were then only commended as acts of benevolent friendliness on the part of the Dominions. Reciprocation, if it was mentioned at all, was only regarded as a possible but a very unlikely change of heart on the part of Free Trade Great Britain. Now commercial arrangements as the cement of the Commonwealth have been pushed to the forefront of any future Conference debate. The economic considerations urged in their favour are already sufficiently familiar, but not so much attention is given to the political phase of the discussion. What is the value of inter-trade arrangements and preferences as binding forces within the Commonwealth? What is the significance of this recourse to commercial bargaining for the future of the Commonwealth as a whole?

VIII

For one thing this reversion to commercial considerations as re-inforcing Commonwealth cohesion makes a radical change in the kind and value of the loyalties by which the Empire has been hitherto strengthened and sustained. The old loyalties, as has been already pointed out, were loyalties which ranged round a personal centre. They were loyalties which united its constituents to the Commonwealth because the more you are personally infected with them, the more you not only ennoble yourself but also help forward the good of the whole. One has only to read the records of the great Empire pioneers, the explorers, soldiers, and statesmen, or of the earlier ministers of the Dominions, to see how deeply such sentimental considerations really ran in their blood. Despite all their most modern developments, this same arresting sentiment is still prominently apparent in the life and work of the

great Dominions to-day. It is really the most characteristic connection for a Commonwealth based on voluntary consent, because it denotes a union of hearts rather than a mere union of interests. Can a Commonwealth based on clever commercial manipulations be expected to stand four-square with the same firm and unyielding power before the devastating blows of Fate?

It might be possible to render a more favourable answer to such a question if the proposal were one for Free Trade within the Empire as a whole. In that case, we might, indeed, recoil from the thought of a world broken up into great combinations, a British Commonwealth of Nations, a United States of Europe, a combination of Soviet Russian Republics, a Pacific combination, and all the rest of them, each with a large and varied internal market, and each of them struggling against the other, with its fierce tariff rivalries and retaliations. Then it would seem as if the primeval struggles of an earlier age had been revived again, and that huge mastadons were fiercely contending, in a much more sophisticated world, for future existence and supremacy. Yet there could be no doubt that once embarked on such a contest the nations of the British Commonwealth would stand together if, isolated, they were not to fall before the foe. In the latest plans and schemes there is, however, not the faintest expectation of the influence of such a stimulus towards real cohesion. The nations of the British Commonwealth are to remain protectionist nations, protectionist against each other and against Great Britain, and still a little more protectionist against the outer world at large. Does such an orgy of protection hold out any happy hopes of an assured future for the Commonwealth? Tariff changes mean frequent disappointments and the possibility of violent tariff war. Tariff wars mean a clash of inconsistent interests and the rousing of passions that deeply estrange and divide. It was scarcely without significance that the first emergence of proposals for Tariff Preference, as soldering forces in the Commonwealth, was marked by no very reassuring exchanges of amiabilities between Mr. Bennett and Mr. Thomas, and by a hardly more pleasant interchange of

divergent opinions between the same Canadian statesman and the workers of Lancashire.

Of course the end is not yet, and it may be that when the Economic Conference meets this year at Ottawa, some solution can be devised which will not tend, in this ominous way, to difference and division. But, in the meantime, the fact that commercial bargaining has thus been acclaimed so loudly in responsible quarters as a connecting cement for the Commonwealth must needs make us entertain some serious doubt for the assured future of a voluntary combination of nations which, after all, can only be ultimately based on deep-seated loyalties and on the free assent of its autonomous constituent parts. For one thing the day of disappointments, and even recriminations among the statesmen of the Empire, has already begun to dawn. No one who reads the speeches of the Dominion Premiers, at the close of the 1930 Imperial Conference, can fail to see that they did not go home in a mood of perfect satisfaction. Gone is the feeling which prompted them to persevere in Tariff Preference without any hope of reward. Gone is the thought that the old country must still be presumed to retain its intensity of Free Trade conviction. Now it is all a matter of the acceptance or rejection of commercial proposals, and each vendor of tariffs fancies that if he does not obtain all, or the best part of what he desires, the Commonwealth itself has failed him at his hour of need.

Indeed, the further we explore this pathway that leads to universal Protection, the more we see the possibility of future disputes and recriminations. The Imperial Conference has now become, in our own country, the occasion of party differences and debate. It is clear that what one party may offer the Commonwealth to-day, the other party may revoke to-morrow. What will be the influence of all this on that continuing loyalty which is the strongest guarantee for the future of the whole? No one, too, disputes that if Great Britain changes to Protection from being a practically Free Trade country, the preliminary dislocation must be painful. Paradise could not possibly make itself evident immediately amid these dark and envioning clouds. Can the cohesion of the Commonwealth really

stand the strain? Will it not be absolutely certain that many of the workers in many of the distressed industries will cry out against the policy of the Dominions? Finally, what part will India play in this ultimate scheme of things? It has already been pointed out that the firm acceptance, among all parties in Great Britain, of India's claim to Dominion status, has completely altered the whole balance of constituents in the British Commonwealth of Nations. India offers a grander potential market for Great Britain than all the rest of the Dominions put together, and if the relation of India to the mother country is to be determined by the success, or failure, of its commercial negotiations, then it cannot be doubted that there may be serious difficulties plainly ahead for the future of the British Commonwealth of Nations.

Fortunately we are not left at the end without definite hope and consolation. The old loyalty still subsists. In all the Dominions there continues to be evident that pride in the common allegiance, that attachment to the common nationhood which, in older days, made the Empire great, and which should still, in our time, remain the continuing glory of the future. Fortunately, too, the Dominions, at the Imperial Conference of 1930, did not insist on Great Britain severing, or weakening, the bonds which unite her in a common responsibility for the preservation of the peace of Europe. Of course, under her régime of Dominion Preference, the case would be very different. Then we should have to put up tariffs against the rest of Europe, and the rest of Europe would have to put up tariffs against ourselves. What the consequence of such insensate war would be for the world's peace, and for the future of the British Commonwealth, no one can possibly foretell. All that can be confidently said is that it would constitute a great set-back, not only for the movement towards World Peace, but for the movement towards universal Disarmament. On that account the British Commonwealth of Nations is certainly at a serious parting of the ways; but it may be hoped that the old luck will still not desert it, and that it may emerge from its hour of destiny at once strengthened and refreshed.

THE VETERAN

-□□□-

Longtime ago it was that he set out
 On that too-mortal journey to the grave.
 Regard him now ! His hair, his shrivelling cheek,
 That battered eagle-beak, the shadowed cave
 Each side the neck, the bogle of the eye
 Somewhat too creaking and too lustreless !

But are we fair ? We have perhaps observed
 Nothing interior ; the slim proportion
 Of the prophetic spirit given him
 When he set out. Since then he's lived and loved
 And lost and loved again, a life of pain
 And fitful hope, and merit frittered away
 In lust and whim, the habit of carnal dust.

But ask him, has he truly had his day ?
 He once began as boatman to a queen,
 And took her on the midnight water, thrust
 Music into her arms, called her " Isolda "
 Mightily, with opening manhood in his throat.
 And it is said she leaned, unlaced herself,
 Gave him her moonlit breasts, and set her mouth
 Faithfully on his, with only the film between
 Of the salt sea-tang.

But after that the tale
 Grows dim with shame, humanity too frail
 For such august companionship. The helm slipped,
 The ship subsided slily upon the shallow,
 And over the hidden sands a mocking laughter
 Rang hollow, with the departure of the queen,
 The boatman left to listen the demands
 Of the low murmuring waters through the night ;
 Little wavelets, puritans of conscience,
 Lapping the wreck-side round his solitude.

Do not believe that was the end. He might,
 With age-encrusted voice, sadly imbued
 With wisdom savouring of the foxy grape,
 Reply that then the true beginning dawned,
 From doxy unto virtue, in the shape
 And frugal flavour of a continence
 Enjoined by fear and late humiliation.
 'Twould save his pride, and make his evening sweet
 With thoughts of some accomplishment at least
 To furnish him with his own funeral feast.

But stand aside discreetly : look again
 From this more sympathetic point, and watch
 The slaving mouth ('twas there Isolda clung),
 The swollen joints, the sharp asthmatic ratch
 In the breast—but we will waive the rest,
 And think on prudence that has come to this ;
 The puritan triumphant over thought
 Of a queen wrecked, a promise thrown away,
 And betrayal of the god behind the kiss.
 Pity the virtuous picture time has wrought
 Of one who dreams that he has had his day.

RICHARD CHURCH.

THE PALESTINE MUDDLE

BY MAJOR E. W. POLSON NEWMAN

I

EVER since Great Britain assumed the responsibility of administering Palestine on behalf of the League of Nations each successive Government have emphatically affirmed their determination to follow the example of their predecessors in carrying out the terms of the Balfour Declaration and the Palestine Mandate; yet each successive Government have continued to blunder along on the assumption that a statement of policy satisfactory to the Permanent Mandate's Commission at Geneva and to the Cabinet in London is all that is necessary for the peaceful development of Jewish and Arab interests in the Holy Land. The first statement of policy was issued by Mr. Churchill in 1922; and it was so inadequate that ever since its issue, both Arabs and Jews have placed different interpretations on the legal foundations on which it was based. Hence, it has been impossible for those in charge of the Palestine Administration to administer the country with any degree of permanent success. While during the period 1923-1926 (under the High Commissionships of Sir Herbert Samuel and Lord Plumer) Palestine enjoyed a substantial and encouraging degree of security and progress, yet the inter-racial situation was such that the British Government were deceived by a false sense of security and the armed forces responsible for law and order were reduced far beyond the margin of safety. Who was actually responsible for judging the East at its face value matters little at the present juncture, but this was one of the facts that led to the deplorable disturbances of August, 1929. The Government's act in issuing another White Paper in October of last year has not only

made the position more complex without doing anything to interpret more clearly the fundamental starting points of British policy, but it caused Dr. Weizmann to resign the Presidency of the Zionist Organisation and the Jewish Agency, and thereby deprived the British Government of a wise, moderate and loyal collaborator on the Jewish side. Without satisfying the Arabs it has incurred the hostility of World Jewry.

II

His Majesty's Government were provided with two most able documents in the Report of the Shaw Commission on the Palestine Disturbances of 1929, and Sir John Hope Simpson's Report on Immigration and Development in Palestine, but they have dealt with the valuable contents of these two documents as if they alone constituted the means of solving the whole Palestine difficulty. As far as the interpretation of the Balfour Declaration and the Mandate are concerned, the new White Paper merely re-states the principles of the Churchill White Paper of 1922, together with certain fatuous platitudes which could not possibly impress either the tweed-capped Haluzim of the Zionist Colonies or the chattering occupants of the Arab bazaars. The Passfield White Paper fails utterly in stating that "the statement of policy issued after prolonged and careful consideration in 1922, provides the foundations upon which future British policy in Palestine must be built up." This statement of 1922 is not the foundation upon which any future British policy can be based. It is not a foundation at all. It was merely an unsuccessful attempt to interpret the real foundations of British policy—the Balfour Declaration and the Palestine Mandate—to two races of people, each of which had already formed its own erroneous interpretations in accordance with its respective interests. Coupled with this insufficient and wrongly founded statement of policy is a clumsy statement of intentions, which looks like a reversal of previous Zionist policy and even a contradiction of the statement of policy that precedes it. The Report of the Shaw

Commission and the Hope Simpson Report make it quite clear that some radical change is necessary in the means of carrying out the Palestine Mandate, and events have proved the necessity of such a course. But it is surely a grave mistake to announce measures for modifying the method of carrying out a policy without adequately reconsidering and re-interpreting the basis of that policy, so as to show that the proposed modifications are consistent therewith.

III

The White Paper itself is chiefly a statement of the means proposed to carry out an interpretation of the Mandate which has already failed several times over to achieve its purpose. After recognising that no declaration of policy could be expected to satisfy in full the aspirations of either party, it proceeds to re-affirm the Churchill statement of 1922 and then to define the practical problems to be faced in Palestine as security, constitutional development and economic and social development. The assurance is repeated that the British Government will not be influenced by pressure or threats, and that incitements to disorder will be severely punished. It is also stated that for the present two battalions of infantry, two squadrons of aircraft and four sections of armoured cars will be available in Palestine and Transjordan, and that the strength of the British and Palestine sections of the Police Force are to be increased, while special schemes of defence are to be adopted for the Jewish Colonies.

As regards constitutional developments, it is evidently intended to set up a Legislative Council in Palestine, generally on the lines indicated in the Churchill White Paper. The Council will consist of the High Commissioner and 22 members, 10 of whom will be official and 12 unofficial. The latter will be elected by primary and secondary elections, and steps will be taken to ensure that even in the event of any section of the population refusing to co-operate and take part in the elections the unofficial members shall be appointed. Nothing is said about the

proportion in which each race will be represented, but the Government have reached the strange conclusion that "the participation of representatives of both sections of the community as members of the Legislative Council will tend to improve the relations between the Jews and the Arabs." When one recalls the circumstances of the last attempt to form a Legislative Council, there is little reason to anticipate any substantial change for the better. On the last occasion the elected members were to consist of 8 Moslems, 2 Jews and 2 Christians, and the Arabs refused to participate in this Council unless it consisted only of elected members, or unless it contained a clear majority of Arabs over the official members together with the Jews. Under present conditions, any Council of this nature must either be composed of elected representatives entirely out of proportion to the numbers of the Jewish and Arab populations, or, with a large Arab majority, it must be incapable of carrying out any policy based on the Balfour Declaration. The Arabs have with some reason regarded the proposed official members as almost equivalent to Jewish representatives. It is impossible to conceive how a united legislature on these lines can at present promote any useful work in Palestine. As usual, there is an attempt to move too fast on the fallacious belief that Arabs and Jews can co-operate under conditions in which the vital interests of each are completely at variance. While it is to be hoped that the day will come when a legislature, such as is envisaged by Lord Passfield and his assistants in the Colonial Office, will not only be possible but will provide a satisfactory stepping-stone to constitutional government, the time for this is not yet. Indeed, owing to the present relations between the two constituent parts of the population, there seems to be no alternative to making small constitutional beginnings in the form of Arab and Jewish self-governing districts as a step towards mutual co-operation later on, and their ultimate fusion in a general Arab-Jewish Constitution. The Government are going far ahead of first essential requirements. They are, in fact, proposing to start representative government in Palestine at a point about half way to its actual achievement. Each race must learn

to govern itself in a small way before they are asked to combine for the government of the whole population, even taking into consideration the presence of official members in the proposed legislature. Significant are the words of Sir Herbert Samuel spoken in Jerusalem not many years ago: "The strength of the British Empire relies largely on the spirit of caution that animates its governors, and if delays have occurred it is not on account of lack of sympathy and understanding, but because of the great desire to take no step forward on to ground which is uncertain or in a direction which may have to be retraced." Those responsible for Palestine affairs to-day would do well to follow the principle behind these words of the first British High Commissioner.

IV

When, however, one turns to economic and social development, the White Paper is the work of experts. It has been found that, apart from land held in reserve by the Jewish Agencies, there is no remaining margin of land available for agricultural settlement; and the extent of unoccupied Government land is stated to be negligible. Hence, the provision of land available for settlement depends on increasing the productivity of land already occupied. The most reliable estimates that have been prepared give the area of cultivable land in Palestine—excluding the Beersheba region which is desert—as rather more than 6,500,000 dunams.* This area is much less than has hitherto been estimated, previous official estimates having placed it at from 10 to 11 million dunams. It has also been found that 130 dunams of unirrigated land are required to maintain one Arab family in a decent standard of life; and that, if all the cultivable land in Palestine, excluding that already held by the Jews, were divided among the existing Arab cultivators, they would only have 90 dunams each. Moreover, of the 86,980 rural Arab families in the villages nearly 30 per cent. are now landless. And further, while

* 4 dunams=1 acre.

the Arab population has increased with great rapidity by the excess of births over deaths, the land available for their support has decreased by the million dunams now held by the Jews. It must also be remembered that Jewish colonisation has affected the Arab population by the conditions under which only Jewish labour may be employed upon Jewish land. It is held that this practice clearly ignores the provisions of Article VI of the Mandate, which requires that in facilitating Jewish immigration and land settlement the Palestine Administration must ensure that the rights and position of "other sections of the population" are not prejudiced. In order to attain these objects a better use of the land is required, but years of work will be necessary in order to produce the desired change. It is, therefore, fortunate that the Jewish organisations possess large reserves of undeveloped and unsettled land. On land held in Jewish possession settlement may proceed without interruption, while general measures of development, in which both Jews and Arabs shall share, are being worked out; but, for the present, further transfers of land to the Jews will only be promoted in so far as they do not clash with plans of development intended to benefit both races. As a result of this particular finding, the British Government have undertaken to guarantee, and at first actually to pay, interest and sinking fund charges on a loan of £2,500,000 for development work in Palestine to provide land for 10,000 families. It is intended that landless Arabs should have first claim, the surplus land thereafter being available for both races. This promise, together with the issue of 1,480 permits to Jewish immigrants, is claimed by the Government as conclusive proof that there is no intention to crystallise the Jewish National Home at the present stage.

V

On the vital question of immigration the White Paper shows that no adequate Government machinery exists for the selection of immigrants from abroad, or for the control of unauthorised crossings of the frontiers, and of

persons who, admitted as travellers, evade the regulations and remain in the country. It is admitted that the Palestine Administration should be the deciding authority in matters of policy relating to immigration, but that it is only possible adequately to improve existing machinery if a *modus vivendi* between the Government and Jewish Agency regarding their respective functions be established. As there is abundant evidence to show that serious unemployment exists among the Arab population, and to a less but unsatisfactory extent among the Jews, it is necessary to judge the capacity of the country to receive immigrants according to the conditions of Palestine as a whole in regard to unemployment. If the immigration of the Jews prevents the Arab population from obtaining work necessary for its maintenance, or if Jewish unemployment unfavourably affects the general labour market, it is necessary to reduce or suspend Jewish immigration until the unemployed portion of the other section of the population is in a position to obtain work. Seen in this light, there is no doubt that the Government were perfectly justified in restricting Jewish immigration last May.

VI

It is indeed an unfortunate circumstance that the White Paper has been so drafted as to create the impression that there is no intention to modify the Churchill policy of 1922, but that there is a determination to rectify matters in Palestine wholly at the expense of the Jews. I do not, for one moment, believe that this ever was the intention of his Majesty's Government, but the fact remains that Palestine is now faced not only with a badly-drafted Mandate, but with an equally badly-drafted statement of British policy. The only real advance made has been the work of the Shaw Commission and of Sir John Hope Simpson, whose conclusions have been made to appear as the main body of the Government's future policy. As far as immigration and land settlement are concerned, the way is now clear, provided that the Balfour Declaration and the Mandate can be carefully and clearly interpreted so as to justify these methods without in any way changing the

spirit of these pledges. The same applies to British commitments to the Arabs. Last December, the late Lord Balfour, Mr. Lloyd George and General Smuts, who were chiefly responsible for the Balfour Declaration, proposed that a commission should be appointed to inquire into the whole working of the Palestine Mandate. As, however, much of the political trouble in Palestine has been caused by the vague wording of certain Declarations made by the Allied Powers at the end of the Great War, leading to misunderstanding and false hopes, it is essential to formulate a clear and decisive interpretation of these Declarations, on which British policy is based, before it is possible to inquire into the working of the Mandatory system with any successful results.

VII

Instead of going to the root of Palestine's troubles—the legal basis on which our policy rests—His Majesty's Government have glossed over these essentials and issued a series of unwise, unconsidered, and tactless statements on secondary matters essentially dependent on fundamental principles of policy. Arabs and Jews still place entirely different interpretations on the promises originally made to their respective races, so that political arguments on fundamentals continue *ad infinitum*, and the question has been laid open to partisan conflict detrimental to the interests of Palestine and to British prestige in the eyes of Jewry and Islam. Until this position is finally cleared there is no hope of reaching a method of administering the country conducive to peace and prosperity.

The leaders of the Conservative Party have attacked the Government on their Palestine policy, contending that without allowing the views of Parliament to be heard they have laid down a policy in conflict with the spirit of the Balfour Declaration. But Mr. Amery's policy was no better than that of Lord Passfield, for he merely continued unduly to favour the Jews. The present Government have certainly taken action, while their predecessors did nothing; but, unfortunately, the whole affair has become a party

question in which the Arabs look to the Government and the Jews to the Opposition. It is difficult to conceive of a more deplorable situation or one more likely to place this country in an ignominious position *vis-à-vis* world forces which play great parts in the mechanism of our far-flung Empire. Meanwhile, Lord Hailsham and Sir John Simon, two of the most eminent legal authorities in this country, contend that the Passfield White Paper involves a departure from the obligations of the Mandate; and recommend that immediate steps should be taken to induce the League Council to obtain from the Hague Court an advisory opinion on the questions involved. This proposal has in principle been strongly supported by Lord Lloyd, who favours revision by some appropriate judicial body of our pledges and commitments in regard to Palestine, on the grounds that, if for no other reason, it would raise the question from the orbit of controversy on to a plane of non-partisan examination. Lord Lloyd deplores the fact that controversy is being waged for the most part on partisan rather than on national lines; and urges that "the question be removed from the realm of party or partisan considerations, and examined afresh calmly and dispassionately, in the light of Imperial interests and obligations." As Lord Lloyd says: "It is high time that steps be taken to obtain an authoritative, final, and honest decision as to the relative validity of those promises and commitments" made at the end of the Great War to the Jews and Arabs respectively, and ever since given widely divergent interpretations by each race according to its individual aims and aspirations. Here lies the starting point and crux of the whole Palestine question. Moreover, it is essential that this decision should be taken by a body of unchallengeable authority, free from the influences of party politics in London, or those representing racial conflict in Palestine.

VIII

Until the fundamental instruments, from which is derived our very existence in Palestine, are straightened out in such a way as to make them indisputable and clearly

to justify and strengthen a practical policy compatible with present conditions in Palestine, it is premature to proceed with any detailed changes on the administrative side. Any attempt to apply the findings of the Hope Simpson Report, essentially sound in themselves, to the inadequate policy of the Churchill White Paper is a case of "putting new wine into old bottles." For the last ten years and more it has been practically admitted that the Palestine Mandate was badly drafted at the outset. If this be the case, it is surely most unwise to make continual attempts to administer the country according to the text of this inadequate document. For the last decade we have been attempting to build on a foundation which can be twisted and turned to prove or disprove entirely opposite contentions. As we hold our position in Palestine solely as trustees, we are not free to ignore this badly-drafted document, and trust the administration to the sound judgment of a carefully-chosen British representative with a free hand. If this were possible, it would probably be the best solution of all. But Palestine is a foreign country; it is not within the British Empire, although it is administered by the Colonial Office. Hence, if there is to be any prospect of carrying out an improved policy, based on actual conditions, the only course is to have the original Mandate fully and carefully examined by some unquestionable authority; and if its text is found not to meet requirements, to request the League of Nations to have it re-drafted, or, if necessary, re-stated altogether. It might then be possible, as it has never been before, to evolve a policy emanating from a starting point with one, and only one, possible interpretation, and therein to introduce such modifications in method of execution as are proved necessary in the light of past experience and the Hope Simpson Report. The fact is that, if we are going to succeed in Palestine, it is necessary to make a fresh start altogether from a revised, and, if necessary, re-constructed foundation.

IX

Apart, however, from these primary and fundamental issues, there are certain considerations which are worthy

of notice at this critical juncture. British responsibility in Palestine is far from being confined to Arab and Jewish racial interests. Palestine is sacred to three great faiths, Christian, Moslem and Jewish, and events in the Holy Land have important repercussions elsewhere, throughout the world in general, and in the British Empire in particular. The grievances of the Arabs have stirred up Moslem resentment throughout India and Arabia, while the Passfield White Paper, owing to its alleged anti-Jewish character, has stirred up an anti-British tumult in the United States. Not only is nearly every Christian Church from Rome to Abyssinia represented in Jerusalem, but almost every Christian Power has interests in Palestine. Moreover, the strategical position of Palestine gives that country a particular significance in our Imperial communications, while its geographical position, together with its unsettled state and immigration conditions, provide a most suitable centre for Soviet propaganda and intrigue against the British Empire. There are, therefore, more than sufficient reasons why it is in our interests, as well as our solemn duty, to establish in the Holy Land conditions conducive to progress and peace. In this country these factors are not sufficiently realised.

Further, no policy alone can produce the results which are the aim of our endeavours. In a country with such a diversity of race and religion, the choice of men is often more important than that of policy. The British official in Palestine needs to possess very special qualities. He should be a good Churchman and be in sympathy with the religious spirit forming the atmosphere of the Holy Land. He should possess good administrative qualities, and be a man of some intellectual attainments. He should possess tact to a marked degree, and have a personality acceptable to a most varied assortment of ecclesiastical dignitaries and foreign representatives. He should be impervious to prejudice, versatile, adaptive and compromising, but of inflexible determination where necessary. Lastly, he should have a simple but wise sense of humour and be able to display the patience of Job. To find men possessing all these qualities is exceedingly

difficult, but it is surely not difficult to avoid the employment of those who lack the more essential of these qualities. For some time the Jews have complained of the anti-Jewish sentiments of British officials; but it may not be realised how supremely difficult it is in Palestine for an official with the best intentions to maintain strict impartiality even for a moderate period of time. The Holy Land in general, and Jerusalem in particular, are permeated by an atmosphere of perpetual dissension and it is indeed rare to find any European who, even after a residence of a moderate time in the country, is not prejudiced in favour of or against one side or the other. It is, therefore, almost more important in Palestine than in any other territory under British administration that the selection of officials should receive the most careful consideration of His Majesty's Government.

We have now muddled along in Palestine for over a decade because no British Government has fully understood the problem, and for this reason it is necessary that the future of the country should be entrusted to those who can devote their whole time, energy, and resource to a difficult question which has consistently suffered from circumstances connected with parliamentary life. In the Holy Land we are confronted with the full forces of Islam and World Jewry, as well as the interests and influences of nearly every Christian Power. We cannot afford to allow party considerations to prejudice the good name of Great Britain in a country on which the searchlights of the world are ever set.

THE HESSIAN PRISONER

BY H. E. BATES

IT was towards the middle of June, in the year 1917, when Jasper and Clara Bird obeyed for the first time certain instructions written out for them by a little black Major presiding over the camp for prisoners of war, and, harnessing their white horse and cart, drove off a little before eight o'clock one morning to fetch the German they had hired with so much misgiving.

They often remembered that day. It was especially lovely; the clear sky was alive with larks, and blackbirds and finches and yellow buntings were piping gently about the fields and in the thick trees, which were still sopped with dew. Like bass viols in an orchestra, bees had already begun to enrich and unify those sounds into a single immense harmony, the throbbing concert of perfect summer.

It was hay-time. The sound of a horse-mower or a whetstone upon a scythe would echo across the valley; and even at that early hour of the day freshly-mown swathes were already turning white under the heat of the sun.

War had forced this small tenant-farmer and his wife to a crisis in their affairs; by instinct they feared and hated war, but recently its barbarism had brought calamity upon them. In times of peace and in the early years of the war, they had employed two labourers and a boy of sixteen, but suddenly the boy had drifted off to make boots in an adjoining town, and the men had failed to convince the tribunal; and then news had come that one was dead and that the other lay stricken by some nameless incurable disease on strange and distant territory. The hopeless and chaotic inhumanity of war became suddenly personal; war itself assumed, as it were, a physical shape, and for that shape they gradually conceived a terrible,

vindictive hatred. Besides grief there arose the problem of how to replace the men, and they discovered that men were scarcer than gems. Women dressed foolishly in smocks and breeches were plentiful enough, but they distrusted and despised them. And for a long time they deliberated, until at last it appeared that nothing remained for them but to act as their neighbours had done; and finally, timidly and suspiciously, they applied for a prisoner of war.

Driving to fetch him for the first time they sat in silence. Their steadfast, honest, taciturn faces seemed uneasy and plunged in gloom. Leaning his arm on the disused umbrella-basket, the man drove in a desultory, almost indifferent fashion, and beside him his wife never moved except to chew a yellow bent or to finger abstractedly her dark hair.

Otherwise they looked, that morning, much as usual. The man was without a jacket and his stoat-coloured corduroys were held up by two leather thongs affixed in turn by thin nails for buttons. A panama hat, ripe and ancient even before catastrophe had fallen upon them, flooded his face with a sunny orange; his mouth was concealed by an unclipped yellow moustache bristling like horned wheat; his fair brows straggled down, in tiny curls, before his blue, drowsy eyes. His wife was a neat and compact body, with hair of jet and breasts as small as teacups, and the blouse she wore was of the same blue-and-white stuff as Jasper's shirt, cut from a cheap length picked up one day at market. Her crude boots were laced with string, and that morning her white crushable hat had fallen in cow-slime and simply through negligence or haste had not been cleaned again. With the motion of the cart their loose, brown, awkward bodies jolted constantly up and down, and their eyes fixed themselves continually upon the distance as if watching something.

They had many doubts as to the wisdom of hiring this prisoner. Though it constantly troubled them, however, they secretly wondered what he would be like. Deeply sceptical, the man fancied a stout, spectacled, ponderous fellow who, in private life, had perhaps been a doctor or a

minister of religion, a person utterly useless to him. Reminiscent of what she had so often seen in the newspapers, Clara always visualised some immense, barbaric Prussian who would terrify their lives and steal and finally escape, leaving them at the mercy of the authorities.

As they drove up to the gates of the camp they became nervous, foreseeing the worst. Some sentries were pacing their distances under a great avenue of trees. Jasper had to present an official paper, converse a little, and then follow a soldier down the avenue out of sight.

Impassively chewing the grass and regarding the sentry with native curiosity, the woman suddenly let loose her imagination and a host of unbelievable horrors and terrors stormed through her mind, until she felt she already feared and hated the prisoner.

"What with one thing and another, he'll make life miserable for us," she thought.

In the midst of these meditations, Jasper reappeared in the avenue. She looked up suddenly and seeing the prisoner between Jasper and the soldier, thought in a flash:

"He's a terrible great fellow!"

That was all. And before she was aware of it all formalities were over and she was making room for him in the rear of the cart. Then events came swiftly; the prisoner climbed into the cart, weighing it heavily backward; the sentry retreated; Jasper moved the seat a couple of notches forward for better balance; and suddenly they drove away.

The man, a Hessian, was a young fellow, very tall and even fairer than Jasper, with a physique that had something god-like and splendid about it. Once or twice they heard him moving clumsily behind, and Clara, suspicious and afraid, turned to see that he was not escaping them. But it was simply that he could not adjust his huge proportions to the confined space of the cart.

During that journey they repeatedly spied upon him from the corners of their eyes. All this time his large hands lay loosely on his knees and he constantly surveyed the sky, the distant woodland, and the fresh fertile valley through which they were passing, and something docile,

ingenuous, wondering, was always expressed in that stare, and sometimes he appeared to sigh, as if with profound relief.

At last the small white farmstead appeared and the pony slackened its pace.

"Get down and open the gate," said Jasper almost in an undertone.

Clara stood up; and a curious thing happened. The springs of the cart gave a sudden heave, and with an easy, cumbrous alacrity, the prisoner jumped down and flung open the gate, and before she could put her foot on the step or could recover from the astonishment, he caught the pony's head and walked beside it until Jasper halted. Then he stood quite still, almost to attention. His large, mobile eyes seemed to reflect perfectly the heaven's blue in the shadow of the stables as he stood, very watchful and very alert, waiting for her to alight. But when Jasper commenced in his customary deliberate way to unharness, the prisoner rapidly unloosed the belly-band, then the bridle and collar, and suddenly, almost as if impatient, seized the harness complete and bore it into the stables. There he noted with a singular air of concentration where each part was hung, nodding frequently in a way almost boyish in its vehemence, so that when Clara came in and dropped the long green cart-cushions on an orange-box, she returned the sudden stare he gave her with confusion, fear and mistrust, already resentful of his presence. Jasper, failing also to understand this adroitness and courtesy, never withdrew his eyes from him.

In silence they walked to the house, Jasper leading, after him the prisoner, then Clara. All their movements were provoked by fear and by distrust, so that when Clara dropped a hairpin suspicion and dread forced her to keep watch on him even as she groped for it among the straw.

It was their custom to eat first at half-past five and again at nine, and Clara began to cut pieces of bread and Jasper slices of cold bacon immediately they reached the kitchen, and some dry boughs were found and put under the kettle. All the time the Hessian leaned timidly against the lintel,

as boys do at the doors of blacksmiths' or bakers' shops, and watched them.

"Come in—eat—sit down!" Jasper suddenly urged; but the Hessian did not move. "Eat—fodder—bread! Eh? Come—understand? Sit down, eh?" But there was no answer.

Clara left off cutting and stared, just in time to see Jasper, suddenly inspired, rub his paunch and laugh, and to hear the prisoner's sudden low: "Ja! Ja!" of delight.

"Come? Understand?" bawled Jasper with immense joy, rubbing his belly repeatedly.

"Ja! Ja!"

And wiping his hands over his greyish-blue uniform and looking this way and that, with a little curiosity and mistrust perhaps also, the prisoner slowly crossed the threshold.

It seemed natural to them that he should eat with them. They had no children. If there had been many prisoners it would have been different; in that case, a barn would have done; but about one prisoner alone in a barn there seemed something callous and altogether against their principles, and very deep within them also burned a sense of fierce responsibility, of unshakable, stolid honour, the thought that they must never lose sight of him, that they must guard him with the bravest vigilance, that they must see him safely back to the camp each evening. Failure in these things brought consequences unknown, unthinkable, and terrible.

They began to eat. Like a child in the presence of strange people the prisoner was awkward and timid and never spoke, but only once made a sound, low and inarticulate, as of gratitude, when a cup was given him, though Jasper's sudden snap, like a dog's, at a great slice of bacon, a crude sort of encouragement to him to do likewise without delay, brought a smile to his soft mouth and destroyed momentarily his look of astonished vacancy.

Eventually the meal was over. Leading the way into the cow-yard, Jasper was dwarfed by the magnificent bulk of the young Hessian, and something about that mere physical incongruity attracted Clara, so that she remained on the

doorstep, watching, some moments after hurling the warm tea-leaves among the hens.

Jasper turned into a barn and the Hessian followed him, stooping. A curious piece of comedy began. Jasper shovelled up some dung with grave deliberation; the prisoner watched; then with an emphatic gesture, he flung the dung into the sunshine, and the prisoner nodded; almost delighted at the success of this dumb-show, Jasper then made a singularly expressive gesture intended to be authoritative and at the same time knowing and good-natured, and suddenly performing a very ancient trick of his, lowering his right eyebrow and gazing heavenward as if to say: "None of your tricks with me," he thrust the shovel into the prisoner's hands, planted himself firmly upon his legs and acted with remote resemblance to a prison-warder. Probably much too excited to note the details of all this, the Hessian began at once shovelling away dung in enormous quantities and with great competence and gusto. Jasper, plunged into agreeable reflections, stood with some pleasure meditatively scratching his back. By a strange coincidence the Hessian also began to scratch, and suddenly they looked at each other, with the result that amid a great burst of laughter, the Hessian in frantic haste made a search of his person, and being apparently rewarded made an extremely clever click with his thumb and forefinger and gravely blew the imaginary louse away. Whether this was reality or only the prisoner's foolery, Jasper never knew, but abruptly he went off into uncontrollable and prolonged laughter while the Hessian caught more fleas and disposed of them with the dexterity and callousness of great experience.

Unexpectedly the situation became worse. Jasper's back began to itch in a most alarming way, and in an inaccessible and maddening spot. He began squirming, scratching, dancing and saying: "Oh, my God! this is too much, I'll swear my oath this one's a monster!" until the Hessian, thinking this foolery also, went wild with delight and began punching Jasper in the small of the back, which produced exactly the effect of his punching a rubber squeaky doll, except that Jasper was screaming with laughter

at the top of his voice, resembling more than anything the screeching of an enraged goose.

Clara had not heard that laugh for many years ; now it seemed to her like some uncanny and fantastic echo of the past. She gave one immense start on hearing it and then from the kitchen door ran across the cattle-yard, as if it were a cry of pain.

At the barn, however, she stood petrified. Jasper and the prisoner seemed to be wrestling or fighting. At the same time there was an uproarious, unaccountable, almost unseemly laughter.

"What's the matter with you, you idiots?" she managed to call at last.

Her face expressed something so astounded and so incredulous that they again burst into laughter, which was prolonged some minutes, while she, impatiently or mutely again urged them to explain themselves. At last, she was told :

"We both think we're covered in fleas! That's all. You see, he can't explain, and neither can I."

Suddenly she also began laughing, and her laugh caused a shy, soft and almost startled expression to flicker over the face of the prisoner, and from that moment all was different. Fear no longer troubled her, and from the way Jasper looked up at the prisoner, still laughing and occasionally squirming, she could tell that he also had passed out of reach of the same emotion.

"It's all right," she thought, "most likely he's glad to be out of it. Perhaps he even knows that he'll be happy here—at any rate, we shall feed him, authorities or no authorities, and perhaps in time we shall learn not to worrit him quite so much."

Back in the house these notions increased in their peculiar persuasion, so that her suspicions also lessened, and her mind became sweet and calm.

Jasper came in, laughing still, but now in a suppressed way, like a hen clucking with pleasure. He belched out, with evident satisfaction, too, the words :

"I've left him to himself."

And in that utterance reposed an essence of something

daring, reckless, almost impossible, and as if it had been the utterance of a mischievous infant Jasper chuckled again.

Before evening, by a repetition of certain acts of courtesy, he had become to the woman the embodiment of grace and trust, and to the man, who ruminated constantly upon his competency with tools, beasts, and machines, not only a great wit, but a Hercules, a man with a head on his shoulders, indeed the very masterpiece of a man ; and though much too cautious ever to commit themselves, they began to look forward to hay-time with his help as an event of fine expectation and great promise.

A few weeks elapsed. During that time the prisoner, whose name was Johann, acquired from the camp and the farm a little English, which led first to a brief exchange of words of the simplest meaning, and then to conversations of a more subtle nature, and gradually to a language which affected in their lives a deep, indescribable harmony.

In their taciturn way they became delighted at his presence on the farm with them. It became shortly nothing but Johann this, Johann that ; and when, for reasons obscurely imposed by the authorities, he remained away on Sundays, they missed acutely his huge, ruddy, flaxen-haired figure and the sound of his voice, and the work he habitually did seemed to fall with unbearable heaviness upon them. Johann was a great worker ; for trivial or important tasks he was a glutton, adaptive, conscientious, courteous, indefatigable, clever with implements, sagacious concerning crops, full of notions on domestic subjects. He was devoted to animals, calling the cows by name and bestowing upon one heavy-maned chestnut mare all the happy compassion and fidelity of a lover.

During hay-time he had been no less than a miracle. All the heaviest labour, including the building of ricks, he had taken upon himself. His great strength, his astuteness, his quick, inflexible, and scientific organisation, amazed them.

They discovered much about him—that he had been severely wounded and would bleed violently from his nose, and that he was young enough to have been their son. All these things drove out the last of suspicion and fear

concerning him. They began to regard him as a boy, tireless, genuine, lovable. Then, when it became not unusual for him to remain alone in the fields, they discovered that he could sing. The depth, the richness of his voice, stirred them deeply; and he sang repeatedly melodies of his boyhood, of the time when they thought he must have known country surroundings, quiet happiness, a lover, and the old, irresponsible days of peace; and his voice would recreate for him the essence of that felicitous, wonderful, incomparable time.

When hay-time had passed there arrived that time of lingering, of expectation, of the promise of harvest, resembling the last months of a pregnancy.

It was the custom, on hot days, to sit out for meals under the large walnut spreading to the south of the farmhouse. Propped up against the bole, the Birds ate their dinner of bread, meat, and cheese, with beer, in a matter-of-fact, contented way. Sometimes when stirred to an unusual degree of indignation by fresh and more terrible news of fighting, Jasper would launch forth on a discussion on war, hotly maintaining that all sides were mad, callous, inhuman, and declaring that only the innocent suffered.

Johann used to squat with an ash-stave between his knees, feeling and smoothing it and uttering approving murmurs. These moments of unexpected indignation, of futile rage against the inevitable, found an eager response in him. Much of the argument would escape him; as to the rest, he could only passionately agree, and each argument and display of indignation brought him closer to the Birds.

On one of these occasions he brought out a photograph to show them. It showed a kind-eyed, middle-aged and rather handsome German woman, dressed all in black, except for a white kerchief over her head. When he began explaining, rapidly, piteously, almost unintelligibly, that this was his mother, tears started quickly to Clara's eyes, and Jasper fell to biting his lips. And when he suddenly declared in broken language how like the affection of motherhood her own affection seemed, she ran away and wept bitterly.

"That's the most we could have done for him, poor child. His mother would know that."

From that moment she went about with a sense of elation. Having no children, nothing in her life, she felt, had touched her so tenderly or happily as this comparison, this devoted trust in her; and whenever Johann called "Clara!" across the yard or the fields, a little blood reddened her cheeks, the blood of a woman embarrassed or delighted, the blood of an awakened affection.

Harvest came. Over the bleached ripe fields seemed to float small mauve and scarlet fleets of scabious and poppies, and the heat came in stifling waves across the corn.

Once again his boisterous, never-sleeping strength, his exuberance, his unselfishness, made them ask themselves:

"What should we have done without him?"

It was late September before they erected the last stack. When they brought up the last wagon and began filling in the roof it was evening, growing cool, and the horses were restless. Johann was in a careless mood, and was laughing and singing as he took up the sheaves.

Suddenly, in the midst of all this, the horses jerked on, and a wagon wheel scraped against the ladder on which Johann was standing. Almost at once the ladder toppled and slid slowly across the smooth straw, and in a second or two, almost before the terrible, "Johann! Johann!" had sprung from their lips, the prisoner was flung over the terrified horses' heads and thrown violently to earth.

"Johann! Johann!" they continued to call against each other in terror. "Good God! Oh, good God!"

In terror they became helpless and pathetic. It was inconceivably hard for them to climb out of the wagon, to run and to watch that prostrate figure, and to endure the agonies of uncertainty. Again they were like children. They were numb. But the sight of the Hessian crawling slowly to his feet filled them with a strange, boundless, almost intoxicating joy, and they began without hesitation to fuss about him with little cries, with desperation, with hands trembling with anxiety to touch, to soothe, to set at rest the last doubts.

Meanwhile, the prisoner was violently shaking his head and repeating, "Nein, nein, nein," with great excitement.

"What? Not hurt? Nowhere?"

"Nein! Nein! Noding, noding!"

And though still in terror, they ran their hands over his great limbs, much as men do when they buy a prime beast.

Further consternation followed, for Jasper in a sudden rage strode up to the horses and struck them, first with his fist, and then harder, with his knees, in their bellies, until the prisoner, as if strangely upset by this attack, fainted. It was the last straw. Disaster, fear of death, had paralysed them. Johann's fainting fit set them running, like two clockwork dolls, into all conceivable holes and corners, wherever by chance fate might have left remedies. Then, having revived him, they searched him for wounds and bruises, only to find that apart from one bluish mark there was nothing, he was unblemished.

Some weeks elapsed. Harvest was over; a little yellow sprinkled the elms. Jasper and the prisoner found amusement in splashing walnuts, but though the Hessian was extremely active, at moments he appeared to wince, as if suffering some acute stab of pain. Apart from this, the days were tranquil, ineffably at peace, and transcended, like those of a woman delivered at last, and there spread over the farm great broodings and quietnesses broken only by occasional visits of commissioners of food and supplies who bullied and shouted patriotic nonsense, or by the halting of a battalion not far off and its men coming in for water and lingering about the well, talking and smoking.

But whatever happened the affection and harmony which united them did not change except to increase and to bind them closer.

It was towards November that the prisoner began to cause them uneasiness. He became less active, and moved laboriously, as if his legs were weighted, and the tasks he had once performed like a Samson, boisterously and with singing, suddenly seemed to intimidate him.

What was wrong with him? They speculated, argued, questioned him. Secretly proud of his strength, however, he

would divulge nothing. One morning, his nose bled violently and they began to fear that some complication might arise from his wound and the fall, and they urged him to report himself to the prisoners' doctor.

"Ach!"—and that was enough to convey how disgusting that idea was to him.

His appearance presented at first no change. At times he even recaptured his boisterousness and again worked with the old, miraculous strength. But many relapses occurred, and by the end of November his face had become like that of a pale, anæmic woman.

They saw a strange drooping about his shoulders. They began to reason with him; he was adamant, would not listen, and half-swaggeringly drew off his shirt and invited them to examine his clear brown flesh, and when they could discover no blemish, turned on them with a sort of angry pity:

"Ach, you thought dere was something, but there is nothing, hein?"

They were repelled by this attitude, and preserved silence until one afternoon of cold rain, winds and storms of yellow and rusty leaves, when they were sacking potatoes in the barn. The sacks were filled by Jasper and Clara, and though it was against their wishes, Johann built them in a mound against the wall. As the mound grew, sweat poured down his face, and he struggled in a way which hurt them. But he would hear nothing, though their reproofs were gentle, and the strength of his resolution and resistance grew like some half-fanatical religion, filling his eyes with a consuming light.

Nevertheless, striving to heave a full sack above his head some moments later, the strength in him, as if cut off as suddenly and effectually as an electric current, failed utterly. The sack dropped like a stone. Potatoes were disgorged, bouncing in all directions. He remained immovable, dumb, stupid, as if regarding them as so many comic balls dancing about his feet.

"Johann! Johann!" they cried. They too stared at the potatoes. They began to stammer reproaches.

"You should have reported as we told you directly

you felt anything after that fall ! Look what a way you fell. Oh, why didn't you go ? . . . and now ! You see, it's perhaps inside you—here ! And the wound !—God alive, how you can keep on ! Why didn't you go ? Why didn't you go a month back ? ” And so on, despairing or reasoning, until the woman launched at him a different cry.

“ Your mother would want you to go ! ”

At those words he gave a violent start and tears of hatred and remorse sprang into his eyes, and when he tried to answer their reproaches he failed miserably, which made him even more inexorable, more fanatical in the notion of carrying out his will. He stood in the midst of the scattered potatoes resembling an animal that has wounded itself but will die rather than suffer hands laid upon it, and nothing would induce him to surrender that defiant attitude.

They passed through a period of mystification and trial, torn between tenderness, anger, and despair at the sight of him wasting and suffering before their eyes. Their distress was piteous. They became practical, insistent upon his accepting their aid, their ointments from herbs, their poultices and country decoctions. They administered with great faith. They cherished tenderly and jealously the dream of his being cured by their devoted skill and solicitude.

They had great hope in him. The work he did, however, was negligible, and it became difficult for him to carry a faggot or take a bucket to the well. Sometimes they caught him with his head buried in his hands or standing pale and still, with a vacant expression, like a ghost, in the first attitudes of voluntary subjection and despair.

And then, late one afternoon, Clara came crying across the farmyard for Jasper. He was chopping wood in the orchard. She halted some yards from him, called his name and began stamping her feet and wringing her hands in terror.

“ My God, what is it ? ” he shouted.

“ It's Johann ! It's Johann ! ”

He dropped his axe and following her, kept asking :

“ What is it ? What's the boy done ? ”

“ Oh ! I don't know. He's fallen . . . he just lies there. ”

When they reached him he was lying upon his side, in the twilit stable, beneath the belly of a horse he had been grooming. The horse-comb was clenched in his hand ; the horse stood motionless. As they dragged him away and propped him against some sacks of corn he gave a groan. He was revolting to see ; he had been bleeding heavily from the nose, and to Jasper he seemed already moribund ; his eyes bore a strange, glassy look as if he had been crying when he fell. He lay still ; nor did he reply to their entreaties :

“ Johann, Johann, what happened ? How did you come to fall ? My boy, what's the matter ? Tell us, what's the matter ? Tell us what it is, tell us, my boy ! ”

But he was silent ; and then, before they had summoned courage or thought, and while the woman was still too curious and frightened for grief and the man too shocked to act, he began a brief stirring, and there was a rustling in his throat, as if he wished to speak to them ; and when this had ceased, leaving, as it were, its echo in a prolonged and agonising sigh, his face seemed suddenly softened and chastened and his head fell softly back upon the corn-sacks, and he died.

Hopelessness, impotency, panic seized them. They tried to lift him and take him away, and their bungling movements seemed to scare the horses, who, smelling death, began stamping restlessly in their stalls. Darkness was falling rapidly, making the young prisoner's face ghostly, and lighting a stable lantern they set it beside the corpse, which their last efforts had given a strange dignity, and stared at each other with sad eyes.

And then the thought entered their minds :

“ We're responsible for him—shouldn't we send a message or else take him back to the camp again ? ”

They had no one by whom to send a message, and suddenly their old fear of regulations, soldiers, and authorities returned with overwhelming force, and they began to harness the horse in order to take him away.

“ Take the feet, ” said Jasper.

“ Oh ! my God, I can't lift him. What's going to happen ? ”

They struggled, but beside him they seemed old and feeble, and in dying he seemed to have become a giant. And then, as if this were not enough, Jasper knocked over the lantern and in terror they dropped the body and groped and ran against each other, the woman crying, and the man swearing violently.

Finally it was done and they prepared to drive off. Objects in the darkness, familiar little sounds and obscure movements caused them to recall his life with them.

The cart lurched into the high road. It was dark. They drove slowly, not speaking. On either side rose the gaunt skeletons of trees, and on the road their feeble, shaded cart-lamps threw two tiny gleams, which ran steadily, everlasting on beside the horse. Suddenly, without warning, it seemed bitterly cold, with a smell of autumnal decay.

As they began to drive downhill into the valley it seemed that they were descending into a black pit of great depth, and at that point, with the increased jolting of the cart, the prisoner's head began to beat like a dull mallet against the woodwork of the cart.

As if unable to bear that sound, Clara stooped at once, half-knelt and then took the head in her hands and for what seemed unending moments held it without moving. At last, without deliberating and impelled by some obscure desire, she planted softly between his eyes a brief kiss, and there crept into her grief at once a sense of peace, of elation, a feeling of nobility, a sensation of jealousy resembling that of a mother. And all along the road she remained holding the head, at times with all the fierce instincts of her womanhood, at times with tenderness, as if he knew of her touch on him, and sometimes for long periods without a movement, without a thought, listening mechanically to the sound of wheels and hoofs, the dry cracking of Jasper's whip, and of her own weeping, the low sound of which broke from her with great sorrow, and expanding infinitely, seemed to fill the increasing darkness.

THE STATE AND THE MINING INDUSTRY

BY R. C. SMART, M.C., M.I.MIN.E.

I

THAT somewhat impersonal creature—the man in the street—remarks in an interrogative manner at recurrent intervals that there is another dispute, strike or lock-out in the mining industry. To anyone who does not understand or appreciate the psychology of the mining community and the mentality of the mine-owner and miner, the issues at stake between employer and employee in the mining industry are apt to become confusing. The loose-knit character of the industry, its organisation into a large number of independent and often family concerns, is traditionally peculiar to it and have impeded that necessary measure of organised effort that must preclude any successful advance on its distributive side.

Whilst the capacity of the mine-owner and miner for driving hard and close bargains under advantageous circumstances is perhaps well known, the mental outlook of the average miner in a mining district or village would form rather an interesting study. They are largely creatures of their environment, exceedingly clannish and, perhaps as a result of experience, somewhat distrustful of anything which emanates from their Employers' Association. Their mental horizon seems largely limited by the questions of hours worked, wages, and the activities of the local Miners' Lodge or the Federation. They are, in brief, exceptionally self-centred and limited in their outlook outside their own industry.

On the administrative side, the active mine-owner exhibits the same tendencies, his vision being mainly

centred on the local Owners' Association, the coal prices charged by his neighbouring competitors and the benefits that might accrue from a little judicious price cutting. The miner, in so far as organised effort is concerned, is, if anything, in advance of his employer.

Whilst the past history of negotiations between nationally accredited bodies representing owners and men have been unfortunate, yet that does not necessarily abrogate the method of conducting such negotiations. Peace and contentment in the industry is hardly consequent upon a perpetuation of the present state of affairs as it was imposed on the men by force after defeat in the bitterly contested dispute of 1926.

As Mr. Archer, vice-chairman of the West Yorkshire Coal Owners' Association, stated in March, 1930, when referring to coal owners in Scotland, South Wales, Northumberland, Durham, Shropshire, Somerset, Bristol and Kent, who were opposed to the new Mines Act of 1930 :

"If the dissentient coal owners could point to a prosperous, contented and well-directed industry which played its part with worthiness and success at home and abroad, their attitude might be less open to criticism. But the British coal industry is acknowledged to be sick, its marketing of coal unscientific, its revenue to be insufficient for the proper maintenance of plant and machinery of the mines and its workmen discontented and rebellious."

To an industry exhibiting such features as these, any form of legislation would perhaps be regarded with disfavour and only complied with very reluctantly. In fact, it is worth remarking that the adverse criticism offered to-day to legislative proposals is largely a somewhat monotonous repetition of similar statements that have been made over the past eighty years. Taking a wide view, legislation in this country so far has never at any time hindered or prevented the progressive development of the mining industry. Because of the loose-knit character of the industry, there can be no way out except by drastic methods involving a newer and more modern conception of industrial architecture.

The industry, even in favourable years before the war, has required "prodding" by legislation when the conditions of trade were relatively easy and the efforts of competitors not of serious moment. Lord Joicey, speaking in the House of Lords in May, 1930, during the debates on the new Coal Mines Act, stated: "They used to have in connection with the export trade a margin of about 2s. per ton which enabled them to hold their position against the competition of any country in Europe, but owing to the charges put upon them that margin had disappeared."

It may be remarked here that the real reason we held our own then to the extent of 2s. per ton (equal to at least 2s. 6d. to-day) was because our standard of output per worker employed per shift was higher than that of our most serious competitors, whereas to-day it is most grievously behind.

To-day we are practically the only coal-producing country of any consequence that exhibits a most marked decrease, instead of an increase in national coal output, relatively small advance in productive efficiency together with poor wages, and for that working the same number of hours per working shift as in 1913-14.

II

The new Mines Act of 1930 primarily seeks to bring a measure of organisation into the industry for the production, distribution and sale of its product. It is in brief a necessary corollary of the legislative enactments of the past fifty years which at various dates have introduced comprehensive regulations affecting the qualifications of the administrative personnel, safety and welfare provisions, and hours of work and regulation of wages.

The marketing of the industry's product in this country has been termed "commercial hooliganism," and whilst the middleman always "stands to be shot at," yet there is no doubt that such an expression does not overstate the case. For whilst distributors, coal merchants and factors and the like have consistently made a living, and paid reasonable dividends since 1918, the actual coal owner has

been existing under most unhealthy conditions during the greater portion of the past decade.

Control of the distributive trade, with the elimination of, or a reduction in, the number of hands that coal passes through before reaching the consumer from the pit head is a vital necessity to the industry. The new Act of 1930 is designed to do this, although at the present time it has more than an aspect of creating an industrial monopoly without due safeguards to the actual consumer.

It also is doubtful if it will, say, prevent inter-district or inter-coalfield competition in trading, such as was reported at the end of November in the Warwickshire and Cannock Chase areas. There is no clause as to the decision of arbitrators in the cases of disputes being binding at all.

Syndication on the lines of the Westphalian Coal Syndicate is the soundest method of securing a fair proportion of the fruits of the industry to the producer and to the merchant or distributor whilst at the same time affording industry and the consumer a fuel at a reasonable and competitive figure.

III

The effect of the new Act on the export trade should result in the removal of the foolish and suicidal competition between exporting districts and give for the first time national united control to export prices. The gravest defect is that it seeks to introduce a shorter working shift, a reduction in hours of work, a most controversial and thorny subject, at a time of world trade depression without precedent and when Germany, one of our most serious competitors, has reduced wages in the mining industry 6 per cent. and dropped the average price of coal about 1s. 6d. per ton from December, 1930.

Our fuel prices to the consumer are too high, not too low. The coal owner must take suitable means for ensuring that his industry as a whole receives a fair price for its product from the merchant. Until the Act of 1930 was passed, the coal owner, due to failure to adopt the necessary measures, was entirely a victim of the superior commercial acumen and organisation of the

distributive trade. In other words coal prices to the consumer need not be increased in order that reasonable prices may be obtained at the pit head by the producer. There are redundant mines and merchants under the trading conditions that obtain to-day, who can be fairly and adequately dealt with.

Of course the reductions in hours of work permissible under the new Act apply only to areas other than Yorkshire, North Derby, Nottingham and Kent, where a 7½ hours working shift has been in operation since 1926. These areas, despite their reduction in hours worked contributed about 30 per cent. of the national output. Also their net cost of production per ton of coal for the June quarter, 1930, from the Mines Department, at the figure of 13s. 6d. is over 6d. per ton less than that for the country as a whole, whilst the productive standard is well over 2 cwts. per man-shift greater at the figure of about 23.5 cwts. per man-shift worked for a shift half an hour less in duration.

Mr. Cochrane, of the Bolsover Colliery Co., one of the largest and most modern and progressive concerns in the kingdom, stated at the annual meeting last year that the new clause with regard to amalgamations in the Bill was disquieting. In the opinion of the directors a fair and practicable method of putting uneconomic mines out of action would be by the establishment of a central fund provided by a levy on all the coal produced in the country, out of which all collieries it was deemed desirable to close should receive compensation. That is to say, a process of district or coalfield rationalisation is highly overdue. Such a viewpoint has at long last received recognition in Lancashire with the recent decision as to the merging of mining interests involving 200 pits and 90,000 men.

It is doubtful, however, if such a step would have been taken under present circumstances but for the assistance derivable from the new Act. There is the point that the quotas of output allotted to coalfields and collieries will eventually produce an effect in this direction by the absorption of quotas by collieries, favourably placed, from those in not so good a position.

Unfortunately, we can now envisage with the greatest

certainly some hardening in prices to the consumer, an increase not only not necessary but one that industry generally can ill afford to contemplate and that may hasten the introduction on a more wholesale scale of electrical energy. The mining industry itself is making a retrograde step by an increase in fuel prices and this is realised, of course, by that section of the industry that opposed the Act.

Some 30 per cent. of the national output is exported into bitterly contested markets abroad where national and international agreements, subsidised fuel prices, transport charges and such like palliatives are operative against us. Fuel prices, about 26 per cent. above pre-war at the pit head (not to the actual consumer), are not too low if the productive efficiency of the industry had kept pace and in step with the efforts of its foreign competitors. State intervention in the mining industry has been unavoidable, as, whatever political party happened to be in office, adequate measures to counter the growing power of economic nationalism of our competitors was imperative.

Fortuitous circumstances, such as the devastation of the important coal producing areas of the Pas de Calais and Du Nord during the war, followed by the American coal strike, the occupation of the Ruhr industrial area in 1923, when we exported 103 million tons of coal—a record—at a profit of 2s. per ton, have kept at bay that economic truth which became appallingly apparent in 1925—a truth with which all industrial effort, and our own in particular, is faced.

It is one that is steadily bringing man face to face with new problems that require imagination and mental equipment of a high order if they are to be dealt with effectively. With the progress of science and the rapid improvements in industrial processes the output of the unit in industry grows, increasing at a faster rate than the consumption or the demand, and industrial victory and reward in consequence go to that country which obtains the maximum productive effort from its workers with the minimum of labour.

IV

The real point at issue in our mining industry is that the industry as a whole can only record in the past 17 years an improvement in productive efficiency of about 5 per cent. (1913-14 compared with 1930—June quarter). Our most serious competitors in the European markets, where the bulk of our coal export trade exists, are obtaining 6 or 7 cwts. per man shift more than we can obtain and for working shifts 30 minutes *less* in duration. This serious condition of affairs did not exist prior to the war, yet it lies at the root of the industry's difficulties. Our advances in mechanisation in mining have not been and are not being made at an economic rate. In 1929 the machine-mined coal in Great Britain formed 28 per cent. of the total output as against 8 per cent. for 1913-14—the corresponding figure of machine-got coal in the Ruhr for 1929 was 91.23 per cent.; for the French coalfield of the Pas de Calais, 68 per cent., and for the United States in 1928, 74 per cent.

Germany, which in 1913-14 had an output per man shift of 18.6 cwts. of coal for an 8½ hours shift, to-day produces 26 to 27 cwts. per man shift for an 8 hour shift, while her workmen enjoy wages about the same as those paid in this country. This shows an improvement in productive efficiency of the unit employed of over 30 per cent.

Poland, our other most serious competitor, who was reported to be selling coal in the Scandinavian markets at an economic figure in May, 1930, and who again reports an increase in coal exports for 1929 at over 14 million tons, shows similar figures.

The Polish miner produces over 27 cwts. of coal per shift for a shift of the same duration as that worked in the Ruhr and shorter than that worked in this country. The position must be fairly faced that in this country the miner is being paid over 20 per cent. less in real wages per shift than in 1913-14 and does not work a full week consistently, whilst the economic security of the industry is at present buoyed up by working the same hours as in 1913-14, without any improvement of consequence in the productive efficiency of the industry.

It can be readily appreciated that the one and only way out for the industry is to raise the standard of output per worker employed per shift. The national output could and should be in the region of 28 cwts. per man shift as against that recorded of 21.32 cwts. for the June Quarter, 1930. We cannot legislate against economic laws, and to force measures such as reductions in the hours worked per shift from 8 to $7\frac{1}{2}$ (it will drop to 7 automatically in July, 1931) in the face of the present condition of the industry is more than hopeless. Considering these conditions it becomes painfully obvious that we must once again learn to produce on a competitive footing. The industry can only retain its present somewhat precarious position on the basis of the present shift worked until such time as mechanisation has improved the output per man shift by a very substantial margin.

The spread over system of working, as now arranged to be worked (temporarily), permits of the 8 hour shift being worked as heretofore for a limited number of hours per fortnight. A $7\frac{1}{2}$ hour shift would mean an increase in fuel prices of about 2s. per ton which would seriously affect the export coal trade. A marked advance in fuel prices to the consumer in the home market will be an error of a most serious character, though the sponsors of the new Coal Mines' Act thought that the organised marketing of coal would enable a better price being realised at the pit head to the coal owner and the industry.

Unfortunately, our legislators have omitted to observe that in the first place an advance in price at the pit head will be passed on to the consumer—there will be no economies effected in distributive costs as would occur under a Coal Syndicate—and in the second place they are totally unaware and blissfully ignorant of the meaning of the expression “productive efficiency or output per man shift” and what it implies to the economic stability of the industry.

The structure of the industry will only stand on sound foundations when coal in this country is produced under economic conditions by the installation of the necessary plant to improve the output per man shift.

Political expediency must give way to industrial facts. We have the hardest portion of our task in front of us ; we are not even now fully awake to the backward position of our industry. It is not a case of pessimism, but a case of really and quickly appreciating the true position and that—

“the Gods of men by harsh decrees forbid that plenty shall be bought with ease.”

Again we should progress if all questions affecting industry and trade were subordinate to an Industrial or Economic Council independent of Party Politics ; such a council as functions in Germany under the Minister of Economics.

THE MUSEUM BY THE SEA

BY DOROTHY JOHNSON

THE sea is a melancholy monster at the best (I reflect, on catching a cheerless glimpse of it between roofs dark and sleek with rain). That smiling appearance which it sometimes wears—that “ multitudinous twinkling ”—is the shallowest of illusions ; call it rather a prank which the broad sun plays upon a growling, uncouth beast—a Caliban—kept in tow by his sharp-chinned sister, the Moon, who never saw a joke yet . . . Why do people visit the sea in crowds ? He is the least enlivening of hosts ; his drink is salt, his music sorrowful, his enormous house unwarmed and draughty. Yet his ante-chambers are always thronged ; always, that is, when *I* come.

I am growing thus embittered because I want to eat, and the cheaper establishments are already packed with blue-faced, ravenous guests of the sea. They are as hungry as he is ; the poets say that he is never satisfied, but I hope these poor pleasure-seekers will be, somewhere about three o'clock. For my part, I must seek a hotel, which will leave me nothing but my eyes to weep with (they are streaming now in the steely wind) and my return-ticket, which is not negotiable. Yet man must eat . . . I have eaten ; and, wonderful to relate, I have a whole sixpence left. I feel as if I had stolen it.

Shall I spend my time and money in the Royal Undercliff Gardens ? Apparently not ; for as I stand at the turnstile, held up by the inevitable man with the inevitable dog, for which he is trying to plead a passage through the entrance, the regulations, and the gate-keeper's dour obedience to “ me orders, sir ”—the animal meanwhile practising behaviour, throbbing like an engine driven by goodwill, and putting on a facial expression that might take the very sting out of the wind—while I wait perforce,

then, at the turnstile, I learn from a placard that the Royal Gardens set a royal value on themselves. Sixpence is no passport here ; I am excluded as utterly as if I possessed four legs, and the two that I have must carry me elsewhere in search of cheaper amusement.

The local Museum offers itself ; with its little, smug, drab dome, it is like a button mushroom nestling in the side of the hill. A notice upon the gate admits that the attractions of this repository do not get their due from the public, though they include a Great Auk's egg and something superior in skeletons. There is a plaintive good-humour about this confession that takes my idle fancy ; besides, the price just suits my figure ; I will pay my tribute to that lonely skeleton, that meritorious but neglected egg. I climb the steps, glance at dark and dusty windows, push open the door, and see—nobody. “ Please, come in,” says Nobody, in the gentlest of voices.

This is eerie, but he presently appears—the custodian, that is, emerges from his hiding-place behind a tall screen, which is ferociously adorned with assegais, knobkerries, blowpipes, and other uncivilised weapons. He himself is the very opposite of all that, being fragile, silver-haired, and quiet, with a broken-hearted dignity. He takes my sixpence, says, “ Thank you ”—not “ Thanks ! ” or “ Cue ! ”, but “ *Thank* you,” and starts me upon a circular tour of his dim establishment.

My memory gives me curious twinges. Can I have been here before ? Possibly ; for, fifty or a hundred years ago, I was often brought to Sandborough for the day. It was never, if I remember rightly, otherwise than wet ; like those Tracies whose ancestor killed Thomas à Becket, my guardians and I had ever the rain and the wind in our faces. I used to be dragged wretchedly about the streets, as a dog, willy-nilly, drags a tin-can (I wonder by the way about that dog at the Gardens, and whether his master got him in, after all ?) ; in short, our party was driven to take cover in many extraordinary places, and this may well have been one of them. That portrait of Queen Victoria seems poignantly familiar. At a distance it looks like a drawing ; on a closer inspection it is seen to be

laid out in lines of delicate writing, and is not merely a picture of her face but an ecstatic history of her reign. Why, I feel again the sharp tug at my wrist which detached me from that portrait when slowly spelling out "un-prece-den-ted pro-sper-ity." But it is queer that I remember that, and have forgotten certain other exhibits, which might be considered more memorable. Could any child—could anybody—who had once set eyes upon it, forget that dried head of a chieftain from Polynesia?

The plan of this Museum pleases me; contrast and variety are studied as they deserve to be. In most Museums I find (say) two thousand shells or fossils, arranged in rows, neatly labelled, and looking to my clumsy untrained sight as like as two peas or a flock of sheep. But even I can tell the difference between a dried chief's head and a small pickled cuttlefish. Put them side by side, as they are put here, and I am not in the least confused; I get at once the full thrill from each. In a glass bowl next to the head is a sponge of a peculiar sort; it resembles a bunch of pale and bloated and ill-shaped sausages; but our fishermen (so I learn from a card which is thoughtfully appended) our fishermen, noted for their sense of fun, do Dead Men's Fingers call it. Are these treasures a little too ghastly? Well, it is useless to chide a Museum for being a Mausoleum. If I find any fault with these exhibits, it is not that they are too dead for my comfort, but rather that they are not, in appearance, dead enough. That chief seems to keep his lips and eyes shut by a dreadful, living effort. That pickled squid has a wicked watchfulness in what I take to be its optic. If I stare too long at the glass bowl and its contents, the Dead Men's Fingers begin, very slowly, to tremble, to writhe, to feel about them. . . . No, it is not a collection of oddments; nearly all these things have to do with the sea; the chief, in his life-time, was practically amphibious. The very light here creeps in tame and humbled, as if it had filtered through water.

The old custodian is busy in the hall with a little battery of microscopes. Watching him in ignorant wonder, I begin to weave fancies about this man and his charge. After hours, when all the sixpences are garnered, does he

lock the door and let down the dusty blinds, and crown himself with a steeple hat, and don a long mantle figured over with cabalistic devices? For this place is marvellously like a marine magician's shop. Do the Dead Men's Fingers shine blue and green, turning into a Hand of Glory to illumine the proceedings? Does the chieftain open those sealed lips and eyes, and explain how he came to be just a head? Does the Great Auk's egg crack and let out a bird, the like of which no longer waddles upon the rocks of this globe? Does the skeleton in the corner—the one real landlubber present—sit up with a lively rattle of his bones, and reveal the joke that has kept him on the grin for three thousand five hundred odd years?

Deep in this nonsense, I start and redden when the old man suddenly beckons me. "Come and have a look," he says. It is as if he had read my thoughts, and meant to show me his real magic. "If you peep through that"—he indicates a microscope—"you'll see a pinch of shell-dust from the Outer Hebrides." He is a sorcerer, then; or how could he know that the name of the Hebrides always puts a spell upon me? To the naked eye, the shell-dust is sand; magnified, it is a heap of jewels, every one a masterpiece. I am trying to find some words when the door behind us is pushed open.

It is the man with the dog again. They have a blighted, oft-rejected air. Only the sea, which I reviled for churlishness, has been hospitable to the poor animal. He has had a good swim, and looks rough, wet, and wild enough to frighten anybody. Man and beast, pausing on the threshold, glance timidly at the custodian. "He'll be all right," concedes that gentle wizard. "Let him lie down there while you go round."

How did he know the dog would be all right? It couches, nose on paws, as peaceable as the courteous lion in the pictures of St. Jerome. The master adjusts his spectacles, and applies himself to the portrait-history of Queen Victoria. Meanwhile, the custodian, taking a microscope, prepares a charm for him. It will not be the Hebrides this time. It will be something that means to this new arrival what shells from the Hebrides mean to me. I shall never know

what it is. But the dog lies watching, and his golden eyes seem full of a solemn understanding.

I have done with the Museum. I run down the steps and make for the shore, in the very best of spirits. For the clouds have parted, and Sandborough is now a town of diamonds on a sapphire bay ; and the sun has fallen to his ancient tricks, spangling the infinite sadness of the sea with twinkles of an alien laughter.

EBB AND FLOW

A MONTHLY COMMENTARY

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

THE earthquake at Hawkes Bay in the North Island of New Zealand is not among the major tragedies of its kind—though a death-roll of two hundred is serious enough, apart from the huge loss of property.

But it comes home to us ; for the conditions of life in New Zealand, at least as most of us picture them, are more like those of the home country than in any part of the Commonwealth or the Empire overseas. Yet, after all, the picture is absurdly false ; since from the north to the south New Zealand stretches as far as from Orkney to Gibraltar and has even greater variations of climate. What is probably true is that New Zealanders met this catastrophe much as English folk would have done—only perhaps with greater preparedness. And once more a vessel of the British Navy was at hand to take charge in the inevitable period of chaos.

Meanwhile the government of New Zealand finding itself with a deficit of four and a half millions for next year—over and above what extra outlay the earthquake may entail—announces its drastic plan of reducing by ten per cent. all State-paid salaries and wages from the Prime Minister down to the lowest paid employee. They are plainly taking warning by the plight of Australia, where Mr. Scullin is in a sea of troubles. His action in taking back Mr. Theodore has greatly added to these, and it is not easily intelligible on political grounds. The simple explanation may be that which he has himself given—that he believed Mr. Theodore to be wrongfully accused of financial misdemeanour. If that is right, Mr. Scullin's line is notable : Mr. Gladstone, for instance, insisted that a man should be publicly cleared before

The New Zealand Disaster.

returning to office : Cæsar's colleagues must be put above suspicion. Mr. Scullin may take the view that a man should help to clear his colleague. I note that the Board of the Commonwealth Bank offer to join with Mr. Theodore in a conference for promoting concerted action "to avoid, if possible, ultimate disaster." It looks as if Mr. Scullin did not stand alone in his championship.

Mr. MacDonald's Government has been through an uneasy time ; defeated on its Education proposals, and though not treating this, nor being forced **Westminster.** to treat it, as a question of confidence, they **The Party Tactics.** were threatened with overthrow on the Trades Disputes Bill ; and they owe their continued existence to the personal influence of Mr. Lloyd George. The attitude of leading Liberals to the Trade Disputes Bill, and more particularly Sir John Simon's attitude, seemed to ensure a crash ; especially as there was no enthusiasm in the Liberal Party for the other Bill which was to secure the alternative vote—nor to put it moderately, anything like universal loyalty and affection towards their leader in the Liberal ranks. It is amazing that Mr. Lloyd George should have made his view prevail in such conditions ; but he has done it, and the Government seems safe enough at present. The cant of the day calls this a dishonourable bargain ; but the business of a party leader is to consult the interests of his party, and Mr. Lloyd George is probably convinced that a general election now would put the Tories in for a long time with an absolute majority—in which conditions the Liberals would have no chance to remedy an electoral system which does not give a third party fair play. But probably the strongest motive with Mr. Lloyd George is to avoid a general election now. The future may hold chances for him, as a party leader ; yet that is not all. It is obvious that a general election in Great Britain would be disastrous to the chances of a settlement in India. Every word that Mr. Churchill has said with so much eloquence and so much conviction would be repeated and emphasised and exaggerated by less skilful speakers in the Conservative ranks ; and all their

utterances would be attributed by opposition speakers to all Conservatives, with the effect in India that can be foreseen. Mr. Lloyd George is too far-sighted, and too deeply experienced, not to realise the appalling difficulty, after all that has happened, of ruling India from outside by force. He had backed Lord Reading in backing Lord Irwin's policy ; and he probably sees that if matters go forward to any kind of legislative settlement, both he and Lord Reading must play a great and possibly a decisive part. Such a man is not vulgarly tempted by party aims or by personal ambition ; nothing is more natural than that he should desire his full share in the shaping of great issues. Now Mr. Baldwin loses no opportunity of making it clear that, if he comes into power, it will be a main purpose, and a heartfelt pleasure, to reduce Mr. Lloyd George to complete impotence. Is it really so immoral that the Liberal leader should refuse to oblige Mr. Baldwin with the key to the gate ?

About India, all is still uncertainty. Mr. Gandhi and his leading colleagues in revolt have been let out. There was no other way. They have their freedom **The Indian** and must use it. How far Mr. Gandhi is **Scene.** really free to give a lead, only his closest colleagues can know. He and Lord Irwin have already met ; one cannot easily imagine anything more dramatic, or less theatrical, than such an interview. If between them they save India from experiences of which what we suffered in Ireland were only a small foretaste, a faint premonition, it will not be by the weight of power in either man's hand. Very extraordinary virtues are needed to win through such a crisis to anything like safety.

In Russia facts are daily revealed of which Europe must sooner or later take cognisance. A debate was raised in the House of Lords on the question whether **The Russian** timber hewn and delivered under such con- **Menace.** ditions as exist should be accepted in England ; and the Bishop of Durham, closer in touch with Labour than most of the Labour peers, recognised in his

speech that the mind of British labouring men was here affected by a bias in favour of the revolutionary State. British Labour men may not (though perhaps some do) go so far as would justify the claims made by Stalin in a recent speech that Moscow was for all workers the capital of a second fatherland. But it is true that they submit to a competition from Russia which they would not tolerate if it came from any European country. In that case, they would take the side of the workers. But in Russia it is, at least nominally, a committee of the workers that claims the right, in the interest of workers all the world over, to drive men in slave gangs to a more cruel servitude than any bought slaves endure. English working-men, not unnaturally, avert their eyes from the facts. A man so humane as Lord Ponsonby, who must be informed, says that a great experiment is being tried, and we have not the right to interfere with it. War, he would probably argue, entails worse things for less worthy objects. I do not think that in the long run these arguments will prevail, or be of service to the cause of Labour anywhere in the world.

On February 12th a Pope for the first time spoke to all Christendom literally by word of mouth; his voice "breaking the silence of the seas beyond the utmost Hebrides," and bringing a thrill of realisation into Irish boglands. Not only Irish Catholics were moved; a remarkable article in the *Irish Times* hailed the reappearance of Latin as a means of communication *urbi et orbi*: it welcomed the universality of the appeal, explicitly addressed even *ad infideles et dissidentes*, asking for "peace on earth to men of good will." For, as the writer urged, other appeals equally cosmopolitan but very different in purport were being launched through the ether: "Russia's wireless stations are being mobilised for a great campaign of anti-God broadcasting"; Christendom should stand together. This Protestant opinion might be fortified by the study of a propagandist volume *Le Christ dans la Banlieue*, which describes the amazing mushroom growth of a population round Paris in two belts: the *zone noire* immediately outside the fortifications where all is tatter-

Catholicism
versus
Bolshevism.

demolition as habitations in the trench line—shelters run up by the legions of ragpickers and such like; beyond that, *la zone rouge*, swarming groups of working-men's dwellings that have swamped the old, quiet parishes; communities with hardly yet the amenity of roads. Both zones are busy centres of Bolshevik propaganda, and the main force to resist it is the Catholic missionary who sets off to Puteaux or la Maltournée, looking for a place where he can establish a *patronage* and some temporary tabernacle. Everywhere he finds the Red missionaries before him. Everywhere Paris is ringed about by a million of people, driven out to cheaper quarters, often hungry, always kept discontented by the luxury which they see daily when they go to work; a formidable threat to society. "Only for you," said one of the Red leaders to a missionary, "we should have made our *coup* long ago." The Church comes in, baptises, marries, introduces law and decency, and a solidarity of its own. Of course, the book is partisan and does not regard the Protestant missions—which are there also—with a much more friendly eye than the Reds; but its figures and its photographs, if there were nothing else, give food for thought. It suggests that the danger is perhaps closer in Paris than anywhere else and also that the effort to check it, to substitute another hope, another ideal, is more intense. The French missionary, like the French revolutionary, spares neither body nor soul.

The remarkable success of Miss E. H. Young's *Miss Mole* supports the view, in which I feel increasingly satisfied, that public taste is urging authors back from the excessively New to something on older lines. Miss Young's technique does not depart very materially from Miss Austen's. There is a pleasant dryness about her work that recalls the great forerunners. Mrs. Oliphant, a very able craftswoman who stood midway, was by no means incapable of irony, but not capable of such sustained detachment—nor perhaps of such economy in the use of those means by which we are made to feel the forlornness of Miss Mole's position, and the courage of her fight against it. There are, of course, certain new technical

Literary
Traditions.

tricks ; but in essentials we are no very long way from the manner in which Miss Austen might have presented the same set of people, or from her choice of a set of people and emotions to present. The position of an educated woman who is forced to earn her living as companion or house-keeper in a succession of uncongenial situations, would have been perfectly intelligible to her in all its bearings. She might indeed have attached graver moral importance to the fact that Hannah Mole once had a lover ; yet if Miss Austen had lived through the European War, her ideas would certainly have stretched in some directions ; for she would have had a heart no harder than Miss Mole's for men who came back broken in body after facing dangers and hardships never before imagined. She might have been lenient to Miss Mole's lapse ; but it is not so likely that she would have regarded, as Miss Young does, the defensive methods to which Miss Mole is subsequently coerced. That marks certainly an advance in philosophy, in knowledge of the world. To judge by this book's popularity, we all nowadays admit that a perfectly honest woman may lie to protect herself against the consequences of curiosity and prying malevolence. For Hannah, though she lies defensively, is none the less not only truthful but honourable. Such an employer as the Reverend Robert Corder is entitled to loyal service for the wages he pays ; he is not entitled to a life history of the person to whom he pays wages ; and if he asks for information to which he is not entitled, he may justly be misled. I do not know that Miss Austen would have sanctioned this philosophy ; but Miss Young does. Ideas have changed ; but the old technique is just as capable of expressing the new ideas as the old ones—provided they are as clear.

It is a far cry from Miss Young and the scenes that she lays among the provincial respectabilities of Clifton to a new novel by M. André Malvil which seems to me of great interest and beauty. It is a story of Paris—ultra-modern Paris—but Paris seen in retrospect from a hermitage on the western-most and

A French Tradition.

almost the remotest of European lands. *La Grande Ourse* is his name for the book, though from start to finish there is no mention of bears big or little. The great white monster that is always to be seen when dark closes in on us is M. Malvil's symbol for the constant presence of death ; and yet, if I understand his symbolism, it is the Great Bear that always points the way to the Pole. For the whole of his book is concerned with two linked ideas—the thought of death and the thought of survival.

It opens with the presentation—written in the first person—of what the imagined writer was when illumination began : rich, idle, debauched, and so far on in life that zest suddenly threatened to disappear ; there is no virtue in his sudden craving for the almost impossible—*un amour candide*. But then he meets Vivian who is Life : half his age, and though twice divorced already, and moving as he does among futile debauchery, yet keeping her own cleanliness of body and mind. When, to his amazement, she gives herself, it is like a rush of spring wind. Life, if it is strong enough, and clean enough, can be purifying. But in him, whose joy is tainted with vulgarities, it brings fear ; a chance, the sight of a man fallen with spurting arteries through the glass roof of a restaurant, wakens awareness of death. The premonition is not for himself ; it is Vivian, life's embodiment, who sickens and dies. Death does not frighten her ; she goes out, as she had lived, to jazz music, and talking of “ another land, a lovely land, with a blazing sun.” And he cannot believe that her life is ended ; yet all his beliefs have been negation.

He flings himself on books, and finds only a jungle of contradictions ; then, under the lasting impression of inextinguishable life, he frames the resolve to question death itself, and read in the eyes of the dying what is written there. Chance, or destiny, soon gave its ironic answer. An old aunt, rich, devout, and detestable, sent for him to her bedside that her sole surviving relative might fulfil her last wishes. The charge was to ensure that she should be laid out in the funeral array which she had prepared to the last button ; the rest was a detail of her property. Then came the ceremony of extreme unction and after it, at the

last moment, a certain Madame Bouju was admitted, who charged the dying woman as a special favour, if she met M. Bouju in the other world, to assure him that he was not forgotten. The commission was undertaken, and then the aunt "went out like a candle in a draught." This was the certitude of survival; this was the echo that parodied his own passion of desire.

"Whether it was death that came to look for me, or I that went to look for death," other chances were offered for his quest. A punctual gentleman who lived on the same staircase, had not been seen for days; police came to ask his neighbour for information, decided to break in the locked door, and found the old man lying paralysed but articulate. He begged not to be taken to hospital but to have a nurse fetched. The neighbour took charge of this—and so gradually found himself committed to the care of M. Blanchard, professor of Philosophy at a Lycée, who must certainly die shortly and suffer much in dying. His first care was to get food for the invalid; but in the squalid little restaurant near by, he found confusion: Marius, the "patron," was ill—badly ill; but still money managed to get service, and while M. Blanchard ate, his neighbour ascertained his state of mind. "I've lived. I'm dying. That's all. My life has been spent. For nothing. . . ." Had there been no meaning in his work, in his teaching? "None," was the grim reply. Then the student of death, leaving this moribund, and seeking his own déjeuner, found himself called to another bedside. Marius wanted to see him; a gross obscene hulk of rottenness lying in a stinking room, with only one preoccupation, how to dispose of a consignment of "funny books," about which there might be trouble. Death had no terrors for him, but he feared the police; and he was still arguing whether to order two dozen of apéritifs for his shop or only one, when sudden collapse came, "the final knock-out."

Against the squalor of Marius, against the bleakness of M. Blanchard (M. Malvil does not deny its dignity) is set the growing beauty and radiance of a dream that transfigures; that becomes a hope only when this haunter of deathbeds goes to them for the sake of others, with no

thought of himself. Superficially the book is even ultra-modern; but essentially it goes back to the main stream of French tradition—especially to Musset; and no one is more typically French. The argument is throughout Musset's argument, an appeal to the testimony of what is felt. It recalls Musset's suppleness, his eloquence and his variety; and though it uses images of squalor with an emphasis that Musset would have shunned, they are used not as an end in themselves but as a foil to set beauty more clearly aloof and above.

Another of these reactionaries, the romanticists, is Mr. Alfred Noyes who has completed the third volume of what is really a continuous poem, though each part of *The Torchbearers* has its own completeness.

Now it is a fact that Mr. Noyes finds readers in great numbers for poetry, and I doubt very much if the same can be said for the poets whom it is the fashion to praise. This is not unnatural. Mr. Noyes writes musically and he writes intelligibly (I hope this is no disparagement); but his work, more especially in these volumes, involves a mass of reading and of thought. It was no small task to write, as it were, in a group of sagas, an epic of the human mind; tracing the progress of knowledge through the ages as each runner carried on the torch, and passed it to the next. The first volume is perhaps the happiest of the three, for it had the most manageable subject; the unity of law is nowhere so unmistakeable as in the construction of the universe, nor is any other reach of man's mind so impressive as that which mapped out the courses of the stars. Very skilfully Mr. Noyes has brought before our vision each of the men who advanced our conception from what we could merely see and touch to a definite ascertainment of what transcended sense perception—and has shown dramatically how and where each helped. In his second volume, his *Book of Earth*, the line is not so clear, from Pythagoras through Newton to Darwin; but there is good reading and plenty; studies of Tycho Brahe and of Linnaeus for instance, admirably

idyllic ; and again and again the power to vivify in verse a scientific conception :

" The fish that like a speckled patch of sand
Slides over sand upon its broad flat side
And twists its head until its nether eye
Looks upwards, too, and what swam upright once
Is fixed in its new shape, and the wry mouth
Grimaces like a gnome at its old foes."

In his newest volume, *The Last Voyage*, we are on board an Atlantic liner at night in a storm ; a child mortally sick, a doctor saying that only one man might save it by an operation ; the captain answering that this surgeon also is on the Atlantic, on another boat. Wireless messages : operation under direction sent across three hundred miles of raging sea. " Will they save her ? " And the answer given, " Who are they ? " Then follows, as before, evocation of the Torchbearers : Harvey, contending against Bacon (Mr. Noyes does not like Bacon) for the circulation of the blood. Lister—glimpsed at—but Pasteur studied at full length from boyhood in the Jura to the day when at his reception by the Academy his discourse ranged beyond positive science, from the natural into the supernatural, " where we can only kneel."

For Mr. Noyes, too, has his thesis : law which binds all into a harmony like music is to him meaningless and inconceivable without a law-maker ; and manifestly for his conception of poetry he goes back to Browning : an odd allegiance. Browning is almost unbearably cramped, Mr. Noyes easy to the point of diffuseness ; Mr. Noyes melodious as a blackbird, Browning too frequently much like the corncrake ; there is certainly no discipleship here in point of form. But what Browning attempted and persisted in was the effort to make poetry out of the most modern thought—to reject for a subject neither Mr. Sludge nor the lesser Napoleon—in a word, to ignore and break down the traditional boundaries between poetry and prose. This in its essence is what Mr. Noyes has done too. The value of his achievements is that he has succeeded in expressing ideas new to poetry in a medium of verse which has the traditional charm of melody and of lucid utterance.

MARCH

1931

THE
FORTNIGHTLY
LIBRARY

BOOK REVIEWS

and

PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS

INDEX TO BOOKS REVIEWED IN THIS ISSUE

THE RISE OF GENERAL BONAPARTE, by Spenser Wilkinson (<i>Oxford University Press</i>) - - - 415	THE SISTERS OF PRAGUE, by Josef Gregor (<i>Secker</i>) - - - 426
THE ANDRÉE DIARIES (<i>The Bodley Head</i>) - - - 417	SIMPSON, A LIFE, by Edward Sack- ville West (<i>Heinemann</i>) - - 426
IF IT HAD HAPPENED OTHERWISE, ed. by J. C. Squire. (<i>Longmans</i>) 418	WORLD WITHOUT END, by Helen Thomas (<i>Heinemann</i>) - - - 427
POEMS (1926-1930), by Robert Graves (<i>Heinemann</i>) - - - 419	A CHILDHOOD, by Hans Carossa (<i>Secker</i>) - - - - - 428
A JOURNEY TO CHINA, by Arnold J. Toynbee (<i>Constable</i>) - - - 421	GRAVE FAIRYTALE, by Esther Meynell (<i>Chapman & Hall</i>) - - - 428
AN HOUR OF SPAIN, by "Azorin" (<i>Routledge</i>) - - - - - 423	RAGGED BANNERS, by Ethel Mannin (<i>Jarrolds</i>) - - - - - 430
THE SWAN SHAKESPEARE, ed. by C. B. Purdom (<i>Dent</i>) - - - 432	FLAMENCO, by Lady Eleanor Smith (<i>Gollancz</i>) - - - - - 430
FICTION.	
MARDEN FEE, by Gerald Bullett (<i>Heinemann</i>) - - - - - 424	SOMEBODY MUST, by Guy Pocock (<i>Dent</i>) - - - - - 431
CHRISTINE, By Julian Green (<i>Heine- mann</i>) - - - - - 426	TATIANA, by H. O. S. Wright (<i>Shaylor</i>) - - - - - 431
	MIRTHFUL HAVEN, by Booth Tarkington (<i>Heinemann</i>) - - 431

OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE NAVY IN INDIA, by Admiral Sir Herbert Richmond (<i>Benn</i>).	THE THREE BROTHERS, by Edwin Muir (<i>Heinemann</i>).
THE LIFE OF THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE, by Robert Sencourt (<i>Benn</i>).	SHIPS IN THE BAY! by D. K. Broster (<i>Heinemann</i>).
THE SUFFRAGETTE MOVEMENT, by Sylvia Pankhurst (<i>Longmans</i>).	UNCERTAIN HARVEST, by John Cranstoun Nevill (<i>Jarrolds</i>).
THROUGH THE CAUCASUS TO THE VOLGA, by Fridtjof Nansen (<i>Allen & Unwin</i>).	EACH STANDS ALONE, by Arthur Wellings (<i>Dent</i>).
AFRICA VIEW, by Julian Huxley (<i>Chatto & Windus</i>).	DERMOTTS RAMPANT, by Stephen McKenna (<i>Chapman & Hall</i>).
AL CAPONE, by F. D. Pasley (<i>Faber & Faber</i>).	THE LOVING SPIRIT, by Daphne du Maurier (<i>Heinemann</i>).
RUSSIA, by D. S. Mirsky (<i>Cresset Press</i>).	BUX, by Hans Possendorf (<i>Chapman & Hall</i>).
MODERN GERMANY, by Cicely Hamilton (<i>Dent</i>).	FLESH AND BLOOD, by John Brophy (<i>Dent</i>).
CHORUS TO ADVENTURE, by Roger Pocock (<i>The Bodley Head</i>).	LONG BONDAGE, by D. Joseph (<i>Elkin Mathews & Marrot</i>).
GREEN HELL, by Julian Duguid (<i>Cape</i>)	
A HUNDRED COMMONERS, by James Johnson (<i>Herbert Joseph</i>).	

THE YOUNG NAPOLEON

by Capt. LIDDELL HART

THE RISE OF GENERAL BONA-
PARTE, by Spenser Wilkinson.
Oxford University Press. 12s. 6d.

At the age of twenty-six, Napoleon had completed his study of war and achieved its best application. He himself confessed at St. Helena: "I have fought sixty battles, and I have learned nothing which I did not know at the beginning." Perhaps he had unlearned something. His latter campaigns exceeded in scale but not in brilliance his first. And in fruitfulness they became increasingly inferior to it. The falling off is commonly ascribed to a lapse in his powers of execution and to the fact that his opponents learnt from him. If there is truth in both explanations, a third might be added, even more fundamental. This is the deterioration of his conception of war. Power affected his judgment, "bigness" obscured his view, and the consequences, as so often in human experience, were to pave the way to the colossal crash which buried him in the ruin of his Empire.

Politically, it may have been difficult, as it is always difficult, for him to call a halt, although his apologists perhaps exaggerate both the obstacles to peaceful consolidation and his willingness to overcome them. The military sphere, however, is less complex than the political; it not merely facilitates but demands a wise adjustment of one's end to one's means. That this adjustment became increasingly deficient in Napoleon's conduct of war is natural. He was primarily a soldier and the sense of unlimited power, of apparently unlimited resources, was bound to affect the primary subject of his

thought, thus undermining the economic use of his resources, then limited, that so distinguished his earlier campaigns.

In them he was not only the employee of a Government, his position dependent on producing good military dividends, but still guided by the teaching of the best masters of the eighteenth century school of war.

It became the fashion in the nineteenth century to deride these masters and to ignore their possible influence on the young Bonaparte. Following the more extreme lines of Clausewitz's interpretation, Napoleon was exalted as the man who never paused to count the cost, who believed in an unlimited outpouring of blood as the only sure channel to victory, who regarded battle as an end in itself. This "absolute" theory of war culminated in the military doctrines of 1914 and the subordination of policy to them.

To such fantastic deductions from history, this book by Professor Spenser Wilkinson is the best of correctives, perhaps even better than the author may appreciate. He has dug down beneath the loose generalisations which so much foreign military literature on Napoleon yielded, and has uncovered the real foundations. This book completes the work of two others, giving with it a trilogy, in showing how much Napoleon was indebted to his predecessors both for his tools and for his ideas of warfare. There was no such gulf, no such miraculous novelty, as blind idolatry has subsequently suggested. As his army owed much to the old royal army, so his conduct of war, in his earliest and best days, was

influenced or even inspired by the writings of Guibert, du Tail, and, above all, Bourcet.

Bonaparte's handling of the artillery at Toulon applied, if it also developed, the teachings of du Tail. Professor Spenser Wilkinson justly points the importance and significance of the capture of Toulon—"the most remarkable fact about it is that so many of Napoleon's biographers have failed to understand that it was one man's work and that man was Captain Bonaparte." The mistake of taking 1796 as the year one of military history, even of Napoleon's military history, can also be seen in studying the campaign of 1793, whereby the French gained the mountain crest that formed the rampart of Piedmont. For the plan of campaign was drawn up by Bonaparte. And "both as a whole and in every detail" it followed the methods expounded in Bourcet's *Principles of Mountain Warfare*, which used the example of an imaginary campaign in that very region.

This campaign of 1793 paved the way to the decisive operations of 1796 with Bonaparte himself in command. It is here narrated and explained with a lucidity and accuracy that surpass Foch's well-known study of it. It is the more understandable and instructive because Wilkinson has revealed the prologue to it.

Bonaparte's army may have been ragged but it was composed of "hardened veterans" and led by generals tested by "the ruthless selection of war." It is true that it lacked what was conventionally then, as still to-day, "the mark of the real soldier, smartness of bearing." It was also widely scattered—another violation of modern convention—but its divisions thereby formed a net to blind and distract the enemy, a net which could be drawn tight by Bonaparte round some fraction of the enemy's force. This combination of dispersion with

ability for rapid reunion was one of the fundamentals of the Napoleonic method and fulfilled Bourcet's teaching. Bourcet has also suggested such other key ideas as that of changing the line of operations and of forming a plan with several branches, so that if the primary branch failed the commander should be ready to profit by another without loss of time. One may remark that modern disciples of Napoleon confused singleness of potential objective with singleness of stroke, with the result that in 1914-1918 their offensive moves became bull-at-a-gate assaults whose failure found them unprepared with any alternative.

Another vital contrast with the modern doctrine, that pretended to be derived from his, was that Bonaparte "knocked out" the weaker partner, Piedmont, after isolating it from the Austrian army by skilful distraction. Whereas Foch sought to manufacture an artificial excuse to explain why Bonaparte did not follow his disciples' doctrine of attacking the stronger side first, Wilkinson is content to trace the real current of Bonaparte's thought. He also notes that "The striking feature of the campaign that began at Montenotte and ended at Lodi is the absence of anything that could be called a general engagement." That Bonaparte, whose ardour for battle has been so often acclaimed by those who argue that strategy is merely a means to the end of battle, actually achieved his triumph of 1796 by sheer skill of strategy that nullified the need for battle. How ironical is the light that true history sheds on military modes in dogma.

Professor Spencer Wilkinson's book not only deserves but commands the attention both of military students and of that larger reading public to whom Napoleon has an unfailing attraction. For the story it tells grips the interest in a way that is rare among works of such authoritative scholarship.

THE ANDRÉE DISASTER

by ARNOLD LUNN

THE ANDRÉE DIARIES. Authorised translation from the official Swedish edition. *The Bodley Head*. 21s.

ON July 11th, 1897, a balloon with a crew of three men rose from Dane's Island and was carried rapidly northwards by the wind. On July 14th the balloon came down on an ice-floe situated in 82 degrees 56 seconds north latitude. For three months Andrée and his companions struggled southwards across the ice. More than thirty years later, on August 6th, 1930, their bodies were found on White Island, to the north of Spitzbergen.

Andrée, the leader of the expedition, was a pioneer in the development of a primitive form of dirigible balloon. In his early experiments he had already succeeded in making a balloon deviate as much as twenty-seven degrees from the direction of the wind by providing it with an adjustable sail and with drag or guide lines.

The main object of the expedition was defined to be the exploration of "as much as possible of the North Polar region in geographical respects." Andrée hoped "to journey from Spitzbergen across the Pole direct to Bering's Straits." He included sledges in his equipment, but he emphasised the fact that these were to be regarded as having no other purpose than that of lifeboats on board a ship. Had all gone well they would never have been used.

In the opening chapters we are given admirable portrait studies of

Andrée and his two companions: Strindberg, the young physicist, and Fraenkel, who joined the expedition from sheer love of adventure. Andrée was a man of few but firm friends: those to whom he gave his friendship were assured of his loyal devotion. There are many instances of this in the book. We see Andrée keeping watch for many hours beyond his appointed span in order to give his companions extra sleep. "If either of them should succumb it might be because I had tired them out." Andrée was in many ways a typical product of the 'eighties, and he shared that naïve faith in science and progress which characterised so many of his generation. Science was his religion and science, he believed, would ultimately solve all human problems, physical and spiritual. And, like other scientists, he was never conscious of any need to justify his faith by reason. He would have reacted indignantly from the mere suggestion that it was necessary to justify by reason an accumulation of scientific facts with no practical bearing on life such as, for instance, the data which would enable us to map out the country within twenty miles of the North Pole.

Andrée was convinced that the main object of his expedition was scientific, but he deceived himself. The real drive behind his adventure was not scientific but mystical. The impulse which drove Andrée northwards was the same impulse as that which urged Whympers up the Matterhorn and

Mallory up Mount Everest, an impulse which derives strength from the ascetic doctrine that it is worth while doing hard things just because they are hard. The real justification for adventures such as this is not their incidental value to science, but the chapters which they add to the epic of human endurance. Whether the observations which Andrée continued to record day by day in his journal are of value to science I neither know nor care. Their real value is their evidence of devotion to an ideal. Weakened by privation, menaced by the ever-deepening shadow of death, Andrée continued to record his observations, never forgetting his self-imposed duty as an Arctic explorer. Nor did his companions fail him. "My companions hold out better than I ventured to hope. . . . No one could lose courage with such companions. . . . With such companions one should be able to manage under any circumstances."

The impersonal science which Andrée worshipped has no ultimate significance, for all that ultimately matters is the immortal spirit of man. The real value of this book is its record, not of exploration or scientific discovery, but of the duel between man and inanimate nature, a duel in which death crowned the victors.

IF IT HAD HAPPENED OTHERWISE. Edited by J. C. Squire. *Longmans*. 21s.

MR. SQUIRE has invented an ingenious new game for historians, pundits, and men of letters, and has set a company of the best of them to play it in the very best of spirits. The result is a highly entertaining volume, appealing naturally to the specialist rather than to the client of the evening newspaper; and yet sufficiently illumined by flashes of wit and human nature to beguile all but the most pedestrian imagination. The idea is to pose an historical problem: what would have happened

if this or that crucial event in the past had happened otherwise? Then turn your specialist on the theme, and give him free rein for an article of about 6,000 words. He may take any ground he likes; the essay, the short story, the mixed narrative, or even the burlesque; the livelier his fancy, the better the game. Mr. Squire's company give examples in every kind; and he could hardly have collected a more representative gathering. Mr. Winston Churchill, Herr Emil Ludwig, M. André Maurois, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, Mr. Harold Nicolson, Father Ronald Knox, the Warden of New College, Mr. Hilaire Belloc, Mr. Philip Guedalla, Mr. Milton Waldman, and Mr. J. C. Squire himself—here indeed is a vast variety of intellectual humour, issuing in a corresponding variety of preposterous conjecture. The fun, of course, lies in the solemnity of the approach, in contrast with the absurdity of the event.

The least attractive form of demonstration is the purely argumentative essay, of which Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. G. K. Chesterton supply examples. Mr. Churchill discusses what would have happened if Lee had not won the battle of Gettysburg; and does so rather in the spirit of a college lecturer at his desk than in that of a truant politician at a beanfeast. Mr. Chesterton, seizing with both hands the opportunities afforded by the puzzle, "If Don John of Austria had married Mary Queen of Scots," is soon revolving on his trapeze, like a parody of himself by Mr. Max Beerbohm, with all the familiar flourish of paradox and antithesis, and, of course, with plentiful obeisance to the beneficent Papacy. These are both characteristic essays of their kind; but they suggest the plain and beaten way of attacking the game. The Warden of New College strikes out in a more original direction. Considering the probabilities, "If Napoleon had escaped to America,"

he puts the story into the mouth of an American eye-witness, and takes witty advantage of the difference between the French and American points of view, with a sly dig at Napoleon's attitude to women, when Lady Holland appears on the scene, and a delicious reference to the 28 "false Napoleons who appeared in the United States during President Monroe's administration," three of whom were women, "claiming to have changed souls with the Emperor."

A more elaborate method still is that of Mr. Philip Guedalla, who arrays a sheaf of official documents, describing what took place after the Moors were victorious in Spain, and including a revised page from Bædeker, setting forth the hotels and attractions of Granada, and a parliamentary report of Lord Palmerston's speech in 1865, when Mr. Swinburne had disappeared in the neighbourhood of the royal Seraglio, and the police had been assured that this was really a serious

matter, because, although Mr. Swinburne might be a poet, he was also "extremely well-connected" and the son of an Admiral. Something in the same spirit is Mr. Belloc's brilliant reconstruction of what might have happened if the cart, with which Drouet blocked the way of the fugitive Bourbons, had refused to get moving; and this perhaps is one of the most perfect examples of the game, the original incident being so insignificant, and the eventual results so colossal. Finally, Mr. Squire himself affords a model demonstration of his own pastime, by recounting the issue of Professor Gubbitt's discovery, in a hollow oak at Gorhambury, of Bacon's free confession of the authorship of Shakespeare's plays. There will be many readers to rejoice at the spectacle of Mr. Squire stepping down from the judgment throne of authority, and allowing himself one more fling in the garden of good sport.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

MR. ROBERT GRAVES' NEW POEMS

by RICHARD CHURCH

POEMS (1926-1930) by Robert Graves. *Heinemann*. 3s. 6d.

EVERY vigorous and creative mind has moods—often lasting over a period of years—of destructive mischief and rebellion, just as a high-fettled race-horse will sometimes become vicious and kick the boards out of his manger and stamp on the stable boys. For a long time Liszt would play only on pianos deliberately de-tuned. Rossetti's unprintable limericks are famous.

And it is known that passages in Keats' *St. Agnes Eve* had to be cut as the publisher refused to be responsible for them.

Mr. Graves is in such a mood. His technique, and the beautiful personal idiosyncrasy of his art, make his expression of this mood very amusing and lively. He insists on treating human society as though every member of it is a tyrannic Swellfoot. Even his friends and relatives do not escape, as

we see from a patrophobic poem called *Front Door*, and this amiable little domestic lyric, called *Brother* :

It is odd enough to be alive with others,
But odder yet to have sisters and brothers,
To make one with a characteristic litter—
The sisters doubtful and vexed, the brothers vexed and bitter
That this one wears, through praise and through abuse,
His family nose for individual use."

Unhappily for the rebel, the world has a priggish habit of ignoring these slaps in the face—at the time—and goes on its way with a superior smile. It is surprising that Mr. Graves, with his sensitive insight into the strengths and foibles of human character, should not feel he is wasting his vitriol on the desert air. Surely the better and more effectual course for a would-be Satan is to poison with honey, and to corrupt with kindness?

But that would be an impossible course, so far as one can judge the personality of this poet from his work: for here is extraordinary directness of temper; a free, open genius, noble, ingenuous, almost naïve; combined with a mind of great subtlety, one capable of the most intricate intellectual administration (witness the poem in this book, called *In Broken Images*, and the simple narration of the complicated tale of the Arabian Campaign in his *Lawrence of Arabia*). Here, one thinks, is a poetic mind that might do any executive task, no matter how involved.

Why, then, with all the gifts that should make for an objective and masterly existence, does this rare poet hesitate, and direct his powerful energy into a nihilism, laying about him with a poisoned sword? One gets the impression from his poems that he is the victim of some visitation, as though

his nights were ridden with terror, from which he wakes only to days fettered under some lamian tyranny.

"Or to cry nightmare, nightmare,
Like a corpse in the cholera-pit
Under a load of corpses.
Or to run the head against these blind walls,
Enter the dungeon, torment the eyes
With apparitions chained two and two,
And go frantic with fear,
And die and wake up sweating in moonlight. . . ."

But when he wakes, it is to this day-time obsession—

"You, reading over my shoulder,
peering beneath
My writing arm. . . .
All the saying of things against myself
And for myself I have well done myself,
What now, old enemy, shall you do
But quote and underline, thrusting yourself
Against me, as ambassador of myself,
In damned confusion of myself and you?
For you in strutting, you in sycophancy
Have played too long this other self of me,
Doubling the part of judge and patron
With that of creaking grindstone to my wit.
Know me, have done: I am a clean spirit
And you for ever flesh. Have done."

It is a horrible victimisation, and the reader who loves Mr. Graves' work, and enjoys its technique, its imaginative variety, its whimsy and tenderness and sudden outleaping strength, must wonder what will be the result of this spiritual aberration. Meanwhile, here is a book of poems whose subtlety, intention, and beauty are revealed more and more as one re-reads them.

A JOURNEY TO CHINA, by Arnold J. Toynbee. Constable. 15s.

LET it be said at once that this is not a book of travel, but a series of essays and sketches, which are full of suggestive thought on some very big problems of world policy. From Calais to Constantinople, it is true, the scenes by the way engaged Professor Toynbee's attention in so lively a measure as to make this stage of the journey quite the most interesting and amusing to the traveller himself; but this was because he enjoyed the benefit of that intimate contact with his surroundings and that charming certainty of meeting the unexpected which are the pleasing characteristics of travel by motor-car.

From this point the interest of Professor Toynbee's book is of a different kind. To a historian and social student of his liberal sympathies the impact on the imagination which resulted from seeing so many Eastern peoples in the throes of their new struggle towards a higher destiny were a powerful stimulus to speculation. More than anywhere was this the case in the Near East and in China. The ferment of ideas unloosed by the War has set the wheels of change in motion at a pace which even now we scarcely realise. In Turkey and in Iraq Professor Toynbee had many old friends with whom to establish points of contact; and to feel the pulse of Islam once again was to perceive in a startling

NEW BODLEY HEAD BOOKS

DEMOCRACY ON TRIAL

A PREFACE TO AN INDUSTRIAL POLICY

By the Rt. Hon. THE LORD EUSTACE PERCY, M.P.

An examination of the present position of Parliament, with a plea for a closer relationship between the machinery of Government and Industry. A constructive survey of a question which is occupying many people's minds at the present moment. 7s. 6d. net.

BOOM IN FLORIDA

By T. H. WEIGALL

An account of the extraordinary conditions existing in Florida during the land-boom of 1924-25 as seen by a young Englishman forced into that seething cauldron of over-night millionaires, realtors, city promoters, etc. It is a vivid story of one of the most spectacular financial bubbles in history. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net.

JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD LTD., VIGO STREET, W.1

manner what the process of Westernisation means to these countries. The old Ottoman attitude of aloofness is by now stone-dead, and the several Islamic peoples he encountered are trying to be Western with all their might. They are doing it in a hard, matter-of-fact spirit, not because they are enamoured of our civilisation, but because they realise that if they do not copy it they will go under. But, like some of the other peoples of Asia, they would rather go under than abate a jot of their independence.

Development is good, but independence is better, and the memory of former tutelage is a bitter one; so both in the new Turkey, so marvellously transformed in spirit by the genius of Mustapha Kemal, and in the new Persia of Shah Pahlevi, there is a strong feeling of hostility to the idea of economic salvation by means of outside assistance. Professor Toynbee considers this Spartan attitude unwise, and it is obvious that reliance on their own financial resources by Turks and Persians must impede the rate of progress. However, it is by no means certain that they will be able, or will even desire, to persist in this determination. For the meshes of our economic net are already entangling them. Persia wants railways, and Iraq is hankering after motor-cars, and soon Turkey will be wanting both; thus, in the author's phrase, they are being drawn into our vast, world-wide system of production and consumption.

The Chinese, like the Turks, have entered upon the process of Westernisation somewhat late in the day. It might be thought that in the conflict of racial expansion they are therefore in a hopelessly inferior position *vis-à-vis* the Japanese, who are always under the imperious necessity of finding new outlets for their teeming population. But no one who has followed at all closely the tendency of recent developments in the Far East

would harbour this idea, and what is actually happening was very vividly impressed upon Professor Toynbee. His speculations on this point are, indeed, extremely interesting. The first impression was received in Malaya. Owing to Chinese industry and British administration Malaya is the most prosperous and well-equipped country, apart from America, that he has seen since the War; but of these two factors, Chinese and British, he has little doubt which will remain the most permanent influence. The British will never be more than pilgrims and sojourners in the land, while the Chinese, with their irresistible faculty for peaceful penetration, will make themselves at home and eventually inherit the patrimony of the harmless Malaysians. But in Manchuria the tendency is even more striking. The Japanese, with their railway zone and treaty rights, would there seem to possess an ideal outlet for their surplus population. That surplus population is now being added to at the enormous rate of seven hundred thousand a year, a figure which, by a singular coincidence, is almost exactly the same as that of the annual stream of immigration into Manchuria. But the immigrants into Manchuria are not Japanese, but Chinese; the lower standard of living of the Chinese peasant, his frugality and his hardihood, make it impossible for his Eastern neighbour to compete with him. And this stream of colonists to the fertile lands of Manchuria is the greatest movement of immigration that is going on in the world to-day. Thus China is expanding simultaneously into the East Indies on one front, and into Manchuria on the other. How large a portion of the habitable surface of the earth, Professor Toynbee wonders, will that nation, which has never ceased to grow for the past three thousand years, eventually occupy?

H. R. WESTWOOD.

THE LAND OF CHIVALRY

AN HOUR OF SPAIN, by "Azorin."

Translated by Alice Raleigh.

Routledge. 6s. net.

MISS ALICE RALEIGH has earned the gratitude of all those who do not read Spanish easily—and they are a large number—by giving them this chance to spend an hour in old Spain, the Spain of the 16th century, in the company of the accomplished Academician José Ruiz Martinez, who writes under the pseudonym of "Azorin." His is a very delicate art, and these little sketches are miniatures but very perfect miniatures, like the illuminated pictures on the margin of an old manuscript.

The manuscript tells the story of Spain in the great days of Philip II and the Armada, and its occasion was its author's introduction to the Academy, when, with characteristic independence, he turned aside from his prescribed duty of praising his predecessor, "a politician and a man of the world," to describe that world. He recalls the "moment" so clearly when he had seen that predecessor, Don Juan Navarro Reverter, in a spacious room near the sea, smiling, saluting a beautiful lady. But "at this moment of life, facing the sea, before the immensity of its blue, beneath the blue of the sky, the spirit is carried away. . . . We let go of our surroundings. . . . The present world disappears." And so we have, in glimpses, moments from the past, successive, simultaneous, who knows? They make a picture of Spain, they reproduce its life, its atmosphere, and we, too, spend with "Azorin" one hour in Spain.

JANET E. COURTNEY.

The Best Library.

Do You Belong To It?

A Subscriber writes (printed by permission):—

"I think I have now belonged to the Library for some eight or nine years, and I should like to thank you for the service you have given me during that time. The experience of friends and relations has convinced me that no other library can compare with The Times in this respect. You certainly give full value for money. Even in the 'Ordinary' Service books are available months earlier, the selection is infinitely wider, and the volumes themselves are in better condition than is the case with other libraries. I have sometimes made rather unreasonable requests for books, but you have, more often than not, supplied even these. I think that only on two or three occasions have I failed to get the book ordered, and then there was some special reason for it."

Subject to the few exceptions and conditions mentioned in the prospectus a Guaranteed Subscription will give you, at once, the book you may want to read, new or old, and irrespective of subject. And if necessary the book will be specially bought for you from the publishers.

The Ordinary Subscription, at one half the cost, will also give you adequate service for general reading of every kind.

In town there is a delivery once a day, and in some parts twice daily. Our motors also deliver in most other districts 20 miles around London.

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.

NEW SPRING FICTION

MARDEN FEE, by Gerald Bullett.
Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

MARDEN FEE, the ultimate name of a small piece of Sussex land, is the scene of Mr. Bullett's book. We see it first before Sussex is Sussex at all. Koor is old, and his kingship of the tribe in danger. The chief threat comes from Hawkon, a young and clever hunter, who has captured a fine woman for himself upon a raid. This feat rouses emulation in the breast of Ogo, his friend. Ogo goes on the warpath, and, after many adventures, captures and wins a woman, only to find that she is kin to him. For this violation of taboo he is brought before Koor, having confessed his wrongdoings to save Wooma from being sacrificed as a virgin. During the judgment, Koor becomes angry with Hawkon, who, to save his own life, kills him, and is proclaimed in his stead. In the confusion, Ogo and Wooma escape.

The time then shifts to the middle of the eighteenth century. This, the main part of the book, is too complicated for a summary. It tells of Squire Marden, and his courting of Celia Humphrey; of Raphe Gandy, his tutor and confessor, with his broom, and his doves. It tells of Erasmus Bailey, the landlord, and his circle of cronies, including Gipsy Noke; of the stranger who came one night, and the lady he left behind, when he went forth and met his death upon the common. It tells of evenings in the inn, with the bones of Koor lying deep beneath the taproom floor; and how the ancient blood breaks out at last, when Seth Shellett, son of Gipsy Noke, wins the love of Charity Noke, not knowing she is kin to him. Sitting with her one day, he routs up Ogo's axe-head from the turf; and with the same axe-head, when he finds that she

knew of the kinship, he strikes her dead. The book ends, quietly and happily, with a presentation at the inn to Erasmus Bailey, aged seventy-five.

This is a large theme: too large, in the present instance, for Mr. Bullett. His imagination has leaped boldly to the conception of the book, to the realisation of unity in place and blood; but it has not sustained him, and, as a whole, the book fails. The link is too slight to bind so much together. More is needed than turf and an axe-head. At the same time, *Marden Fee* must be read, for the sake of the many individual and excellent scenes contained in it. In the description of love encounters of every kind Mr. Bullett cannot fail. There are many in this book, and not one lacks distinction. In scenes of simple good feeling he also excels; in everything, in fact, that warms the heart—except rustics talking in an inn. I am a countryman born and bred; no man more dearly loves to see a clown; but if I thought I should ever meet the descendants of Coachy Timms and Co., with their synthetic dialect and their metaphysics, I should forswear taprooms for ever. Happily, I need have no fear. Mr. Bullett adorns so much; I wish he had let these gentlemen alone.

If this point seems unduly emphasised, it is because Mr. Bullett gives us so much of his taproom talk; more than the book will bear. The trouble seems to be that Mr. Bullett's imagination will not yet guide him in country wide of his own range of experience. The first part of *Marden Fee* might seem to contradict this, for it is an imaginative tour de force; but Mr. Bullett is in it thinking back from emotional data, stripping human impulses of their mental trappings. *The Pandervils* had a quiet authenticity, of background as well as emotion. In

From
Heath Cranton's Spring List

WILDERNESS TRAILS IN THREE CONTINENTS

An account of Travel, Big Game Hunting and Exploration in India, Burma, China, East Africa and Labrador. LIONEL A. D. LESLIE, F.R.G.S. 41 photographs and a map. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

PALMS AND PATIOS

Andalusian Essays by RODNEY COLLIN. 12 photographs and a map. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

BLITHE WATERS

Sheaves out of Suffolk. B. GRANVILLE BAKER, Author of "Waveney," etc. 55 drawings and a map. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

WHIFFS FROM THE BRINY

GEOFFREY DOWD, Master Mariner. 12 characteristic drawings by H. M. BATEMAN. Demy 8vo. 6s. net.

BARK HOUSE DAYS

Life in the Australian Bush in the 'Sixties. MARY E. FULLERTON. 18 drawings. Demy 8vo. 6s. net.
(The Author was born in a home built by her Father's own hands of the rough material on his selection.)

FORGOTTEN ENGLAND

H. E. G. ROPE. Foreword by D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

ROUND ABOUT THE CROOKED STEEPLE

A Shropshire Harvest. SIMON EVANS (A Shropshire Postman). Foreword by the REV. H. E. G. ROPE, M.A. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

THE ANTIGONE OF SOPHOCLES

translated according to the metres of the original by OTHO LLOYD HOLLAND, B.A. Ex-scholar of Oriel College, Oxford. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

FICTION. 7s. 6d. net.**THE GREEN MURDER**

VERNON BARLOW. The detective novel for which the public has long been waiting. The young Author whose feature articles in the Daily Express have made his work prominent, has added to his reputation by this, his latest, book.

THE SPLENDID HORIZON

A novel of New Zealand Life. HELENE GREENWOOD, Author of "Gloaming: the Wonder Horse," etc. The Author, who lives in New Zealand, has written a novel true to life in that Dominion. It grips.

THE MYSTERY OF CASTLE ROYAL

A detective romance. W. A. H. BROOKER. Something new in the way of mysteries. The book holds by its strong power and thrilling situations.

TO-MORROW FAIR

VIOLA LARKINS, Author of "Windflower," etc.

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.

Marden Fee, only the emotional encounters ring true. I admire Mr. Bullett, and believe in his gifts. *Marden Fee* lessens neither admiration nor belief, because only at its best is it characteristic of its author. That best is memorable, and often lovely. There are excellent characters in the book, from Bikkoo to Brother Raphe; but "good in parts" is no commendation for a novel by Mr. Bullett.

L. A. G. STRONG.

CHRISTINE, by Julian Green. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.
THE SISTERS OF PRAGUE, by Josef Gregor. Secker. 7s. 6d.
SIMPSON, A LIFE, by Edward Sackville West. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

AN American literary magnate has just told me that if he gave authors half a chance they would inundate him with tragic and gloomy stories of frustration. His reasons for refusing the encouragement were based first on the well-known fallacy—born no doubt in the mind of the advertising manager who must necessarily be anxious to keep his clientèle in a state of "sales-conscious" optimism—that people do not like "gloomy" books; and secondly on the shrewd judgment that gloomy books are "too darned easy to write." It is, however, surely clear that the only gloomy novels are the bad ones, particularly the bad cheerful ones. The cardinal sins in an author are dullness and lack of vitality. In regard to Mr. Julian Green, for example, the question is not, is he a gloomy, morbid writer as, according to his publishers, certain critics complain, but does he communicate a sense of power to the reader which transcends whatever may be his temperamental tendency. In *The Dark Journey* he undoubtedly succeeded in doing this; in the short stories of *Christine* there is also some

very fine empowering work. But he does not hunt his dark spirit to the same heights. He has mastered the art of enhancing mysterious, uncanny or horrible situations by setting them in places or among people of barest ordinariness. But there is a weakness in all these stories caused by his tendency to stress the ordinariness at the expense of the sudden quiver of drama. Between dull moodiness and the monastic aloneness of the soul there is, for the unwary, a dangerous superficial resemblance. In *Christine*, that gloomy old Puritan house and its pitifully worried inhabitants are clearly impressed in the mind, but the blood does not run cold at the suggestion that the beautiful little girl whom the narrator searches for through the house and sees finally through the keyhole of a locked door, is mad. The reason is that Mr. Green's realism has not varied its tone. She is in some way not quite mad enough. Again, in the first story about an inquisitive sea captain and a taciturn passenger there is a mystery which Mr. Green is content to hint at but not divulge. The sudden death of the passenger while we are still in ignorance, does it whip the story together or doesn't it? Does it startle one into a sudden recognition of the significance of those lines earlier in the story:

"And so it is that people on board ship turn, as toward salvation, to the company of their fellows. . . . For they have to live, they have to escape from the consuming boredom of the days, from the sea, and from that leviathan, ever lying in wait, which silently accompanies them."

The passage is typical of Mr. Green's bare experienced style, but one has a slight feeling that it may have been "too darned easy" to kill that passenger. The very long story, *The Keys of Death*, which deals with the planning of a murder in a youth's mind, rises to most sombre heights, at

times into a kind of ecstasy, and here again, but for the overdoing of monotonous moodiness we might have had a great story. As it is, it is masterly, it moves with a clear purpose like a smooth grey sea. As for being gloomy, —one comes away from Mr. Green knowing that he has illumined and widened one's awareness of life.

The Sisters of Prague contains three stories all very readable. The title story, a study in sadism, being the most interesting. Here again the writer has lost some of his effect, in my opinion, by a truly Teutonic fascination with ordinary picturesque effect and costume which robs the drama of its certainty and explicitness. Everything that relates entirely to the characters of the three sisters, living alone and ignorant of the world in their castle, and their submission to the cruel will of the youngest, is extremely well done but they are bothered by their setting. Herr Gregor is a penetrating writer.

The novelist's excuse for writing the life story of an unremarkable person occurs only when he can prove to us that their ordinariness is deceptive. The "Nanny" of Mr. Sackville West's novel was not thus deceptive. She did her duties, passing from family to family and nothing of great note happened to her until she was caught up in the German revolution. There she died. An albino child was her only unusual charge—for the rest Mr. Sackville West does not convince us that there is very much in the life of a "Nanny" which would cause us the slightest surprise. The essentially small material which Simpson offers, he has illumined with most faithful care. His writing is distinguished, subtle and sensitive, also at times rather too conscientiously laborious. Intent on revealing the gradual growth of her mind he does not permit himself any humour. The book is without rhythm.

V. S. PRITCHETT.

WORLD WITHOUT END, by Helen Thomas. Heinemann. 6s.

It is a kindness that, when that intimacy with another human being is attained which is the climax of living joy, the desire for expression which troubles most of us should be allayed by nature. Desire, hope, regret, loss and perplexity are all fruitful of artistic expression, because they are solitary; when we cannot find satisfaction in life we find a vicarious satisfaction in art; Only when life is full can body and spirit be basking, contented, unambitious.

But to have death come by and take away that soul in whom we found ourselves in the very triumph of secret life, is an insult to immortality which either makes us assent to Fate's cruelty or dare to reassert our belief in spirit's triumph over death. It is under the urgent inspiration of this

STEPHEN McKENNA'S SUPERB NEW NOVEL DERMOTTS RAMPANT

Mr. McKenna's latest story adopts a wide canvas; pictures the life of three generations and, through the medium of an absorbing story, propounds a problem of deep historical significance. This is a big book on big lines, full of movement, crowded with types, and essentially representative of its time.

At all Libraries and Bookshops 7/6 net.
CHAPMAN & HALL LTD.

last alternative that Mrs. Thomas has written :

"In an unconscious way," she says, "as I grew older I came to realise that everything that is a part of life is inevitable to it, and must therefore be good. I could not be borne high upon the crest of ecstasy and joy unless I also knew the dreadful depths of the trough of the great waves of life. . . . We are born to die; if death were not, life would not be either. Pain and weakness and evil, as well as strength and passion and health, are part of the beautiful pattern of life, and as I grew up I learned that life is richer and fuller and finer the more you can understand not only in your brain and intellect but in your very being, that you must accept it all; without bitterness the agony, without complacency the joy."

Her book has great beauty and the calm that goes with it. Her noble sincerity, her content to be herself because she was beloved, her desire to record her loving appraisal of Edward Thomas the man as well as the poet, put the book outside any merely literary criticism.

It is a painful and yet a joyful story. It is ordinary life, too, and therefore comes home to everyone; but it is ordinary life transfigured by love, and before such simplicity (as old as the earth) and such devotion the coolest cynic would fall silent. Mrs. Thomas claims no great intellectual power, yet she makes us ashamed that we ever exalted intellect at the expense of affection.

The purpose of her book was to make permanent in the world the fine qualities of the man who was killed. But the result of her book is much greater than this. She proves that the clubs of the materialists and the knives of the cynics are powerless, by exposing the tenderness and unselfishness of love unshrinkingly. Her very power

to do this is due to an innocence of any merely literary intention, yet I have seldom read in any great artist's work anything so unbearably tragic and beautiful as this woman's record of a plain life. Even her literary theory is faithfully accepted from Thomas himself, who said to her: "Always write of things that you know. Don't write out of your head, but about something you have experienced, and if you write simply and truthfully it is bound to be interesting."

Here is her philosophy of life, gained by the experiences of joy and pain which the book records:

"We cannot say why we love people. There is no reason for passionate love. But the quality in him that I most admired was his sincerity. There was never any pretence between us. All was open and true. Often he was bitter and cruel, but I could bear it because I knew all. There was nothing left for me to guess at, no lies, no falsity. All was known, all was suffered and endured; and afterwards there was no reserve in our joy. If we love deeply we must also suffer deeply; for the price for the capacity for ecstatic joy is anguish. And so it was with us to the end."

"I am certain of nothing"—wrote Keats long ago—"I am certain of nothing but the holiness of the heart's affection and the truth of imagination."

FRANK KENDON.

A CHILDHOOD, by Hans Carossa.

Secker. 6s.

GRAVE FAIRYTALE, by Esther Meynell. Chapman and Hall. 8s. 6d.

No limit can be fixed to the number of the possible methods of approach to the unfolding of the child's mind, and a category so wide as to include Hans Andersen and Hans Carossa must of necessity elude definition. But it is hardly too much to say that Herr

Carossa is as satisfying in his own method as Andersen and Lewis Carroll were in theirs. His book is not likely ever to become as well known, but in its own way it is as deserving of praise as theirs. Their path was simpler. They aimed at the unfolding of the child's mind by means of objective action. His aim is the harder one of interpreting the child's mind from within, and such action as there is is merely incidental to and illustrative of a shining mental reality. The adventures, such as they are, are only significant so far as they take place subjectively. They are more the results of the child's questing mind than they are the actions of his restless body. Thus, although the action is set in Bavaria in the 'eighties, it might equally well happen at any place or at any time, for the mind of Herr Carossa's child is only to a limited extent dependent upon his surrounding circumstances. In the book there are excellent pictures of the simple Bavarian society of that day, and the child's family and friends are most vividly drawn. But the picture which remains to disturb the memory is the superb delineation of the shot colours of a child's mind. The beauty and skill of the writing all lend to this book an air of inevitability which impels one to risk the suggestion that here is a work which can truly be called a masterpiece in miniature. The author owes much to the translation of Miss Agnes Neill Scott.

Grave Fairytale is more ambitious, and though it is certainly less satisfactory it is none the less a distinguished piece of work. The earlier chapters constitute yet another mode of approach to the child's mind, for Miss Meynell's little Jacob is seen primarily in the light of the vicissitudes which befell his parents and relations. But no sooner does the reader feel that he knows and loves this child, than Miss Meynell whisks

him away, and introduces us to the real hero, Melchior, who is quite obviously Beethoven. Thereafter Melchior and Jacob intertwine and mingle, and play out their parts as composer and writer, with the background of municipal and princely society in eighteenth century Germany and Austria. The essence of this society is admirably suggested, and the whole book is written in lovely prose. To Miss Meynell, too, we owe a debt of gratitude. Her book has not quite the poise and grace of Herr Carossa's, and it suffers a little from the fact that it has two heroes, and is an interweaving of fiction and history, but it is undoubtedly a remarkable piece of work. If the first month of 1931 can produce two novels so good as these the year's omens are remarkably bright.

ROGER B. LLOYD.

HEALTH TO THE SUFFERING

THE NATURE CURE MAGAZINE

A JOURNAL THAT SAVES THOUSANDS OF POUNDS TO ITS READERS BY KEEPING THEM VERSED IN HEALTH MAINTENANCE AND SUPPLYING CURATIVE ADVICE

Current issue contains useful articles upon

NEURASTHENIA & ALLIED DISEASES OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM

AND OTHER ARTICLES OF INSTRUCTIVE VALUE WORTHY OF PERUSAL BY ALL ONE THOUSAND CASES DECLARED HOPELESS HAVE BEEN CURED BY NATURE METHODS

Price ONE SHILLING & SIXPENCE Post Free

BRITISH NATURE CURE ASSOCIATION

(J), Great Turnstile Chambers, Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

bicycle, bringing in his little black pouch Lord Kitchener's message that was to blast the Twisses' life, wrenching all joy out of it, and leaving it seared and blackened for life."

Yet in spite of its bungling this is a book which most people will like. Novelists of a more even performance will be appalled.

Tatiana is a story of Russia during and after the Revolution. The author gives his heroine a background of atrocities during her childhood which adds point to her callousness and suggests the stifled suffering essential to an English novelist writing about Russians. Tatiana, like Voltaire's Joan, escapes after several years of guerilla warfare with her virginity, but Mr. Wright's purpose is sentimental while Voltaire's was ironical. A vaguely Socialist Englishman goes to visit Russia, meets Tatiana, and persuades her to come to England. He gets elected for Parliament as a Labour member, and Tatiana is amazed by the comfortable country-house life which his political beliefs have not affected. The happy ending, drifting into a vague Conservatism, and a vague Russian-English marriage, is merely compromise. The details of atrocities and Bolshevik incompetence and idealism, and the portrait of an English afternoon-tea communist girl who is almost seduced by a practical Russian, make the book worth reading. It is readably and carelessly written.

Mirthful Haven is a comedy of local American *pietas* and the feud between old families in a small, seaside town and the smart summer visitors. One would have to have spent a holiday at Mirthful Haven to appreciate it. As it is, the book is like some interminable family conversation to which one listens gravely masking a yawn.

G. W. STONIER.

THE SWAN SHAKESPEARE. Three volumes (Comedies, Histories, Tragedies). With an introduction and notes by C. B. Purdom. Dent. 42s.

THIS edition of the Shakespearian plays is designed for the use of students in Schools, Colleges and little theatres who attempt the production of Shakespeare. It is important to remember this specific purpose, if a slight sense of irritation at the obviousness of some of the matters explained is to be avoided.

Regarding the volumes as handbooks to the amateur stage, it is almost enough to say that they are useful but not essential. The Variorum edition is still the *sine qua non* for the successful production of Shakespeare. True, the Variorum volumes are immense, and contain vast masses of extraneous detail. But three centuries of experience are crowded between their heavy covers; and their variant readings are too important not to be carefully reconsidered each time a new production is projected.

That is not to belittle the value of Mr. Purdom's work, but simply to recognise its limitations. For the very amateur producer, the introductory essay tells in a few brief pages what Sir Edmund Chambers was at pains to explain in four volumes. The notes on the plays are informative, though didactic. The glossary is complete, and the costume and stage illustrations, embedded in the text, are worth while if for nothing else than to remind the reader that Shakespeare's plays were meant by their author to be interpreted in action under a peculiar set of conditions. Mr. Purdom's editing is valuable in that it keeps the peculiar circumstances attending stage production in Elizabethan times continually before the reader's mind.

H. D.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

APRIL 1, 1931.

IMAGINARY PORTRAITS

2. AN ENGLISH POET

BY WALTER PATER

Edited by May Ottley

When Mr. Pater died, in 1894, there was found among his papers a certain amount of fragmentary work, including a few incomplete chapters of *Gaston de Latour*, what promised to be a characteristically penetrating and illuminating study of Dr. Johnson, and an essay entitled *Imaginary Portraits. 2. An English Poet*. All these were written in his own exquisite handwriting in the manner peculiar to him, on quarto-size white or bluish-tinted paper with the carefully spaced lines, the blanks left here and there to be filled in, after laborious thought and search, with two, sometimes even three, possible words, from which, in the end, "le mot juste" was to be chosen; the closely-packed leaves, each one numbered, and so, page after page, finished at last, and tied together finally with a neat scrap of ribbon. From this meticulously careful and uniform method, Mr. Pater never seems to have deviated. It is a witness to the spirit of the artist to whom fidelity in detail meant what it means to the architect, or to the builder of a great ship; an inalienable and essential part of the perfected work. Those who knew Mr. Pater personally, or those who seem to see the reflection of his elusive, austere, high-souled character in what he wrote and the way in which he wrote, must needs be struck by the singular quality of the style and the man—the subtle blending of strength and beauty, of power and delicacy, of restraint and imagination, of the Puritan and the Platonist—which gives him an individual stamp and an individual place among great English prose writers. "He who blows through bronze may breathe through silver."

The title of the essay printed here is significant—*Imaginary Portrait, Number 2*. The first essay to be published under a similar heading was that most perfect autobiographical gem, *The Child in the House*, which appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine* in August, 1878. Closely associated with this is *Emerald Uthwart*, the noble and moving record of those far-off, unforgettable days and experiences of the writer's boyhood under the shadow of the Cathedral at Canterbury. It was written soon after Mr. Pater's last visit to his old school, in the summer of 1891, a visit which revived fading memories, and evoked an

CXXIX

N.S.

R

eager response to the impressions of the moment. "The very place one is in, its stone-work, its empty spaces, invade you; invade all who belong to them, as Uthwart belongs, yielding wholly from the first." Or, later on, in allusion to the second character-building environment of his early life: "In truth, the memory of Oxford made almost everything he saw after it seem vulgar." Again—and indeed a short sentence seems to reveal the very heart of the essay, "the mere beauties of the place counted at the moment for less than in retrospect." *Emerald Uthwart* was published in 1892, in two consecutive numbers of the *New Review*. In his collected works both these essays are included in the volume entitled *Miscellaneous Studies*. Of the three, Mr. Pater himself gave the name *Imaginary Portrait* only to the *Child in the House* and to the hitherto unpublished *English Poet*, as if these two contained some deeper, more intimate self-revelation than does *Emerald Uthwart* even. And, in all three, as in the final script of the *Prelude*, the reader discerns the "finer sort of memory, bringing its object to mind with great clearness, yet, as sometimes happens in dreams, raised a little above itself and above ordinary retrospect."

Autobiography, of such sort, may lack what is commonly called veracity, but it has an added quality, an aroma of the past. It is indeed "of quality and fabric more divine."

After Mr. Pater's death, Dr. Shadwell and Sir Herbert Warren examined the few stray MSS., and rejected for publication, on the ground of their incompleteness, the unfinished chapters of *Gaston*, and, one imagines, the essay on Dr. Johnson, and *An English Poet*. It is true that a certain part of the unfinished *Gaston* was selected by them, and incorporated in the book as the reader knows it, but it was felt at the moment that all other fragmentary or uncompleted work should be left unpublished. But, as time passed, it became more and more clearly evident that this delicate, flexible prose was to find a lofty and permanent place in English literature. In the light of this fact it would seem an ill-judged surrender to conditions and opinions of thirty years' standing, to withhold from publication this early attempt to define, and reveal the growth of, those qualities which the reader of Mr. Pater associates with all his work. That it is the study of a young aspiring artist lends to its interest. Posterity has eagerly seized upon the immature or fragmentary work of poets and of painters, and has found even, as e.g., in Leonardo's study of St. Anne, a deeper significance and a deeper satisfaction than in his more finished work. The "faultless painter's" lament struck, and still strikes, the authentic note:

"Their works drop groundward, but themselves, I know
Reach many a time a heaven that's shut to me;
Enter and take their place there sure enough,
Though they came back and cannot tell the world."

In this early essay, with its intimate self-revelation, the sympathetic reader is privileged to discern the latent characteristics which moulded Mr. Pater's unique style, a style so wholly personal

and inimitable, a style so closely akin to poetry, yet, in its intellectuality, its reserve, its strength, exalted into such noble and splendid prose. The idea, running like a thread of gold through the whole essay—the blended imagery of the honeysuckle, in its frail and fleeting beauty of colour and scent, with the delicate power of the flower metal-screen work, haunting the growing boy like a passion, never to leave him in all his later years—how symbolic of the character and the work of the writer! All the superficial, stupid, cruel and crude misjudgments of those early years crumble into dust in the face of the halting sincerity of a young man, trying to reveal himself to himself, in this most intimate attempt.

"Afterwards, when he was understood to be a poet, this, a peculiar character as of flowers in metal, was noticed by the curious as a distinction in his verse, such an elastic force in word and phrase, following a delicate thought or feeling as the metal followed the curvature of the flower, as seemed to indicate an artistic triumph over a material partly resisting, which yet at last took outline from his thought with the firmness of antique forms of mastery."

The editor of the essay has touched it as little as is possible. Of a choice of words, that written last, or at the top of one or two others, is as a rule, printed here; defective words or phrases are marked by brackets or a question mark. Sometimes, in the original essay, the grammar is faulty, and therefore the sense is obscure. The editor has taken the liberty of cutting out one or two unessential passages. What is left would seem to be "of quality and fabric," such as no lover of Walter Pater would willingly let die.

[M. O.]

THE ENGLISH POET.

THE great characteristic of the *Pays de Caux*, the district from which our Norman conquerors mostly came, is the singular arrangement by which each of its farms is isolated from the outer world by a dense enclosure of trees. These square enclosures are dotted all over the high country, otherwise treeless—a broad expanse of corn declining to the edge of the white cliffs. On the sea-side of the enclosure the trees grow leaning from the salt wind—a smooth sloping wall of little rusty knots and twigs, the long bands of grey lichen growing thickly over them and keeping up in winter a faint semblance of foliage. The gate is usually surmounted by a rough pent-house, overgrown with moss and tall house-leeks, and the heavy stone gate-posts will be sometimes quaintly carved. In the space within there is room and to spare for the large

straggling barns and the house with its white plastered walls. There is room for a garden also, and a careless orchard, where the blossoms hang almost motionless all their season through, although a strong wind may be abroad without, rocking roughly the bigger trees. The apples will be full of goodly juices, for the salt comes but faintly to them. Here the principle of the *chez-soi* is complete; in winter especially when the snow lies in deep drifts around the place, one has time for fancies, and the English girl, married to the plain young Norman farmer, who found in the furrow one autumn morning a golden Roman coin with a clear high profile on it which looked to her as might an image of immortal youth, is left alone with her day-dreams.

She showed the thing to the Curé, who told her how in the old Pagan times the darkened minds of men had been wont to think much more of the perishable beauty of the body than Christians are allowed to do.

And about that time when the little *bath* down below at the mouth of a tiny river, where the great ship came in, level with the rim of the cliffs, was filled with visitors from Paris, a bright figure came one afternoon when there were a thousand dancing shadows on the grass, and leaned upon the gate, a slim figure with delicate hands and golden hair growing crisply half down his forehead, and just such a profile as that on the golden medal. He has too, what the medal has not, colour—white and pale red, and just a touch of amber where the salt air of the channel has taken him. He leaned on the gate and asked her for one of the red apples which were lying in the grass and talked to her and laughed as he pressed his little white teeth through the crisp fruit. His mother is a great lady in Paris; nevertheless he finds it pleasant to talk with the pale English girl at the Norman farm, and he came and leaned on the gate again another afternoon.

Then the charmed, still autumn weather was suddenly broken up with a great rain; the wild Carrara mountains of cloud rose in a long line, passing slowly to the North-East, and all the visitors forsook the *bath* hastily, and went back to Paris.

Then all through that winter her heart was gently aflame; so that she conceived many quaint sentimentalities which to the eye of a poet might have revealed the delicate spirit which lay within her. Coming upon her stillness and isolation, the train of fancies which hung about the golden medal put a strange tincture of refinement upon all her daily habits. She sheltered the budding rose bush in its pot near the chimney corner and began to fancy that such things as flowers really felt neglect even, and pined over their own short lives, and a little heart seemed breaking in each leaf that glided golden from the trees. So the rose bush was blossoming there in the red light on Christmas Day. But as the year's warmth came again and the sun penetrating the trees of the court threw again a legion of little dancing shadows up the white wall of her chamber where she kept the miniature of her dead mother above a posy of wild flowers, corn-cockles and yellow daisies, in a grey jar brought from Rouen fair, the fire in her heart was burning strong and wild and the light fancies were no longer at her will.

The bright figure with the low forehead never came to lean on the gate again, and the next winter she had in all the world nothing but the ashes of her fire, and the medal with the old Pagan face. I seem to see her taking still languidly those little household pleasures possible for those who are really stricken at heart underneath, with an expression I have sometimes seen on the faces of persons of very humble lot looking out on the world with a sort of wistfulness, in half conscious weariness of a life-task below their ideas and longing for a different one they can so easily imagine! yet quiet and modest withal, and faithful in affection to the plain young Frenchman she had married so young and to whose child, a fragile creature, she presently gave what remained of her own life.

That was the poet's mother. The languid child went early away to be reared in the braver air of its English relations among the stern Cumberland mountains.

When the traveller visits some celebrated spot among the mountains, Swiss or English even, to admire the deep lake or the precipice with its rose at twilight, doubly

celebrated perhaps just now for the gallant adventure which ended in loss of life there a month before', there is sometimes in his coming thus for mere amusement, did we but truly realise it, a contrast pathetic enough. For in these scenes, however beautiful, there are, over and above, those absolutely suffering, under whose windows we pass so ignorantly, waiting there so longingly for the reliever who comes not, those who in the full possession of their powers are in some sense bondmen there, those for whom the beautiful restful valley is but the barrier which shuts them from a possible happier field they know or dream of for the exercise of gifts felt slumbering within them. The solemn girdle of hills which seem to raise our jaded thoughts to themselves for a moment, does but shut them off from opportunity, from the city, the university, the brave gathering place of art, where the business of the mind is done, and the sacred fire is kept up whence *their* minds also might take sacred fire.

There are a certain number every year who from these deep clefts of human life, prompted by mere commonplace or vulgar needs, break out for their *Wanderjahr*, to try their fortunes for better or worse in different places, returning home sometimes at the last, or lost oftener, as a large number of all migratory flocks never return. But one's pity is rather with that smaller number who with fully conscious desire for it never succeed in breaking out on their spiritual *Wanderjahr*. I never visit these places—places which the traveller only visits in summer, shuddering even then sometimes at the real chilliness there, so unproportioned to the shower which caused it—without meeting as I fancy, some of those who have been thus compelled to remain, to become consciously the mere material of a hard mechanical existence unsuited to them, and wonder that this impression does not often repress for people the pleasure of coming thither with a chill greater than that physical one. It is like visiting some place of exile or punishment, so alien yet so intimate, where the sensitive eyes now and then gaze at you as you pass along the graceless street, lingering into it for a few moments out

(¹) Might this not refer to the Matterhorn disaster of July 14, 1865?

of that forbidden garden where life is gayer, the inhabitants of which are yet so much more numerous than those, say, of Hallstadt, or [] where the children's only treat is to eat sometimes the little white loaves of ordinary people's tables.

At such a place in Cumberland, a little town in one of its sterner districts, there was a boy, who felt, the whole year's experience being reckoned up, little but its physical hardness. He was the child of the consumptive girl who died amid such strange yearnings of heart at that Norman farm. And the rose after sunset, strangers looked up for so enthusiastically to the line of highest rocks above the fells, for him did but leave them more of the colour of ashes than before. The water-fall which chose to plunge down just into the middle of the town where the dwellings lay closest together, clinging grotesquely like pine trees to the steep mountain side, and which was as the chief accent of the place in the visitors' memory, was for the inhabitants useful indeed to grind the corn for their coarse bread, but from the boy's point of view estimable only as for six days out of seven so much roughening of the air which set so sharply along the sunless streets; while he found the lake itself as it was perhaps always, a little wanting in celestial blueness. He felt with the vicissitudes of the whole year's round of the place upon him, the really dominant note of mere inclemency in a scenery supposed by summer visitors simply grand; and all through one exceptionally fine season which had brought thither more than the usual number of visitors, two things only of it all had coaxed out his capacity for liking—a red honey-suckle over the gateway of the grange, the one more stately habitation in the place, in remarkably free flower this year, and a range of metal screen-work, twisted with fantastic grace into wreaths of flames or flowers, noticed now for the first time, making fine shadows in the pale sunlight on the mellow white-washed wall of the old church as he sat there on Sundays, himself except that thing, the one touch of delicacy in its rudeness, and which seemed to him to hold somehow of that honey-suckle in flower and belong with it to a warmer heaven.

The honeysuckle was an exotic from France, the colour of its flower ripening from a peerless white to brown gold, with a whole round of fragrant changes in the spirit of the tiny thing still fragrant in death. And that ancient metal hand-work with its dainty traces of half-vanished gilding, an exotic that too from Augsburg where such metal flowers and flames are plenteous, really was a precious work of art, so that people of taste, though the boy did not know that, came from distant places to inspect it, and the pleasure in him at the fineness of a thing like that which made him think sometimes that *he* would be an artist in metal and be relieved of his dark heat of fancy in metal flower-work, marked already clearly enough his instinctive gift for the recognition of the seal of a master's hand. Afterwards, when he was understood to be a poet, this, a peculiar character as of flowers in metal, was noticed by the curious as a distinction in his verse, such an elastic force in word and phrase, following a tender delicate thought or feeling as the metal followed the curvature of the flower, as seemed to indicate artistic triumph over a material partly resisting, which yet at last took outline from his thought with the firmness of antique forms of mastery.

Those two slight things, then, the French honeysuckle and its image in the old German's forge-work, had met half-way a certain graciousness in his nature, the happier complement or reverse of that peevishness which the reader does not fail to see and may think a mere ague of the mind in him.

And a time came when the sense of certain gracious things not exotic, neglected in that early mountain abode, its morsels of more delicate texture, the native beauty of things that respond happily enough there to that severe northern air, such as the harebell and the heath, came to him freshly as if then first seen, and with a great reaching out of appetite towards them out of a feverish southern land, all the softer elements of that life at the lake side detached themselves from his memory and hung like a mirage over an imagined place he would fain have been in. For there *were* things, a delicate beauty about the Cumberland farm the boy never looked at; the tender plumage

of the water-birds' breasts, for instance, against the dark lake as they went in squadron down it, leaving the long curves as if drawn with some fine artist's pen on the still surface at evening. He might have been thawed at least by the scent of the wood-lilies in spring, the scent of the free-flowing winds even at sunset, by the old immemorial poetry of the murmur of innumerable bees. But he valued none of these things.

A dim brooding divination of a great far-off world, the focus of all power and passion, where all precious things might well be plenteous, "the world," as we say, but as divined in ideal mood by the fine unprostituted soul of poetic youth, already possessed him. Those impassable mountains reinforcing the barrier of his birth as he thought, did but stimulate by limitation the imaginative sense of it. Beyond them flowed the tide of real existence, great affairs and great creations. Just so definite and no more was his sense of it! As yet he hardly connected it even with the life of great cities, and what the boy needed was rather fitting stimulus for the senses, some concrete imagery which might fix the wandering vision, that visible garment of which he saw not so much as the hem, means of expression or translation through which that dim brooding infinite sense, imaginativeness, might take hold, and he be relieved of the stifling weight of it. Only with his peculiar temper, chilled, repressed a little as with partly-suspended animation, it was necessary that such imagery should be exotic, that it should come with some secret of excitement, stirring him deftly from without.

And so it was only by pity sometimes he could check his distaste for the hard things mostly about him.

And one other object there was which had fixed his wandering gaze with a care for the visible beauty of it, afterwards powerfully superseded by that instinct of pity; the golden heads of two twin creatures almost never apart, in one common life of smiles, at the window in the thatch, on the door-step, under the elder-bushes. But they died early, chilled through by the dripping air of the mountain side, and touched him with a poignant sense of responsibility in love towards the house which became so still as they

went to their tiny graves, leaving him alone with the benign, homely, silent woman who had made herself as his mother. That special appreciation of the maternal character which seems to cling to all creatures taken early from the breast, with a sort of unsatisfied yearning all their lives long, expanded in his poetic sense till he recognised its magnetic sweetness even in animal life, with a strange awe, and could fancy on the faces of ruddy school-boys the pressure of their mother's kisses, and between their lips the milk teeth still. A deep sense of warmth and rest at mind in the plain home burnt strong as at a red hearth in him, correcting what there was of selfishness in that longing for an exquisite and refined existence. And that odd yearning for the maternal character was as it were the more spiritual equivalent in this child so early taken from the breast, of the other merely sensuous longing for that warmer soil out of which exotic flowers or flowers of metal would naturally grow.

So it was with some leave takings, and with the sense of something torn within, as the boat drew away from the lake-side, that he departed at last to school. But here, in the quiet of holiday afternoons, in the westward light of the long windows of the bare whitewashed room or in golden hours next morning of waking before time, a passion for reading came to him; and he found the exotic full-blown at last in books of prose and poetry. A sleepless, ever-shifting curiosity drove him far, hither and thither, to and fro, through the world of imaginative literature or what might stimulate imagination; the scarcely credible passages of science or travel or old life of kings and courtiers—often by devious ways and to points of view sometimes far remote from general reading. But a virile critical power summoning successive ideas of these impressions was awake too, and with a canon already very distinctly ascertained, of the measures and values to him of matters in the literary order. Coming to literature from so meagre a world, an actual world so meagre and grey, and depending on it for the satisfaction of his entire nature, of his very keenly awakened senses along with the rest of it, he must hold as his theory of the valuation of the products of art, that unless

it were in some sort a revelation real as heat and cold, a discovery of hidden or distant things desirable to see, it was for him practically nowhere. The good book would be like an actual place visited, and to which one might return again and again at discretion for the infallible exercise therein of a special recognised influence, a certain controlling atmosphere, always to be experienced there, when one had a will to turn the key, acting almost independently of effort on one's own part, and remaining as an objective material fact while the pilgrim shifts to and fro. The shore with its tang of salt air, the house where you are to hear such or such songs, see such pictures, meet such people, or that great temple to which the sick came from afar to sleep, sure that a sacred dream would come to reveal how the sickness might be healed and with no fee due to the priests from the poor boy for letting him lie there; the genuine literary creations of past time have been not less palpable in influence; and a true education mainly consists in the well-pondered experience of what we shall find on demand in these places.

A series of such charmed places in literature the boy discovered and mapped out for himself [.]

There was this mood which with the desire of literary form, the ideal of literary life—became a motive high enough to purge out of an ambitious youth all that was common or unclean, and prompted an ideal so high that once to have conceived it, "*il suffit que la pensée vous en soit venue pour que ma vie en demeure consolée et charmée.*" There was the novelist with whom one lived in delicately haunted old New England mansions and Tuscan castles, country houses, yet far above the real America, or Italy, Apennine Tuscany even. There was one master of imaginative prose who might seem to bear on his single shoulders the whole Alpine world with no detail missing from root to crest, another raised a Valhalla of wild romantic architecture in which the heroes of all time sat together at last at their bitter heady wine. There was a poet through whom the expression of being "in the spirit" seemed clearly explained as he bore one deep into the Campagna of Rome or along the tender French coast; another whose English birds' song was sweet alike over lawn and fen-land; another

whose reflections were like lonely chapels piled out of the ruins of holy places older still; another whose sacristy was a rich one—full—like the treasury of St. Mark's, of golden ornaments and *incense of Palestine*.

But it was not in lively-coloured modern books only that he was exercised; the intellectual hunger drew him freely into older English literature of many periods, and still always with a savour before all things of the style—how things were said—of manner—those elements of taste or of literary production which, because they are so delicately and individually apprehended and are yet so real, resemble physical sensations and may rightly be said to be the matter of a literary sense. Browne, Webster, Chapman he discovered for himself on the neglected bookshelves and made his own anthology from them. For him in these retrospective studies, as in all true appreciation of objects of art, the manner was the matter. What was strange was that, although half of foreign birth, he had come to be so sensitive of the resources of the English language, its rich expressiveness, its variety of cadence (the language of “ ”) with all the variety of that soft modulation at which foreigners with an ear wonder and admire. Expression, it may be verbal expression, holds of what may be called the feminine element and tradition in things, and is one of those elemental capacities which the child takes for the most part from its mother.

And such inheritance of an instinctive capacity for utterance he, the boy, had developed among the racy sources of fully male English speech among the Cumberland mountains, and among people to whom a great English poet attributed a certain natural superiority in the use of words.

And so it happened that while he hardly felt at all the impress of that same rich temperance in English scenery and English character, the English tongue had revealed itself to him as a living spirit of mysterious strength and sweetness and he had elected to be an artist in that. Out of the greyness and austerity of a school in which the senses pined while the fancy declined fondly towards a more exquisite mode of living, the boy required from words, and not in vain, in books, the picture, the tuberosity, the

marble face, the fading light on ancient cities, all that was not actually there for ear and eye, above all the genius of refinement; and this not as the new subject of writing, its more obvious and immediate presentations, but by a subtler operation from the style, the ether-like manner of the thing. So written language came to be form and colour as well as sound to him, exotic perfume almost. Having nothing else to live on, he extracted all they could yield from words, and his sense of them came to be curiously cultivated at all points. “Words, words, words!” cries Hamlet, stamping as he thinks all things with the very symbol of nothingness. To this poetic nature, sick like Hamlet, in a world partly “out of joint,” words by themselves win not indeed more than daily food, yet sufficient to satisfy the cravings of that appetite in him which lives not by bread alone.

In the acquisition of this imaginative matter, and the cultivation of this delicate verbal cunning, his manner of proceeding was very sober and hard, as of one bent seriously on a task. There was even a kind of intellectual voluptuousness in that straining after means of sensation in books, kept up with so much of unfaltering purpose through so many years of strenuous youth, something of that physical greed you might trace in the extremely full lip and nostril, below the expectant, lifted, ethereal eyes and brow, feeding yet in the early day on the language of books, but expanding perhaps hereafter into quite other forms of appetite. And the manner of this hard firm-set diligence [] was smiled on kindly by a companion, the influence of whose gentle nature was yet towards the correction of what was hard or selfish in it. This friend was his confidant in many things, above all the boy's poetry. For in himself too gradually out of intent pondering over the work of others, the power of choice utterance was felt coming; and in those scraps of writing which the boyish poet shaped so well, so nearly perfectly, the friend found in turn the excitement, the stimulus, the fining influence of flight into new dainty places which the young poet had experienced in books.

For the strange boy himself there was a curious sense of

relief in seeing thought or fancy, housed at last in the fragment of writing compressed, truly by many shapings, to some delightful inward pattern or ideal, which yet had weighed on him like a burden ; for if your words regarding it are to be fragrant, he would say, you must have been for a time in slavish possession of the flower. It was a great pleasure, however pallid and intellectual, to have the literary morsel lying among the books, though for the eyes of one reader only, like a woman's ornament or a child's toy or a sea-shell lying safe in the casket. And what was noticeable in the work was still what is rarest in the work of voluble younger poets, a certain hardness like that of a gem or cameo, and as it were a sharp keeping of the thing in hand. It was like a portraiture outlined in severe relief, though in itself a wonderful fancy work in a manner, somehow not altogether unlike that of the metal honeysuckle.

For that power of the metal-worker was still guiding his hand, its effect seen at first in a mere word or phrase, as it might be one day in ode or epic and always as with the seal of a master's triumph over matter, agate or steel, which having resisted somewhat on the way and then finally shaped, his thought might well retain its impress forever.

And his capacity, in nowise dwindling hitherto, though in so meagre a soil, suddenly found its opportunity—a fortunate circumstance, while it deferred the more material cares of life, enabled him still in earliest manhood to depart southwards, and visit, at his own humour, those foreign lands, so much longed after, in the company of his chosen friend. It was like coming after years of enforced severity in youth into a great inheritance. That intellectual life within life which had involved for him, so far, a certain bitter self-reliance and a somewhat sad sort of walking by faith, enlarged now rapidly to something ripe and full, like the sudden enrichment of the youthful body itself in its propitious year. It is in this, so poetical a situation, as he tarries awhile for the coming of his friend at a place where he sees the sea for the first time, that the reader is to contemplate him.

He is on the coast of France, not far from the old Norman farm, which however he does not visit as it has passed into

the hands of strangers, his father also having died in one of those years which already seem distant, leaving him a small inheritance. The coming even so far southwards from the narrow Cumberland valley he felt like a removal in the abstract from North to South. The sparkling light and lovely colours here in the brilliant air blent themselves to a unity very soothing to one's animal spirits. The merely physical exhilaration which came with those smooth winds from the sea, the over-wrought sensibility with which he seemed to appreciate the material elements as it were of their balm and salt, coaxing him into a sort of renewed life, might, perhaps, to an experienced eye, have been the sign of the action already within him of that strange malady which holds so closely of the too-clinging humours of our English climate, which is also, in part, a matter of inheritance, and was established in him by that long tension of spirit to which the distinction of his intellectual quality was due. But so it was that above all intellectual or poetic enjoyment of the novelties around him there preponderated a wholly physical satisfaction in the quickening impulse of the air, the breath of the sea and sand, weeds in blossom or turning to decay. And as he waited for his friend that they might start on their wanderings together, not unwilling to linger a little among the voices of the toy-like French children at play, all Europe in its priceless art and choicer scenery crowded together, seemed to hang just beyond the horizon in his fancy, like some precious stone, with soft shiftings and variations.

That place with its vast grey, yellow-lichened Norman church, lay amidst the sand dunes grown richly about with wild marigold and yellow horned poppies at the mouth of a river which came down from the tranquil French corn-fields, with a sudden breadth and openness towards the sea in the last few miles of its course. And the boy savoured profoundly all the poetry, the quickening influence for the fancy, of the tidal character of this river, the strong pulse of the invisible sea rising so subtly along its windings, till the blue water far inland almost touched the corn ; of the gradual change to a sort of greatness in its character as it came nearer to the coast, dropping one by one all its inland

marks till the sheep on the marshy flats and open spaces beside it, must feed on the bitter wild lavender and you might mark the last pale dwarf-rose tree beside the disused boat a-shore.

Then the weird, weather-bleached signals to guide the sailors among the quicksands at the river's mouth became visible ; and still through all flowed down the bold current of sweet spring-water distinguishable still by its colour till it rolled under the line of white foam, between the white lighthouses, of the harbour. The long black and white jetties, printed clearly on the warm background of sky and sand between which the river flows out through the sea-gates [] give one a dry walk far along the sands stretching away on three sides of one, of a warm yellow colour, variegated by numberless small pools and rillets of blue water, between which the white sea-gulls are running quickly backwards and forwards.

The traces of dark masts seemed almost at rest in the quiet space of sea beyond, you could count the little steeped towns above the white breakers on successive headlands. A group of fishermen in coats of the same soft yellow as the sand start up from the bed of sea-grass where they have been lying at watch, and draw their boat down towards the water along a deeper channel just filled by the returning tide. Perhaps no phase of coast scenery brings the sentiment of the strange life of the sea more intimately home to one than those parts of the coast where at low water the tide falls far away, leaving many miles of sand, dropping out of sight almost, till the hour when laden with new salts and new odours it floods the foundations of the town. How hard when all is at the flood to think of the far-off whisper across the sand ! [] The variety and expansiveness of the peculiar scene witnessed thus for the first time in mature manhood seemed to unseal his sense of the actual life of men as passionate or graceful. Fancies, divinations of a real experience as a thing that might be refulgent with ideal light and satisfy a poetic soul, germinating rapidly in him a warmth, a *souffle*, almost like love towards the friend who was coming, came to him, as the strong air from the waves and the scent of the beanfield met about him

THE RETURN TO RELIGION

BY G. K. CHESTERTON

IN the days when Huxley and Herbert Spencer and the Victorian agnostics were trumpeting as a final truth the famous hypothesis of Darwin, it seemed to thousands of simple people almost impossible that Christianity should survive. It is all the more ironic that it has not only survived them all, but it is a perfect example, perhaps the only real example, of what they called the Survival of the Fittest.

It so happens that it does really and truly fit in with the theory offered by Darwin ; which was something totally different from most of the theories accepted by Darwinians. This real original theory of Darwin has since very largely broken down in the general field of biology and botany ; but it does actually apply to this particular argument in the field of religious history. The recent re-emergence of our religion is a survival of the fittest as Darwin meant it, and not as popular Darwinism meant it ; so far as it meant anything. Among the innumerable muddles, which mere materialistic fashion made out of the famous theory, there was in many quarters a queer idea that the Struggle for Existence was of necessity an actual struggle between the candidates for survival ; literally a cut-throat competition. There was a vague idea that the strongest creature violently triumphed over and trampled on the others. And the notion that this was the one method of improvement came everywhere as good news to bad men ; to bad rulers, to bad employers, to swindlers and sweaters and the rest. The brisk owner of a bucket-shop compared himself modestly to a mammoth, trampling down other mammoths in the primeval jungle. The business man destroyed other business men, under the extraordinary delusion that the eohippic horse had devoured other eohippic horses. The

rich man suddenly discovered that it was not only convenient but cosmic to starve or pillage the poor ; because pterodactyls may have used their little hands to tear each other's eyes. Science, that nameless being, declared that the weakest must go to the wall ; especially in Wall Street. There was a rapid decline and degradation in the sense of responsibility in the rich, from the merely rationalistic eighteenth century to the purely scientific nineteenth. The great Jefferson, when he reluctantly legalised slavery, said he trembled for his country, knowing that God is just. The profiteer of later times, when he legalised usury or financial trickery, was satisfied with himself ; knowing that Nature is unjust.

But, however that may be (and of course the moral malady has survived the scientific mistake) the people who talked thus of cannibal horses and competitive oysters, did not understand what Darwin's thesis was. If later biologists have condemned it, it should not be condemned without being understood ; widely as it has been accepted without being understood. The point of Darwinism was not that a bird with a longer beak (let us say) thrust it into other birds, and had the advantage of a duellist with a longer sword. The point of Darwinism was that the bird with the longer beak could reach worms (let us say) at the bottom of a deeper hole ; that the birds who could not do so would die ; and he alone would remain to found a race of long-beaked birds. Darwinism suggested that if this happened a vast number of times, in a vast series of ages, it might account for the difference between the beaks of a sparrow and a stork. But the point was that the fittest did not need to *struggle* against the unfit. The survivor had nothing to do except to survive when the others could not survive. He survived because he alone had the features and organs necessary for survival. And, whatever be the truth about mammoths or monkeys, that is the exact truth about the present survival of Christianity. It is surviving because nothing else can survive.

Religion has returned ; because all the various forms of scepticism that tried to take its place, and do its work, have by this time tied themselves into such knots that they

cannot do anything. That chain of causation of which they were fond of talking (a chain which the first physicist of the age has just burst into bits of scrap iron) seems really to have served them after the fashion of the proverbial rope ; and when modern discussion gave them rope enough, they quite rapidly hanged themselves. For there is not a single one of the fashionable forms of scientific scepticism, or determinism, that does not end in stark paralysis ; touching the practical conduct of human life. Take any three of the normal and necessary ideas on which civilisation and even society depend. First, let us say, a scientific man of the old normal nineteenth century sort would remark, " We can at least have common sense, in its proper meaning of a sense of reality common to all ; we can have common morals, for without them we cannot even have a community ; a man must in the ordinary sense obey the law ; and especially the moral law." But the newer sceptic, who is progressive and has gone further and fared worse, will immediately say, " Why should you worship the taboo of your particular tribe ? Why should you accept prejudices that are the product of a blind herd instinct ? Why is there any authority in the unanimity of a flock of frightened sheep ? " Suppose the normal man falls back on the deeper argument : " I am not terrorised by the tribe ; I do keep my independent judgment ; I have a conscience and a light of justice within which judges the world." And the stronger sceptic will answer : " If the light in your body be darkness—and it is darkness because it is only in your body, what are your judgments but the incurable twist and bias of your particular heredity and accidental environment ? What can we know about judgments, except that they must all be equally unjust ? For they are all equally conditioned by defects and individual ignorances, all of them different and none of them distinguishable ; for there exists no single man so sane and separate as to be able to distinguish them justly. Why should your conscience be any more reliable than your rotting teeth or your quite special defect of eyesight ? God bless us all, one would think you believed in God ! " Then perhaps the normal person will get annoyed and say rather

snappishly: "At least I suppose we are men of science; there is science to appeal to and she will always answer; the evidential and experimental discovery of real things." And the other sceptic will answer, if he has any sense of humour: "Why, certainly. Sir Arthur Eddington is Science; and he will tell you that man really has free will and ought to hang on to religion for his life. Sir Bertram Windle was Science; and he would tell you that the scientific mind is completely satisfied in the Roman Catholic Church. For that matter, Sir Oliver Lodge is Science; and he has reached by purely experimental and evidential methods to a solid belief in ghosts. But I admit that there are men of science who cannot get to a solid belief in anything; even in science; even in themselves. There is the crystallographer of Cambridge who writes in the *Spectator* the lucid sentence: "We know that most of what we know is probably untrue." Does that help you on a bit, in founding your sane and solid society?"

It is the perishing of the other things, at least as much as the persistence of the one thing, that has left us at last face to face with the ancient religion of our fathers. The thing once called free thought has come finally to threaten everything that is free. It denies personal freedom in denying free will and the human power of choice. It threatens civic freedom with a plague of hygienic and psychological quackeries, spreading over the land such a network of pseudo-scientific nonsense as free citizens have never yet endured in history. It is quite likely to reverse religious freedom, in the name of some barbarous nostrum or other, such as constitutes the crude and ill-cultured creed of Russia. It is perfectly capable of imposing silence and impotence from without. But there is no doubt whatever that it imposes silence and impotence from within. The whole trend of it, which began as a drive and has ended in a drift, is towards some form of the theory that a man cannot help himself; that a man cannot mend himself; above all, that a man cannot free himself. In all its novels and most of its newspaper articles it takes for granted that men are stamped and fixed in certain types of abnormality or anarchical weakness; that they are

pinned and labelled in a museum of morality or immorality; or of that sort of unmorality which is more priggish than the one and more hoggish than the other. We are practically told that we might as well ask a fossil to reform itself. We are told that we are asking a stuffed bird to repent. We are all dead, and the only comfort is that we are all classified. For by this philosophy, which is the same as that of the blackest of Puritan heresies, we all died before we were born. But as it is Kismet without Allah, so also it is Calvinism without God.

The agnostics will be gratified to learn that it is entirely due to their own energy and enterprise, to their own activity in pursuing their own antics, that the world has at last tired of their antics and told them so. We have done very little against them; *non nobis, Domine*; the glory of their final overthrow is all their own. We have done far less than we should have done, to explain all that balance of subtlety and sanity, which is meant by a Christian civilisation. Our thanks are due to those who have so generously helped us, by giving a glimpse of what might be meant by a Pagan civilisation. And what is lost in that society is not so much religion as reason; the ordinary common daylight of intellectual instinct that has guided the children of men. A world, in which men know that most of what they know is probably untrue, cannot be dignified with the name of a sceptical world; it is simply an impotent and abject world, not attacking anything, but accepting everything while trusting nothing; accepting even its own incapacity to attack; accepting its own lack of authority to accept; doubting its very right to doubt. We are grateful for this public experiment and demonstration; it has taught us much. We did not believe that rationalists were so utterly mad until they made it quite clear to us. We did not ourselves think that the mere denial of our dogmas could end in such dehumanised and demented anarchy. It might have taken the world a long time to understand that what it had been taught to dismiss as mediæval theology was often mere common sense; although the very term common sense or *communis sententia* was a mediæval conception. But it took the world very

little time to understand that the talk on the other side was most uncommon nonsense. It was nonsense that could not be made the basis of any common system, such as has been founded upon common sense.

To take one example out of many : the whole question of Marriage has been turned into a question of Mood. The enemies of marriage did not have the patience to remain in their relatively strong position ; that marriage could not be proved to be sacramental ; and, that some exceptions must be treated as exceptions, so long as it was merely social. They could not be content to say that it is not a sacrament but a contract ; and that exceptional legal action might break a contract. They brought objections against it that would be quite as facile and quite as futile, if brought against any other contract. They said that a man is never in the same mood for ten minutes together ; that he must not be asked to admire in a red daybreak what he admired in a yellow sunset ; that no man can say he will even be the same man by the next month or the next minute ; that new and nameless tortures may afflict him if his wife wears a different hat ; or, that he may plunge her into hell by putting on a pair of socks that does not harmonise with somebody else's carpet. It is quite obvious that this sort of sensitive insanity applies as much to any other human relation as to this relation. A man cannot choose a profession because, long before he has qualified as an architect he may have mystically changed into an aviator, or been convulsed in rapid suggestion by the emotions of a ticket-collector, a trombone-player, and a professional harpooner of whales. A man dare not buy a house, for fear a fatal stranger with the wrong sort of socks should come into it ; or for fear his own mind should be utterly changed in the matter of carpets or cornices. A man may suddenly decline to do any business with his own business partner, because he also, like the cruel husband, wears the wrong necktie. And I saw a serious printed appeal for sympathy for a wife, who deserted her family because her psychology was incompatible with an orange necktie. This is only one application, as I say, but it exactly illustrates how the sceptical principle is now

applied, and how scepticism has recently changed from apparent sense to quite self-evident nonsense. The heresies not only decay but destroy themselves—in any case they perish without a blow.

For the reply, not merely of religion but of reason and the rooted sanity of mankind, is obvious enough. “ If you feel like that, why certainly you will not found families ; or found anything else. You will not build houses ; you will not make partnerships ; you will not in any fashion do the business of the world. You will never plant a tree lest you wish next week you had planted it somewhere else ; you will never put a potato into a pot or stew, because it will be too late to take it out again ; your whole mood is stricken and riddled with cowardice and sterility ; your whole way of attacking any problem is to think of excuses for not attacking it at all. Very well, so be it ; the Lord be with you. You may be respected for being sincere ; you may be pitied for being sensitive ; you may retain some of the corrective qualities which make it useful on occasion to be sceptical. But if you are too sceptical to do these things, you must stand out of the way of those who can do them ; you must hand over the world to those who believe that the world is workable, to those who believe that men can make houses, make partnerships, make appointments, make promises—and keep them. And, if it is necessary to believe in God making Man, in God being made Man, or in God made Man coming in the clouds in glory, in order to keep a promise or boil a potato or behave like a human being—well, then you must at least give a chance to these credulous fanatics, who can believe the one and who can do the other.” That is what I mean by the spiritual Survival of the Fittest. That is why the old phrase, which is probably a mistake in natural history, is a truth in supernatural history. The organic thing called religion has, in fact, the organs that take hold on life. It can feed where the fastidious doubter finds no food ; it can reproduce where the solitary sceptic boasts of being barren. It may be accepting miracles to believe in free will ; but it is accepting madness, sooner or later, to disbelieve in it. It may be a wild risk to make a vow ; but it is a quiet, crawling and

inevitable ruin to refuse to make a vow. It may be incredible that one creed is the truth and the others are relatively false ; but it is not only incredible, but also intolerable, that there is no truth either in or out of creeds, and all are equally false. For nobody can ever set anything right, if everybody is equally wrong. The intense interest of the moment is that the Man of Science, the hero of the modern world and the latest of the great servants of humanity, has suddenly and dramatically refused to have anything more to do with this dreary business of nibbling negation, and blind scratching and scraping away of the very foundations of the mastery of man. For the work of the sceptic for the past hundred years has indeed been very like the fruitless fury of some primeval monster ; eyeless, mindless, merely destructive and devouring ; a giant worm wasting away a world that he could not even see ; a benighted and bestial life, unconscious of its own cause and of its own consequences. But Man has taken to himself again his own weapons—will, and worship, and reason, and the vision of the plan in things ; and we are once more in the morning of the world.

ENGLAND'S CRISIS

BY ANDRÉ SIEGFRIED

TO turn the corner from the nineteenth into the twentieth century—there in a word is the whole British problem. It is largely because that delicate transition was still unaccomplished by 1914 that England is suffering to-day from a crisis, the intensity of which can scarcely be exaggerated. Although almost a third of the present century has passed, Great Britain still depends on an economic structure and on methods which often definitely belong to the previous century. She sits on her little island out of contact with the rest of the world, for in this "happy valley" time does not seem to flow as quickly as elsewhere. England still lives in the atmosphere of the past, and this is one of the secrets of her extraordinary charm. But if she wishes to continue as one of the great powers of the world, or, indeed, to exist at all, a complete revision is imperative. Such a theme will be the *leitmotiv* of this examination of England's crisis.

I

As time goes on it becomes daily more apparent that during the last hundred years England has relied upon conditions which she believed to be permanent, but which are now proving transitory.

Reviewing the British economic system as a whole, we find that its pre-eminence coincided historically with the reign of the steam engine. The Victorian Era, high-water mark of England's prosperity and power, was based on coal, for as long as England's mines enjoyed a quasi-monopoly and coal was the only fuel used by industry, so long her manufactures were practically unrivalled. Also, as the lowest anywhere, she captured the

world's markets almost without resistance. She was thus able to create a paradoxical structure of over-developed factories in a restricted and not particularly suitable territory. At the same time a population grew up which to-day is too congested and too dangerously dependent for its subsistence on imported products.

In nineteenth-century Britain a map of the coal basins represented the industrial skeleton of the nation, but this may not be so in the future. Such a map showed how firmly the industrial structure, the distribution of the population, and the real sources of the nation's energy, were definitely fixed in the grimy manufacturing north. This Black Country was more industrious, more Protestant, and sturdier in spirit than the "Merry Old England" of the south. Coal acted like a magnet, attracting to it the life of the nation. The headquarters of the country's activity did not lie in the London of those days, but divided between London and Manchester; this is hardly true to-day.

Under these conditions the doctrine of Free Trade was particularly apt; it seems to have been conceived especially for England by a Providence at once attentive and partial. Liberal doctrines and self-interest coincided so exactly that selfishness and disinterested humanitarianism became indistinguishable. Although the English have a stronger sense of nationality than most European peoples, they are also the most dependent on international prosperity. Banking and commerce live on trade, and naturally desire the greatest possible liberty. Industries which produced cheaply and exported extensively—often, indeed, the greater part of their output—thought the same way. What had they to gain from protection? In those days there was complete agreement between the three main branches of economic activity, for it was in the interests of each that British capital should assist in the creation of new customers abroad. Similarly, it was to the advantage of banking and commerce that a prosperous industry should maintain a steady volume of transactions, for without this movement of real merchandise financial activities would lack a genuine foundation. A pre-established harmony existed,

since none of the partners could be accused of making use of the others without assisting them in return.

It was a sign of decadence, therefore, when immediately after the war the City imposed a monetary policy which strangled industry, and the latter, in self-defence, evolved a system of protection which threatened commerce and finance. The very fact that a choice had to be made, and that any choice, whatever it was, was bound to hurt someone, showed that the system was seriously out of order.

The Victorians were conscious of their superiority, as they lived in the stimulating atmosphere of rapidly accumulating wealth. They profited by that mysterious extra speed which seems to spur on those who start first, for they were the first fully to exploit the Industrial Revolution which transformed the world, and gave to Europe uncontested economic control. The atmosphere of America to-day can be used as an analogy to give some idea of the animation that must have pervaded England in the nineteenth century.

Such magnificent success naturally produced a feeling of immense and well-founded pride. To realise England's grandeur, her rulers, her thinkers, and even her tourists, had only to look around them. They congratulated themselves on their possession of the basis of power in a world reborn through the steam engine.

"The length of our coast-line, which is greater in proportion to our population and territory than in the case of any other nation, assures our strength and maritime superiority. Iron and coal—the nerves of industry—give our manufacturers great advantages over our rivals, and our capital exceeds what they can dispose of. In invention, in energy, in ability, we yield to no one. Our national character, the free institutions under which we live, our liberty of thought and action, our untrammelled Press which spreads abroad our discoveries and progress—all these things place us in the forefront of the nations which develop mutually by the free exchange of their products. Is this a country which should fear competition?" In his great speech in the House of Commons in 1846, on the Abolition of the Corn Laws, Sir Robert

Peel made this simple statement of incontestable facts. The pre-eminence of coal and iron carried everything before it. Michelet has summed up the situation in his vivid description of England as *un bloc de fer et de houille*.

Twenty years later, when Free Trade had already borne fruit, the situation was even more favourable, and the daring of Cobden and his school was entirely justified. In 1866 Stanley Jevons, whose capacity for pessimism we shall presently discover, wrote as follows: "Unfettered commerce, founded on the basis of our coal resources, has made the several quarters of the globe our willing tributaries. The plains of North America and Russia are our cornfields; Chicago and Odessa our granaries; Canada and the Baltic our forests; Australasia contains our sheep farms, and in South America are our herds of oxen. Peru sends her silver, and the gold of California and Australia flows to London; The Chinese grow tea for us, and coffee, sugar and spice arrive from the East Indian plantations. Spain and France are our vineyards and the Mediterranean our fruit garden; our cotton grounds, which formerly occupied the Southern United States, are now everywhere in the many regions of the earth. . . ."

At about the same time Sir Charles Dilke, who on leaving the university made a voyage around the world, completed his surveys on a triumphant political note: "In 1866 and 1867 I followed England round the world; everywhere I was in English-speaking or in English-governed lands. . . . The idea which in all my travels has been at once my fellow and my guide is a conception, however imperfect, of the grandeur of our race."

This was the opinion of the English nation, and Europe, though jealous, shared it. It found expression in the works of Jules Verne, who began to write at that time. On every page of *Round the World in Eighty Days*, or *The Secret of the Island*, one feels his admiration for the English people, whom he considered men of energy and inflexible determination, magnificent egotists, always in the van of technical progress and humanitarian activities. Twenty of his other novels are devoted to the same epic theme: the conquest of the planet by modern science aided by

character. Prior to 1870 the French loved to call themselves *La Grande Nation*, but the expression was more applicable to England in her great period of free trade.

II

The initiators of the new economic régime, Richard Cobden and Sir Robert Peel, clearly realised the sacrifices that would accompany the whole-hearted adoption of free trade. The eventual decline of agriculture had to be faced, for a policy of low prices necessitates unrestricted imports, which are apt to be contrary to the best interests of the farming community. The nation, therefore, had to learn to live on imported food, and the factories to use foreign raw materials in steadily growing quantities. These purchases abroad were to be paid for by exports. Since both soil and climate are mediocre in Great Britain, industrialism had to be pushed relentlessly to its utmost limits. There could be no possible hope of economic independence, for not merely had Britain to accept a division of labour which led to specialisation, but also the risks which accompany international interdependence. Still, the advantages could be amazing.

For a whole century England has tried out the experiment. In spite of its perfections there are many grave risks attendant on this system, for it is based on certain hypotheses which are not necessarily permanent. England's success was due to the coincidence of a variety of exceptional circumstances.

International division of labour had to be accepted without question, making England, and to a lesser extent Western Europe, the highly specialised workshop of the world. The entire doctrine was based on this principle, which had been inherited from the days of the Colonial Pact. The colonies were to produce the raw materials which the mother country reserved the right to transform into manufactured goods, and it was assumed that the non-European countries would maintain towards Europe the deferential attitude of a colony towards the motherland. Otherwise there would have been no sense in the concentration on a few square miles in the British Isles of an over-

developed industry, and the accumulation there of a dense population which in the last resource must depend for its existence less on the products of the soil than on the margin of profit realised by the exporting industries. There was no guarantee that the new countries would not one day wish to manufacture their own raw materials, nor that England's costs of production would always be lower than that of her competitors. This last consideration is really the key to the whole problem.

Still another hypothesis is inevitable, namely that there should be absolute Free Trade, not only internationally, but within the country itself. Tariff freedom should be accompanied by liberty in labour and wages, which should react spontaneously to any change in prices. It was not without reason that Cobden and his epoch viewed with suspicion the social aspects of the labour problem. The Liberal school considered labour as merchandise, and refused to speak of it except in economic terms. About 1840, when they extolled the free entry of foreign wheat, they argued that if bread were cheaper, wages would be reduced, and thus without affecting the standard of living of the workmen, manufacturing costs could be considerably relieved. If wages had been blocked by social legislation, the reaction on which they counted would not have taken place, and the system would not have worked.

Finally it was essential that coal should enjoy the monopoly bestowed upon it by the steam engine, and that England should maintain her extraordinary lead in this field. In 1868-70, out of the world's coal production of 130 million tons, England accounted for 80 millions. But would Prussia always turn out only 12 million tons, and the United States only 14 millions?

These hypotheses were readily admitted by contemporary thinkers, but to-day we realise the imprudence of accepting as normal a mere stage in the economic evolution of the world, and of constructing on this foundation an edifice which it is now difficult to modify. The situation may have been sound at the time it was consolidated, but it was none the less precarious for the margin of supply was too small. According to Nietzsche's phrase, England agreed "to live

dangerously." As a matter of fact, this remark also applied to Europe in this period of its expansion, but to a lesser degree, for in the great game of consequences it was England that became the most involved.

Towards 1866, Stanley Jevons, with his penetrating mind, perceived the essential fragility of the system, which is the theme of his prophetic book, *The Coal Question*. England, he contended, owed her pre-eminence less to merit than to her mining monopoly, and he laid stress on the fact that coal is capital which is being used up, and not a crop which can be resown annually. Should the coal seams become exhausted, or should coal be obtainable only at a steadily increasing cost, then manufacturing would become uneconomic and exporting correspondingly difficult. The situation would be relatively the same if British coal were to lose its monopoly, for were coal to be mined elsewhere, new industrial centres would arise in other parts of the world. This would bring the menace of unemployment to an England over-equipped and over-populated. The only courses of action open to her would be mass emigration or a permanent lowering of the standard of living.

The coal supply, however, has not become exhausted as was feared, but it no longer enjoys its unique position, for oil and hydro-electric power are wresting from it a growing share of its former domain. As England has little hydro-electric power, and is forced to import all her oil, she is no longer the most favoured nation. Even from the standpoint of coal itself her days of supremacy are over, for the United States has long since outstripped her, and Germany, Poland, and even France are serious rivals. Therefore, the doubts of Stanley Jevons, that English Cassandra of 1866, have tended to materialise in the twentieth century, for all the complications which he foretold have come to pass, though in a slightly different form. His book is prophetic, and can be read to-day as a merciless analysis of the present difficulties of Great Britain.

III

If we begin our study of England at the economic high-water mark of 1860-70, we can soon trace the first

symptoms of decline, for the sources of the present crisis are to be found as far back as 1880. It was then that the first serious rivals began to appear, for hitherto British industry had stood alone. The report, published in 1886, of a royal commission appointed to enquire into the depression of trade and industry, leaves no doubt on this score. Conditions were already disquieting, and England should have made an effort, if not to recover, at least to adapt herself to the changes that were then taking place. Instead we find her calmly resting on her laurels. She enjoyed a complete monopoly not only in distant countries, but even in Europe, where industrialism was still backward and, without realising it, she was accustomed to all that this monopoly entailed. She honestly believed that she was competing internationally under normal conditions, without guile and according to the rules of Free Trade. In reality, however, her commercial victories were less important than she thought, because she had not encountered a dangerous rival until she met the Germany of William II. Insular temperamentally as well as geographically, she is apt to consider all foreigners—even Europeans—as second-raters, living on a plane inferior to her own. The legendary Englishman who remarked that "The negroes begin at Calais," was only joking, no doubt, but in his heart of hearts he meant what he said.

As a result of this regal security the qualities of ferocious energy and dogged striving with gritted teeth, which the rest of the world has been pleased to attribute to the Englishman, are the very ones which in business seem to have died out. The inherited habits of wealth and power have bestowed on him an aristocratic manner, curiously mixed with a belief in the divine right of his race. Now that British supremacy is questioned, this attitude is even more accentuated. At the close of the century, a new generation was born with ideas of abundance and glory. They became accustomed to a comfortable life in which money came easily, and unconsciously they persuaded themselves that success was their due.

It was about ten or fifteen years after the war of 1870, at a time when German economic rivalry was just beginning

to be felt, that the English drifted into the way of arriving late at work and leaving early. The week-ends were surreptitiously extended—Saturday mornings and even Monday mornings were lost. In the Far East, where England's position was soon to be attacked, English stores were the last to open, and somehow seemed to shut again almost immediately. In the same concessions the Germans were working ten hours a day, and the Chinese fourteen. Prodigality became a distinct trait in the British character, not to mention a subtle trace of laziness. True, English economic technique was still marvellous, for it was based on years of experience. During working hours their output is excellent, and time is not wasted as in France, yet they become steadily more unwilling to sacrifice their leisure to business.

Owing to these defects—which many do not consider to be defects—nineteenth-century England evolved a conception of life that is original and charming, permeated by modern ideas of comfort and leisure, and a thoroughly civilised appreciation of life's pleasures. Contrary to appearances, this civilisation unfits a man for the struggle for existence. "Why strain myself in crude economic pursuits," says the gentleman, "when overwork uses up my strength and saps my vitality?" So he looks for results without effort, and gradually comes to consider as unfair the competition of those who deny themselves in order to succeed, and work longer hours than he does.

If at this point in her destiny England had been forced by some accident to reform, who knows what might have happened? Suppose that instead of a few colonial expeditions she had been engaged in a really serious war, or suppose that the long-drawn-out Victorian Era had come prematurely to an end! The Old Queen was the symbol of the eternal, changeless stability of things, of the abundance in which the English had lived for generations, and the easy profits they still earned with no serious effort to reorganise. The whole structure of the kingdom seemed justified. It was an acquired situation, consolidated by Providence, and destined to endure for ever.

Meanwhile, contemporary thinkers, with characteristic

British honesty, observed and commented on the first disquieting symptoms of decline. The report of the Commission of Enquiry into the Economic Depression (1886) is a monument of lucid objectivity, and a dozen similar reports have followed it. "What courage!" we exclaim. "What realists! How calmly they look straight into the bottom of the abyss!" For over forty years the Blue Books have been perpetually repeating the same grave warnings. "We are no longer alone. More active rivals with better equipment are springing up and leaving us behind. . . ." So ran the Enquiry in 1886, and in 1930 in his report on British Commerce in South America Lord d'Abernon uses the same terms, makes the same reproaches, and reveals the same defects in the Britain of to-day.

In France we could never be so objective; but why is all this heart-searching so sterile? Simply this: intellectually the Englishman reads and appreciates these warnings, but by instinct he refuses to believe them. His unshaken confidence in his country, his pride, and an extraordinary faculty of not seeing what he prefers to ignore, all rebel against the lesson. He juggles with it, and finally drops it altogether. A sanctimonious and inherent optimism whispers that he will pull through somehow, not because he has seen how his methods can be reformed, or his equipment renewed, but simply because he is an Englishman. "We will muddle through," he says. But if this formula is to work out in practice, it will be because England is borne along on the incoming tide.

IV

Obviously Old England has been living in a fool's paradise, fondly imagining that she could still rely on the spirit and methods of the nineteenth century. Such reforms as have been attempted are insignificant; at any rate, up to the war no serious efforts were made to transform coal mining, the metal industry, or textiles—the three bases on which her exports and prosperity were founded. England is like a venerable mansion, which though well and solidly built, has for years lacked repairs both inside and out.

The blow which struck the country in 1921 revealed a dangerous breach in her economic fortifications. In the tumult of the war and the post-war period, public opinion was misled as to the nature and extent of the trouble, which was considered only a passing storm arising out of the world conflict and likely to die down as soon as stability was regained. The English especially counted on the return of pre-war conditions, but little by little their hopes were dissipated, and since the General Strike of 1926 they have been wondering whether the good old days will ever come back. Seen from this angle the crisis changes in character, as its causes appear to go deeper and be more remote than the war itself. The world has been completely transformed, and in it the England of yesterday has not yet found itself. This recalls the fears of Stanley Jevons, and the first attacks upon the British monopoly as far back as 1880. So long a period of incubation intensifies the gravity of the situation, and points to a chronic lack of adjustment far surpassing the temporary trouble of the war.

The British people as a whole have not yet realised the gravity of the situation, and as their optimism is a mixture of patriotism and lethargy, it can hardly be undermined. Nevertheless, their best brains no longer ignore the fact that a heavy burden of reorganisation must be faced. Some still think that a few changes in the Cabinet or the personnel of the Government would be sufficient, but the task is far more difficult than that. Every Englishman must modify his way of working, of thinking, and even of living—in fact, this is just as essential as a change in the foundations on which the country is based.

The acknowledgment on the part of the governing classes that revision is necessary, and that the past is dead, marks the end for England of the post-war period. It also confirms the fact that with the present decade passes the era of unrivalled British supremacy, marked in history by two great milestones, 1815 and 1914.

M. Siegfried's study of England's Crisis will be continued in the May Fortnightly. His contribution to that number bears the title: "The Poison of Unemployment."

METHODS OF LEGISLATION

By C. H. S. FIFOOT

I

"THE depository of power in England," said Disraeli, "is always unpopular." As the accumulation of royal power in the hands of the Tudors was the preliminary to its collapse under the Stuarts, as the "Venetian Oligarchy," which was the legacy of the Glorious Revolution, was destroyed by the Reform Act of 1832, so the House of Commons, the dictator of nineteenth century England, has itself fallen into disrepute. In 1880 Trollope could describe the status of a member of Parliament as "the most enviable position in the world": to-day it is difficult to believe that the statement was not meant to be ironical. The Victorian newspaper regarded political news in general and the Parliamentary debates in particular as the staple food which its readers desired to digest: its successor, if it condescends to publish such unpromising material, relegates it to a decent obscurity beneath the mass of information upon criminals, cinema stars and professional athletes which it is its primary function to purvey.

For this decline more than one reason has been assigned. It was attributed by Mr. Austin Hopkinson in a recent number of the *English Review* to the demoralisation induced by the policy of paying members for the services that they are supposed to perform. Few spectacles, indeed, are more pathetic than the sight of six hundred elected representatives solemnly resolving to enhance their dignity by the simple process of travelling first class at other people's expense. Mr. Churchill prefers to emphasise the nature of the problems which Parliament is called upon to

meet. A body devised to answer political questions is not necessarily competent to face the economic difficulties with which modern society is beset. Others, again, suggest a more ephemeral solution. The institution, it is urged, is sound enough, but its powers are paralysed by a lack of personality. A Pitt or a Peel, a Disraeli or a Gladstone, could restore at once its capacity and its prestige. There is a further possibility which may be presented as at least a contributory cause. Parliament has forgotten its origin and misconceived its duties. It came into existence to fulfil two functions, the granting of supply and the voicing of grievances, and it secured its position when it succeeded in making the former conditional upon the satisfaction of the latter. Legislation was neither a primary nor a regular object of its existence. To the average member of a modern Parliament, however, time is wasted which is not devoted to the congenial task of controlling other people's business through the medium of verbose and interminable legislation. Omitting the local and private Acts passed during the session between June, 1929, and August, 1930, of which there were one hundred and ninety-four, the Statute Book for 1930 comprises fifty-one Public Acts set out in 845 pages of print, and each year witnesses a similar accumulation.

II

A cursory survey of these Acts is of interest both for what they contain and for what they omit. Apart from the annual Finance and Defence Acts, there are Acts dealing with insurance and pensions, with housing and education, with road traffic and land drainage. There are Acts to amend the law with regard to customs in the Isle of Man, to provide for the compulsory closing of hairdressers' shops on Sundays, to pay travelling expenses to local fishery committees, to relieve the Principal Librarian of the British Museum of certain duties, to amend the law with regard to reservoirs. The common feature in this heterogeneous collection of interests is the remoteness of their connection with what the lawyer at least would describe as law. There is scarcely a single measure which affects the principles of

contract or of torts, which alters the basis of criminal liability or reorganises the law of property. It is indeed a curious phenomenon that the more time devoted by members of Parliament to the passage of legislation, the less chance there is of securing amendments in the ordinary law even where public and professional opinion agree upon their urgency. In 1921 a Committee was appointed to consider the subject of proceedings against the Crown. The Committee duly met and drafted a Bill whose form and contents alike received almost unanimous approval. It is perhaps unnecessary to add that the Bill has been consigned to the "congenial gloom" of the Government archives from which there is little chance that it will emerge so long as political support, rather than general utility, remains the criterion of value.

Legislation, however, once enacted, has to be obeyed, and, what is worse, it has to be understood. One of the more familiar maxims of jurisprudence declares that ignorance of the law is no excuse. The maxim, indeed, must be read with generosity: the most exacting legislator could hardly enjoin acquaintance with the intricacies of fifty new statutes. But at least it might be expected that the policy of an Act should be enunciated with decision and its clauses drafted with as much lucidity as the subject-matter permits. Only the most reckless optimist could suggest that these conditions are satisfied in practice. It is significant that the worst offenders are to be found among legislation which affects adversely the position of the subject. The Finance Acts are notoriously obscure and unintelligible, while, according to Mr. Justice Wright in his report on the Criminal Law in 1878, criminal legislation exhibits "specimens of all the vices of drafting that have been known from the beginning of English history." The Larceny Act of 1862, for example, now happily replaced by an Act of 1916, comprised some hundred and thirty sections without condescending to define the offence with which it was dealing. Sir FitzJames Stephen says of it in his *History of the Criminal Law*: "Its arrangement is so strange that a person who, with no previous knowledge of the subject, attempted to find out from it what was the

English law relating to the punishment of theft and other similar offences, would be simply bewildered."

It is unfair to blame either the draftsman or the methods of conducting Parliamentary business for all the obscurities of legislation. The natural deficiencies of language have also to be taken into account. It is one thing to enunciate a principle and another to apply it to innumerable combinations of fact. The provision of successive Workmen's Compensation Acts, imposing upon employers the liability of compensating workmen for personal injuries which they may suffer by accidents arising "out of and in the course of their employment," has in thirty years given rise to thousands of cases and to the expenditure of millions of money. The Derating Act of 1928 has proved a similar gold mine to the legal profession. Lord Buckmaster, in a case decided in the House of Lords on December 16, 1930, said, in adverting to the purpose of the Act: "Whether its object of restoring industry will be achieved, time alone can tell. The immediate effect appears to have been the relief of a depressed profession. Upwards of 18,000 appeals are said to be pending to Quarter Sessions and 800 from Quarter Sessions to the Divisional Court, and we have been asked to take this case without delay in order that the plague of litigation may be stayed." Upon these natural deficiencies have been superimposed the difficulties which arise from human and avoidable causes.

III

The first difficulty arises from the perils which attend a Bill on its passage through Parliament. However well it may have been drafted when it issued from the hands of the legal advisers to the department, it is unlikely to reach the Statute Book in its original condition. Amendments will have been moved and accepted, not so much in order to improve the language of its clauses as to appease some section of opinion which the Government of the day deems it necessary to conciliate. In the result the original measure "suffers a sea-change into something rich and strange." Phrases are inserted without regard to logic or

context, and the unhappy judge, subsequently faced with the task of interpretation, has to exert the utmost ingenuity to conjure order out of chaos. The second difficulty springs from a pernicious habit of legislation by reference. The practice has been described by Mr. Justice Mathew. "Sometimes whole Acts of Parliament, sometimes groups of clauses of Acts of Parliament, entirely or partially, sometimes portions of clauses are incorporated into later Acts, so that the interpreter has to keep under his eye or, if he can, bear in his mind, large masses of bygone and not always consistent legislation in order to gather the meaning of recent legislation. There is often the further provision that these earlier statutes are incorporated only so far as they are not inconsistent with the statute into which they are incorporated; so that you have first to ascertain the meaning of a statute by reference to other statutes, and then to ascertain whether the earlier Acts qualify only or absolutely contradict the later ones, a task sometimes of great difficulty, always of great labour—a difficulty and labour generally speaking wholly unnecessary." The responsibilities thus cast upon the judges are enhanced by their knowledge that the slightest slip in the intricate process of interpretation will expose the fortunes and possibly the liberty of inoffensive subjects to insecurity or deprivation.

A few illustrations may be offered of the actual operation of this practice. The latest edition of *Dowell's Income Tax Laws* devotes no less than twenty pages to an enumeration of the cross-references contained in the Income Tax Act, 1918, to other statutes. The editor of *Chitty's Statutes* for the year 1930, referring to the Unemployment Insurance and Pension Acts, enactments upon which the effects of obscurity are peculiarly unfortunate, says: "The state of the legislation in this branch of the law has become so chaotic, owing to the form in which these Acts are being continuously passed, amendment being piled on amendment, that it is only with the greatest difficulty that the current phraseology of any given section can be ascertained." In the case of *Livingstone v. Westminster Corporation* in 1904, it became necessary to determine the maximum

compensation payable to an officer of the vestry of St. George's, Hanover Square, whose office had been abolished. For this purpose the Court was required to refer in the first instance to the provisions of the Local Government Act of 1899. Section 30 of this Act referred the reader to section 81 of the Local Government Act of 1894, and this in turn to section 120 of the Local Government Act of 1888. To understand the latter section it was necessary to turn to section 7 of the Superannuation Act of 1859, and the persistent inquirer after truth at length found himself rewarded by the concluding words of section 2 of that Act. A final reference may be made to a refinement of cruelty of which an example occurred in 1881 in the case of *The Queen v. Eaton*. The facts in that case necessitated the application of the Elementary Education Act of 1876. Mr. Justice Field explained the methods adopted by Parliament. "Instead of the legislature referring to any previous Acts or sections of Acts, which it proposes to incorporate in this section, the only incorporation is that of 'all enactments relating to guardians,' rendering it necessary therefore for any tribunal required to construe the Act to search through every Act of Parliament in which guardians are referred to, to see whether any particular enactment can be found bearing upon the matter in hand."

IV

Legislation by reference has become so inveterate that criticism is apt to wear the ungracious appearance of an attack upon senility. The peculiar conditions of the war, however, supported a still more sinister practice which the restless legislative activity of the succeeding years has maintained. This is the practice which is sometimes termed Departmental Legislation. In most modern statutes power is given to some Minister to issue rules and regulations to implement the intentions of the Act. Such powers are often necessary. No code of law, however providential, can do more than reflect the opinion of competent observers upon the needs of a given moment. As soon as it is issued, it has to be twisted and strained, modified or extended, to

meet situations which were inconceivable at the time of its promulgation. The result, however, is alarming. The rules issued each year by Government Departments under the ægis of some statute cover over two thousand closely printed pages, their contents affect the life of the ordinary citizen even more closely than the terms of the parent Acts, and the majority of them impose criminal as well as civil liability. It is obvious that, while the necessity for the practice may, under current conceptions of Parliament, be admitted, the utmost care must be observed to safeguard the public against abuse.

There are two such safeguards upon which constitutional doctrinaires are accustomed to insist. In the first place, the authority of Departmental Rules should not be inherent: it should depend in every case upon the particular clauses of the parent Act, and, unless supported in this manner, may be disregarded by the citizen and dismissed by the judges. Thus in August, 1930, the Minister of Labour gave notice that she intended, under the powers conferred by the Trade Boards Act, 1918, to make a Special Order applying the Act to the "catering trade" as set out in the Order. The Divisional Court held the Order to be bad as an attempt to do something outside the contemplation of the Act itself. The latter was to apply to the whole of a specified trade, not to a part or selected parts of it, while the Order purported to affect persons employed in a variety of different trades. In the second place the regulations are required by a number of Acts to be laid before both Houses of Parliament as soon as possible after they are made, so that they may be annulled by resolution within a stated period of time. This, no doubt, affords an adequate safeguard provided that a sufficient number of members or Peers take the trouble to peruse the regulations and call attention to arbitrary or unjust terms.

These safeguards, however, are not always to be found in practice. Statutes sometimes empower Orders to be made which "are to have effect as if enacted in the body of the Act," and which need not endure the degrading formality of Parliamentary approval. A still more alarming device is contained in the Rating and Valuation Act, 1925.

Under that Act power is given to the Minister of Health, "if any difficulty arises in bringing into operation any of the provisions of this Act . . . to do anything which appears to him necessary or expedient" to bring it into operation, "and any such Order may modify the provisions of this Act so far as may appear to the Minister necessary or expedient for carrying the Order into effect." The clause was described by the Court of King's Bench as "the high-water mark of legislative provisions of this character." It will be observed that the provisions of the Act itself may be modified if the Minister finds this course expedient to effectuate, not the Act, but his own Order. Parliament is ready to stultify its language to conciliate the Civil Service.

V

A fundamental reform in the methods of legislation awaits a change of heart in the legislators themselves. If only they could be persuaded that the last function which they are expected to perform is the promulgation of new statutes, they would be preparing the way for that rejuvenation of Parliament which their more enlightened members see to be necessary. It would perhaps be wiser for the ordinary citizen to dismiss the suggestion as Utopian and to concentrate upon proposals on the assumption that the present spate of legislation will continue. Legislation by reference may be condemned out of hand. It serves no useful purpose, covers indolence or incapacity and could be forbidden without injuring a single person or frustrating the slightest object. A more formidable difficulty is the assimilation of amendments moved and accepted during the progress of a Bill through either House, which wreck the original draftsmanship. Such amendments are usually inspired by political motives, and no Government can be expected, under democratic conditions, to weigh the public inconvenience against the possible loss of votes. But it would surely be possible, after the Committee stage of a Bill has been closed, to return it to the original draftsman, or alternatively to send it to a special body of experts,

in order that the amendments may be incorporated into the body of the Act without loss of harmony or sense. The House of Lords, by its composition, temperament and technical qualifications, would be peculiarly fitted for such a function, were it not exposed to the accusation of political prejudice.

The problems raised by Departmental Legislation might be met by the appointment of a Standing Committee composed of members from either House of Parliament. The Committee would be called upon to act at two distinct stages. It would be its duty, in the first place, to examine each Bill, as it was introduced, so as to determine the exact ambit of the powers entrusted to the Department affected and to report adversely where this authority appeared excessive. It would, in particular, require the insertion in each Bill of a clause providing (*a*) that no ministerial rule or Order in Council should receive the sanction of the parent Act until formally approved by the Committee within an appointed time, and (*b*) that, even when so approved, any person affected by its contents should remain free to question its validity in the ordinary Courts. The Committee, in the second place, would examine the regulations proposed to be drafted under the powers of the Act so as to express approval or disapproval alike of their contents and of their form. In this way the powers entrusted to a Minister to apply the general principles of an Act to particular emergencies might be reconciled with the primary liberties of the subject.

It will be obvious that these proposals involve a drastic reform in the methods and control of legislation. The implication appears to be an argument in favour of their adoption. No one, save the pedestrian politician to whom a blind adherence to the rites of tradition is the essential art of government, will deny the need of a drastic reform of Parliamentary machinery. The existing procedure is manifestly incompetent to control the extravagance of successive administrations: it is as obsolete in the department of legislation. Unless and until an honest attempt is made to reorganise the system, Parliament will continue to decline alike in utility and in prestige.

THE MANNERS OF THE AGE

BY CLIFFORD BAX

I

THERE was a time when the year 1931 seemed to me as remote and unimaginable as the year 2000, that date so popular with writers who wish to speculate freely about the future; and yet here I am, putting pen to paper, on a wet afternoon in the spring of 1931, and the figures no longer look fantastic. We quickly adapt ourselves to the date on a new calendar, and with hardly more difficulty adapt ourselves to changes in social life which would have seemed impossible if we could have foreseen them thirty years earlier. Indeed, if we want to appreciate the present, we cannot do better than recollect the past. To do so is like looking through an album of old snapshots. We feel again and again that we "cannot have been like that." Moreover, it is only by comparing the life of 1931 with the life which we knew in, let us say, 1900 that we shall be able to discover the causes of our present condition.

II

The comfortable home of my boyhood was lighted with gas-jets. It had no telephone, and indeed I doubt if my father, who was old-fashioned, ever spoke through one. My impression is that telephones, like typewriters, were at that time rarely used except in the offices of professional or business men. In 1904 I travelled daily to the Slade School in a horse-drawn omnibus, for lack of any speedier vehicle, and home again up the steep hill to Hampstead. The attachment of a third horse at the foot of the hill was performed with an almost ceremonial leisure, partly no doubt because the incident took place near a public-house. A few years earlier I had seen the first films that were shown in

London, and I remember how an impresario, manipulating a long stick as a professor does, observed: "Our next picture is a *very* beautiful one, entitled 'Swans in the Park.'" We gazed, marvelling, as the swans drifted in a manner so life-like across that screen, and of course we had no suspicion that moving photographs were destined to provide the staple entertainment of half the world. Not until 1907, though in this I was somewhat behind the times, did I enter a motor-car; and on that occasion, as a guest of the late Mr. Cadbury, I was distracted from the full enjoyment of a novel experience by his inappropriate and disconcerting resemblance to Swinburne. Cars, which had hitherto been used as sparingly as the sacred white elephants of Siam, became so common after the war that most of my friends were "owner-drivers"; and by that time, too, the man who had not a telephone began to seem, if he could afford to have one, as curious a survival as one of my acquaintances who, though his house is electrically lighted, still takes up a candle when he goes to bed.

Most of us have forgotten how simple our life was in the days when the Simple Life was preached so earnestly. The absence of telephones meant that we made fewer engagements. The absence of tube-railways and motor-transport kept us within a short radius of our homes. In consequence we did not know many people and had fewer acquaintances than our children have; but because we saw frequently the few persons whom we did know, we probably made more permanent friendships. Again, it was impossible to walk into a picture-palace or to set the wireless in action or even to wind up the gramophone, and we had, therefore, fewer amusements: a point of the greatest importance. My school contemporaries found interest enough in cricket and football and in the collecting of stamps. We inherited the tradition that not to be afraid of a hard ball was a sure sign of manliness, and it was this tradition that made us regard lawn tennis as a girls' game, only to be played when the light had become too poor for cricket. We disdained as effeminate the man who wore suede shoes or who was such a poltroon as to use a safety-

razor. An attitude so early acquired is hard to shake off, and I must admit to having been shocked, though I held my peace, when, four or five years ago, a young friend announced that he "really must buy a jumper"—for his own use.

Our cult of manliness, though obviously excellent in many ways, was accompanied by much more bullying in boys' schools than, I am told, occurs now. At my preparatory school a West Indian youth, reputed to be abnormally powerful, amused himself by branding the shoulders of the small fry with a red-hot watch-chain. School-tradition precluded us from reporting this practice and it came to an end only when one of the victims fainted. Cruelty, no doubt, is natural in the male during early puberty and is presumably, in these days, a vestige of the instinct in men to realise their physical superiority over women and wild creatures; but we shall lose nothing if it takes milder and milder forms.

In those days the sexes hardly shared life at all. Women were expected to be thoroughly feminine and men to be thoroughly masculine. The sight of a girl at the wheel of a motor-car would have made us doubtful of her presentability; and the sight of a nun so occupied—I see one driving past my window at this moment—would have startled us not less than if the Prince of Wales were to give an acrobatic turn in one of Mr. Cochran's revues. Indeed, the most notable change that I have witnessed is the freer association of the sexes and the consequent decline of an emphatic type in either. I knew men in my boyhood who were so pronouncedly masculine that they had nothing to say in mixed company; but as years have gone by, men of this extreme type have become increasingly isolated until now—when there are few sections of life which men and women do not share—society has no place for them. They are like three-bottle men when nightly drunkenness was no longer in fashion.

That earlier segregation of the sexes may have contributed to the strict sexual morality of the time. The men of the Smart Set, I am told, looked upon the seduction of each others' wives as a distinguished, if perilous, amusement;

but in the eyes of most men there were two classes of women—the lady-girls who formed a wife-caste and whom men deeply respected; and the others whom no man of any social position would have conceived of marrying. When people married, they assumed that they had married for life. They regarded divorce as a disgrace. Only a few rebels lived openly, and uncomfortably, “in sin.” There were two chief causes of that strict sexual morality. I have written so lately in these pages* about one of them that it is unnecessary to write of it again. The other was the fact that in 1900 we were still dominated by the traditional morality and the religious background bequeathed to us by the Victorians.

In the home of my boyhood we attended morning prayers, an institution which I suppose to be exceedingly uncommon in 1931. Moreover, the only visitor to the house who was not at least a churchgoer was my uncle Belfort. An immense majority of people still believed, however unthinkingly, in the basis of all religion—the idea that the soul survives death; and this idea was real enough to affect the conduct of their lives. Nevertheless, the “intellectuals” with whom I first consorted were, in the manner of their species, a little ahead of their period. I do not mean that they were better or wiser than the ordinary man, but only that they were then thinking as the ordinary man was destined to think after twenty more years had passed. They assumed, in a kind of freemasonry, that the soul was a pathetic myth and that God was nothing but a colossal shadow thrown across the universe by the pondering figure of primitive man. They did not argue these matters. They tacitly agreed that Huxley and Tyndall had settled such questions for good; and most of them diverted into socialism the altruistic emotions that came from their religious instinct. Their type is now represented by most of our veteran writers.

III

In 1900, then, our lives remained simple because we lacked facilities for complicating them. They were regulated,

**The Silent Revolution* (*The Fortnightly Review*, August, 1930)

in varying degrees, by a traditional morality that was still so widespread that to question or flout it required some hardihood. If we move forward to the year 1931, we see at once that social life has changed beyond recognition.

Just as my father grew up in a period when railways had ceased to cause any wonder, and I, in turn, when it was surprising if anybody could not ride a bicycle, so the members of the new generation take for granted all the mechanical inventions which men have devised in the course of this century. It is almost as though they had been born with added senses. They expect to be able to travel on a road at seventy miles an hour and to hear a concert without troubling to attend it. They have come into a section of time in which an aeroplane is more often seen than a butcher's cart. And because they have always known both, they assume, with no question, that speed and many amusements are desirable. Film-stars, even, arouse no such frenzy of popularity as the persons who break speed-records: and only the other day a small boy, mystified by his mother's remark that a speed-boat was making an atrocious noise, protested: “Why, the engine's running beautifully.”

This assumption, however, does admit of much questioning. The advantages of modern mechanical inventions are various and undeniable. If we think of two examples only, we have to concede that a gramophone or a pianola can help us to a very fair notion of the world's music, and that motor-cars have given us the power to know our country much better than we could have known it in 1900. The minor drawbacks to these two mechanical contrivances, apart from others, will immediately occur to everyone, as, for example, that motor-cars have done much towards ruining country places and that mechanised “music” has done as much towards ruining the taste of the public. The major disadvantage, however, of cars, gramophones, films, wireless, telephones and aeroplanes is that, by adding so many hundreds of miles to our range of movement and so many sources of amusement to our days, they have broken up the mind of the younger generation into little pieces and have prevented its emotions, as rough weather

prevents fruit-blossom, from "setting." Or we might say that machinery has made life indigestibly rich. We see a great many persons and places; we subject ourselves to a medley of innumerable experiences; but we have no room in our minds to think about them. We can realise at once that it is not many experiences that "make a full man" if we stop to consider that Plato and Shakespeare, in comparison with ourselves, can have seen few people or places.

Modern life, by making concentration so difficult, does not permit a young mind to solidify. Boys do not now collect stamps because they lack the patience to undertake a long-time occupation, and because they have thirty interests where their fathers had three. Cricket, however slowly, will die out, except perhaps as an occasional combat of professional gladiators, because a lawn tennis match is easier to arrange, provides more intensive exercise and, by taking less time, allows the players to pass from it to other amusements and so to pack the day to bursting. A much more important effect of the same cause is the inability of young men in 1931 to say what work they wish to do. I have met only three or four who had a bias in any direction; and I am not alone in observing this characteristic of our time. The cocktail is a completer symbol of the present age than we realise; for a stimulating drink compounded from several forms of alcohol is admittedly the more injurious because of its complexity.

Nobody, again, denies that sexual morality has vastly changed since 1900. Women defy Mrs. Grundy so persistently that Borough Councillors are hard-pressed to keep pace with their offensive. Thousands of young men and women, chiefly for the reason which I gave in "The Silent Revolution," now form temporary alliances in a more or less light-hearted spirit. The notion of "sin" is to them as obsolete as the yet earlier notion of "taboo." Cheap cars and motor-bicycles, by diffusing the week-end habit, have greatly increased the opportunities of forming such alliances, and the lack of seriousness with which they are usually regarded has brought down the value of sexual experience to a perilously low point. Lasciviousness and

idealism have both declined; the former because young men and women are no longer furtive, the latter because the body is no longer reserved as the final gift of a deep love. A man of to-day who is romantic or idealistic about women stands apart from his time—like a derelict Elizabethan among the "Wits" of the Restoration.

IV

Machinery has complicated our outward life just at a time when it can do us most harm. We are spiritually bankrupt; and having no moral or metaphysical convictions and no inner life, we rely more and more upon machinery to make and to keep us happy. To say that religion is dead would be foolish and untrue; untrue because we have in our midst a considerable minority of religious people; foolish because religion, like sexual love, has its rich and its poor ages but cannot die out. Nevertheless, most of our contemporaries are getting through their lives without any religion or any formed philosophy. They are drifting. Thoughts of "God" or "the soul" do not concern them. They behave, indeed, as though neither existed; and their vague morality is precariously held together by the remnants of an obsolete tradition. It is perhaps significant of the future that the "intellectuals," from what I know of them, are much less confidently negative than their predecessors of 1900. Some, it is true, assure us that the huge river of religion has come to an end in the sand of Freudian psycho-analysis, but most of them seem not to be certain even that death extinguishes human consciousness. They are able, apparently, to disregard the subject, not caring sufficiently about it to examine the formidable evidence accumulated by psychic research. Men of science, too, are not the lusty dogmatists that they used to be. Perhaps they keep in mind the pontifical pronouncement of Huxley about the unchangeableness of an atom. Science, in fact, having undermined men's confidence in religion, has undermined their confidence in itself; so continually upsetting the ideas of its lay-disciples that a bewildered world has given up all hope

of receiving from science any certain revelation, however unpalatable.

Our supposition that nothing can be known about the spiritual world, if indeed it exists, has led us to concentrate our attention upon machinery and the external world. Our preoccupation with machinery prevents us, in turn, from building up a new morality and a new metaphysic. These influences in combination have succeeded in banishing the contemplative mood. We see this clearly if we think about literature and art. We see it manifested, even, in the present fashion of hanging no pictures against our walls. We see it again in the preference of our time for violent rather than for serene effects, for discord rather than for harmony, for rhythms that are broken rather than for those which are continuous. It is as though we preferred a lorry to a limousine because we cannot believe that we are alive unless we are being jolted.

We may justly say of much modern art that it is continually aspiring towards the condition of machinery—and not, as Pater said, of music. Our best architecture has more affinity with the grimness of a battleship than with the magnificence of a galleon: and, although it will seem so to many people, I do not think it is fanciful to suspect that much modern painting is an expression of a machine-sense which, being everywhere, has imperceptibly diffused itself through the minds of artists. In literature, during my period of observation, there has been a startling collapse of the sense for style and a marked preference for travelling on a low level of emotion. A fine ear is at present of no account; and a fine style in general—perhaps because a democratic age demands neither—is as little esteemed as fine manners. Time is necessary for the savouring of literary style, time and the lost mood of contemplation which it may engender. Our spiritual bankruptcy, moreover, has made us uneasy if a writer is passionate or eloquent. We are only comfortable if he is satirical. Having let our emotions atrophy, because we can see no objects worthy of their expenditure, we dislike all literature that ever rises above the ground. This spiritual emptiness also explains the popularity of the doctrine that painting need

have no connection with the rest of life and should make its appeal to a dehumanised spectator. Because they have nothing to express, our painters concern themselves only with aspects of their art which other-time painters regarded as merely technical and subsidiary; nor is it surprising that our painters, being “human, all too human,” should make a merit of their defect. That, indeed, is what the whole age is doing. It is no longer fashionable, I understand, to despise the Victorians, but only a week or two ago, I heard a group of distinguished men deriding Tennyson and Dickens. Such an attitude, if we sustained it, would make us as ridiculous in the eyes of posterity as the wits of the Restoration who referred so condescendingly to the uncouth efforts of the Elizabethan playwrights. We know well enough which of those two was the greater breed of men, and which was merely the smarter. We know too, that the Elizabethans were the greater because, for all their high spirits, they were serious and passionate, because they loved and sorrowed deeply and (though we would not acknowledge this) because they were romantic. It is the mode of our day to speak as though romance and absurdity were identical; but just as the world contains no music for a tone-deaf man, so there is no romance in life for the man who cannot feel the strangeness of being alive.

V

At this point some readers will have dismissed me as a mere reactionary or as one who, no matter when he had lived, would have contemned his age. The fact remains that there are greater and lesser ages, and that ours may be one of the less notable. Our material achievements will presumably be surpassed. The future will therefore consider them to have been merely creditable. Our spiritual failure is to me so evident that I do not see how anybody can deny it unless he is blindly determined to be cheerful. The best that we can say of ourselves is that drunkenness and brutality have decreased; that perhaps, although we cannot find any moral principles, we are steering our lives by a more general goodwill than has obtained in most other

times ; and that the younger generation, even if it is quite as lax in sexual conduct as the young people of the Restoration, is nevertheless not so prurient. For this current depreciation of sexual experience, women are probably more to blame than men. Dr. Wingfield-Stratford, in his brilliant survey of "The Victorian Tragedy," has paid a high tribute to the resolution with which mid-Victorian women steadily refined the gross manners that their menfolk had inherited from the Regency ; and I suspect that a competent social historian would tell us that the tone of sexual life is at all times dependent upon women. At present their new freedom has gone to their heads. They have belittled the mystery and mechanism of life. They have made men look upon sexual love as trivial. If we want to understand how this can have happened, we must remember that it is impossible to over-estimate the need of women to be in the fashion. No woman can be comfortable if she is behind the fashion in dress, but women themselves do not realise that their fashion-instinct is stronger than their moral-sense and that it is, in fact, all-pervasive. Many of them will throw morality overboard rather than be left behind by a fashionable immorality that may only continue for a few years, and they always give the same explanation of their temporary decline—that they "don't want to be thought 'stuffy.'"

History, however, shows an alternation of serious and frivolous eras. Even Etheredge and Wycherley were followed by Addison and Steele. Indeed, there may be much truth in the suggestion of Dr. Piccoli that there is always in the British nature a Civil War between the Cavalier and the Roundhead. If we reduce the importance of sexual life any further, marriage will cease to have any significance, and we shall end in chaos ; but since an instinct of self-preservation is likely to pull us up before we go over the precipice, it is also likely that we are not far away from another serious epoch. We should not expect that men will again be united by a common religion because religion operates at a greater depth of the mind than the intellectual stratum upon which we now rely. At the same time, though many people at present will regard such a view as fantastic,

I will own to thinking that psychic research may establish the truth of the "soul's" existence after death, and to conceiving that, if it does so, it will radically affect the conduct of the future. From that or from some other cause the next generation will probably not be satisfied merely to go on loosening the moral code of the past, but will find new reasons and a new inspiration for treating life as honourably as the best of their ancestors. The instinct to destroy is no stronger in men than the instinct to build.

VI

In common with all but the hardest-headed persons, I have often wished that I could know how life tasted to the people of bygone days. Fortunately, their buildings, their pictures, their books and the chance relics which we find in museums, do make it possible to imagine a great part of their life. After some time, indeed, a couple of words, if carefully savoured, can give us the feeling of a whole period: for the past, as we know from personal experience, is most vividly evoked by trifles. If, for example, we meditate upon mahogany and missionaries, we are borne back, as though in a barouche, to the heyday of Queen Victoria's reign. Snuff-boxes and prize-fights, considered together, will bring us a whiff of the Regency. When we learn that Dr. Johnson stirred his tea with the forefinger, we look through a peep-hole at a large area of the eighteenth century. The knowledge that people in the boxes of a theatre amused themselves by spitting upon the people below them, transports us in the twinkling of an eye to the days of Charles the Second. If we associate the words "bear-baiting" and "madrigals," we return to Elizabethan London, and to amplify our sense of that age, we have only to remember that Shakespeare never handled a fork. With what formula will our great-grandchildren call up a ghost of the Nineteen-twenties ? Perhaps they will catch a feeling of that faded period when they repeat, like an incantation, the two words "petrol" and "cynicism."

THE EARL OF WILLINGDON

BY LUKIN JOHNSTON

I

WITHIN the next few months the attention of all the world will be focussed, as never before, on India. On the Earl of Willingdon, as Viceroy, will fall a burden of responsibility the thought of which appals the average man. He is undertaking a task fraught with vast potentialities for good or ill, not only for the British Empire, but for the whole of mankind. For in India the prestige of the white race is at stake. Success there may establish an era of lasting peace, progress and co-operation between the two races. Failure may bring about disruption of the Empire, with resulting world-wide effects, the extent of which no man can foresee.

There is a natural curiosity in England to know more of the man to whom the King has entrusted this great task. Lord Willingdon has been engaged for almost twenty years continuously on great imperial work overseas—with only brief holidays in England. The broad outline of his career is known, of course, but the present generation in this country can have no clear view of his personality nor of his outlook on affairs. It is not the purpose of this article to attempt to forecast the policy of the future Viceroy with regard to the details of the immensely complex problems which will face him in India, but rather to give some insight into his personality as it has been revealed in the past four years as Governor-General of Canada and to form an estimate of his probable general attitude towards his task.

II

No appointment within recent memory to the great post of Viceroy of India has met with such universal approval as that of Lord Willingdon. For once, public men, of all

parties in Great Britain, Indian princes and Indian politicians of diverse religious and political views, almost without exception, welcomed the appointment as of the one man who, by nature and by training, seems most fitted to guide the footsteps of India from its present position as "The Great Dependency" and to set them on the road which shall lead, in due time, to "Responsible Government."

Looking back now it seems strange that Lord Willingdon's appointment should have come as a surprise. His name, mentioned early in the discussion of possible candidates, had been dropped from the list as far as the public was aware. When the announcement came, London, indeed, was more surprised than Ottawa. Canadians had come to appreciate that there were in him great qualities on which the governor-generalship, in its present form, made no call.

While, at the moment, the most absorbing interest centres in the task which lies immediately ahead of him, the value to Canada and to the Empire of Lord Willingdon's period as governor-general should not be lost sight of. Nor should the possible effect on him of the experience he has gained in those years be ignored.

Before we consider, in the light of his past, the probable attitude of the new Viceroy to the problems of modern India, let us get a mental picture of the man as he is to-day.

You must picture to yourself a man whom Providence has endowed with natural advantages over the majority of his fellows. At sixty-four, Lord Willingdon is a strikingly handsome man, whose whole personality radiates youth and energy. He stands well over six feet; is slight of figure; carries himself erect and moves with the ease and agility of an athlete. His hair and moustache are white, but the ready smile has youth and warm friendliness behind it and his whole bearing is that of a man twenty years younger. In his youth, you must remember, he was captain of the Eton and Cambridge XI's—and even to-day can give a good account of himself on the tennis court or golf course.

The idea that Lord Willingdon is too old for the work

ahead of him may be put on one side at once, for he is to-day the embodiment of physical fitness and vigour.

Now let us glance back over his career.

In doing so one cannot help feeling that all the varied undertakings of his life have been shaping his destiny towards the supreme task which he is now undertaking.

There lie behind him more than thirty years of public service—a long record of unbroken success in fields so diverse as to place him almost in a class by himself among public men. For ten years he was a Member of Parliament—though it cannot be said that he was ever a very strong party man. He was made Governor of Bombay when Lord Oxford was Prime Minister of a Liberal Government; Governor of Madras when Mr. Lloyd George was head of a Coalition administration; made a Viscount when Mr. Ramsay Macdonald headed the first Labour Government; and his appointment as Governor-General of Canada was made through Mr. Stanley Baldwin, a Conservative Prime Minister. He himself has said that he must have been “an extraordinarily bad politician.” For eleven years he served in India as Governor, in turn, of two great Presidencies—Bombay and Madras, and earned in each of them the warm gratitude of British and Indians alike. No sooner had he returned to England in 1925 than he undertook an important Government mission to China in connection with the return of the Boxer Rebellion Indemnity. Finally, came four years as Governor-General of Canada—years of immense activity and interest—but in the nature of a rest from arduous administrative labour.

III

It has been said with truth that no previous occupants of Rideau Hall, Ottawa, have secured a warmer place in the affections of the Canadian people than Lord and Lady Willingdon.

Their presence will be genuinely missed in many directions for wherever they went they took their own atmosphere of vitality, enthusiasm and friendliness which will not easily be replaced.

To fully appreciate their achievement it must be

remembered that Lord and Lady Willingdon arrived in Canada at a time when the vice-regal office had only recently been involved in political controversy. There had occurred a crisis in which a large section of the Canadian people took the view—temporarily at least—that the previous Governor-General (despite the warm personal affection in which Lord Byng was held) had gone beyond his authority in refusing to accept the advice of the Prime Minister of the day to grant dissolution. The details of that controversy need not concern us here, more than to say that the subsequent general election showed clearly that a majority of the voters were displeased at the action of the Governor-General. Lord and Lady Willingdon reached Canada within a month of the election, when feeling still ran high. Few men could have displayed more tact under difficult circumstances, and within a very short time both he and Lady Willingdon had dispelled the last shreds of ill-feeling against the vice-regal office.

They set about at once to identify themselves as closely as possible with every good and worthy cause and to enter with tremendous zest into the life of the people. In their four years in Canada they travelled more than 110,000 miles, visiting the Pacific Coast each year, going far off the beaten track into the rapidly-developing Peace River district of the far North-West—and everywhere they went they took the keenest interest in every phase of life. They were to be found taking a chance meal in the shack of some lonely prairie farmer; descending coal mines in Cape Breton, and copper mines in British Columbia; learning the details of university life in New Brunswick or Alberta; visiting logging camps on the Pacific slope. Everywhere they made warm friends, divesting themselves, when possible, of all the formalities of their office and meeting the people of every class with a simplicity and true democracy that endeared them to the people of every city and hamlet they visited.

Scores of incidents might be cited to show the happy blend of simplicity and democracy, without loss of dignity, which captivated the people. I remember well their visit to a logging camp at Haney, near Vancouver. Their

Excellencies had had lunch in the loggers' mess house and later had witnessed the thrilling spectacle of a giant of the forest being "topped" by a "high rigger" at a height of 175 feet from the ground. The Governor-General shook hands with the lumberjack who performed this dangerous feat and congratulated him on his nerve. To his Excellency's polite "How d'ye do?" the logger, with a vigorous handshake, replied with all heartiness, "How's yourself?"—and then, as an afterthought, added, "Say, you ain't the Governor-General are you?" On the reply being in the affirmative, the logger, quite unabashed, wrung Lord Willingdon's hand energetically once again and beamed, "Well, I sure am delighted to meet you, Governor."

At his first public function in Canada Lord Willingdon said: "Here as elsewhere my motto is going to be one word—'co-operation.'" Both he and Lady Willingdon certainly lived up to that motto throughout their term in Canada.

The outdoor sports of Canada, which are so great a feature of life in the Dominion, found enthusiastic adherents in their Excellencies. Golf courses from Halifax to Vancouver Island knew them; Lord Willingdon "skipped" his own team of curlers in Ottawa; ice hockey matches found them at the ringside whenever possible; ski-ers in the Gatineau Hills, not far from Ottawa, used frequently to encounter the Rideau Hall party enjoying the exhilaration of sparkling sunshine and sport. Art, literature and music found in them active patrons, and year by year His Excellency offered prizes for open competition for their encouragement.

Lord Willingdon's fluency in French enabled him more easily to win the hearts of the large French-Canadian population, and the revival of the old custom of establishing the vice-regal residence at the historic Citadel of Quebec for a period in each year gave unbounded satisfaction.

Their Excellencies made history when they visited Washington, the United States capital, in December, 1927, and stayed at the Canadian Legation there as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Massey. They showed their keen

interest in encouraging trade between Canada and the West Indies by visiting those islands in the winter of 1929.

Amid all these activities Lord and Lady Willingdon found time to make Rideau Hall the centre of the country's social life. An Ottawa newspaper declared that they had made of Government House "a sort of modern baronial hall for British North America." An endless stream of guests and travellers—both exalted and insignificant—were entertained there. The Prince of Wales, Prince Henry and Prince George were among their guests, as well as two British Prime Ministers—Mr. Stanley Baldwin and Mr. Ramsay Macdonald. It was during their term of office that the first accredited minister of a foreign government took up his residence in the Canadian capital and Lord Willingdon received the credentials of the Hon. William Phillipps, the first United States Minister to Canada.

Lord and Lady Willingdon conceived it to be their duty—and they made it their pleasure—to go about among the people of Canada as much as possible and to get into close touch with all sections of society, as the representative of His Majesty. In pursuance of their ideal as the apostles of goodwill and co-operation they did not spare themselves from the day they reached the Dominion until the day they left—regretted and held in affection from Atlantic to Pacific.

IV

One can hardly imagine two countries in more striking contrast than the Dominion of Canada and India. Canada is a land of scattered farmsteads—ten million people occupying half a continent, their numbers increasing very slowly. India's 300,000,000 inhabitants, multiplying rapidly, are concentrated in unnumbered crowded villages, made up of a bewildering variety of language, race and caste. Canada's civilisation dates back less than 300 years at its oldest, and little more than half a century in the western provinces; while India's civilisation was vastly ancient long centuries before Canada was known to exist.

It may be, nevertheless, that the youthful Dominion of Canada has had some useful lessons to teach to the new

Viceroy of India. Intimate contact with the virile Canadian people and study of their political history must have given to him a very real understanding of what "Dominion status" means to them. It may even have impressed on him certain tendencies in British colonial policy of the past which sometimes have led nearly to disaster and which, if applied to India, might end in irretrievable catastrophe.

One who has already had opportunity to realise the vast social and political differences between India and one of the great self-governing dominions might even doubt whether the phrase "Dominion status" can ever mean the same thing in both places. For a line can be drawn between "Responsible Government"—which is subject to definite limitations—and "Dominion status" where there is practical, if not theoretical, independence.

The whole trend of Britain's colonial policy in dealing with her dominions—and hitherto with India to some extent—has been to encourage in the colonial peoples an eventual demand for self-government. In Canada and Australia it has been so—as a result of the lesson taught by the loss of the American colonies. In Canada, first there came the period of exploitation—legitimate enough as recompense for early struggles and expenditure of blood and treasure. After years of restlessness, culminating in rebellion, came a period of education in the British system of self-government, followed by demands for full responsible government, resisted for a time, and finally conceded of necessity. Last of all has come the final step to full "Dominion status." The danger of this colonial policy has not been that progress towards self-government was too swift, but that in every phase the British Government has lagged behind the imperative demands for advancement prompted by its own policy.

Lord Willingdon's Canadian experience must have given him ample demonstration of the inevitable steps in development along these lines. Canada and India, it is true, present two widely divergent problems in government—it may even be that mistakes were made years ago when India's footsteps were turned toward the goal of "Responsible Government"—but be that as it may, in India, as in

Canada, it is clear that the clock cannot now be turned back. That Lord Willingdon realised this as a result of his previous Indian experience is evident, for in one of his speeches in 1927 he said :—

"While the King is Emperor of India we must hold to our authority in that country, but I believe that if we show real sincerity and a real desire to help the Indians to get control of their own affairs they will want to stay with us for many long years."

V

Here, then, is a man of ripe experience, with proved administrative capacity; unusual social gifts; an intimate knowledge of India—qualities which the Viceroyalty at this time seems most urgently to demand. If the line of policy he elects to pursue meets with strong criticism—as in all probability it will—it will not be because he lacks understanding of the situation or gifts applicable thereto, but because his outlook differs fundamentally from that of his critics.

Nevertheless, it is hardly surprising, in view of his record, that, for once, there was general acquiescence in the choice of Lord Willingdon for this great post. Such unanimity is indeed unusual in the case of any great appointment of state—and more particularly so where the Indian Viceroyalty is concerned.

Look back for a moment at the appointments of his two predecessors. . . .

When Lord Reading became Viceroy his appointment was regarded as a great experiment. His brilliance and capacity were undoubted; his success as a great lawyer, with finance as his long suit, was established; he had proved himself on his war missions to the United States to be a great diplomat and a man of affairs. But the idea of one who had achieved the pinnacle of fame in the law being able to combine therewith the elasticity of mind and the adaptability of temperament necessary to rule an Empire which, even then, was in the first throes of cataclysmic change, seemed to run counter to the established theories of the lawyer in the life of the nation. The great

lawyer as pro-consul is a rarity in British history and Lord Reading's appointment on this account, as well as on the ground of his Jewish faith, was regarded as a risky experiment. By sheer force of intellect and by the courage of his administration he achieved a success which confounded the critics of his appointment—but to begin with there was no such general confidence in him as has been evinced in Lord Willingdon.

Five years ago when Lord Irwin succeeded Lord Reading, one-half of England gravely doubted the wisdom of the appointment. That a man of sensitive, scholarly temperament, a so-called "mystic," to whose nature the idea of repression or the possible use of force seemed repellent—that such a man should be appointed to India in the midst of such troublous times was regarded with grave apprehension.

Public opinion in England is, and probably will remain, divided upon the measure of Lord Irwin's success. To him has fallen the most difficult task of any Viceroy for sixty years at least. To the future it must be left to estimate the fruits of his rule.

Of Lord Willingdon's fitness for the post there have been no such doubts. He will not be classed, like Lord Reading, among the great "intellectual" statesmen, nor will he take his place with men of great "spiritual" gifts like Lord Irwin. Still less does he resemble Lord Curzon, who assumed the Viceroyalty as a stern duty, as part of the cross to be borne by a great aristocrat, and who prepared himself for his task through long years of study of all things Eastern.

Whatever he may lack of these laudable qualities which were found in his predecessors, Lord Willingdon makes up for them by the breadth of his sympathy, the transparent honesty of his character, his ability to think clearly and concisely on vital issues, and the singleness of his aim to serve his fellow men. He holds no theories of the "divine right" of the British to rule India. Despotism has no part in his make-up. He is not an "expert" through much book-learning, and is blinded by no prejudice of creed or colour. Flamboyant Imperialism makes no appeal to him; he prefers to regard the British Empire as

a great trust and responsibility handed down to us, not for our own benefit alone, but for the benefit of all mankind. In that faith he believes the Empire worth making any sacrifice to maintain—and indeed his acceptance of office at this time bears witness to his own willingness to set an example of sacrifice.

Almost seven years ago, the late Mr. Edwin Montagu, the former Secretary of State for India, wrote a letter to *The Times* paying striking tribute to Lord Willingdon who had then just completed eleven years' service in India—six years as Governor of Bombay and five years as Governor of Madras. In that letter he wrote:—

"It is the proud tradition of the British Empire that there is always available a supply of men who deliberately choose, at the cost of long exile, to devote their lives to Imperial work across the seas."

Mr. Montagu wrote thus of a man, then approaching 60 years of age, who had served his country well and was entitled to rest upon his laurels. He could hardly have foreseen that Lord Willingdon would have been undertaking, almost immediately, a highly important mission to China; to be followed by four years in Canada as His Majesty's representative; and, thereafter, at the age of 64, that he would be on the eve of taking upon his shoulders perhaps the heaviest burden of care and responsibility that any single post in the world carries.

It is reasonable to ask, why, then, should Lord Willingdon have undertaken this great task? He was entitled to take his place, if ever public servant was, among the Empire's "elder statesmen." Did ambition influence him? Surely it can have played no great part in the decision of one who had already achieved so much. Honours are thick upon him now, and an enduring place in history assured him as Governor-General of the first of the King's Dominions. Admitting that to serve as Viceroy of India might well be a worthy goal for any man, for Lord Willingdon the pomp of power and the trappings of circumstance can have few attractions.

What then? Love of power? I do not think so—for he is experienced enough to know full well that power—in India of all countries—carries with it cares, responsibilities

and dangers out of all proportion to any satisfaction it can give.

There is, indeed, small need to seek for motives. Lord Willingdon goes back to India at the urgent call of duty—because he believes, quite simply and sincerely, that he has something to contribute for the good of India.

Apart from the obvious complexities of the task which lie before him, Lord Willingdon cannot but be aware that in pursuing the line of policy which he followed in Bombay and in Madras—and which, it may be presumed, he will continue to follow as Viceroy—he will have to face the strongest criticism from certain quarters which are not likely to choose their words too delicately.

He is no believer in the “strong hand” policy in India, and no amount of criticism is likely to cause him to yield to pressure to use repressive measures. He believes it is a far nobler thing to teach a great people to govern themselves than to demonstrate to them that you can govern them by force. “Co-operation” will be the keynote of his policy—as it was in Bombay and Madras and in Canada. “Mutual tolerance, mutual goodwill and mutual friendship (between British and Indians) would be of inestimable value to India,” he said in a speech in London on his return home in 1924. These are the ideals he may be expected to foster. “It is not the colour of the man that counts, but the character,” he once declared—and on that principle he will stand or fall.

In a speech before the Canadian Club of Ottawa in February, 1927, Lord Willingdon declared that we had educated Indians in a material way and had developed their country without taking sufficient recognition of the fact that as the people advanced they would want a larger share in their own affairs. “I have the utmost sympathy with these aspirations on the part of Indians,” he said, “and I have been inclined to appoint them to government posts even at the cost of some efficiency. Indians are determined to have their share in the administration of their own affairs; determined that they shall be treated on the basis of equal opportunity and not as inferior people. *They have my complete sympathy in these matters.*”

There can be no point of contact on Indian policy between a man who holds these views and one holding the opinions of Mr. Winston Churchill, for instance. Their viewpoints are as far apart as the poles. Mr. Churchill regards all talk of advance to anything approaching “Dominion status” as dangerous doctrine imperilling our position in India and likely “to incite false hopes which may lead to strife and suffering.” Gandhi he regards as “a malignant, subversive fanatic,” and he has said that sooner or later all that Gandhi stands for will have to be grappled with and finally crushed. “It is no use trying to satisfy a tiger by feeding it with cat’s meat”—to recall his violent, if picturesque, phrase.

It is needless to emphasise the views of the extreme reactionaries who side with Mr. Churchill. Their bitter opposition to any advance towards “Responsible Government” has not been modified by the adherence to that ideal of such men as Lord Reading and Mr. Stanley Baldwin. Mr. Churchill and his supporters abhor “the weak, wrong-headed and most unfortunate administration of India by the Socialists and by the Viceroy (Lord Irwin) acting on their behalf.”

From people who hold such opinions as these Lord Willingdon can expect only violent opposition—for he inclines, quite clearly, much more closely towards the Irwin school of thought than toward that of which Mr. Churchill, Lord Lloyd and Lord Rothermere are the chief spokesmen.

Many moderate-thinking people must be of the opinion that Mr. Churchill has chosen an unfortunate moment to begin his campaign. In arousing bitterness both in England and India just as the change of Viceroys takes place he is adding tenfold to the difficulties of Lord Willingdon’s task.

There are sufficient obstacles in his path, perhaps, without crossing bridges before we come to them, but one may note in passing how extremely difficult—even untenable—his position as Viceroy might be in the event of a Conservative Government coming into power of which Mr. Churchill was a member.

IV

Great changes have come over the Indian scene in the seven years that have elapsed since Lord Willingdon left Madras—but there has been no indication that he has changed his views as set forth above.

It need not be imagined, however, that “co-operation” with Indians means a policy of abdication of British rights, nor a policy of mere “drift.” Lord Willingdon has clear-cut ideas of the steps by which the road to “Dominion status” shall be reached. As Governor of Madras he advocated the gradual development of provincial autonomy as the first step towards “Responsible Government.” In the same speech at Ottawa quoted above, he said that he would teach the people to govern themselves by slow degrees, gradually placing upon them more and more responsibility while retaining full control at the centre, until, in the fullness of time, India is ready, under proper safeguards, to control her own affairs.

When the Round Table Conference meets again in India to continue its deliberations it may be found that the Viceroy will play no unimportant part in directing its efforts. It may be doubted, indeed, whether he will take an attitude identical in all respects with that of the present Prime Minister who has been disposed to insist that Indians themselves should find a way out of all their difficulties. Lord Willingdon may take the view that the responsibility lies with the British Government, or with the Viceroy, to lay down certain definite principles of policy—particularly in such difficult matters as the respective shares in any form of central government as between Hindus and Moslems. Having laid down such a policy he may regard it as the business of the Viceroy and his advisers to see it carried into effect through co-operation.

Looking back over Lord Willingdon’s intensely active career and his eleven years as Governor in India—and forward to his period in the great office of Viceroy—it seems almost as though the years in Canada have been but an interlude in a life whose greatest efforts have been, and will be, dedicated to the solution of the problem of “The Great Dependency.”

TWO POEMS

BY A. R. UBSDELL.

NIGHT PIECE.

—□□□—

Dimmed are the flowers now,
And no birds sing
From the gnarled bough
Where apples swing.

No more the impish
Cloud-shadows play
Where silver fish
In mirrors lay.

And overhead
From unseen skies
Ring owls’ instead
Of curlews’ cries.

Dew-shimmering clings
The gossamer
Where jewel-spun wings
And bees’ feet were.

Only a far song
Tells how passes
The wind among
The marram grasses.

The firmament
 That gemmed the lawn
 Ere the sun spent
 His light, has gone.

To star those heights
 As he had done—
 A million lights
 To shine for one.

A SPRING SONNET FOR DEVON

—■ ■ ■—

The Lady April flings her purple cloak
 About the patient shoulders of the down,
 And with soft fingers spreads her flower gown
 As carpet for the elm trees and the oak.
 A while ago the cuckoo's echo broke
 The slumber of the orchards ; and the brown
 Frore rags of stingy winter's make were thrown
 To rot, when Spring's so splendid sunshine woke—
 But I am far away, I do not see
 The Lenten lilies dancing by the Dart
 That tumbles laughing past ; nor where they shine,
 Those hills and streams, those valleys of the free
 Gorse-flaming moor ; but in my exiled heart
 They sing, and sing, and sing that they are mine.

THE SUFFRAGETTES IN RETROSPECT

BY JANET E. COURTNEY

THE publication of Miss Sylvia Pankhurst's history of the Suffragettes* will awaken many memories and arouse some controversy. It is exceedingly interesting, but, not unnaturally, it is one-sided, and to correct it requires an effort of memory that not every reader will have the energy to make. It seems all so long ago, those days of amusement, irritation, exasperation, retaliation, and finally shamed recognition of the selfless devotion and invincible courage which those "militant" women showed, who again and again faced obloquy, untold suffering, even the risk of death itself, in the cause of woman's enfranchisement. They may have been mistaken, they were certainly often misled ; but they fought a great fight and victory was only snatched out of their hands by the pitiless logic of events. When deadly peril faced their country the warring forces of the women at home could but call an immediate truce, and when at long last victory came and they were given their share in its fruits, who could venture to say what had most contributed to the happy result ?

What was the origin and history of that militant movement, and of the family with whose name it must be forever connected ? The husband and father, Richard Marsden Pankhurst, was a Manchester lawyer, of Kentish stock, a well-known figure in that great industrial community. "The Doctor," as Manchester called him (it was a Doctorate of Law, given with the gold medal of Manchester University in 1863), was, in his daughter's words, "a standard-bearer of every forlorn hope, every unpopular yet worthy cause then conceived for the uplifting of oppressed and suffering humanity." He was an agnostic, a champion of secular education, an advocate

* *The Suffragette Movement*, by Sylvia Pankhurst. Longman's. 1931.

for admitting women to the classes of Mechanics' Institutes and later to those of the University, a Republican in the 'seventies, an Abolitionist concerning the House of Lords, a Home Ruler almost before Parnell was heard of, a friend of Keir Hardie and in at the birth of the Independent Labour Party, and a staunch upholder of women's right to economic and political equality. Joined with all this public activity was a warm heart and a quick compassion which made him a life-long worker amongst the poor and a defender of the trade unions. No wonder that a brilliant impulsive girl like Emmeline Goulden fell a victim to his charm and his eloquence and his enthusiasm, and insisted on joining her fortunes with his, even going so far as to suggest nailing their flag of independence to the mast by contracting a "free union." Naturally her parents—people of some position, though a self-made position, in the city—objected to this, and naturally a man of Dr. Pankhurst's tender chivalry protected her from herself. Unconventionality of that kind, his daughter often heard him say in later life, generally prevented people from doing any effective public service.

But Emmeline Pankhurst was always one to rush into extremes. It took all the greater experience of the husband, twenty years her senior, to keep her in step with him, and his step was no halting one. She had been educated in Paris in the years of seething excitement following on the Commune, and there Henri Rochefort, duellist and ex-Communist, became her girlish hero, displacing an earlier and rather surprising devotion to Charles I. French in her sympathies, Parisian in her love of dress, she was all through her life a fascinating woman, but a woman of quickly changing moods, of sudden and sometimes unreasoning decisions, as when she broke for good with her father for not securing her an independent income, or when she thrust her delicate younger son into industrial occupations unsuited to his fragile frame and quick understanding.

The family consisted of three daughters and two sons. One of the boys died at four years old of diphtheria, diagnosed wrongly as croup and recognised too late to save

him. His sister tells the story movingly. She, all through, seems to have been the most sensitive, the most affectionate, and therefore the one fated to suffer most of all the Pankhurst children. It was she who sat by her father, dying in agony from sudden painful illness, whilst her mother was away at Geneva, and it was she who nursed the younger boy, Harry, when over-exertion in rough field labour had suddenly stricken him with paralysis, whilst her mother went to America to keep an engagement to lecture. By that time Mrs. Pankhurst was far advanced on the political career to which her life was devoted and which with her outweighed any family claims. In this career her first lieutenant, perhaps one should say her Commanding Officer whom she could but blindly follow, was her brilliant and favourite eldest daughter, Christabel, two years Sylvia's senior.

The story, as the devoted second daughter tells it, is too long to follow here in detail, though it well deserves to be read all through for its great human, as well as historical, interest. In the later years of her married life Mrs. Pankhurst had become a co-opted member of the Manchester Education Committee and also a Poor Law Guardian, following the traditions of her husband. When in 1898 she was left a widow with small means, she first insisted on repeating an experiment which had failed before in London, where they had lived for some years, namely a shop for selling objects of art and household decoration. "Emerson's" in Manchester was no more successful than was the "Emerson's" she had opened with characteristic lack of judgment in, of all places, the Hampstead Road! So she got a position as Registrar of births and deaths under the Chorlton Board of Guardians. But routine work of either kind was not to her taste. "Emerson's" was mostly left to her sister, Mary Clarke, or to Sylvia, struggling at the same time with her art training. And Mary Clarke presently also became Deputy-Registrar, whilst Mrs. Pankhurst rushed round to elections, speaking for the Independent Labour Party and gradually basing upon their programme a special appeal, the enfranchisement of the working woman.

It was not, however, until Christabel began to take a share in this work that a separate organisation came into sight, and her first inspiration came not from her mother, but from devoted friendships with other women, notably Eva Gore-Booth, secretary of the Women's Trade Union Council. Mrs. Pankhurst was not a little jealous of these friendships, as she came to be later of her daughter's close alliance with Mr. and Mrs. Pethick-Lawrence. But Christabel had the ruthlessness which characterises born leaders. They are of those who love neither father, nor mother, nor wife, nor child, more than the goal towards which they are striving.

Agitation for woman suffrage was of course no new thing in 1903, when the Women's Social and Political Union came into being; but it was a new thing to connect it so closely with extreme views on politics generally as resulted from the close alliance which at first existed between this new Suffrage Society and the Independent Labour Party. The Constitutional Suffragists, as they came to be called, in contradistinction to the militants, could show a record reaching back to 1865, when John Stuart Mill made his first pronouncement in favour of giving women the franchise and when societies to work for that object were founded both in London and in Manchester. A survivor of the Manchester group, its original honorary secretary, Elizabeth Wolstenholme, later contracted in "free union" with one Ben Elmy, was, as Mrs. Wolstenholme-Elmy, a friend of the Pankhursts' youth and lived to join in the first "raid" on the House of Commons organised by the new militants.

Again and again the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies (known as the N.U.W.S.S.) had tried to get bills introduced into the House by private members. Again and again those bills had been talked out. The young W.S.P.U., led by Christabel and her mother, insisted that it was imperative to demand a Government measure, and that until this was conceded war, and ruthless war, must be waged upon the Government in power. Balfour was at the time Prime Minister. He had declared himself theoretically in favour of votes for women, but he was

neither able, nor willing, to give any promise to bring the question forward in the life of the sitting parliament. He had said the same of other measures, notably of one strongly supported by Keir Hardie and the labour leaders. A meeting of protest and indignation was held in Manchester and a scuffle with the police ended in the arrest of four men. Keir Hardie moved the adjournment of the House. In ten days the Unemployment Bill became law. "The lesson was not lost upon the W.S.P.U.," writes Sylvia Pankhurst. "It was only a question now as to how militant tactics should begin."

Several histories of the Suffrage movement have been published, usually from the constitutional standpoint; but they have failed to interest a wide public. For the most part they deal too much with questions of internal politics, splits between this and that group, reasons for re-union, the tergiversations of politicians, the different pretexts on which this and that Premier tried to ride off when confronted with his pre-election pledges. Such matters may be of importance to the close student of politics, or may serve to illustrate the political wisdom of this or that Suffrage leader, but the details of parliamentary proceedings interest none but parliamentarians. This Pankhurst story is on another plane altogether. Mrs. Pankhurst and Christabel might be, as the mother exultantly said, "politicians born," but they were not parliamentarians. They were publicists of the first order. They knew how to strike and when to strike; they captured public attention and held it. From 1903 until the outbreak of war, they saw to it that the suffragettes and their doings were the talk of the whole country and an almost daily feature in the "news." Christabel indeed, with her fertility of resource, her quick instinct for surprises, embodied the very spirit of successful advertisement. What a saleswoman she might have been, even of the despised lampshades of "Emerson's," had she ever condescended to take any interest in the unfortunate commercial venture she relegated so readily to the more desponding Sylvia!

From 1906, when the Liberals took office, the pace of the Suffragette movement quickened. Sir Henry Campbell-

Bannerman gave it an unintentional spur when he got out of his election promise on the plea of division of opinion in his Cabinet and advised the women to have "patience," but nevertheless "to go on pestering." Pester they certainly did. They had already begun to interrupt political meetings, where a feminine voice piping up from nowhere and a banner hastily flung over a distant balcony, became familiar and expected features. Christabel had already spat in a policeman's face at Manchester as the only way to achieve a technical "assault" when her arms were tied behind her. "I was thinking of my law books, and I couldn't get at them any other way," she said rather ruefully to Sylvia, when half Manchester was condemning her "unladylike behaviour" and Owen's College was threatening to expel her. But now interruptions grew fast and furious. The Caxton Hall meetings, with their subsequent marches to the House—the so-called "raids"—made it difficult for ordinary women to go about their lawful business in Westminster. A Roman Catholic lady of my acquaintance, wishing to pay her devotions at the shrine of Edward the Confessor, was turned back by a burly policeman. "I only want to go into the Abbey to say my prayers," she pleaded. "We shan't have any time to ask what you want," replied Robert, "you'd better go home at once." Often the women got no further than a few sentences delivered by the frailest and least alarming of speakers, yet they were ruthlessly hustled in a crowd strengthened by idle roughs. But they were fertile in devices and unconquerable in their endurance. Chained to the Ladies' Grille in the House, or to the railings of Downing Street, they managed to deliver their message whilst the locksmith was being sent for.

When the hated Asquith had succeeded "C. B.," and a declared opponent with a Cabinet majority behind him barred their way, they went to even greater lengths. They were for ever in the public eye. They chalked the pavements, they walked the gutters as sandwich-men, they dogged Cabinet Ministers, they got into private parties. One in particular, Mrs. McLeod, developed a perfect genius for slipping past butlers and mingling with the guests, and an

intrepid girl, greatly daring, cried "Votes for Women!" whilst being presented at Court. So great was the indignation roused, not only in Society but even amongst professional and working women by these antics, that for a time a counter-movement, giving birth to an Anti-Suffrage Society, founded by Mrs. Humphry Ward, had quite a considerable following. It was destined in the long run to the fate of all who try to rally enthusiasm for a negative creed, and who persist in committing intellectual "hari kari." I think, too, it died of its supporters. I was on its original committee, of which Gertrude Bell was the somewhat surprising first secretary. She enlisted the two pro-Consuls, Lord Cromer and Lord Curzon, who were ready to make common cause with anyone sharing their fear of allowing feminine influence to sway imperial policy. She also enlisted some distinguished editors, St. Loe Strachey amongst them. I can see him now confronting Mrs. Billington-Greig on a Kensington platform—he pale, rather fine-drawn, over-intellectualised, not a very ready speaker and anxious to be conciliatory; she, as Sylvia describes her, "large, powerfully-built," curling a scornful upper lip and pushing her arguments "somewhat crudely." He had as little chance against her as had a young scion of the aristocracy, who confronted Christabel on another occasion, and whom she contemptuously dismissed as "a gilded popinjay."

It was our fate, too, to attract all the ultra-feminine and the lady-like incompetents. I shall not easily forget some of the committee meetings, or some of the members, especially a titled lady who shall be nameless. She never mastered the difference between minutes and agenda and, having always had second thoughts since the last committee, she treated its decisions when read out in the minutes merely as material for fresh discussion. No wonder we got along slowly!

We were on the wrong tack, I think now; we had put our money on the wrong horse. But we had no desire to stop the Women's Movement. We merely wanted to regulate its pace and to prevent a noisy minority from bringing us all into discredit. From the first, though I

have seen the contrary stated in semi-official suffrage publications, Mrs. Humphry Ward and her followers advocated an extension of women's work and powers in Local Government, and the opening to them on equal terms of professional opportunities. Probably we should have done better to turn ourselves into a Right Wing of the constitutional suffragists. Perhaps even we should have smiled on the Suffragettes. After all, "*Qui veut la fin—*"; when you want a thing very much it does not always answer to be too squeamish about methods.

From 1910 to 1912 there was some sort of truce. In 1910 came two General Elections; suffragettes could concentrate on heckling candidates and asking inconvenient questions at their meetings. Two male suffragists actually stood for election. One of them, in East St. Pancras, polled exactly 22 votes; the other did little better. To say, as Sylvia Pankhurst says, that these candidates "were at the bottom of the poll," is to put it mildly! They were as a matter of fact nowhere at all. But when in 1912 the hopes, which suffragists and suffragettes alike had based upon getting an amendment, giving votes to women, inserted in Asquith's Franchise Bill, were frustrated by the Speaker's ruling that in that case the Bill would have to be withdrawn and re-introduced, a wild campaign of wanton damage was inaugurated, followed by the trial of Mrs. Pankhurst and Mr. and Mrs. Pethick-Lawrence for conspiracy, with subsequent sentences of nine months' imprisonment.

Christabel had fled the country and from Paris issued orders to her faithful followers. Her mother, in prison, pursued those tactics of refusing food, which had then to be forcibly administered, that had already caused the Government such great embarrassment. Her example was widely followed. Sylvia, indeed, endured the pangs of a hunger-strike as often as thirteen times and even added the greater self-torture of a thirst-strike. Again and again women had to be released and carried to nursing-homes for fear they should die in prison. None actually did, but not a few were permanently injured. Nor was the Cause without its martyr, testifying even unto death.

Gentle Emily Wilding Davison, a teacher of English Literature, arrested for setting the contents of pillar-boxes on fire, barricaded herself in her cell and resisted forcible feeding. She was drenched by a hose of ice-cold water and had to be carried hastily to hospital and revived with stimulants and hot bottles. A little later she flung herself amongst the hoofs of the Derby horses and was picked up dead.

The Government, confronted by this dilemma, victory or death, could find no better expedient than to pass the "*Cat and Mouse Act*," enabling fasting prisoners in danger of their life to be released on parole and re-arrested when they had sufficiently recovered. But the public were strangely stirred. It is easy to be wise after the event in estimating public feeling. But it fell to the present writer's lot, as Assistant Editor of a Year-book whose watchword was Impartiality, to have to sum up the situation at the end of 1912. After enumerating the chief trials, convictions and sentences, the summary proceeds: "None of these sentences was actually served. . . . In each case the release was on grounds of health, the prisoner having usually resorted to the tactics of refusing food and resisting forcible feeding, known as the 'hunger strike. . . .' The persistence in these tactics had continued to cause serious embarrassment to the Government, and the practice of forcible feeding greatly exercised the public conscience, violent protests being made by many people against such methods of 'torture.'" Lord Robert Cecil moved to reduce the Home Secretary's salary in order to raise the question in the House. Mr. Bernard Shaw wrote: "If you take a woman and torture her you torture me. These denials of fundamental rights are really a violation of the soul. . . ."

What would have happened, had the Government not been saved by the outbreak of the World War, can never now be definitely decided. Probably they must have given way and found some such compromise as was actually achieved in 1918, when a clause giving the vote to duly qualified women over thirty years of age went through almost unopposed. But that was in a chastened world.

And what has actually resulted? Perhaps we are still

too close to it all to be very good judges. But some forecasts have been proved wrong and a few have proved right. There has been no sweeping feminine vote, no such fresh orientation in imperial policy as Lord Cromer and Lord Curzon feared. Neither has this country suffered in foreign estimation because its women were enfranchised. On the contrary, most nations since the War have enfranchised their own women. Even in domestic affairs there has been no such woman-made law as that Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States which confronted the American soldiers, when they came back to celebrate their victory, with a country that had suddenly gone "dry."

But the restriction, so readily agreed to, to secure some sort of equipoise between the male and female vote in an electorate decimated by war, has gone by the board, now that a Conservative Government has given us adult suffrage. Was that, I wonder, deliberate on their part? Mr. Philip Snowden, at the birth of the Labour Party, objected to its advocacy of votes for women on the ground that that would assist the Conservative Party. Miss Bondfield, our first woman in the Cabinet, according to Sylvia Pankhurst deprecated votes for women in 1905 "as the hobby of disappointed old maids whom no one had wanted to marry" (surely an argument thieved from the Anti's!) What women wanted, she thought, was not the vote, but industrial organisation; the vote was of little importance to them. That may be, but it has made them, as voters, of some importance to political organisers. Nothing has been more noticeable in the recent newspaper attempts to usurp the place of parliament than the persistent appeal the "stunt" press makes to the woman voter. And amongst no class have the "freak" or "Empire Crusading" candidates found wider support than amongst women in domestic service. It was the cooks and housemaids of South Paddington who sent Admiral Taylor to Parliament!

So much for the triumph of the Cause. What of the family who gave their lives to it? Mrs. Pankhurst is dead and her statue stands hard by that House at whose doors she battered so many years in vain. But she lived

to stand side by side with Lloyd George at a great demonstration of women organised for national service and to see the Acts enfranchising them pass into law. Christabel in war time became a super-patriot, carrying on an intensive recruiting campaign and editing a militarist paper, *Britannia*. Since the peace she has, if the evidence of *Who's Who?* can be trusted, embraced one of the more fanatical forms of faith, and now preaches the imminence of the Second Advent in that trans-Atlantic country where fanatical faiths find a larger following. And Sylvia? She has gone on suffering. Slower than her mother and sister to see the necessity of change, she has been faithful to the creeds in which she was reared. A democrat, a pacifist, a "friend to Russia," a communist, she has suffered for all those convictions and the tale of her imprisonments is a long one. But perhaps irony and tragedy were never more strangely mingled than when she was summoned to Paris by Christabel to be formally repudiated because she persisted in continuing her suffrage work in the East End of London amongst working women, when Christabel had decided that only "picked women, the very strongest and most intelligent," were worth while. The separation was absolute. As Christabel said, "It must be a clean cut." But later she added as an afterthought that they might sometimes meet "not as Suffragettes but as sisters."

ANALYZING THE "NOBLE EXPERIMENT"

BY J. A. STEVENSON

IT is now ancient history how the people of the United States, keyed up to a pitch of emotional idealism during the war years, were induced to accept a system of prohibition which banned the manufacture, sale and transportation of intoxicating liquors within the bounds of the Republic. A zealous band of temperance reformers, adepts at political organisation, who operated through the Anti-Saloon League and skilfully applied pressure to politicians terrified of their influence, succeeded in riveting this prohibitionist system firmly upon the necks of the American people by the double chain of the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution and the Volstead Act. It is true that these laws were enacted in face of the vigorous opposition of a dissenting minority whose leaders at Washington and elsewhere predicted that greater evils than benefits would accrue from them and that experience would prove their complete futility. But they were accepted as the law of the land by the mass of the American people, and the Federal authorities in co-operation with as many state administrations as they could induce to give effective assistance, set about the task of enforcing them.

Nearly twelve years have elapsed since these prohibition laws came into operation, and apart from prohibitionist fanatics there are few Americans to-day who will claim that they have come within even a reasonable measure of fulfilling the hopes of their sponsors. Over wide areas of the country they are treated with open contempt and more honoured in the breach than the observance. It is alleged on good authority that there are to-day in New York more "speak-easies" where illicit liquor is freely sold than there were saloons in the pre-

prohibition days. And outside the rural territory of some western states, where a genuine "dry" sentiment does exist, the administration of the system seems from all the evidence available to be a howling farce, in which a plethora of comedy contains also an element of tragedy, as the long record of the killings of innocent people by prohibition agents reveals. There is also abundant proof that prohibition has been responsible for an ominous growth of corruption and lawlessness which is a source of anxiety to all thinking Americans, and administrative standards as well as general morals are suffering from a progressive deterioration which threatens the health of the whole social order of the country.

The American press teems with revelations that the prohibition laws are being persistently evaded. Under the date February 1st, for example, the Associated Press carried a story about a raid by prohibition officers upon a distilling plant at Elmira, New Jersey, which was claimed to be the largest and most elaborate found in this particular state since prohibition came into force. The plant had been known as the Briggs Brewery in the good old pre-Volstead days, and had continued to produce a brand of "near beer" until some years ago, when "dry" agents raiding it found a large quantity of beer with intoxicating qualities and had its license cancelled. But this calamity had merely served to direct the energies of its owners into more profitable channels and the raiding agents found on the premises equipment and material valued at a million dollars. They included two 20,000 gallon stills and one small 1,000 gallon still, forty-five 50-gallon steel drums of alcohol, more than 7,000 gallons of alcohol in storage, six steel vats of 50,000 gallon capacity filled with alcohol mash, six steam pumps, seventy 25-gallon carboys of sulphuric acid, and two 125-horsepower boilers. Eleven men were found on the premises and were arrested on charges of conspiracy and operating an unlicensed brewery. Scarcely a week passes that a similar raid is not reported in the press, although alcoholic emporiums of this size are not common, or are at least immune from disturbance.

Again, the *Chicago Tribune* of February 7th declared that emissaries of "Al" Capone, the puissant overlord of that mighty city, had instructed so-called independent bootleggers, who catered to the "select" trade with imported liquor, that "you must take our booze or get out of the racket." Quoting unnamed Federal officials, the *Tribune* interpreted this action of Capone and his minions as an effort to secure a working monopoly of the "bootlegging" business in the Chicago area. According to Mr. W. A. S. Douglas, the Chicago correspondent of the *Baltimore Sun*, there is in circulation a recognised brand of liquor known as "Capone whiskey" whose wholesale price to the "bootleggers" is two and a-half dollars per bottle, but more refined palates prefer imported brands whose price is at present five dollars per bottle. Capone evidently aspires to forcing Chicagoans to drink his inferior liquor, for some time ago he issued an edict to the effect that importers of grape juice concentrates, which under a certain form of treatment can be made to acquire a very powerful "kick," should cease their nefarious traffic within the bounds of Chicago under dire pains and penalties for interfering with the preserves of worthier people.

Now these are only two episodes out of a multitude which could be cited as illustration of the conditions to which the prohibition laws have brought the United States. Undoubtedly their most noxious fruit is that the enormous profits of "bootlegging" have provided an economic basis for a generous livelihood for what in American parlance is known as the "underworld element," which has long been a source of trouble in the great American cities, and as a result municipal government and the administration of law and order in places like Chicago have become a laughing stock. Many people, however, who had originally been disposed to tolerate and even welcome prohibition as a valuable social reform, came in time to acquire a keen distaste for it. Organisations whose avowed objective was the abolition of the prohibitionist régime came into existence, and, as they enjoyed the support of a number of wealthy individuals, they were able to spend considerable sums upon propaganda. But for some

years they made comparatively little headway, finding that they signally lacked the capacity of the Anti-Saloon League for bending politicians to their will. However, in the year 1928 some peculiarly scandalous disclosures about the administration of the "dry" laws and indignation at a series of deaths of harmless people by the guns of government agents aroused public opinion to the realities of the situation, and there began a widespread swing of popular sentiment against prohibition which has been gathering momentum ever since. It soon became impossible for the politicians at Washington to disregard the change which had occurred in the public's attitude, and the directors of the fortunes of the Republican party, which has the responsibility of office and of the enforcement of the laws, felt that it was necessary to take some steps to allay the growing disquietude about prohibition and its visible consequences.

II

President Hoover, accordingly, in 1929 took refuge in the time-honoured device of appointing a special commission, called "The Law Enforcement Commission," which was charged with the duty of investigating the problem of the prohibition laws and their enforcement. It was of a representative character with avowed "drys" balanced by a contingent of "wet" sympathizers. Its chairman was Mr. George Wickersham, a distinguished New York lawyer, who had been Attorney-General in the Cabinet of President Taft, and its other ten members were Mr. Newton D. Baker, who was Woodrow Wilson's Secretary of War; Mr. William S. Kenyon, who formerly sat in the Senate for Iowa; Dr. Roscoe Pound, the Dean of the Harvard Law School; Judge Paul J. McCormick, of California; Judge Kenneth McIntosh, of the Supreme Court at Washington; Federal Judge William I. Grubbe; Mr. Henry W. Anderson, of Virginia, a corporation lawyer; Miss Ada Comstock, the Principal of Radcliffe College; Mr. Monte Lemann, of New Orleans, and Mr. Frank J. Loesch, of Chicago. Long and arduous were the labours

of the Commissioners, who heard a vast volume of testimony and were compelled to spend about eighteen months in the evolution of their report. In the end they produced a most extraordinary document of 90,000 words, at a cost to the taxpayers of more than 5 cents a word. The most noticeable fact about it is the discrepancy between the general summary signed by ten out of the eleven Commissioners which pronounces in favour of a further trial for prohibition, and the individual conclusions of the same Commissioners in which a majority of them pronounce strongly in favour of some immediate reform.

The report itself gives a very intelligent analysis of the history and processes of prohibition in the United States and other countries, and offers an appraisal of their results and the causes of their failure or partial success. In a balanced survey of the voluminous testimony which it had taken about the operation of the prohibition laws of the United States, the Commission frankly expresses its dissatisfaction with the existing plan of enforcement of the prohibition laws. It finds as a result of their failure to influence effectively the American people in the direction of abstinence that a most significant change has taken place in the social attitude towards drinking, and it declares that "there is a mass of information before us as to a general prevalence of drinking in homes, in clubs, and in hotels; of drinking parties given and attended by persons of high standing and respectability; of drinking by tourists at winter and summer resorts; and of drinking in connection with public dinners and at conventions." In regard to drinking among young people it finds a conflict of evidence revealed, but it admits that straw votes taken in Universities have shown an attitude of hostility to or contempt for the law among those who are likely to be the leaders of the next generation.

The report deals at great length with the manifest evils which have developed in the machinery of enforcement, the prodigious difficulty of recruiting an organisation which would honestly and wholeheartedly undertake the enforcement of the laws and the widespread corruption which has been proven to exist. It examines conditions in

several states, and in regard to conditions in Kansas, one of the pioneer states in the matter of state-wide prohibition, the Commission makes the following comment:

Kansas has had State prohibition for over fifty years. The preponderant sentiment is unquestionably for strict enforcement of the law. There is a drastic State statute, going much beyond the National Prohibition Act. In 1929 a State appropriation was made providing a fund for appointment of special attorneys to enforce prohibition. In March, 1930, a prohibition survey of Kansas was made by direction of the United States Commissioner of Prohibition. A map contained in that survey, setting forth the situation county by county, marks enforcement as "bad" or at most "fair" in the counties containing the chief cities of the State, as "bad" in the mining regions, and as "fairly normal" in the remainder of the State, consisting of 101 out of 105 counties.

In the second largest city enforcement is frankly pronounced "bad." It is significant that the death rate in Kansas from alcoholism and causes attributable to alcohol, which had fallen to a very low level between 1917 and 1920, has risen to the level of 1917.

In regard to Virginia, which has been a zealous prohibitionist State since 1914, with a stringent State law reinforcing the Federal law, and where both the Federal and State officials have been more than ordinarily honest in administering the laws, the Commission finds that the number of convictions and of seizures of liquor has been impressive; for instance, the number of arrests for drunkenness in Richmond, the State capital, has increased by more than one-third in five years.

The Commission reports that the bootlegging fraternity relies upon three main sources for their supplies: liquor smuggled from abroad, the diversion of industrial alcohol, and the illegal distillation of whiskies and brandies. For the former, Canada is the chief source of supply, and apparently the ban imposed by the Government of Mr. Mackenzie King upon direct liquor exports from Canada to the United States has merely served to divert the traffic *via* the French Islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, and Bermuda; substantial quantities of rum are still entering from the West Indies, quantities of brandy from France and of gin from Holland. But the Commission is agreed that illicit distilling has become for the time being the main source of supply, and that, thanks to the efficient development of

this industry, which, being often carried on as it is in plants comparable in size to the old lawful distilleries, is "well organized, has found how to shift location systematically and has learned to calculate for the seizure and destruction of stills as part of its overhead," a steady supply of whisky, much of it of reasonably good quality, is put in circulation at prices which are "a convincing testimony of the ineffectiveness of enforcement against this source of supply."

The Commission also deals with the problem of the exemptions for home brewing and for grape concentrates. The evidence revealed that prepared materials like grape juice concentrates, which are designed for the purpose of making wines at home, are now being manufactured on a large scale, with the full cognizance of the Federal Government, and that a great deal of this home-made wine gets into public circulation. So its conclusion is that "necessity seems to compel the virtual abandonment of efforts for effective enforcements" in regard to home-made supplies. However, it urged also that some legislation which will provide for a fixed alcohol content for grape concentrates should be passed. Under the broad heading of "Bad Features of the Prohibition Situation," the Commission deals exhaustively with the state of public opinion, the graft and corruption which have developed, and the economic, political, geographical and physical difficulties which are obstacles to effective enforcement, and it then considers the strain which prohibition has imposed upon the law courts, the machinery of prosecutions and the presence of the Court. It finds a marked change in the public attitude towards the Federal Courts, lamented by lawyers everywhere as one of the most serious results of prohibition.

The official summary of the report, which was signed by all the Commissioners except Mr. Monte Lemann, declared that the Commission was opposed to the repeal of the 18th Amendment, to the restoration in any manner of the legalized saloon, to the Federal or State Governments as such entering the liquor business, and to the proposal to modify the National Prohibition Act so as to permit the manufacture and sale of light wines and beer. In regard

to the latter proposal they take the view that experience before national prohibition makes it doubtful whether beer would replace spirits in general consumption to any degree, and that the use of illicit liquor has developed a taste for intoxicating beverages to an extent which makes it very dubious whether a light beer would be widely accepted as a substitute for them.

The Commission also expressed the opinion that prior to the enforcement of the Bureau of Prohibition Act of 1927, the agencies for enforcement were badly organised and inadequate and that although subsequent to that enactment, there had been continuous improvement in organisation and effort for enforcements, the present organisation for enforcement was still inadequate. Therefore it suggested an increase in the Federal appropriations for the enforcement of the 18th Amendment, and that there should be certain improvements in the Statutes and in the organisation of personnel and equipment of enforcement with a view to producing the greatest practicable efficiency. Some recommendations were also made in regard to prescriptions by the Medical profession in cases of sickness, and detailed suggestions were made about certain administrative changes, but the Commission expressed itself strongly opposed to legislation which would permit greater latitude for Federal searches and seizures. In one paragraph of the summary it was stated that some of the Commission were not convinced that prohibition under the 18th Amendment could not be enforced, and believed that a further trial should be made with the help of the recommended improvements. If after such trial effective amendment were not secured there should be a revision of the Amendment. Others of the Commission, said the report, were convinced that it had been demonstrated that prohibition under the 18th Amendment was unenforceable and that the Amendment should be immediately revised, but recognising that the process of amendment would take some time, were willing to unite in the recommendations for the improvement of enforcement agencies.

It was an open secret in Washington that the framing

of the report had been attended by sharp controversy, but eventually all the Commissioners except Mr. Lemann, of New Orleans, who refused to be responsible for any condonation of the prohibition laws, subscribed their names to the report. But they all signed with a reservation of the right to embody their individual views in separate memoranda, which were also published. A perusal of the eleven individual statements of faith discloses that the summary which they signed, which is the only thing that most people will read, is much more favourable to prohibition than a balanced compendium of the aggregate material embraced in the report would be. For instance, the summary definitely states that the Commission is opposed to the Government's entry into the liquor business, but a study of the individual views of the Commissioners shows that actually six out of the eleven express themselves as favourable to such a proposal unless there comes to pass a change in the public attitude towards enforcement such as is virtually inconceivable. Mr. Lemann came out flat-footed for immediate repeal, and Mr. Newton Baker took a similar line, writing: "In my opinion the Eighteenth Amendment should be repealed and the whole question of policy and enforcement with regard to intoxicating liquors remitted to the States."

Indeed, a clear majority of the Commissioners frankly state in their separate memoranda that they are in favour under one set of conditions or another of such a revision as would destroy the efficacy of the Eighteenth Amendment and permit the legal sale of liquor throughout the country. By general consent the Commissioner who emerged with the greatest credit from the inquiry is Mr. H. W. Anderson, of Virginia, who was formerly an earnest advocate of prohibition, but has now changed his opinion. He alone saw fit to propose a constructive plan as an alternative to prohibition and he got five of his colleagues, including two who were classified as "drys," to endorse it. It suggested a revision of the Eighteenth Amendment to permit the creation of a National Commission on Liquor Control, which would regulate a privately-owned National Liquor Corporation with monopolistic powers and State sub-

sidiaries. The Anderson plan has attracted a good deal of support, and Mr. Anderson has begun to advocate it upon public platforms to the accompaniment of a severe indictment of the prohibition laws. Incidentally, in a speech which he delivered at Richmond on February 19th, he made the interesting disclosure, presumably based on the researches of the Commission, that the foreign supplies of liquor now entering the United States were a mere dribble compared with the supplies of domestic origin. He said that the ease with which presentable whiskey could be made from corn sugar had been responsible for a vast increase in illicit distillation and also that, thanks to the privileged provision of grape concentrates, 115 million gallons of native wines were being distributed every year, as compared with 45 million gallons per annum before prohibition arrived.

The publication of the Wickersham report immediately let loose a flood of discussion and controversy, which is still proceeding. The general verdict of the Press was very condemnatory, chiefly on the ground that its incoherence and obvious contradictions prevented it from offering any real guidance to the American people upon their most baffling problem and could only serve to aggravate the confusion of the public mind, and some wit promptly christened it "The Wickershambles." Both the "drys" and the "wets" naturally sought to interpret it as buttressing their respective cases, but undoubtedly the "wets" are the better pleased with it, and most impartial commentators are inclined to agree with the editorial view of the *New Republic*, a liberal weekly, which wrote as follows:—

"Despite its confusion and inconsistencies, the report is as a whole undoubtedly the heaviest blow prohibition has ever experienced. The picture it presents of the breakdown of enforcement is reinforced by such an array of facts as cannot be ignored by any 'dry' except those in the lunatic fringe. . . . Disappointing as the Wickersham report is, it has served a useful purpose. It marks the close of the era of official indifference to the appalling conditions created by the 'noble experiment.' Through the report runs the double thought of a further fixed period of trial and of a national referendum, now or later. Either proposal, if honestly accepted, would in our judgment sound the death-knell of this colossal attempt to bring about

temperance by the worst possible means. In any case the Wickersham report marks the beginning of the end."

III

But just as important an event as the publication of the Wickersham Report was the message with which President Hoover transmitted it to Congress. Not only did he give his formal blessing to its findings and recommendations, but he took the opportunity of proclaiming himself an unrepentant believer in what he once called the "noble experiment" of prohibition. He pronounced flatly against the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, or even of its modification, and he also declared himself for the rigid enforcement of Volsteadism "without equivocation or reservation" and against surrendering any of the economic, moral and political gains which prohibition had given the country. This message was at once heralded as a major political event, for it meant that Mr. Hoover had made up his mind to stand or fall at the election of 1932 as a "dry," and had seized upon the Wickersham report as an excuse for clarifying and justifying his position. His declaration was received with unconcealed glee, first by the Democrats, and secondly by the spokesmen of the Anti-Saloon League, but it filled with profound gloom and dismay the hearts of many practical Republican politicians and aroused resentful protests from a multitude of enraged Republican "wets."

But while Mr. Hoover has undoubtedly alienated beyond forgiveness thousands of Republican "wets" who will never support him, he has made sure of the perfervid allegiance of the Anti-Saloon League and its powerful cohorts, and he has also a good chance of attracting a preponderating share of the women voters, many of whom are not yet disposed to countenance the abolition of the prohibition laws. Some Republican "wets," however, who remain loyal to Mr. Hoover, have been representing to him that his chances of carrying States like New York, Ohio, and Illinois are hopeless unless he does or says something at the earliest possible moment to make the country believe that he has more liberal views upon pro-

hibition than were revealed in his message to Congress. They have been suggesting that he, while professing his personal belief in prohibition, should declare for a plank in the next Republican platform proposing a referendum upon prohibition to be conducted through State constitutional conventions. But if he were to take this course, the welkin would at once resound with a clamour from the leaders of the Anti-Saloon League that he was betraying their sacred cause after he had publicly adopted it as his own, and, if their suspicions of his infidelity were once aroused, they might not be easily allayed. There is little doubt that even if the dissentient "wet" Republicans nominate a candidate of their own at the party convention, Mr. Hoover will easily beat him, and so the prospects are that he will fight the Presidential election of 1932 as the paladin of the "drys," and carry the party organisation with him into the conflict.

The Democratic party on its side naturally sees a prospect of exploiting the situation to its own great advantage in the Presidential election of 1932, and its directing spirits are busy laying plans to this end. In the presidential contest of 1928 the prohibition issue was a serious source of embarrassment to it, for a large element of the Southern Democrats disliked the "wetness" of the party's presidential candidate, "Al" Smith, as much as his Catholicism, and their desertion gave the Republicans unprecedented gains in the "Solid South." Now these "dry" Democrats of the South, both those who remained with their party in 1928 and those who voted Republican but are now ready to return to their old allegiance, are not yet converted to the idea that the Democratic party must come out boldly for the repeal of the prohibition laws, and the issue is looming up for a preliminary decision at a meeting of the Democratic National Committee which its Chairman, Mr. J. J. Raskob, the multi-millionaire motor manufacturer, has summoned. Mr. Raskob, who was selected for his present post by "Al" Smith, and who has for the last three years been acting as the financial angel of the Democrats, is a most pronounced "wet"; indeed, it was his detestation of prohibition as much as his personal

friendship for "Al" Smith which induced him to take an active part in politics. He and practically all the influential Democratic leaders in the North are convinced that the time is now ripe for a bold move against prohibition, and it is their fixed purpose to get the party organisation on record at the earliest possible moment with a definitely "wet" policy. They discern evidence of a tremendous increase of "wet" sentiment in most parts of the country and particularly in pivotal northern States like Massachusetts, Ohio and Illinois, where it played a large part in the Democratic gains at the recent Congressional election. They think that they can carry the northern elements of their party solidly for a "wet" programme which will allure the "wet" Republicans at the election, and they believe that, although the "dry" Democrats of the South may grumble bitterly about any commitment to "wetness," the prospects of certain victory which will be opened up will keep any insurgency within manageable bounds.

Moreover, the "wet" Democratic leaders are believed to have concocted a liquor programme which will endeavour to soothe Southern susceptibilities. It will be based upon the traditional democratic principle of "State rights," and it is predicted that it will propose to turn the prohibition question over to the States, permitting those which desire to remain "dry" to do so, and those which are tired of prohibition to attempt some "wet" experiment. Some northern Democrats would undoubtedly like to go further than this; Senator Wagner, of New York, speaking in the Senate on February 16th to answer the Southern "drys" of his party, asserted emphatically that the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment was inevitable and that, when it came, it must be accompanied by some constructive programme which would prevent the return of the saloon.

"Repeal," he said, "is the order of the day. It is too late for revision. Public opinion has already passed that post. It is now headed straight for repeal. I have listened with patience to repeated assertions upon the floor of this house of the doctrine of impossibility. You tell me repeal is impossible. I answer you that it is inevitable. You tell me a small minority of the States can prevent it. I know they can, but I am sure they will not."

Now the history of the Democratic party shows that it

has an uncanny genius for wrecking its chances of victory by internecine feuds, but with President Hoover having committed the Republicans to the maintenance of the "noble experiment," the Democrats have no real alternative but to take the opposite side on the question which has now become the dominating issue in American politics. They may, as an avowedly "wet" party, shed some votes in the South, but they expect to find ample compensation in the support of thousands of Northern Republicans, come at last to a frame of mind in which they are ready to punish their own party for its obstinate adherence to the obnoxious prohibition laws and to help the Democrats in securing a definite mandate for their repeal. Moreover the Democrats are fortunate in that in Governor Roosevelt, Mr. Owen Young and Governor Ritchie they have a choice of "wet" candidates of high calibre who will on other grounds make a powerful appeal to the voters. So impartial political experts are now declaring that events are shaping to make 1932 the first "Democratic year" since Woodrow Wilson carried the country in 1916.

CRISIS AND LEADERSHIP

BY HENRY HARRISON

I

THE British are a strange people whose boast it has long been that they do not know when they are beaten. They have another boast, too, that they disdain logic—a conception exemplified by their working philosophy, which abjures far-sighted plans in favour of “muddling through,” and which prefers an unwritten constitution of spasmodic patch-work development to the most symmetrical crystallisations of principle which skilled draftsmanship could offer in definitive prose. The underlying conception of these proud vauntings seems to be that instinct—or is it faith?—is preferred to logical methods as the main factor of conduct, and that confidence is reposed in processes of organic growth rather than of consciously and artificially directed construction.

There is no small justification for these boasts, as the history of Britain and its Empire stands witness—no less than the “might, majesty and power” to which they attained. Yet the friendly outsider may be forgiven his uneasy speculation whether, in certain past and present crises, the British people would not have fared better if there had been mingled with the tenacity a livelier consciousness of circumstance, and if the “muddling through” had been illumined sometimes by a clearer perception of ultimate objectives. It is good to bear burdens with a most tenacious fortitude. But it is better whilst husbanding one’s resources of endurance-power to perceive with intelligent prevision how to avoid having to bear them at all, or, if they must indeed be borne, to know how to devise reasonable means to lessen their weight.

And so to-day. Britain is confronted with peril, great and growing peril, not less deadly, though less spectacular, than when Philip of Spain despatched his Armada to force her under the yoke of his Empire and of his religion, or when Napoleon the Great mustered his armies within sight of Dover, or when, in the blackest days of the Great War, in 1917–1918, starvation and invasion hovered threateningly over her undaunted population. Indeed, the economic downfall which threatens Britain to-day would carry in its train hardship more bitter, ruin more comprehensive and permanent than would have been entailed by a mere invasion and a temporary subjection.

An economic collapse would be irreparable for Britain. Her case is far other than that of Germany, which plunged into the abyss and was extricated ultimately, damaged and humiliated, by her anxious creditors. Nor is it that of France which, by her own unaided and heroic efforts, struggled back to solid ground after she had stumbled and slid far down the slippery slope. Britain would forfeit her place amongst the Great Powers, and the closing ranks would leave no room for her re-admission. A country with a spendthrift Exchequer and with a noble patrimony dissipated, save for a melting mass of wasting assets—a workshop country unable or unwilling to pay its way and to work at competitive rates—could never hope to replenish its vanished wealth. For, without concrete wealth and without the potential wealth of a mobilisable productive power and with a lost reputation for prudent and thrifty enterprise, its fountains of credit, once so sure and so profuse in their outflow, would remain sealed at their source. And London, once it were disestablished as the financial centre of the world, could never overtake and outstrip all competing rivals so as to regain its proud supremacy. Britain herself, no longer a creditor nation, and shorn of her money-power throughout the whole world, would droop and fade until it would be the dead heart of a decomposing and disintegrating Empire, unable to maintain itself in the struggle for existence. And what words can picture the fate of Britain’s surplus millions—incapable of producing their own food and unable to

manufacture saleable goods to be exchanged for foods? Their fate would be to perish off the face of the earth with tragic swiftness or, more slowly perhaps, if they were willing to pass under the control of some alien taskmaster whose little finger, most assuredly, would be thicker than the loins of their present employers.

There is no exaggeration in speaking of the imminence, the very threatening imminence, of an economic downfall. Still less is it panic-mongering to insist upon it. Who is justified in keeping silence in the early stages of a fire, a flood, an avalanche when safety may still be secured? For whilst, in truth and in fact, the peril is imminent, it is by no means inevitable. And it is necessary to show the existence of the danger, for unless its extreme gravity and its essential quality are realised there will be little chance of the necessary effort being made to avoid it. Britain is still possessed of immense resources. That is why her post-war crisis has been so long in coming. But her resources will not serve her unless they are skilfully handled. Not the least of them are those that lie in the moral sphere. But these will be as ineffective as an undrawn sword if there be no spiritual appeal, no trumpet call to action and sacrifice, following upon a frank realisation of the danger. No policy of muddling through can save Britain to-day. For it would be none other than a muddling away of resources and opportunities until the crash came. Nor will any blind courage of endurance avail. For that merely spells persistence on the road to destruction and a refusal to look for the turning points towards safety.

The peril that is imminent is easy to describe. It has long been a commonplace amongst non-British observers, of whom a large and rapidly-growing proportion is convinced that Britain's star has set for ever. That, in itself, has an ill bearing on British credit and British prestige. Briefly, and on very broad lines, and looking to results and not to causes or processes or explanations, the position is this. Britain is living on her capital resources because she is spending more or losing more than she earns. There are three simple tests for this: the national Budget, the balance of trade and finance covering all transactions

between Britain and the outside world, and the balance sheets of the industrial and financial trading organisations at home.

The Expenditure side of the Budget is heavy to the point of paralysing effort and enterprise. Worse still, it grows heavier automatically and rapidly from year to year—in spite of the gradual diminution of war pensions—by virtue of various statutes passed since the war and of the multiplication of official posts. The Revenue side of the Budget never (of recent years) balances the Expenditure side with true revenue, although it disposes of the heaviest annual taxation *per capita* in the world. This is because the receipts include taxes levied on the capital value of properties passing on death, and the huge annual sum thus raised out of the capital wealth of the country is not—properly speaking—true annual revenue. And, again, a weighty reminder has recently been issued by the Treasury that Exchequer borrowing on capital account for current expenditure as Unemployment relief cancels, or more than cancels, the Sinking Fund provision for the reduction of the enormous National Debt. A sinister aspect of the Budgetary situation is that while expenditure increases and is not fully met out of true revenue, taxation at the existing high rate has proved so injurious to trade and industry and to consumers' spending power that its yield is showing clear signs of diminishing. The Budgetary situation, thus considered, reveals a great and growing disparity between Expenditure and Revenue with resultant inroads upon the capital resources of Britain.

Next, the state of Britain's external dealings, as shown by the Board of Trade returns of "visible" Exports and Imports, is represented by a huge adverse balance, that is, by a huge preponderance of imports over exports. This adverse balance, however, must be adjusted by reference to the "invisible" items of monetary transactions of all sorts which, until quite recently, have availed to keep the combined balances, "visible" and "invisible," on the right side. It is conceded that the "invisible" items are only susceptible, to a limited extent, of definite ascertainment and that the ascertained figures have to be supple-

mented and pieced together by reasoned estimates and the conjectures of responsible experts. But, leaving all latitude for legitimately varying opinions on one side, there can be no doubt that, in 1930, the total balance was substantially against Britain, that is, that Britain lost money (or incurred debt) in her total dealings with the rest of the world.

This broad statement needs explanation. The Board of Trade figures issued at the end of February for the so-called "invisible" items show, *prima facie*, a balance in favour of Britain of 39 millions on the combined "visible" and "invisible" accounts. The estimate of *The Economist* for the same "invisible" items would reduce this credit balance almost by half. The downward tendency of this balance is painfully clear when it is compared with the corresponding figures for 1928 and 1929, which were 137 and 138 millions respectively. These Board of Trade figures relate to "Balances of Income and Expenditure in the Transactions (other than the Lending and Repayment of Capital) between the United Kingdom and all other countries." They comprise dividends on capital invested abroad and paid in 1930 in respect of profits earned in 1929; and they therefore do not reflect the known shrinkage of such profits in 1930. Nor do they include losses on capital account in the same connection. In this view, the total dealings of Britain with the rest of the world in 1930 resulted in a substantial if not definitely ascertainable loss.

Third, reports and balance sheets and Chairmen's speeches at Company meetings have told an almost unvarying tale of shrunken turn-overs, of diminished or vanished profits and of the need to draw upon capital resources if interest and dividends to debenture owners and shareholders are to be paid. Industrial activity within the four shores of Britain has thus, as a whole, been conducted at a loss.

The collective effect of these three broad tests is unmistakable. It is unnecessary to elaborate proof—but all the collateral evidence confirms and emphasises their gloomy purport—whether it be the swift growth of Unemployment or the slump in freights or the chronic ailments of the Money and Exchange Markets, or the Bankers'

Clearing House returns or the grave and measured warnings of economists and financiers. The net result of the figures and facts and evidence is incontestable. Britain has been for some time launched on a course of spending more than she earned. Her capital resources have been depleted. They are in process of further depletion. And the causes of that depletion are still operating, and operating—it is to be apprehended—with cumulative vigour. How soon they are to be supplemented by a flight of mobile capital cannot be foretold. In wasting diseases the stage of collapse is sometimes a little sooner, sometimes a little later. But it is clear that this process of national improvidence and progressive impoverishment has gone so far that its reactions upon productive power are creating further deficits to enlarge still further the devouring inroads upon her capital. A vicious circle has come into being, each loss leading to further losses, which it will require a national effort on the heroic scale to break.

It is idle to seek to account for all this by pointing to "world causes." The great fall in wholesale prices of raw materials should, primarily, be of benefit to a great consuming and manufacturing people—especially as that fall was not fully represented in retail prices. In secondary effects felt by Britain's mercantile and financial activities, this benefit would be greatly modified in regard to freights, insurance, commissions, discounts, and the like. But be this as it may, the decline of Britain's trade relatively to the trade of competing nations demonstrates the existence of her own special malady.

II

What is the remedy? Where can the powerful agency be found that shall apply it?

The remedy would start its beneficial effect in the moral sphere from the first moment that it was clear to the nation that the problem was about to be tackled promptly and upon a comprehensive scale by an authority commanding general confidence. Hope would spur the vitality and strengthen the heart-beats of the nation. Apathy and

grumbling would give place to expectation and to a consideration of ways and means. The remedy itself should be the greatest common measure of agreement between representative experts; that is, persons of established repute as competent and practical students of economic and financial science and drawn from different and detached environments. They should be directed to report that which they believe to be scientifically desirable, regardless of possible reactions in the political or social spheres. Such consequences, apart from purely economic effects, should be ruled out of their consideration.

The powerful agency cannot be other than a representative Government, a Government specially formed for a great national effort, with a mandate to apply the remedy by practical measures. This mandate for the salvage of the National fortunes should confer the fullest authority for this purpose and should be limited to this purpose. The welfare and the safety of the State being its special care, it should include no Minister who does not avow that that object must come before all party or sectional interests or aims. It should be primarily a retrenchment Government, and it would probably be best that with it should lie the appointment of the Expert Committee and the prescribing of its terms of reference.

As to the remedy itself, it would be idle to elaborate anticipatory speculation. One feature necessarily must be a drastic pruning of expenditure. Another, the maintenance of a more effective Sinking Fund. There are signs of a virtually general agreement, existent but up to now unavowed, for a tariff for revenue purposes. So far as this offends Free Trade sentiment, it might well be offset by a simplification or removal of a myriad of official activities at home which operate in restraint of trade, in the paralysis of initiative and in the embarrassment of effort.

It is clear that the "salvage" or "national effort" Government cannot be a party government. For that would amount almost to a contradiction in terms. But, apart from that consideration, there is no party sufficiently united in itself or sufficiently commanding the confidence of the country. A disintegration of the party system is

apparently in progress. Each of the three great parties is a prey to internal discords.

The Labour Party—that provides a minority Government—offers the strange spectacle of incompatibles temporarily united in a quest for power. It is almost daily shedding members and Ministers and its capacity for subdivision is not yet exhausted. The spectacle of the horny-handed Trade Unionist carrying the black-coated careerist Labourite on his back, like Sinbad with his Old Man of the Sea, is less amazing than the paradox of full-blooded Socialism with a professedly "orthodox" Chancellor of the Exchequer. The colour scheme of the party in Parliament ranges from the blood-red of the Clyde group to the pale pink which seems to be no more than the ingenuous blush of Mr. Snowden and the ex-Liberals for the company that they keep. Electoral indications seem to show that voters feel that the Labour Party has been tried and found wanting as a minority Government and that it is a very fortunate thing that it was not a majority Government.

The Conservative Party, with less glaring fundamental differences, is self-immolated by its internal feuds. Its financial policy with Mr. Churchill at the Exchequer is not a reassuring item on its record. Its principles seem largely to be negative and its methods opportunist. Its programme is insusceptible of definite ascertainment. It is subject to "repairs while you wait" and yet more repairs, whenever recalcitrant colleagues or obstreperous Press Lords assail it in regard to India or Empire Trade. Mr. Baldwin, its present leader, is a sympathetic figure, personally popular, whose only strength is the absence of acceptable rivals. His leadership of Conservatism has been marked by unsolicited surrenders in advance lest attack should come—as witness such matters as franchise extensions and expensive social services. Not such as he can be expected to dominate a crisis or lead a salvage Government to success in time of national emergency.

The Liberal Party is so small now as to be immune—it might have been thought—from the attacks of jealous rivals. But not so. The great party of Gladstone and Asquith has passed, under the aegis of Mr. Lloyd George,

in a few short years, into discredit and disaster. It is now only the third party in the State where it ruled so long. It is even doomed to disappear, say its rivals on either flank, anxious—like cannibal fish—to swallow their small neighbour and to grow fat upon its substance. For the Liberals in the country, though a clumsy system denies them an equitable representation in Parliament, are numerous enough to give either party a majority. True, if they all went the one way. And the same is true of their Parliamentary membership. But the calculation was a short-sighted one—especially on the Conservative side—for the secessions that have taken place have been in both directions. And Mr. Baldwin, so certain Conservative publicists point out, should have realised two facts—first, that the individualism of true Liberalism is the best antidote for the collectivism of the Socialists and Communists, and, second, that by throwing the Lloyd George Liberals into the arms of Labour he was risking the loss of all that Conservatism holds dear for a generation at least—if not for ever. True, Mr. Baldwin did not trust Mr. Lloyd George and his tactics. But he might have remembered that twelve of Mr. Lloyd George's most prominent Liberal colleagues are formally on record as testifying to the late Lord Oxford and Asquith, after the General Strike of 1926, that Mr. Lloyd George was not worthy of confidence. He might have reflected, therefore, that Mr. Lloyd George could not dispose of Liberalism on all occasions nor for all time—and that Liberalism is a valuable element deep-rooted in the heart and mind and tradition of the people of Britain. For, after all, Liberalism has a code of philosophical doctrine and principles, even though it masquerade too often in a rhetorical guise of sentimental and unthought-out humanitarianism and lets its principles suffocate in a smother of tactics which recall nothing so much as the manœuvrings of a huckster or a cheap-jack at a fair.

Thus, it is not amongst the party leaders that the chief of a salvage Government can be found. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is at the head of the existing system, with its slack and improvident grasp of economic problems, from which Britain has to be rescued. Mr. Baldwin has not

the intellectual equipment nor the stability and constancy of purpose. Mr. Lloyd George has not the moral equipment—nor the stability and constancy of purpose. Who could contemplate with equanimity the spectacle of the last-named tackling an unspeakably grave economic crisis by the application of his war-time expedient of wholesale inflation and profuse expenditure all-round—and of his emerging later with a political fund of millions for the furtherance of his own private conceptions of Liberal principles tempered by “all-in-nothing-barred” tactics?

Yet it is amongst the Liberal ranks that the chief of a Salvage Government must be found. Logic requires that he should be drawn from the centre and not from either extremity, if the violent oscillations of the system of party government are to be slowed down for a supreme national effort. And was not “peace, retrenchment and reform” the honoured motto of Liberalism before it stooped to the meretricious slogan of “ninepence for fourpence” and the raiding of hen-roosts? In this view, two names emerge—Lord Reading and Sir John Simon. Lawyers? Yes, that is an advantage; for the chief of the Salvage Government will have to work from a brief and within the limits of the brief which the Experts Committee will furnish. Here is a proved intellectual competence for the task—and a proved capacity for the enormous labour involved. Here too, a long experience of dealing with “experts,” who are sometimes kittle-cattle to handle, with their diverse terminologies and their very varied personal equations. Lord Reading has a record, apart from his legal career, of valuable public service both in the United States and in India. So, too, of Sir John Simon, of old Norman-English extraction in Pembrokeshire and of genuine British Liberal Nonconformist type. His work in regard to Ireland in 1916 and 1920-21 and to India more recently prove the statesmanship of one who could have been, had he accepted the offer, the youngest Lord Chancellor that ever sat on the Woolsack. Both are universally respected for their outstanding capacity and proved integrity. On the surface of things, the advantage seems to lie with Sir John Simon at the age of fifty-eight as against the seventy

in a few short years, into discredit and disaster. It is now only the third party in the State where it ruled so long. It is even doomed to disappear, say its rivals on either flank, anxious—like cannibal fish—to swallow their small neighbour and to grow fat upon its substance. For the Liberals in the country, though a clumsy system denies them an equitable representation in Parliament, are numerous enough to give either party a majority. True, if they all went the one way. And the same is true of their Parliamentary membership. But the calculation was a short-sighted one—especially on the Conservative side—for the secessions that have taken place have been in both directions. And Mr. Baldwin, so certain Conservative publicists point out, should have realised two facts—first, that the individualism of true Liberalism is the best antidote for the collectivism of the Socialists and Communists, and, second, that by throwing the Lloyd George Liberals into the arms of Labour he was risking the loss of all that Conservatism holds dear for a generation at least—if not for ever. True, Mr. Baldwin did not trust Mr. Lloyd George and his tactics. But he might have remembered that twelve of Mr. Lloyd George's most prominent Liberal colleagues are formally on record as testifying to the late Lord Oxford and Asquith, after the General Strike of 1926, that Mr. Lloyd George was not worthy of confidence. He might have reflected, therefore, that Mr. Lloyd George could not dispose of Liberalism on all occasions nor for all time—and that Liberalism is a valuable element deep-rooted in the heart and mind and tradition of the people of Britain. For, after all, Liberalism has a code of philosophical doctrine and principles, even though it masquerade too often in a rhetorical guise of sentimental and unthought-out humanitarianism and lets its principles suffocate in a smother of tactics which recall nothing so much as the manœuvrings of a huckster or a cheap-jack at a fair.

Thus, it is not amongst the party leaders that the chief of a salvage Government can be found. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is at the head of the existing system, with its slack and improvident grasp of economic problems, from which Britain has to be rescued. Mr. Baldwin has not

the intellectual equipment nor the stability and constancy of purpose. Mr. Lloyd George has not the moral equipment—nor the stability and constancy of purpose. Who could contemplate with equanimity the spectacle of the last-named tackling an unspeakably grave economic crisis by the application of his war-time expedient of wholesale inflation and profuse expenditure all-round—and of his emerging later with a political fund of millions for the furtherance of his own private conceptions of Liberal principles tempered by “all-in-nothing-barred” tactics?

Yet it is amongst the Liberal ranks that the chief of a Salvage Government must be found. Logic requires that he should be drawn from the centre and not from either extremity, if the violent oscillations of the system of party government are to be slowed down for a supreme national effort. And was not “peace, retrenchment and reform” the honoured motto of Liberalism before it stooped to the meretricious slogan of “ninepence for fourpence” and the raiding of hen-roosts? In this view, two names emerge—Lord Reading and Sir John Simon. Lawyers? Yes, that is an advantage; for the chief of the Salvage Government will have to work from a brief and within the limits of the brief which the Experts Committee will furnish. Here is a proved intellectual competence for the task—and a proved capacity for the enormous labour involved. Here too, a long experience of dealing with “experts,” who are sometimes kittle-cattle to handle, with their diverse terminologies and their very varied personal equations. Lord Reading has a record, apart from his legal career, of valuable public service both in the United States and in India. So, too, of Sir John Simon, of old Norman-English extraction in Pembrokeshire and of genuine British Liberal Nonconformist type. His work in regard to Ireland in 1916 and 1920-21 and to India more recently prove the statesmanship of one who could have been, had he accepted the offer, the youngest Lord Chancellor that ever sat on the Woolsack. Both are universally respected for their outstanding capacity and proved integrity. On the surface of things, the advantage seems to lie with Sir John Simon at the age of fifty-eight as against the seventy

of Lord Reading. Nor will it be forgotten how Sir John Simon took his stand against the General Strike in 1926—nor his public dissociation of himself from the sacrifice of essential Liberal doctrine to the Lloyd George tactics of continuous trafficking with the Labour wire-pullers.

Enough of such speculations as to methods and men. Premature though they may seem, they yet furnish suggestive food for preliminary thinking.

It is only upon some such lines as these that Britain can win through to solid ground. Only by some such national effort can she avoid the catastrophe in the near future of that national bankruptcy, qualified or unqualified, at which eminent foreign critics are hinting as the best if not the only method of cure. And national bankruptcy, whether qualified or unqualified, would spell final disaster for the world's money centre.

TWO FUGITIVES

BY PETER FLEMING

TWO men were walking along the top of the stubble-field, arm-in-arm. A thin white moon, like a sneer, rode in the sky behind them. Its light, grazing the outer tree-trunks, picked out ghostly, irregular ribs in the black flank of the beech-wood on their right. They kept as close as possible to the beech-wood.

Their linked arms and bent heads suggested talk, and friendship, but they went forward in silence. Mutable as imagined monstrosity, their twin shadow danced before them along the silver ground, faint but strenuous, like a jester who has lost the power to amuse. They were walking arm-in-arm because one of them could not have walked alone.

Physical fatigue was a new experience for Julius. He had schooled his mind and spirit to ignore strain; but he had not found the time, or the need, to harden his body. Now he shrank, frightened, before the realisation of its inadequacy. The aching in his limbs at once appalled and fascinated him. He could think of nothing but the next step, and the pain in his back. His thin, pointed shoes slipped sideways, lost ground. Every stumble raided his slender store of strength and purpose. Yet he must go on, on through uncertainty and danger, to a goal which would be nothing of a haven. . . . Even self-pity could not blunt the edge of his suffering, dramatising his plight. The years fell away. Julius was a child once more, lying in bed behind blinds rusty with sunlight, preoccupied with pain. . . .

The beech-wood, like a fantastic wig, ran down to a point on the forehead of the hill. From there the slope plunged steeply down into a black foam of tree-tops on the

river bank below. In this moonlight there was scarcely cover on it for a hare.

"I must not ask to stop. I am past benefit from rest." In Julius' brain the words achieved a precarious significance, like a slogan on a flapping banner. He hung more desperately on Nicko's arm, as though his mind's virtuous resolve entitled his body to yet more support.

But when they came to the corner of the wood it was Nicko who stopped. He ceased to walk as a man on a diet ceases to eat, without reluctance, without alacrity.

"You must rest, Herr Julius," he said. "It is not safe to go further at present. Not until the moon is hidden."

Little clouds, outriders to a host, were decimating the eastward stars. Nicko nodded at them casually; he was a countryman. His heels came together as he spoke; he could be familiar with the firmament, but he owed deference to the flaccid figure on his arm. He was Julius' chauffeur.

"Ah," said Julius. He had meant to say more, but his voice needed fetching from far away: the effort was not worth it. He stood there, swaying, till Nicko took his elbow and set him down against a great beech with the perfunctory, impersonal gentleness of a nurse putting a doll in bed beside her charge. Julius' eyes looked up at him out of a lolling head dully, without gratitude.

"I can smell a potato field, Herr Julius," said Nicko. "If you will wait, I will try and find it. Otherwise we have only the chocolate."

His heels clicked again. Turning, he went off along the other flank of the wood. His stride, unburdened, was longer, but hardly easier, than it had been before. Between their mudstains, his gaiters gleamed efficiently in the moonlight. He had the air of thinking only of potatoes.

He came back with six. He had washed them already in a dew-pond. Julius did not congratulate him, but asked petulantly if they could not make a fire. His teeth were chattering.

"It would not be safe, Herr Julius." Nicko had the air of respectfully withholding patronage from a whim. "Down there there are soldiers; or if not soldiers, police."

His pointing hand, with its burden of potatoes, looked, in the unreliable moonlight, bulbous with some extravagant disease. The other's tired eyes followed it to find, half a mile northward of their hill, a short black bar severing the silver continuity of the river.

"The bridge?" he asked.

"Yes, Herr Julius."

"I did not know we were so close to the frontier." Hope and interest quickened in the husky voice.

"Look," said the chauffeur, "they are changing the guard."

A lantern pricked the darkness near the bridge-head. Carried jerkily through narrow streets, its travelling glare discovered to the watchers the backbone of a village crouched between forest and river. Half-way across the bridge it stopped. There was a little scuffle of sound in the still air which might have been a challenge and the jar of butts on stone. Then the lantern jogged back between beetling eaves and disappeared. A dog barked a drowsy welcome to its master. The short sound died, its implications fading as quickly as its echoes. The village, having vouched for its existence, shrank back into darkness.

"My sister lives there," said Nicko. He spoke as if to stamp the place's evanescent reality on his master's mind. "I know this part of the country well. Will you have a potato, Herr Julius?"

"Peel it." Julius' voice was sharp and irritable. The acrid taste of raw potatoes was reborn in his mouth. He had lived on little else for three days. He thought with regret of the food in their prison. The government, whatever its attitude towards his political principles, had at least respected his palate.

Nicko, wiping the blade of his knife on his knee, handed him a large, pale, damp potato. "And the chocolate?" he enquired respectfully. He was hungry himself.

"I have eaten the chocolate." Julius' manner was defiantly casual. He had eaten it some time ago. It had been Nicko's chocolate.

"So?" With an effort Julius prevented himself from looking up. There had been a queer, reflective note in

Nicko's voice. He remembered hearing it once or twice before. He had the feeling that Nicko, in the past three days, had come to regard him with a measure of critical detachment which was no part of the relations between master and man. Lately there had been an almost ironical note in his solicitude for Julius' comfort. It was as though he did not appreciate the consequences of their escape.

"Nicko," said Julius, preparing to remedy the defect: he noticed that Nicko, uninvited, had sat down beside him with his back to the beech. "Do you know what I think will happen when we are across that river and back in our own country?"

"No, Herr Julius."

"I think that in a very few months the people will make me dictator."

Nicko was silent for a moment.

"How will they do that, Herr Julius?"

"They will rebel. Though perhaps you do not know it, it was to lead a revolution that I was returning two months ago."

"No; I did not know, Herr Julius. And that was why we were stopped at Zinne?"

"Yes. That was the reason. The government at home had news of my coming and my plans. They arranged for my exile at Zinne."

For a moment both men were silent, looking over the river at the country to which both belonged. Julius' eyes read the shadowed miles in terms of power and self: Nicko's in terms of earth, and trees, and friends. Julius saw subservience in them, and opportunity, Nicko only the inviolable traditions of nature.

"I shall save them yet. They deserve freedom," murmured Julius, glibly misconstruing his motives to himself.

"You do not think they will imprison you again?" Nicko asked.

"I do not think they will catch me. I shall take them by surprise. Most men, in my place, would have fled, not advanced, from Zinne. No; they will not expect me on their side of the frontier. Their agents in Vienna, in

Paris, will be warned to keep a watch for me. But that is all. After that they will forget me—if I let them."

"Ah," said Nicko. His manner was tolerant, his assumption of interest no more than polite. He might have been listening to a child authenticating its fancies. "We can go on now, Herr Julius," he suggested, rising smoothly to his feet.

A cloud swam across the moon with an air of apt obedience.

The sweep of the stubble-field below them was leaden-coloured now. They went downhill quickly, trailing no dangerous shadows. The tell-tale moon was gagged. There was nothing to fear from the watchers on the bridge.

Julius, because of a certain resentment and something that was almost suspicion, made no effort to take his chauffeur's arm, but shambled along behind him, leaning too far forward, like a man not used to steep places. A long military overcoat, looted from a sentry bludgeoned in the first hour of escape, flapped heavily against his unsteady shanks. As he struggled angrily to keep pace with Nicko's regulated stride, the long sleeves, coming down over his hands, lent him, for all his urgency, the air of a man trying to be funny.

Under an oak, at the foot of the hill, Nicko stopped. The moon, cursorily observant like a policeman's torch, swept the steep field behind them and passed on, hidden by jostling clouds. They were in a long meadow, picketed with trees like a park. The river, faintly stertorous, skirted its further end. Nicko looked at the sky, said nothing, and went on. Julius followed, mincing through the long grass with unnecessarily high steps, like a woman. The village, he knew, was quite close, but further up the river to their right. He wanted to ask Nicko what plans he had for stealing a boat.

The towpath clay was dappled with the feet of horses; rare barges passed up and down the frontier. They reached it at a point where a slim green promontory ran out from the bank. Over the pebbles at the end the current babbled with imperturbable triviality.

Nicko stopped. "This is the best place," he said.

"The best place?"

"The narrowest. The water is low for the time of year. The current will not be strong."

A look of amazement was on Julius' face.

"What do you mean? You are not suggesting that we swim it?"

"That you swim it, Herr Julius; not me. I shall stay on this side. My sister, as I told you, lives in the village at the bridge. All the people here know me."

Julius made a gesture as if he would take him by the arm.

"But I cannot swim," he cried; and stopped, suddenly aware that there were tears in his voice.

Nicko looked at him with his head slightly on one side, but his eyes showed no curiosity. He was questioning himself, not his master. At length he spoke.

"Sit down, Herr Julius. You are tired." Julius sat down on the bank of the towpath. There was something incongruous and pathetic about such docility. Nicko, towering above him, hitched up his trousers; the gesture seemed to underline a decision.

"First I must tell you that I wish to leave your service." His tone had the correct official flatness. "There are wages due to me since our—time in Zinne, and you must please keep them, Herr Julius, in lieu of notice."

Julius, faced with a crisis, had regained his self-control.

"Why do you do this?" he asked, recapturing the echoes of a once effortless severity.

"That is my own affair," said Nicko. "But since you ask I will tell you. I think I have served you well. If it were not for me you would still have been locked up in Zinne. It was I who forced that window; I who found the ladder when you could not climb down the ivy; I who knocked that sentry on the head; I who got food by night and straw to sleep in by day; I who——"

"But you are my servant. It is your duty to do these things."

"Yes," said Nicko, "but I have other duties."

"What do you mean?"

"A duty to my country, for instance." Nicko's voice was gentle.

"Kindly explain." Because of that gentleness Julius thought he had not lost the power to dominate.

Nicko coughed and shifted his feet, as though he had remembered his livery. But his voice, when he spoke, was harder than before.

"You say that they will make you dictator over there." He jerked his head at the murmurous further shore. Julius nodded. "Well, I do not think that would be a good thing. Until three days ago you seemed a great man to me, and I admired you. I think that there are many people who are—simple as I was then, accepting their rulers and the high people in their country as being great men in themselves. I know I have always done so. But really, Herr Julius, in these last three days you have shown yourself to be a very poor sort of a man. I know it has been hard for you, because you are not used to the country, and to doing things for yourself. But you need not have been so often angry, or so slack, or so greedy. I do not remember one thing of the many things we had to do that you offered to help in, or could have done yourself, or even thanked me for doing. Your head is full of great ideas, and you are no doubt a very clever man. But it seems to me that you must really be a worthless sort of person to be capable, for instance, of eating all the last of the chocolate. I think it would be a pity if you became dictator of my country; or of anyone else's, for that matter."

Nicko stopped.

"You will do as I tell you, you scoundrel!" cried Julius. His voice, meant to be incisive, struggled up to an ineffectual crow and died away.

"That is unlikely, Herr Julius. And as to being a scoundrel, remember that I could easily have taken you to the village and handed you over. There would doubtless have been a reward. But I thought I owed you this much——"

Nicko, standing with his back to the river, could not see, as Julius saw, a dark silent bulk that was suddenly apparent on the dove-grey sheen of the water behind him. His body stiffened when a voice rasped across the water.

"Stand still," it said. "You are covered. Stand quite still. If you move, we fire."

An engine spluttered, began to throb. The boat, ceasing to drift, edged shorewards.

Nicko's towering figure was warily rigid. He did not turn his head. But there was a smile on his face as he looked down at the would-be dictator squatting like a partridge in the grass at his feet.

"They were expecting you after all," he whispered. "That must be a patrol. I might just as well have sold you."

It was the smile that did it.

As if by the swift revelation of lightning Julius had seen the towers of his ambition fall. All his hopes, all his plans, all his struggling had withered and gone at the sound of a voice across water. Their present doom—his capture—the humiliation of defeat before the battle—these he accepted, scarcely touched, as yet, by their overwhelming significance. It was the recent petty prelude to this disaster that was uppermost in his mind: rejection by his own servant. An oaf had found him wanting—was grinning at his fall. . . .

Anger flared inside him. A blind fury whipped his spirit to the need of action. An echo danced appositely in his brain: "If you move, we fire" . . .

Julius sprang to his feet.

"I defy you!" he screamed. His arm, in its flapping sleeve, aimed a puny little blow at Nicko's face—

Six shots, at a range of fifteen yards. Nicko folded at the knees and fell sideways, with a sigh. Julius took a doubtful pace forward, clawed the air, and seemed to fling himself down on death.

The two men who had wished their country well lay side by side in the long grass, not moving. As the boat's nose grated on the shingle the moon came out; its light fell, pale, and slightly deprecating, on the tumbled bodies. The smoke of the volley drifted slowly downstream.

EBB AND FLOW

A MONTHLY COMMENTARY

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

WHEN the British people get into a period of depression, earth and air are full of a croaking chorus, and of late our ears are deafened with it. The odd thing is that pride seems to be no solace. Yet if I were an Englishman, these last weeks would have given me new and notable reason to be proud of my heritage. Money is tight, no doubt; trade is bad; but money and trade are not everything, and the people who before now have made so much money and built up so great a trade are well able to repeat the performance. In the meantime, the power of England (writing within the octave of St. Patrick's Day, an Irishman chooses to say England) has never been greater and never been more admirably displayed. Not the power to crush, but the power to build. Mr. Henderson has done great service to Europe; Lord Irwin has done a greater and more difficult service to civilisation. In each case an Englishman (the two differing as far as men can differ in personal origin, history, temperament and political allegiance, but each typically English) has been enabled to use the power of England with a mastery at which other nations wonder—or would wonder if only England would let them.

I set out the facts, as they look to an Irishman. The financial embarrassment is in part, we all know, due to world factors, yet aggravated by certain causes for which England is responsible. These began with the precipitate resolution to pay off our debt to America in its integrity. That proceeding was characteristically English, in part due to pride of tradition, in part to the sense that literal integrity is in the long run profitable. But if it were an investment, it cannot be expected to bring in immediate dividends—at least in the material sense; and if it were a sacrifice to principle, sacrifices have to be paid for. Then there is the burden which specially alarms and

oppresses, the growing charge for unemployment. Even in that, there is some food for pride. Anybody who knows the least thing about what happened in England after the Napoleonic wars, has the right to say: We are more honest than our forefathers; we do not let the burden crush the weak. Evils there are about this outlay, but there is an enormous compensating balance. A doctor who has worked for forty years in one of the poorer districts in London says that the change in the conditions of those to whom he ministers has been almost unbelievable. Ruskin's saying that the cruellest man could not sit down contentedly to his dinner if he realised what was passing outside his dining-room is no longer true in England; and the financial troubles of England—in so far as they were avoidable—are due perhaps mainly to a generosity which has ensured that in England this should be no longer true. No doubt the generosity has been in some ways too easy, and lavished too heedlessly. But the troubles have not been caused as in America—where it would seem that people are even worse perturbed for their pockets than here—by an orgy of speculation.

None the less it is clear that the national finances need to be reorganised. That does not seem a task beyond the ability of England, though a Labour government may not be the best organ to carry it out. But it is also clear that since the war an international re-organisation has become imperative, and is, quite literally, the most important task in the world. In that task England is leading the world. This is not designed to undervalue the part played by France; M. Briand, perhaps, has done more than any statesman to build up that international comity which must exist if civilisation is not to be destroyed by its own hands, yet which has to be built up at a period when nationalism is fiercer and more jealous than ever in history. But the fact stands that France as a nation is naturally and inevitably governed by fear—more perhaps than any nation, except her protégé, Poland; and the danger which most immediately threatened all the work of international statesmanship lay in the relations between France and Italy. Mr. Henderson's intervention at Paris and at

Rome concerned merely the unsolved dispute about the rival claims of France and Italy as to proportionate naval strength; and it has produced nothing final. But it has created a respite in the urgent matter, and with that has come a general unstiffening of set and menacing attitudes. It is admitted by all Europe that Mr. Henderson's moment was well chosen; that the case was prepared with admirable thoroughness; and of the persuasiveness of its presentation by him and by his colleagues we must judge by the result. No man in the original Labour Party was more perfectly typical of the normal British Trade Unionist than Mr. Henderson; he was not, like Mr. MacDonald or Mr. Snowden, a brilliant ally brought in from outside; his training for public life had begun in the work of a Labour union. It has gone on for a quarter of a century in the House of Commons—no bad school for a man with the will and the power to learn; and it has produced from a typical British artisan a minister whose shrewd efficiency was recognised by some of the ablest diplomatists from the beginning of his tenure of this great and difficult office.

But serviceable though this achievement has been to Europe (and incidentally to America and to Japan) it will not seize the imagination of the world like **East and West.** what has been passing in India. Nothing in history has ever been like the meeting and the agreement between the Viceroy and Mr. Gandhi. It was the climax to a series of episodes, admirable and surprising in themselves. Since from this high point the story may either unroll itself in fruitful fulfilment—as is well within the bounds of hope—or again may lapse into a pitiable bathos of frustration, or—as is no way impossible—defeat this hopeful opening with a sinister catastrophe: since all these possibilities hang like cloud shapes on the horizon, I shall try to set out grounds for believing that England may be on the eve of almost her finest achievement.

No power, surely, ever had so great a dependency as British India—three hundred millions of people, the vast bulk of them belonging to one or other of two ancient civilisa-

tions. During the World War, and after, language was used which (as interpreted by the leader of the Conservative party) meant a promise to this dependency of equality as between those who had been the governors and those whom they governed. Such a promise (as we see even to-day, as we shall see more clearly in the next months or years) is not easily or rapidly made good, even when the will to accomplishment is urgent. But in the nature of things, the will to its fulfilment was far more active in India than in Great Britain, and the inevitable consequences followed: suspicion, charges of ill faith, violence, stiffening against violence, worse suspicion, worse violence, sharper repression. Then, when England began to take the question seriously in hand, there came pleadings from some of the ablest Englishmen who had served Government in India, appealing that the work they had done should not be jeopardised; and they showed easily how vast was the work done. Yet it is evident that every word uttered by such men must have had a double sting for Indians, as meaning that those Englishmen who knew India best were least willing that Indians should govern India. Agitation grew more envenomed, and tended more and more to violence. We have all seen a violent movement conducted by men who believed sincerely in the justice of their cause, who had no other motive, and who were ruthless in destruction. All Indian agitators know, as we know, how impossible it proved to combat such a movement in a small adjacent country; they probably did not know, as we in Ireland know, how ruinous was the cost. Yet had they known, enthusiasts in such a movement do not reckon costs—moral or material. But in India one man, who cared little about material losses, was clear on the moral issue; and he set himself against the use of violence. Though Mr. Gandhi was not implicitly obeyed, he never ceased to denounce every breach of his injunction; and on the whole he limited the conflagration to a degree which would, I believe, have been impossible, say, for any Pope at any period of Christianity; and what is more notable, he has lost no prestige by opposing the extremists.

Nevertheless, had Mr. Gandhi been the only fire-fighter

he must have been swept aside. He got help from where alone it could be given—from the English Government that he had denounced with every vehemence of rhetoric,—alike from the English Government in India and at home. Here again credit goes to the Labour Ministry who were in power, without whom action would have been impossible; but while the issue was knit at Westminster, credit was not confined to any group or party in England. Nor was it limited to England; the Indians who came over to Westminster, ridiculed or execrated by the mass of their own people for coming, risked all that men could risk on their faith in England's honest generosity. Between them and the English at Westminster the essential possibilities were staked out and recognised; and they went back to India where alone the work could be made solid and complete. For you cannot force on a country against its will any form of freedom. The problem was, how to impart to the majority, who remained incredulous and furiously hostile, a faith in England's honesty. No Englishman could do that; no newspaper, native or foreign; the Indians who had gone to the Conference could not do it. There was only one possible means—to convince the leader of these hostile millions, the Congress party.

Lord Irwin decided to undertake the task and to undertake it alone. So in the epic days champion met champion in single combat, and the hosts stood by and looked on.

It is strange how slow at times is the response of human imagination. Thousands of us have seen men encountering each other in mid-air, higher than the mountain tops, to kill or be killed; and the spectacle of what passed so far off grew unremarkable. Only those who were in the fight could realise it; yet possibly they were too busy to be aware. Quite possibly, too, neither Lord Irwin nor Mr. Gandhi in the stages of their long duel was aware of its pictorial quality. Mr. Churchill, who never lacks the power to visualise, perceived something when he described with indignant rhetoric "this half-naked fanatic striding up the steps of Government House." But rhetoric was never more false to reality. There has been no striding arrogance at any time in Mr. Gandhi's demeanour. But when a man

is the accredited spokesman of a hundred millions, bated breath and whispering humbleness do not become him. If he were only their mouthpiece, it would still be fitting that he should not take admittance to the negotiation chamber as a favour. But this man came as a leader, ready not merely to speak but to decide. If nothing else entitled him to be spoken of with respect by such a man as Mr. Churchill, there was his courage. Unless negotiation was to end in a mere deadlock, concessions must be made; words must be taken back; and nothing in the world is harder than for a revolutionary leader to unsay his utterances. His power is not like that of a Governor-General, defined by statute, consecrated by usage, with all the machinery of force to support it. What he must control is impalpable as the wind, as fitful, and not much more controllable. The measure of the man is that he was not afraid to reach an agreement. The measure of Lord Irwin is that he chose to have no counsellor but (as Charles Napier said should be the rule for a general) his pillow and his courage. He has been blamed, it seems, for autocratic action (a charge that sounds fantastic to anyone who ever met the man) and also for not keeping the Press informed. That was a grave risk to take, but again the answer is, it succeeded. When Europe and Asia meet, the divergencies run so deep, the temperamental causes for misunderstanding are so manifold, that it is not only desirable but necessary to simplify to the uttermost. If two men can be found, so placed that they can take the responsibility of decisions, and if two can be found willing to take it, then in heaven's name let it be a conference of two.

We ignorant people who have to try for understanding of these high matters—and if ever there was a plain duty laid on the citizens of this Commonwealth it is to gain some comprehension of the issues at stake in India—we must gather light where we can. I find myself going for light to Mr. Kipling—to the Mr. Kipling who is something more than an Englishman (there are, of course, other incarnations of Mr. Kipling's spirit). Might not this have been written up over the room where Lord Irwin and Mr. Gandhi held conference?

"Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,
Till earth and sky meet presently at God's great judgment seat.
But there is neither East nor West, border nor breed nor birth,
When two strong men meet face to face, though they come from the
ends of the earth."

Again, in *Kim*, that figure of the old lama round which the wonderful story is built up, reveals a human being, alien to us, yet as naturally lovable as Goldsmith's Dr. Primrose—a soul compact of gentleness and of unshaken courage. I think another reading of *Kim* would help many to comprehension of Mr. Gandhi. The lama indeed was anything but half naked; yet his garb would be as strange to us as the Mahatma's; and neither is more strange than that in which Charles de Foucauld, a Frenchman of noble birth, a soldier and explorer, distinguished even among Frenchmen for his culture, chose to array himself when he went to take up his dwelling among the Touaregs; and it never occurred to him to dress otherwise when he went on expeditions with his nearest comrade Laperrine, "the General of the Sahara." If there is an essential difference between the garb in which Mr. Gandhi went to meet the Viceroy and the robes in which the Archbishop of Canterbury goes to Parliament, it is that the Indian holy man wears at all times the vestments that express him to himself and to his people.

It seems worth while to stress all this, because at this moment the work which England seemed likely to accomplish is jeopardised by the action of some Englishmen. The essence of that work has been not merely the power to act, but what is far greater, the power to act so as to evoke co-operation. Mr. Henderson did that, admirably. Lord Irwin did that—it seemed to many (for instance, to Mr. Neville Chamberlain)—almost miraculously. Then the Conservative party published a decision which so distinguished and candid a mind as Lord Brentford's immediately interpreted as a repudiation of Lord Irwin. A notable speech from Mr. Baldwin in the House of Commons made it clear that, while he represents the Conservative party, it will stand solidly by Lord Irwin. That alliance was one of the things on which men of good will counted with heartfelt satisfaction, and Mr. Baldwin has singularly strengthened himself by this utterance.

Curiously enough, it does not seem to have struck such people that if the policy for which Lord Irwin stands is successful, it will establish beyond contest the monarchical principle for the British Commonwealth. General Smuts once said that he did not see how it would be possible to elect a President of the British Empire. If that Empire is to include India on a basis of equality (Mr. Baldwin's word), monarchy is imperative. The Indian Princes rallied to the idea of a Federation with the King as its head. They do not desire to see the idea of government by voting carried to European lengths; and most Conservatives hold (I agree with them) that European methods in this respect would be uncongenial to India. India is predisposed to the idea of personal rule; and India saw in Lord Irwin's action the King's Vicegerent acting as a king. If Conservatives prefer to see action taken according to the dictates of British newspapers with big circulations, why, let them. But if their policy is considered by the public likely to mean a military re-conquest of India, they will probably be kept out of office till that danger is removed.

There are two lines of advance open. One is to accept the co-operation of all India (from the native Princes to Congress and Mr. Gandhi) in framing a federal constitution for India within the British Commonwealth. It is possible that this attempt may break down owing to irreconcilable opposition between Hindu and Moslem. But if that happens, India will have ruined the fabric for which England had prepared the framework. It will not be England's success, but it will be India's failure.

The other line is, virtually, to refuse India's co-operation, by setting up conditions which will make it impossible; or by interposing delays which will be interpreted as a decision to keep things as they are. The result will be, first, to hamstring every Indian who has offered loyal help in the preliminary stages at Westminster—to put them as effectively out of public usefulness as Redmond was put; next, to present Mr. Gandhi to his countrymen as a man who has been made a fool of, and to throw all authority to the extremists, who may be relied on to create a bloody welter of killing and burning.

There will then be a choice between military re-conquest—which was thought too expensive even in Ireland—and some variant of the Black and Tan discipline. That, as in Ireland, could only last until England realises what is being done in the name of England. After that may come a renewed attempt for settlement, and we may see once more Conservative statesmen throwing up their hats with delight because they have achieved a solution, patting on the back the men who had (in all good faith and sincerity) organised the killings and burnings, and telling the world that these were virile efficient persons who knew what they meant, not mere talkers and voters. Mr. Churchill could lead the chorus; he knows the tune. But who is to guarantee that what could be done with three million people close by can be done with three hundred million far off? that if such turmoil were produced in India as was produced in Ireland, a settlement would be possible?

These excursions and alarms have had their effect on the parliamentary situation. Up to the first week in March the average man saw no particular reason why the Labour Government should not go out. No violent revolution of policy was to be expected; for a change in the fiscal system is not revolutionary. Sir John Simon and Mr. J. M. Keynes, two of the ablest Liberals, had separated themselves from the old policy of free imports. Labour appeared to be crumbling. The young intellectuals with Sir Oswald and Lady Cynthia Mosley at their head were openly breaking from the party in which they were somewhat incongruously assorted; while two older recruits from the Liberals to Labour, Sir Charles Trevelyan and Lord Arnold, resigned the offices they held—though without severance of allegiance. The Trades Disputes Bill had met with reverse in Committee and seemed likely to be withdrawn for good. Nobody looked forward with any pleasure to Mr. Snowden's next budget. It was doubtful how long Mr. Lloyd George would think it desirable to keep the Conservatives out, and nobody saw any cogent reason for his doing so, except minor party tactics. Now, things look very different.

Despite the vigour with which Mr. Baldwin redressed the balance, it is plain that an election which put the Conservatives in office—even under Mr. Baldwin—would have dangerous reactions in India—which is at present the most important centre in Imperial politics. Moreover, the election in the St. George's division, a straight fight between two Conservatives when the issue was plainly Mr. Baldwin's leadership, resulted, indeed, in a win for Mr. Duff Cooper—a first-rate candidate in all ways. But that makes it all the more menacing that 11,000 votes should have been cast against him in that Conservative stronghold.

In Spain, the most important fact under the new régime is the growth of Señor Cambo's new Constitutional Centre Party, which has the support of the financiers generally, including more than one ex-Minister of Finance. His programme agrees with all the others in this, that after the municipal and local elections there must be held Cortes Constituyentes to consider the question of the royal prerogative. The king is probably not more monarchist than such monarchists as Señor Cambo; and there is no reason to believe that he would seek to resist limitations of the power of the Crown. But it seems certain that he is convinced of his personal competence to hold the Crown while there is one, and does not believe that he would serve Spain by abdicating in favour of another sovereign—still less by issuing a general declaration of willingness to consent to a Republic. In plain words, he believes it his duty to remain at his post, though he may agree to a new definition of its functions. It is admitted on all hands that the existing Ministry, recruited almost entirely from veterans, is too like a regiment of Chelsea pensioners. Admiral Aznar, in command of it, a courteous and gentle sailor, will no doubt stick to the post of duty, but scarcely from inclination. In short, there is a rally to the principle of monarchy, with a sovereign on the throne who is not likely to wreck the cause by excessive insistence on monarchic power, but who has not yet found the agents that can help him to establish it securely on a broader foundation.

APRIL

1931

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

BOOK REVIEWS

and

PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS

INDEX TO BOOKS REVIEWED IN THIS ISSUE

- THE SCIENCE OF LIFE, by H. G. Wells, Julian Huxley and G. P. Wells. (Cassells) - - - - - 559
- THE MEMOIRS OF MARSHAL FOCH, trs. by Col. Bentley Mott. (Heinemann) 561
- THE WORLD OUR NEIGHBOUR, by Vernon Bartlett. (Elkin Mathews) - 563
- NEWEST EUROPE, by Martin MacLaughlin. (Longmans) - - - - - 563
- CAN WAR BE AVERTED? by Sir Leo Chiozza Money. (Thornton Butterworth) - - - - - 564
- AN OXFORD PORTRAIT GALLERY, by Janet E. Courtney. (Chapman & Hall) - - - - - 565
- UNIVERSITIES, by Abraham Flexner. (Oxford University Press) - - 566
- THE LIFE OF THE EMPRESS EUGÈNE, by Robert Sencourt. (Benn) - - 568
- AFRICA VIEW, by Julian Huxley. (Chatto) - - - - - 569
- GREEN HELL, by Julian Duguid. (Cape) - - - - - 569

- THE HEART'S UNREASON, by Edward Davison. (Gollancz) - - - - 570
- THE FROZEN OCEAN, by Viola Meynell. (Secher) - - - - - 570
- MADMAN'S DRUM, by Lynd Ward. (Cape) - - - - - 571

FICTION

- TOBIT TRANSPLANTED, by Stella Benson. (Macmillan) - - - - - 572
- UP TO MAMETZ, by Llewelyn Wyn Griffith. (Faber) - - - - - 573
- THE GARDEN, by L. A. G. Strong. (Gollancz) - - - - - 574
- FATHER MALACHY'S MIRACLE, by Bruce Marshall. (Heinemann) - - - 575
- DERMOTTS RAMPANT, by Stephen McKenna. (Chapman & Hall) - 575
- SHIPS IN THE BAY, by D. K. Broster. (Heinemann) - - - - - 575
- THE LOVING SPIRIT, by Daphne du Maurier. (Heinemann) - - - 576

OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED.

- CONFLICT, by Rosita Forbes. (Cassell.)
- STRAFFORD, by Lady Burghclere. (2 Vol.) (Macmillan.)
- GOOD NEIGHBOURS, by Vincent Massey. (Macmillan.)
- SHERIDAN, by E. M. Butler. (Constable.)
- THE STRUCTURE OF THOUGHT, by Ludwig Fischer. (Allen & Unwin.)
- A SECOND ELIZABETHAN JOURNAL, by G. B. Harrison. (Constable.)
- ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, by Jean Marie Carre. (Noel Douglas.)
- LONDON, by George Cunningham. (Dent.)
- BRITISH BANKS AND THE FINANCE OF INDUSTRY, by S. Evelyn Thomas. (P. S. King.)
- THE PROSPECTS OF HUMANISM, by Lawrence Hyde. (Howe.)
- THE DYNAMICS OF INDUSTRIAL COMBINATION, by H. A. Marquant. (Longmans.)

- WILSON THE UNKNOWN, by Wells Wells. (Scribner.)
- THE COMPLETE WORKS OF WILLIAM HAZLITT, ed. by E. P. Howe. (Vol. 13-15.) (Dent.)
- THE LIMESTONE TREE, by Joseph Hergesheimer. (Heinemann.)
- THE SHINY NIGHT, by Beatrice Tunstall. (Heinemann.)
- FED UP, by George Birmingham. (Methuen.)
- THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR, by J. E. W. Hannay. (Methuen.)
- MURDER IN EARL'S COURT, by Neil Gordon. (Lane.)
- THE NINTH IMMORTAL, by F. Hadland Davis. (Eric Partridge.)
- STANTON, by Desmond Coke. (Chapman & Hall.)
- MEN DISLIKE WOMEN, by Michael Arlen. (Heinemann.)

MIND AND MATTER

by PROFESSOR C. E. M. JOAD

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE, by H. G. Wells, Julian Huxley and G. P. Wells. Cassell. 21s.

It is difficult to withstand the temptation to begin this review with a testimony to the astounding industry and vitality of H. G. Wells. Undoubtedly he is the most many-sided man of our time. He first makes a name for himself as a writer of scientific romances, an explorer, the first and the most intrepid, of the new field of imagination which science had opened up. Having established himself as the most far-seeing prophet of the age, he contracts his sphere of interest and withdraws his mind from the other side of the moon to take a look at the latest suburb; ceasing to speculate about the end of man's life, he considers its to-morrow. This is the phase of *Tono Bungay* and *The New Machiavelli*, a phase which Wells has never entirely outgrown. It has produced some of the finest novels of the twentieth century, exhibited Wells as the greatest comic writer since Dickens, and contributed some exquisitely penetrating social satire to the understanding of our times.

Wells's survey of contemporary society convinced him that civilisation is doomed to destruction unless man can learn to be rational. The next war, it is obvious, will destroy us, while the anarchy of competitive industrialism leads manifestly to economic breakdown. Convinced that man must be educated to rise above the loyalties and prejudices of an outgrown nationalism, to become in fact a citizen of the world and not of a state, Wells

proceeded to take in hand the colossal task of educating mankind himself. *The Outline of History* was the first instalment of this education in world citizenship; the recently-published *Science of Life* is the second. *The Science of Work and Wealth*, now in process of being written, is the third.

The labour which has gone to the production of the present work must have been prodigious. A glimpse at the titles of the different books will show the extent of the ground which is covered. Book I deals with *The Living Body*. Book II, *The Chief Patterns of Life*, is a comprehensive survey of the various kinds of living things that the world contains to-day. Book III summarises the evidence for evolution and establishes it as an incontrovertible fact. Book IV, *The How and the Why of Development and Evolution*, describes modern theories of heredity and recounts the conclusions of the recently-founded science of genetics. Book V contains the history of life upon the planet from the appearance of the earliest amoebas up to the advent of man. Book VI, *The Spectacle of Life*, surveys the habits and ways of life of different kinds of living organisms in fresh and salt water, in the air and on land. Book VII, *Health and Disease*, discusses among other things recent work on smoke and stuffiness as factors in the production of disease, and on sunlight and vitamins as promoters of health. Book VIII, *Behaviour, Feeling and Thought*, is mainly concerned with psychology. There is an account of the work of Pavlov on

conditioned reflexes, an up-to-date and extremely sane treatment of such vexed subjects as hypnotism, psychical research, neuroses, multiple personality and the problems of abnormal psychology, and, in sections on Modern Ideas of Conduct and The Question of Personal Survival, brief incursions into ethics and metaphysics. Book IX deals with the special peculiarities, past, present and future, of that unique biological species, the human race.

For the treatment of this enormous mass of material, collected together in 880 large pages, and embracing the subject-matter of biology, physiology, psychology, botany and genetics, there can be nothing but praise. I cannot enumerate all its virtues, but mention might be made of order and arrangement; facts are brought into juxtaposition and contrast in the most effective possible way; for example, the accounts of the parallel development of the vertebrate mammals and the insects, of selection—the choice of the evidence used to establish the fact of evolution may be specially cited in this connection—and of clarity of exposition reinforced by a profuse and abundant use of apt illustrations by way of simile and analogy. Many of these similes bear the unmistakable imprint of the hand of Wells himself; for example: "An organ such as the brain or liver is like the City during working hours, a tissue culture is like Regent's Park on a Bank Holiday, a spectacle of rather futile boredom."

Finally there is style; this, always adequate, rises easily on the great occasions to the height of the theme in passages of eloquence which are again strongly reminiscent of H. G.

There is, moreover, an abundance of admirable, pictorial illustrations for which Mr. Brightwell, whose work they are, but whose name is by some oversight omitted from this edition, deserves every praise.

Having had the misfortune of a Classical education, I am quite incompetent to criticise the biological and physiological parts of this great work. When the psychological book is reached, however, my mind ceases to be a mere sponge for the absorption of new knowledge, and begins to take notice. Of the innumerable comments which occur to me, there are two, mainly of a critical nature, which I shall venture to offer.

First, the universe envisaged in *The Science of Life* is a purely mechanistic world. It is without plan or purpose, mind being regarded always as the product of material conditions never as their cause. Now given the occurrence of variations, the classical evolutionary factors of natural selection and adaptation to environment, which are those upon which the authors chiefly lay stress, may explain the development of life with a fair measure of success. But how are they to explain the variations themselves? The authors are driven to postulate fortuitous, that is to say uncaused, mutations of the germ plasm. But a universe in which things can happen by chance is surely a greater affront to the scientific spirit than one in which they happen through mind.

In psychology the authors again adopt a mechanistic attitude. Great ingenuity is exercised in explaining not only the phenomena of spiritualism without spirits, but the phenomena of thinking without mind. For mind, in the authors' view, appears to be a mere epiphenomenon, a register of cerebral occurrences which it does not cause. Hence the great importance which they attach to Pavlov's work, since it enables them to show how much of what used to be considered the work of mind, can be explained in terms of conditioned reflexes. But that the mental activity which went to the writing of this book can be so explained, I find myself totally unable to believe

A DISTORTED FOCUS

by Capt. REGINALD BERKELEY

THE MEMOIRS OF MARSHAL FOCH, translated by Colonel T. Bentley Mott. *Heinemann*. 25s.

THIS is a baffling and unsatisfactory book, very difficult to reconcile with what is generally supposed to have been the character of the late Marshal. Judged as military history it is so misleading about events that are common knowledge as to throw a strong shadow of doubt over the whole contents. Judged as autobiography it reveals almost nothing of the personality of the writer except an egotism with which he has not hitherto been debited. Judged as good reading it is one monstrous yawn from cover to cover. The maps would be inadequate in a school history. The illustrations have nothing to do with the text and might almost have been drawn haphazard from a hat and inserted in their places by a blindfold man. A snapshot of General Pershing faces an account of an interview with the Duke of Aosta. "Flowers for British Soldiers along the Roads of France," together with "Sappers in gas masks" accompanying a French cavalry attack on Nieuport in which somehow is sandwiched a motor car accident to General Joffre. And so throughout.

To review such a performance on the part of a world hero is a melancholy task. Foch's memoirs ought to have been the most valuable war publication since Ludendorff. They are almost worthless. They tell little that is new and much that is distorted. They might be passed over with a sigh of regret were it not that the book bristles with cleverly disguised but very damaging imputations against the British Army. It is probably unfair to lay

all or even most of the blame on the dead Marshal, whom all the British peoples delighted to honour, for he was an old man when the memoirs were begun and nearly eighty when they were completed. No doubt blame chiefly lies on those members of his staff who spurred the old man's failing recollections and got together his material. Some measure of responsibility must rest on the shoulders of the translator, Colonel Bentley Mott who, in preparing his American text, not always is it true with an exact appreciation of the shades of meaning in the original language, has allowed so much to go uncorrected by any footnote that a zealous and well-informed sponsor ought not to have passed over. And the publishers would not have exceeded their functions had they furnished the lay reader in this country with some kind of corrective by an acknowledged military historian, say General Edmonds or General Maurice, in the form of a preface.

There were certain key battles in the war on the Western front, any one of which, decided otherwise, would have altered the whole course of the campaign. The retreat to the Marne; First Ypres; Second Ypres; the Somme Offensive; the March Retreat; the Attack of August 8th. Any of these might have been, indeed, the last led directly up to, the decisive stroke. Not a bad test of the value of a war book is its objectivity in dealing with these battles. In every case, Marshal Foch with a cleverness very hard to dissociate from deliberation, has distorted the narrative to the disparagement of the British.

In the account of the retreat to the

Marne he revives in a new and remarkably ingenious form the accusation that the British on the left let down the French Fifth Army. Here is the passage:

"In spite of a brilliant success at Guise on the morning of the 29th, in the course of which the exhausted British Army on its left was extricated, the Fifth Army was not quite able to restore the situation."

Now aside altogether from the fact that the British right flank had been exposed throughout the retreat by the incomprehensible conduct of General Lanrezac (who was soon afterwards relieved of his command because of his incapacity) and that at least one reliable historian represents the Fifth Army Commander as conducting the operation more in a spirit of pique with General Joffre than anything else, the purpose of the Battle of Guise was to extricate not the "exhausted British" but the French Sixth Army which was pinned by the enemy and unable to break off the engagement. Throughout the 29th the British right was halted at La Fere waiting for the French Fifth Army to disengage the Sixth. "For the British, except the cavalry, much of the 29th was a day of rest, devoted to repairing the wear and tear of the strenuous days through which they had passed." (British Official History.) Marshal Foch's story of the "brilliant" Fifth Army extricating the "exhausted British" may be capital propaganda, but it is a remarkably odd departure from the truth, especially in view of the events of August 31st when Sir D. Haig's cavalry was incontestably brought into action to "extricate" the exhausted French.

The account of First Ypres is characterised by an omission comparable with writing the history of Waterloo and ignoring the arrival of Blücher. Foch completely suppresses all reference to FitzClarence's counter-attack towards

Gheluvelt which changed the whole fortunes of the battle. According to the Marshal the turning point of the battle was when he himself put into the hands of Sir John French a memorandum beginning, "It is absolutely essential *not to retreat*," which the British Field-Marshal "had the good sense" to adopt—a comment which surely might have been left to some third party. Foch met this emergency as he, and incidentally Sir Douglas Haig, met all emergencies with coolness, courage, and in the offensive spirit. His memorandum was admirable. But it had been anticipated by the commander on the spot. FitzClarence's counter-attack had already intervened to save the situation.

In writing of Second Ypres a serious misrepresentation is made. The action is described thus: "Surprised and partly asphyxiated the French Territorials and Algerian Riflemen poured back in disorder and a part of our artillery fell into the enemy's hands. The British left (Canadian division) retreated to St. Julien. The route to Ypres lay open." If this means anything, it means that the Canadians gave with the French, abandoning their line before the gas attack. That is not the case, nor anything like the case. The continuation of the narrative would lead the reader to suppose that only the personal energy of Foch saved both armies from disaster. No one would deny that he acted with great decision and promptitude; but Second Ypres was not saved by any General. It was saved by the invincible fortitude of regimental soldiers mostly out of touch with commands and staffs.

What of the Somme? What of the March retreat? What of the operations of August 8th? Will it be believed that the battles of the Somme are dismissed in half-a-dozen pages; that the story of the March retreat takes no account of the weakness in the line

caused by the British extension of front following upon the mutinies in the French Army? When the British Fifth Army was driven in, General Gough was holding forty miles of front with absurdly inadequate forces. A generous ally might not unreasonably have recorded that fact. Anyone judging from the text might well imagine that the British fled in disorder and only the French succeeded in standing their ground. There is nothing but the most perfunctory reference to the feat of the Third British Army in holding out opposite Arras; and not a line, in a book that bristles with quotations from the orders of the writer, of Haig's magnificent "Backs to the Wall" Order of the Day, and the splendid response it evoked.

As for the operations of August 8th, there is not one word of the stupendous achievement of the Australians and Canadians, probably the deepest individual drive in the whole campaign. The whole engagement is blurred together as a Franco-British attack. In a sense it was. But just as there were many superb feats of French arms which the British Army is proud to pay tribute to, the main lunge of August 8th was definitely a victory for the Dominion troops. Why should that fact be passed over?

There is another crowning misrepresentation about August 8th. By an ingenious reference back to a vague directive of April 3rd, the whole credit for planning the operation, which as a matter of fact belonged to Lord Rawlinson, is stolen for Foch. In that respect there is a remarkable homogeneity throughout the book. The other commanders, French, Haig, Pershing, Petain all pusillanimously waver on their way, hesitating in the face of crisis. Foch alone can save the situation. It is just a little too reminiscent of a detective in a thriller. It would not be quite so repellent if it were all the eulogy of some enthusiastic hero-

worshipper. But this book is written in the first person singular and in the manner of the superman.

Our generation is a little tired of supermen. It has learned to recognise their super-advertisements as well as their super-advantages. Hitherto it has placed Marshal Foch in a different class, and when this coagulation of boasts has been de-egotised, and what is of military value has been extracted and added to his other military writings, he will be replaced by posterity on the pedestal which he fairly won—as a distinguished commander of great energy and resolution, fortified by devout religious beliefs, who, thanks to the combination of circumstances that placed him in an unique position at an unique moment, achieved a lasting success in arms; but who made mistakes as all men make mistakes; not the least of them being the form in which he authorised the publication of his memoirs.

THE WORLD OUR NEIGHBOUR,
by Vernon Bartlett. *Elkin Matthews and Marrot.* 6s.

NEWEST EUROPE, by Martin MacLaughlin. *Longmans, Green.* 6s.

A MORE expressive title for Mr. Bartlett's excellent little book would have been *The World in a Nutshell; or Foreign Affairs for the Million*. I hesitate to venture on an estimate of the number of people who have listened to the weekly broadcasts on foreign affairs out of which the book has grown; but the figure would certainly have staggered the pre-war diplomatist who thought of foreign affairs as the highly specialised preserve of the experts, into which the man in the street had generally neither the qualifications nor the wish to enter. Turning over these pages, as Mr. Bartlett nimbly skips from minorities in Poland

to the cost of armaments, and from civil war in China to the functions of the Permanent Court at the Hague, one is astonished at the number and variety of topics which are gradually swimming into the ken of the ordinary man who tries to take an intelligent interest in current affairs. It was grossly unfair of the *Times* to taunt Mr. Lloyd George for having the honesty to admit, during the Peace Conference, that he had never heard of Teschen. Ninety-nine out of every hundred educated people were in the same plight; and the percentage is perhaps not much lower to-day. But it will at least soon become inexcusable to confuse Cilicia with Silesia or to think that the Polish corridor is somewhere in Russia.

Mr. Bartlett carries his knowledge lightly. He has been in his time both a journalist and a novelist, and he knows that the way to get on terms with an English audience is assiduously to disguise any intellectual bag and baggage which you may need to carry about with you. "This may seem dull and rather involved," he writes apologetically, rather as if he could not quite understand his own particularly lucid explanation of the relations between the Covenant of the League of Nations and the Kellogg Pact. Or this on the General Act, the treaty for the unconditional arbitration of all disputes, which none of the Great Powers has yet had the courage to sign: "It is a complicated document and there is nothing I should hate more than to be called upon at a moment's notice to take part in a debate on it, but perhaps I have grasped the main lines of it well enough to explain them to people who know even less about it than I do." These quips, like the little anecdotes which are so skilfully sandwiched into his expositions, are, of course, only Mr. Bartlett's fun. But they are fun with a purpose; for he seems to live in constant terror lest his

audience, perceiving that they have been beguiled into listening to something highbrow, should ruthlessly switch off the loud-speaker or throw down the head-phones. The reader of cold print could perhaps have put up with a little more plain mutton and a little less caper sauce.

Any inclination to criticise the lightness of Mr. Bartlett's bill of fare was, however, rapidly dissipated when I took up *Newest Europe*. The opening chapters on France and Germany pass muster, though anyone really conversant with French affairs might have shrunk from coupling Poincaré and Clemenceau under the same rubric as men of the Right. But when the writer begins to tread the less familiar ground of eastern Europe, he becomes not elementary, but childish. Unlike Mr. Bartlett, he is not afraid of being dull and he gives us plenty of facts. But not all of them unfortunately are accurate.

JOHN HALLETT.

CAN WAR BE AVERTED, by Sir Leo Chiozza Money. *Thornton Butterworth*. 10s. 6d.

AN adept at facing facts, Sir Leo Money comes to the conclusion that war probably cannot be averted, but if everyone concerned could read his book, and what is even less likely, mark, learn, and inwardly digest it, the probability would be less. For it consists in the main of a recital of some of the more pressing problems which must be solved. They are, for the most part, or Sir Leo envisages them as, population problems, but the peculiarity of most of such problems is that but for nationalism they would not be problems at all. They are therefore not properly population problems.

Briefly, the point is that a minority

of the European nations, and those in particular whose population is on the edge of decline, are monopolising the room for expansion to which the rest, often those with the most rapidly increasing population, aspire in vain, though justly. The former he designates the "pacifist-conqueror" nations, interested in the maintenance of the *status quo* and fearful of attack at a time when their natural increase is not sufficient to make good the havoc of war. Their advantages have been gained by war, are maintained at the crushing expense of the vanquished, and they now blindly hope that these vanquished will sit still for ever and allow them peace in which to enjoy the spoils. One of the principal exponents of this dog-in-the-manger policy, Sir Leo points out, is Great Britain—and that the indictment is a true one he drives home time and again by the

most damaging statistics and comparisons.

Among the remedies which he propounds for this and other evils are a *condominium* of two or more powers in coveted areas, and in the more immediate future the return of all her colonies to Germany. These, which form part of a coherent system for the maintenance of peace—peace with honour which is peace with justice—will serve both as an earnest of the honesty and rigour of his argument, and perhaps of the degree of probability with which he expects that another great war *will* occur.

One greater defect among a few minor ones is that Sir Leo Money's sense of justice, which can apparently traverse national boundaries, cannot always cross the colour bar: at least, not this side of Suez.

ALAN M. WELLS.

OXFORD FIGURES

by T. EARLE WELBY

AN OXFORD PORTRAIT GALLERY
by Janet E. Courtney. *Chapman & Hall*. 12s. 6d. net.

THAT, in this kind, treatment is very nearly all and what on vulgar estimate would be the "importance" of the subjects of little account: Mrs. Courtney's book is very pleasant proof of an old truth always needing to be reaffirmed, though it should have been evident at least from the date of Dr. Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*.

Not that Mrs. Courtney's book treats of obscure persons. D. G. Hogarth, her brother and here her first subject, was a scholar of dis-

tingtion in his special field, excellently capable of justifying his intrusions into other fields, and in the queerly successful British organization of Arab activity during the late war at once resourceful in suggestion and exactly the drag needed on the visionary genius of the movement. The late Miss Gertrude Bell, in whose company, if a reviewer may boast, I travelled for a little while up a river in Mesopotamia, counted for much in a cognate matter. The late Mr. Hugh Chisholm was an able editor, and gave some of those who, like myself, knew him only in his last years occasion to wonder why so equipped and unerratic a man should

not have gone farther. Of Ralph Thicnesse some of us may not have heard before, but wisdom as well as piety has directed Mrs. Courtney in making him one of her subjects; no book of English characters can be true if it does not include at least one man quietly aware of his ancestry.

But, as already indicated, it is not on popular estimate of the importance of her figures that Mrs. Courtney's book is to be judged. The point is that, though rather too often willing to write paragraphs, or even pages, reminiscent of the sound obituary article, she does sooner or later educe for us definite personalities, and does make us cognisant of her own attitude.

It is not what is called a "clever" book, but it is a book out of which one takes away a good many things likely to linger in the memory, not fixed there with the skewer of epigram but insinuated. Inevitable that anyone who worked on the old "Encyclopædia" should contract the habit of giving information, and in regard to some of her subjects the gift may be needed by most of her readers. But this is a rather more subtle book than it may seem. Technical questions nearly always go to the root in any literary matter, and the prospective reader may be invited to consider the way in which Mrs. Courtney has used her space.

A tinge of irony in the passages which deal out information, a hint that the human motives operate without permission from the editor or the J.P.—that might have bettered a good book. But all reviewers think that they can better a good book. I can but hope that all will lay emphasis on the way in which an instinct for portraiture will out—like truth in the matter-of-fiction of an affidavit. And in that disconcerting business Mrs. Courtney, though she lulls us with sober biographical information, is not without guilt.

UNIVERSITIES: American: English: German: by Abraham Flexner. Oxford University Press. 16s.

THE place of what the Bible calls "charity" in the moral field is occupied in the intellectual field by a sense of values. Our civilisation, to whatever material and gnostic heights it may attain, is worth nothing except as a humanistic achievement. This conclusion stands out stark and menacing on the horizon of the present generation. Yet few there are even to-day possessed of that fundamental sense of values. It is legitimate indeed for us to complain with M. Julien Benda of the scholars' betrayal, but is not the fault really in the community, intoxicated by material and scientific progress, which has let go that precious secret of all culture, the idea of a *Universitas*, compact of sweetness and light? Have we not failed indeed to supply the only conditions under which scholars can fulfil their task of lighting the lamps by which humanity can work out its own destiny?

These reflections are prompted by Dr. Flexner's able analysis of the function of the University in modern life. The book is an expansion of three lectures given at Oxford in the summer of 1928 on the invitation of the Rhodes Trust. It has been carefully sifted and dusted before publication by submission to competent authorities, and it should surely rank as the standard work of our times on a vitally important subject.

The author's method is the right one. He does not attempt any systematic parallel between institutions so various as the universities of the United States, England (we must register our regret that Dr. Flexner could not spare a few pages to assess higher education in Scotland) and Germany. We are presented instead with a pattern or ideal standard, and then the individual characteristics of the universities of these three national types are examined

against the background of the respective communities.

The University, says Dr. Flexner, is occupied equally with the advancement of knowledge, the study of problems and the training of men. The comprehensive field that has to be tilled by each successive generation is well summed up as the

"intensive study of phenomena under the most favourable possible conditions—the phenomena of the physical world, of the social world, of the æsthetic world, and the ceaseless struggle to see things in relation."

I have italicised this last because it is surely here where we need most guidance. And, for all his critical analysis, one feels that Dr. Flexner has hardly sufficiently emphasised this aspect of the university's mission in the present age.

Of his own country Dr. Flexner is naturally severely critical. Organisation run mad is the verdict, and the prostitution of the idea of "service" due to the lack of any genuine aristocratic standards.

America can boast of some remarkable individual scholars, and in certain fields such as medical research and library construction she leads the world. But the "idea" of a University has practically been submerged, for lack of the requisite amount of "critical resistance based on a sense of values." And we get monstrosities like Columbia University and the University of Chicago that offer courses in writing of advertisement copy, book-reviewing, "wrestling, judo and self-defence." We get a thesis offered for an M.A. degree in the Chicago Department of Home Economics on "A Time and Motion Comparison on Four Methods of Dish-washing," or another on "Style Cycles in Women's Undergarments." These "Universities" send out testimonials like those of patent medicines, advertisement booklets such as that of Wisconsin which warns freshmen

against loafing, cribbing, gambling, lewdness, etc., for "a skirt-chaser is the scorn of a genuine he-man!" The confusion, of course, goes back to the American secondary school system, itself based on a naïve interpretation of "democracy."

English universities, on the other hand, have made no mistake about holding fast that which is good. They have retained, however, that amateur attitude towards the things of the mind which is more than any other cause responsible for England's declining fortunes. The closed circle of public school and Oxford or Cambridge provides "an effective educational agency within its limits, but these limits are not co-extensive with modern life." The recognition of graduate students as a group has hardly yet begun. *Bildung*, that part of the university's function which consists in the study of problems and the training of men, is the precious core of English universities. They are only just beginning, however, to discover the difference between teaching youth and advancing science. Dr. Flexner is hopeful of our provincial universities, chiefly because of the persistent influence of Oxford and Cambridge.

It is in Germany that Dr. Flexner finds the nearest approach to his conception of the "fertile union of teaching and research." His encomiums are surely justified, especially in the welter of post-war conditions. Law, idea and tradition have preserved what the economic upheaval threatened to destroy. Perhaps, however, if Dr. Flexner had given more space to this section he would have expressed the criticism that comes naturally to the Englishman. The German genius for organisation and a somewhat warped sense of values have combined to push too far into the background the synthetic cultural process which is the predominant need of the day.

W. HORSFALL CARTER.

THE LIFE OF THE EMPRESS
EUGÉNIE, by Robert Sencourt.
Benn. 21s. net.

"MA légende est faite," the Empress Eugénie once said; "à débüt du regne je fus la femme futile ne s'occupant que de chiffons; et vers la fin de l'Empire je suis devenue la femme fatale qu'on rend responsable de toutes les fautes et de tous les malheurs! Et la légende l'emporte toujours sur l'histoire!" But it is a woman neither futile nor fatal that Mr. Robert Sencourt sets before us in this fine biography. Eugénie de Guzman, Countess of Teba, was a great lady of Spain. She was descended through her father from pure Castilian ancestry with a history going back many centuries, even if her mother, Maria Manuela, was only the daughter of a Scottish gentleman who had done well in the wine trade. And she inherited both the Spanish pride and virility of the one and the practical ability of the other. It is as a great lady, skilled in social arts, ambitious of power, playing a great part in diplomacy, courageous in the face of danger, dignified in misfortune, winning and keeping the respect of all who came close to her, that her latest biographer portrays her.

He has had access to much new material, especially in the archives of Vienna, and in the unpublished letters and papers preserved by her nephew, the Duke of Alba, son of her beloved and only sister, who married his father a few years before Eugénie made her own even more brilliant marriage. And he has used his material with mastery. There have been previous memoirs of the Empress—was she not for nearly a generation the cynosure of Europe?—but for the most part these appeared in her lifetime and could not express the judgment of posterity. Now, though it is but twelve years since she died, it is more than a century

since she was born, and the Second Empire, of which she was the most brilliant ornament, has taken its place in the perspective of history. To have fled, a fugitive from Paris, when the Prussian armies were advancing on it in 1870, and to visit it again after nearly fifty years of exile when in 1919 it was celebrating the *revanche*, is to have led a life which is almost in itself a legend.

Nothing is more touching in this book than the simply-told story of Eugénie's long life in England, of her friendship with Queen Victoria, of the devotion to her of the little exiled court she still kept at Chislehurst, and of her wise dealings with the son she so loved but whose courage and daring she would not check, and to whom she so gracefully yielded the first place in Bonapartist Councils as soon as he was eighteen. There is nothing new in the story of his death, as here told, except a fuller account than has before appeared of Queen Victoria's strong reprobation of Lieut. Carey. What is new in this book are some of the Empress's letters to Metternich, which show her to have been no mean diplomatist.

Mr. Sencourt also brings out very clearly her intellectual gifts, the love of literature with which she had been inspired as a child by her mother's friends, Stendhal and Mérimée, and which, even in the crowded hours of her Court, never deserted her. Lord Lyons, too, the British Ambassador, was equally impressed by her grace and ability. She was far indeed from the popular idea of a spoiled beauty interested only in chiffons. She was perhaps not quite so far from being the fatal influence which a woman of martial spirit may all unwittingly become, when war faces a nation as inadequately prepared as was the France of the Second Empire.

JANET E. COURTNEY.

AFRICA VIEW, by Julian Huxley.
With 50 Illustrations. Chatto and
Windus. 15s.

GREEN HELL, by Julian Duguid.
Jonathan Cape. 10s. 6d.

"We have Africa and all her prodigies in us," said Sir Thomas Browne. And although a book like the present one which reviews an officially enquiring journey through part of East Africa proves that the prodigies are different from our seventeenth-century imagination of them, I do not think it shows them to be much less prodigious. Orchids with nectar-spurs five inches long, Bach chorales sung by natives in a Church of England Cathedral, a beach of pink coral visible ten miles away, secretary-birds, "big tabby mon-gooses," bananas (that strange fruit), mud-hopping fish, fiddler-crabs—these are some of Professor Huxley's finds. "One's impressions," he writes, "continuing their existence within one's brain, have a way of growing long tails which then curl up and over and turn into so many marks of interrogation." His enquiries, however, are not those which coiled dark plummy tails in Browne's head, but leaner, more wiry ones to do with anthropology, science, religion, politics, economics and education. Until one comes to the *Epilogue*, it is hard to know what to admire most—the diary record *per se*, the official part of the book, its excellently-reasoned anthropology, the pleasantly-worded knowledge of biology and botany and geology, the continuously good prose, or the sure hold of the mind on all of these together. Unless one is certain that one could have met the tumultuous variety of Africa with the same comprehensive intelligence, and studied the printed authorities with the same capacity, this book would seem more satisfying than the journey itself. But beyond all the variety of the book, the matter and spirit of the *Epilogue* stands out most

memorably. There Professor Huxley reviews the past, present, and future of Africa, and finding its "destiny still fluid, the lines of its human future not yet laid down," discourses with statesmanlike reasonableness on the dangers of ignorant interference. His last words as he looks into that future have something of the quality of Cortez silent upon a peak in Darien.

Green Hell is a different kind of travel book. It records a prolonged and intense physical experience, the traversing of this green hell, the region of Gran Chaco in Bolivia which was last traversed in the same way by the Spaniard Nuño de Chavez in 1557. In consequence the book is one of tropical excitement. The place itself, this incredibly cruel and romantic forest, would have been enough to make a magnificent book out of. *Green Hell* might then have been a set of prose variations on Ralph Hodgson's *Bull*. But excitement doubles itself when the forest becomes the setting for the terrors, ecstasies and escapes of three explorers, their few servants, their bullocks and mules. The "adventure" part of the record could hardly be more gripping. Sometimes in the excitement of reading one even forgets to refer to the fine photographs which gleam here and there through the book. The shooting of a jaguar, the protracted defensive against a moving trap of Indians—all this is jungle adventure at its fiercest.

And besides adventure, Mr. Duguid puts the sounds and silence, the very life and look of the forest into words, as of course he should do. In the introduction he states that since "seven readers out of every ten skip those references to scenery which occupy more than a paragraph," he has "tried to save them the labour." This gives, I think, a wrong impression. The book is as much laden with pure description as *Galleon's Reach*. GEOFFREY TILLOTSON.

THE HEART'S UNREASON, by Edward Davison. Gollancz. 6s.

THE FROZEN OCEAN, by Viola Meynell. Secker. 7s. 6d.

THE decisive moment in the life of a poet is that wherein he finally puts behind him the first fine careless raptures of adolescence; for, sooner or later, he must eat of the Tree of Knowledge—or cease to be a poet. Experience must take the place of intuition as the mainspring of his art. In some cases (T. S. Eliot is a modern instance) the decisive moment seems to come early in life: in other cases (and here Alfred Noyes will serve as an instance) it seems to come so late that, although they go on singing, their song loses all touch with reality and they become no better than facile versifiers. The transition involved in this moment is a difficult one—so difficult that many, unable to master the strain of tallying art with experience, cease singing altogether. Others, of tougher metal, seem almost wilfully to be delaying the issue, so that, although they attain dexterity as craftsmen, their poetry suffers by reason of the severe limitations of its content.

Such a poet is Edward Davison, the burden of whose book is the tragedy of unfulfilment—tragic because he is in full and bitter possession of the knowledge of it. His strength lies in the fact of his revolt against this unfulfilment; but revolt is not enough. Such a cry as—

"I will believe in life when I am young,

For once grown old there's no believing then,"

is the cry of youth, and the mature poet has somehow got to get beyond it. In fact, it is not for him to exclaim:

"Since I have seen the harvest moon
How heavy lies the fallow mind;
O Lord send forth thy ploughman soon

While yet the seeds are on the wind,"

he had better start in and do a little ploughing on his own account. That is exactly what one feels Mr. Davison has yet to do. His is a desmène as fair in promise as any traditional poet now writing; a little more mental and spiritual ploughing and that promise would soon be transformed into fulfilment. Indeed, it may well be that the necessary work has already been put in hand; for in the main this book was written some time ago. Most of it was previously published in America under the title of *The Harvest of Youth*, and, since it indicates the close of a period, that was perhaps a better title. In other words, it is Mr. Davison's next book which will reveal whether he is going to come through. Meanwhile, in a slipshod world his craftsmanship is almost unique: time and again one comes on lines and verses which have in them the ring of pure gold of poetry. When that craftsmanship is matched with a richer content he should step into the front rank of lyric poets.

Viola Meynell, on the other hand, is a poet to whom already the decisive moment is past history. Like Mr. Davison she may sing the regret of frustration—

"I stand alone in this night of dread
On the brink of the dark salt sea of the dead"—

but it is not in rebellion. She has ploughed her desmène and the result is a fine harvest of fulfilment; her art is experience nobly transmuted.

Her book is a small one, but what her poems lack in number they make up for in intensity, and what they sometimes lack in craftsmanship they atone for in depth of fulfilment.

C. HENRY WARREN.

MADMAN'S DRUM, a novel in woodcuts by Lynd Ward. Cape. 10s. 6d.

MUCH of what has been said and written in praise of this artist's first novel, *God's Man*, may be applied to his second venture. Mr. Ward is a superb craftsman. His fine sense of dramatic composition, and his skilful use of contrast in tone, texture, and form, makes each cut worthy of the closest attention. But in the consideration of a book of this kind, it is necessary to regard the cuts, and the narrative they depict, as interdependent. In *Madman's Drum*, the task of following the astral vagaries of an elusive narrative detracts from the attention that should be given to the artistic merit of the prints. A cinema audience would

rightly feel a little disgruntled if they were offered a film, beautifully photographed, in which there was the utmost difficulty in tracing the story. This analogy will be objectionable to some, but it serves its purpose. One's appreciation of the cuts is halved by the labour of unravelling the narrative. So much has been said of late against the literary aspect of pictures, that one hesitates to appear insistent on this point, but it seems to me that the book fails as a unity for this reason; and this is a pity. For the most part the prints are well reproduced. One or two exceptions occur in the copy sent for review, where some of the white lines appear to be slightly clogged. The cover and title pages are most pleasing.

F. W. WENTWORTH-SHEILDS.

THE SOVIET FIVE-YEAR PLAN

AND ITS EFFECT ON WORLD TRADE

By H. R. KNICKERBOCKER

The result of a two-months' survey of industrial conditions in Russia. The author travelled over 10,000 miles inspecting factories, mines, wheat farms, oil fields, etc. His book is an illuminating and impartial account of Russian Trade conditions, of the probable success of the Five-Year Plan and its effect on World Trade.

Illustrated 8/6 net

THROUGH WAR TO REVOLUTION

THE REMINISCENCES OF A WAR CORRESPONDENT, 1914-1920

By ARNO DOSCH-FLEUROT

A description of the Great War, as it were from the outside, by the foreign correspondent of the *New York World*. There is a vivid account of the burning of Louvain and the early days of the War in Belgium, and a day-to-day record of the Russian Revolution, with striking studies of Lenin, Trotsky, etc., at the most vital moments of their lives.

Illustrated 10/6 net

JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD LTD., VIGO STREET, W.1

SELECTED FICTION

TOBIT TRANSPLANTED, by Stella Benson. *Macmillan*. 7s. 6d.

By reprinting, in an appendix, the Apocryphal Book of Tobit, Miss Stella Benson gives unnecessary prominence to the fact that her novel is an ingeniously contrived parallel to the ancient tale. Her Tobit is a White Russian exile, living, with his wife Anna and his son Seryozha, in Kanto, Manchuria. The appendix is unnecessary because the parallel in itself is of no very great significance; for, though it is amusing to compare the old Tobit with the new, and to mark admiringly how Miss Benson has transplanted all the main incidents and provided representative figures for all the chief characters, her story stands very firmly on its own feet and derives nothing of its true quality from its remote plot-source. One could read it with no less enjoyment had one never heard of Tobit. Here, then, is what may be fairly described as a typical Stella Benson novel. It is fuller, longer, less enigmatical, and some would perhaps say more "solid," than any previous work by the same hand; but it has, in full measure, all the qualities that made those works remarkable: wit, poetry, a pleasant malice, and, unobtrusive but inescapable, an occasional hint of fairyland—not the fairyland of Christmas pantomime or sentimental story, but the home of beings lovely, soulless, and free. These pages glow with eastern sunshine; but the sun shines, and rivers flow, and the exotic panorama moves on, without impeding the movement, or impairing the intimacy, of the story. The Russian characters, especially old Sergei Malinin and Pavel Ostapenko, are mercilessly exposed; but an author cannot take such exposures too seriously who cherishes so radical a scepticism as the following passage confesses:

Just as a palæontologist builds up a whole mountainous prehistoric beast from one bone, so we reconstruct our neighbours from a mere glimpse of a ghost. We are doomed to live among ghosts just as surely as we are doomed to see through our own eyes only. All are ghosts—these lovers—these enemies—these passers-by. . . . We see them through the distorting lens of vanity. We traduce our neighbours by the senseless names of friends—of enemies; we divorce them from their realities, bereave them of body, cut them off from their destinations and starting-places, make homeless ghosts of them. If they love us, they are darling ghosts to us; if they injure us, they are bogeys. Yet all the time something that is not a ghost lives at home—far from our sight—dark, changeless men and women built of blood and bone and burning egotism, creatures that neither love us nor hate us—nor even know our names—things that *are*, not things that *are seen by us to be*.

An unknown confident voice, braying on two successive days, has twice admonished Miss Benson that her creation of Wilfred Chew is of far more worth than those cruel little studies in self-consciousness in which, in this book, she is most characteristically her old self. Mr. Chew, a Chinese barrister, and a member of the Middle Temple, well grounded in Wesleyan Christianity by "Reverend Fawcett," and admirably qualified to play Raphael to young Seryozha's Tobias, is indeed a richly comic character; but, deeply as one would regret the loss of him, he could be more easily spared than could those pages in which we are shown the posturing egoism of a Malinin or an Ostapenko.

GERALD BULLETT.

UP TO MAMETZ, by Llewelyn Wyn Griffith. *Faber & Faber*, 7s. 6d.

THERE remains a sharp division between the men who fought in the war and all who did not—division so sharp and deep that no nearness of affection, no careful reading of war books, can persuade a non-combatant that he is entering into the experience of the fighters. It is none the less necessary that we should read any war book which is a man's attempt to write down, as honestly as he may, the details of an experience sharper and more significant than any he has known since, or will ever know. Its war books are my generation's gift to posterity—more important than any of its novels, as an *Undertones of War* or an *In Retreat* is more important than a *Good Companions*. I am puritan enough in this matter to prefer even a badly-written war book, so long as it is honest, to the fine flower of a best-seller's fancy.

Up to Mametz is one of the superlatively well-written. Those to whom the reading of clean sensitive prose is a pleasure not too often come by will set this short book on the shelf where they have already set *Blunden*, *Read*, *Sassoon* and *Manning*. The chapter headed *Mametz Wood* has that passion, perfectly controlled, which informs the best prose. From page 192 onwards, to the culminating hours of the tragedy in pages 223-7, the book reaches its deepest and most abiding significance. Throughout the book there are passages of nearly equal intensity; scenes recalled in firm, vivid detail; one of those rooms in which maps, orders, and enamelled cups lie on the table and a Sam Browne belt hangs over the back of a chair; a line of silent, tired men dragging down a road at night; the sharpness of living, the miracle of ordinary things, in the first hours of safety; the malignance brooding over certain parts of the line; the moment in *No Man's Land* when in a sudden illumination the body is drawn

taut to receive the expected bullet; the cross-ride in Mametz Wood, an image of horror driven into the quivering brain; the broken end of a battalion marching away from the Somme battlefield.

The value of war literature resides precisely in such narrow personal records as this, where the *primary intention* of the writer has been to recall events through which he lived. Mr. Griffith is as honest as Herr Renn, but where the German records the English writer has interpreted. The experiences recorded in this book have been passed through the mind of a man of imagination. In this way they are heightened without being falsified—the image is lit up from within by the flame in the mind. Certain states of mind thus emerge with a sharpened clarity. These make it possible for even a non-combatant to understand

"A BOOK OF PLEASANT
MEMORIES."

AN OXFORD PORTRAIT GALLERY

By
JANET E. COURTNEY

Author of "Recollected in Tranquillity," etc., Demy 8vo, 12s. 6d. net. SIR SIDNEY LOW (*Observer*) says: "A book of pleasant memories. This delectable little volume . . . Mrs. Courtney's pages bring back, with charm and skill, the faint and fragrant memories of a phase of academic and social life that has passed away for ever."

CHAPMAN & HALL LTD.

how in the moments of intense fear the imaginative man was able to secure his spirit against an assault which would have broken it.

For the rest, the book is one more protest, made without bitterness but not without passion, against the "irredeemable idiocy" of war.

STORM JAMESON.

THE GARDEN, by L. A. G. Strong.
Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

MR. STRONG has seen fit to write an introduction to this book in which the following sentences occur:

Years ago, at a picnic, an incident occurred round which I afterwards wrote a story. Needless to say, the whole thing had to be re-set to give it meaning, and the characters altered. In spite of this, nothing would convince the participants in the incident that they were not depicted.

There is therefore little excuse for regarding *The Garden* as a piece of autobiography, though some have professed to do so; and there is all the more reason to congratulate Mr. Strong on what, on any showing, is a very fine piece of work indeed. The incidents he chooses as his background for his main purpose of unfolding the gradual development of a child's mind all have such an air of unstudied actuality, that were it not for the explicit disclaimer quoted above, one would almost inevitably assume that the Dermot of this book and Mr. Strong were one and the same. A work of pure fiction which can produce this kind of effect upon the reader is plainly one of no ordinary merit, and *The Garden* is undoubtedly a superb monument to the powers of creative invention.

It is also beautifully architected. Mr. Strong has set himself the task of depicting his child Dermot between the ages of four and eighteen. He does

it by describing his successive summer holidays in Ireland. Dermot himself is never off the stage, but he is rarely alone on it. A self-centred child, he is yet moulded almost entirely by contact with other characters. At first, it is his grandparents' circle in Dublin, and the garden pets, the monkey and the cat, who mould him, and on whom his existence pivots. Their place is taken by Paddy, the gardener's boy, who, with his two mates, teaches Dermot to catch conger eels (there are two superb descriptions of their battles with "congers"). Then we pass to the "Delgany people," a family of uncles and cousins, one of the most completely charming families of modern fiction, who exercise the most decisive effect upon his adolescent mind. Yet as we advance stage by stage until the time when Dermot is killed in France, not one of the early characters is allowed completely to fade away. They still bear their part. Mr. Strong leaves us in no doubt that Paddy has superseded the grandparents, and that he in turn has made way for the "Delgany people" as the supreme agents in moulding Dermot's character. But neither the grandparents nor Paddy are for a moment allowed to be forgotten. There are no dead ends. And as Mr. Strong has allowed full rein to his capacity for creating character, that is good, for we feel that we could not bear to be parted from any of them.

But while all this is true, it is upon Mr. Strong's astonishing fertility of invention, his facility for creating incidents which definitely advance his main purpose and yet are self-contained episodes, that most readers will primarily reflect. *The Garden* reveals a wealth of sheer inventive power to which not many writers working to-day can lay claim. Mr. Strong's reputation already stands high. This novel should, if there is any justice in these matters, enhance it considerably.

ROGER B. LLOYD.

FATHER MALACHY'S MIRACLE,
by Bruce Marshall. *Heinemann.*
7s. 6d.

DERMOTTS RAMPANT, by Stephen
McKenna. *Chapman & Hall. 7s. 6d.*

SHIPS IN THE BAY! by D. K.
Boster. *Heinemann. 7s. 6d.*

THE reviewer of novels, like the entomologist, has come to recognise a thousand different species and sub-species. In the good old days of reviewing (ah! to have lived then!) a novel was just a novel—as it still is to field-naturalists like Mr. Arnold Bennett; but to the modern expert a novel is a Dell, or a little Proust, or a large-striped Walpole. When a novel appears which does not fit into the classification, the reviewer is certainly justified in proclaiming this "sport" to be a product of genius.

The three books listed at the top of this article are easily classifiable. *Dermotts Rampant* is solid Edwardian, tending to Saga; *Ships in the Bay* is historical adventure. One hesitates for a moment over *Father Malachy's Miracle*, but it goes down as satirical fantasy, with a touch of Anatole France and rather strangely also of Chesterton. It is the most interesting book of the three, because at the end the reader is still slightly baffled. A book so saturated with irony as this leaves the reader with a series of images receding into one another like the mirrors in a restaurant: each time you look carefully you see one more mirror. *Father Malachy's Miracle* is a satire on modern materialism, newspapers, broadcasts, sceptical deans, Jew-boys, jazz and chorus girls. On the other side is the Roman Catholic Church, also comic, in the persons of raw Irish and Scottish priests. "Ah, and it's a darlin' miracle," one of them exclaims. *Father Malachy* stood outside the Eden palais-danse on a Saturday evening and caused it to be transported through

the air to the summit of a headland three miles distant. He did this to persuade an Anglican parson with whom he was talking of the powers of God. But his miracle convinces no one except his fellow-priests: to every-one else it is a piece of bad taste, a bit of conjuring, mass-suggestion, a relapse to the middle ages. The owner of the dance hall brings an action for damages; the London Dean makes it the text for sermons on the prevalence of superstition in a scientific age; the emissary from Rome says: "Well, it may be a miracle all right, but it's not the sort we want—it must wait some years before we can accept it." Through all this *Father Malachy* remains a simple and bewildered spectator, still praying to God and thinking "He is a one, He is." Yet *Father Malachy* is a serious character, most of the

A New Story by Rhys Davies

entitled "ARFON"

In a limited first edition of 400 copies only,
signed by the author. Demy 8vo. Red
Buokram, gilt lettered.

12s. 6d. net

This story, a magnificent piece of work,
ten thousand words in length, demonstrates
clearly that Rhys Davies is indeed the
artist in words the critics consider him to be.

Rare Books and First Editions

The New Year Catalogue issued by Foyle's
Rare Book Dept. includes Modern First
Editions, Limited Editions, Association
Copies, Autograph Letters, English Literature,
Illustrated Books, Modern Presses,
etc., etc. A copy will be sent gratis on
application for Catalogue of Dept. 18.

FOYLES FOR BOOKS

Charing Cross Road, London, W.C. 2.

religion in the book is serious and plainly and rather beautifully described. As an achievement in the finer shades of leg-pulling, becoming at times a ritual, this book is delightfully successful. And the joke, in the end, is still with the author.

Dermott's Rampant is the story of a wealthy Liberal family from the Boer War to the first Labour Government. The beginning, which is retrospective and emerges piecemeal from conversations, is extremely slow. When the actual story starts it is the familiar progress of a Radical literary young man through public school, university, business, novel writing, and into Parliament. Two unsuccessful love-affairs run a pattern through this career. Mr. McKenna is a competent though never exciting or exacting writer. He has managed to catch the atmosphere of a rather stuffy Liberalism and of the boredom of a stereotyped successful career. But this is also the atmosphere of the book itself.

Ships in the Bay is first-rate romantic adventure—a Welsh coast town in 1796, when it was invaded by the French, Ireland, privateers, spies, Bow-street runners, a handsome stranger dressed as a tramp, a receptive Welsh precenter's daughter. The adventures are credible and excellently described. Miss Broster is unaffected by Hollywood and Mr. Raphael Sabatini. She writes with a quiet eye for humour and character, and does not pitch her conversations too high. An engaging book, which keeps the reader unobtrusively suspended.

G. W. STONIER.

THE LOVING SPIRIT, by Daphne du Maurier. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

MISS DU MAURIER comes of such a gifted family that the excellence of her first novel does not take one quite by

surprise. Still, it is rare to encounter in the work of so young a writer so much that is of value. *The Loving Spirit* is by no means perfect—the story is sometimes forced and there are crudities that would not have appeared in the work of a writer of greater experience—but it is full of a promise from which I foretell for Miss du Maurier a high position among the novelists of this generation, if, as is to be hoped, her work develops logically from so auspicious a beginning.

Janet Coombe was born in 1811 at Plyn, a quiet Cornish harbour. She was a strange and beautiful creature with a passion for the sea. It is the troubled, loving spirit of Janet that Miss du Maurier traces, as it reappears here and there among her descendants, until it finds its fulfilment in 1930 and is laid to rest at last somewhat prosaically by the marriage of two cousins. Miss du Maurier is at her best at the beginning of the book. Her prose is clear, cool and flowing, and her dialogue, astonishingly enough, deteriorates as she approaches the present day. She is not quite happy in the later scenes in London, which are burlesqued and often crudely horrible, but she has a real feeling for the green hills and rugged cliffs of Cornwall, a real understanding for the Cornish villagers, dominated by the sea and the endless rhythm of the tides. She evidently knows her Cornwall well, and she must, I suppose, have verified her facts; but I confess to feeling the greatest surprise on reading that as early as 1911 the farmers in the depths of Cornwall "went to market now on motor bicycles and Ford cars, the old gingles were scrapped and the ponies turned out to grass."

HELEN GOSSE.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

MAY 1, 1931.

THE POISON OF UNEMPLOYMENT*

BY ANDRÉ SIEGFRIED

I

IF the chief indication of England's economic crisis is to be found in the falling off in exports, the most apparent social consequence is revealed in the agonising amount of unemployment. The immediate cause of this state of affairs is the lack of a sufficient margin of profit for the manufacturer. In a country supporting a maximum population on the hypothesis that profitable exports can always be relied upon, any depression in foreign trade naturally produces grave disturbances. If the slump lasts until there is little hope of speedy recovery, then it becomes a catastrophe.

The phenomenon of unemployment has constantly recurred in England at regular intervals. In 1879 it amounted to 11 per cent. of the total industrial workers, and in 1886 to 10 per cent.; since 1874 it has never been less than 2 per cent. Throughout the nineteenth century and until the Great War, however, the depressions never lasted any length of time in an acute form, as they were only indications of congestion. The gravest feature of the present phase, which began in 1920-21, with the end not yet in sight, is its permanency rather than its intensity.

Allowing for seasonable variations which swell unemployment in the autumn and diminish it in the spring, we find that the table on the next page gives a faithful outline of British economic history during recent years. Unemployment can be compared to a flood: the waters rise when world tempests are raging (1920-21, 1930-31), and every country, without exception, is inundated until they subside. In England, however, the situation is different, for apparently there is a certain level below which the flood never ebbs.

* Translated by Doris and H. H. Heming. *England's Crisis*, published by Jonathan Cape, Ltd.

CXXIX

N.S.

Y

UNEMPLOYMENT

		Total Number Unemployed.	Percentage of Insured Workers.
1921	January	1,010,000	6.4
	July	2,508,000	15.5
1922	January	2,003,000	14.2
	July	1,423,000	12.6
1923	January	1,511,000	13.3
	July	1,226,000	11.6
1924	January	1,268,000	11.9
	July	1,025,000	9.8
1925	January	1,307,000	11.2
	July	1,300,000	11.2
1926	January	1,252,000	11.1
	July	1,645,000	14.6
1927	January	1,496,000	12.1
	July	1,054,000	9.3
1928	January	1,336,000	10.7
	July	1,217,000	11.6
1929	January	1,453,000	12.1
	July	1,142,000	9.7
1930	January	1,479,000	12.6
	July	2,070,000	17.1

A million unemployed seems to be the minimum. The figures dropped below that point only in April, 1926, and May and June, 1927, and then merely by a few thousands. We must not be too impressed by the two million unemployed in 1930; the real problem is the permanent million.

These percentages indicate only the average of the country as a whole, so in order to determine the root of the evil we must ascertain which branches of industry are most affected. With this in view let us examine the extent of unemployment, industry by industry, at five representative dates of which three, 1921, 1926, and 1930, are bad periods, while two, 1923 and 1928, are at moments of comparative recovery.

It is immediately apparent that the storm centre is not in the same position throughout the whole of this period. In 1921 iron and steel, engineering, and shipbuilding, were the principal industries to suffer, but from 1926 onwards it was coal and then cottons. In the latter industry the situation became absolutely tragic by 1930.

PERCENTAGE OF UNEMPLOYED COMPARED WITH
THE TOTAL MAN-POWER IN DIFFERENT INDUSTRIES

	(July Figures)				
	1921 ¹	1923	1926	1928	1930
Coal	8.1	3.0	8.8	29.1	28.3
Shipbuilding	32.8	43.2	41.5	28.3	31.7
Engineering	23.0	20.9	17.5	9.7	16.7
Iron and Steel	48.8	19.9	66.2	21.2	28.5
Cottons	10.5	21.3	28.1	15.2	44.7
Woollens	14.6	9.3	23.3	15.1	26.1
Commerce	6.7	5.9	6.6	5.2	8.3
Building Trades	14.9	12.2	9.4	10.4	13.9

¹ The 1921 figures are not exactly comparable with those of other years, because of a slightly different classification existing at that time.

Whatever may account for these variations, one central fact emerges, *i.e.*, that the sufferers at both the beginning and the end of the decade were all exporting industries, and, moreover, the very ones which in the nineteenth century were the keystone of Britain's prosperity. It may be argued that these same industries suffered during the post-War depression in other countries also, but there they were neither so exclusively exporting nor so essential to the national welfare. In the England of Cobden, Peel, and Gladstone, coal, iron and steel, and the textile trades, could be counted on to absorb the surplus population, but to-day they are unable to do so, and are on the contrary flooding the labour market with their unemployed. As these basic industries no longer function properly, the State is becoming congested by the excess of population. This observation is confirmed and developed by a study of the geographic distribution of unemployment. Let us take the month of May, 1928, for at that time the depression from which the country suffered was specifically British, and not world-wide as in 1930. (See map, page 581.)

Three zones stand out clearly, according to our maps. The first in the north covers the entire Black Country where industry is based on coal. Everywhere we find unemployment amounting to over 10 per cent. (the average for the whole country was 9.8 per cent.), and the propor-

tion even exceeds 15 per cent. in two coal mining districts, Northumberland-Durham and South Wales (Durham, 23 per cent. ; Glamorgan, 24 per cent.).

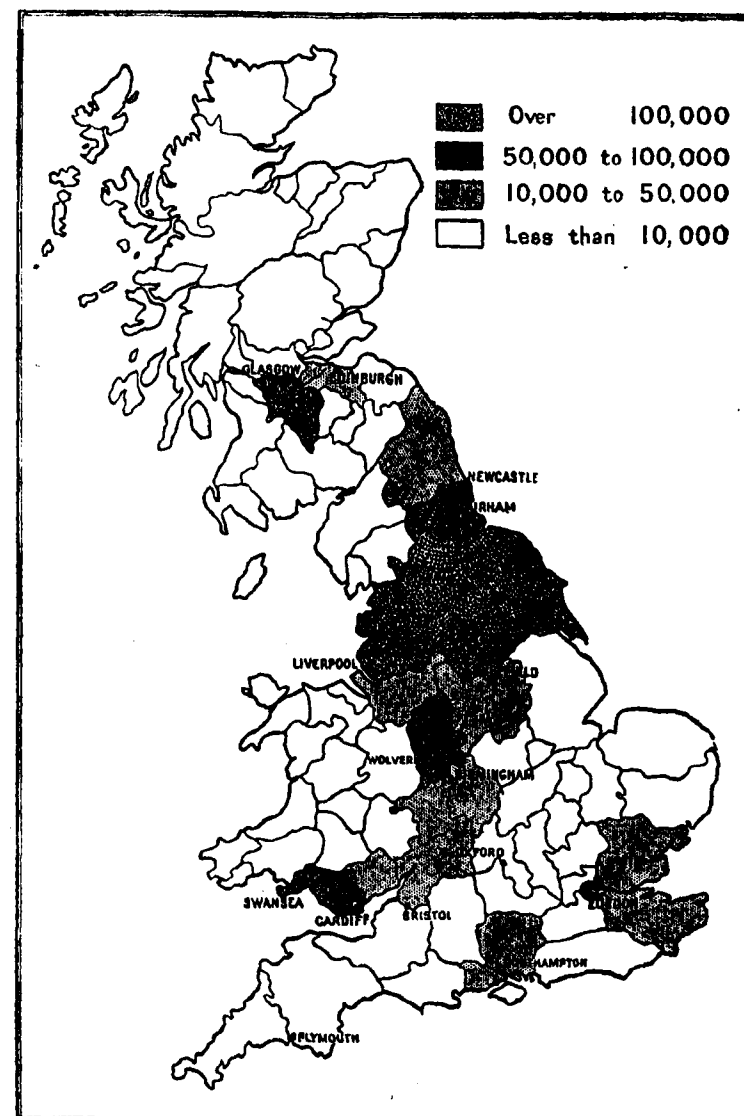
The second zone lies on the south-east border of the first, and includes a region of secondary manufacturing where the heavy industries do not dominate. This area is undoubtedly less affected. In the counties of Gloucester, Warwick, Northampton, and Nottingham it varies from 5 to 10 per cent., and in Leicester it is less than 5 per cent.

In the third area we have London, the home counties grouped around London principally in the valley of the Thames, and in general the entire south of England. This district has scarcely suffered at all, for there is only 4.4 per cent. of unemployment in London, 3.9 per cent. in Middlesex, 3.8 per cent. in Bedfordshire, 3.5 per cent. in Oxfordshire, 2.8 per cent. in Surrey and 2.6 per cent. in Sussex. If we look at our map of unemployment, which shows the actual numbers unemployed, we see how remarkably localised is the evil.

The depression of 1930, although it increased unemployment everywhere, did not change the relationship between these zones. In the first zone there was uniformly more than 15 per cent., in the second more than 10 per cent., and in the third more than 5 per cent. Although there are certain exceptions, the distinction between the three zones still exists. What is especially noticeable is that unemployment is localised to a marked degree, even within each county. In August, 1930, for example, when the figures passed the two million mark, nearly one-half of the unemployed were located in the four counties of Lancashire, Yorkshire, Staffordshire, and Durham ; over three-fifths were in these counties together with Lanarkshire and Glamorgan—in other words, coal, iron and steel, cotton and wool.

This geographical concentration is still more accentuated in the interior of each county. The central towns or regional distribution centres, where labour is distributed among various branches of commerce and production, are not particularly hard hit. In the case of Lancashire only

UNEMPLOYMENT BY COUNTIES (MAY, 1928)



TOTAL NUMBERS OF UNEMPLOYED

15.3 per cent. are unemployed in its capital city, Manchester. It is the specialised industrial towns of this great cotton area that have borne the full force of the gale. Blackburn, with an insured population of 56,000, has 52.7 per cent. unemployed; Accrington, with 31,000, has 44.3 per cent.; Burnley, with 47,000, has 42.1 per cent.; while many of the smaller towns have even higher percentages.

A similar situation, if not worse, exists in the mining districts, where the slowing down or definite closing of a pit will at one fell swoop render idle practically the entire population. The unemployment figures for the county as a whole, however, give an insufficient indication of the total stoppage that sometimes occurs: Glamorgan has 31 per cent. unemployed; Monmouth, 32.7 per cent.; Durham, 26.8 per cent.; Northumberland, 21.5 per cent.; Lanark, 22.6 per cent.; but in certain stricken mining villages the figure is over one-half or even as high as two-thirds, and can theoretically become almost 100 per cent. These are the black spots where all hope has slowly died.

Meanwhile, in the south, the depression remains relatively slight. In August, 1930, London had only 6.6 per cent. unemployed; Greater London, 7.1 per cent.; Surrey, 4.6 per cent.; Sussex, 4.2 per cent.; Middlesex, 7.4 per cent.; and Kent, 7.9 per cent.

The map of unemployment is thus approximately the same as the map of the coal areas. What used to be and still is the centre of England's population and industries, is stricken down. Ever since the time of Cobden these areas have been the focus of the moral energy of the country. We must not lose sight of this fact, either in our diagnosis of the ills, or in our appraisal of eventual recovery.

England finds that she is burdened with a surplus of about a million workers, whom she cannot profitably employ, although this does not mean that the same million individuals are totally and permanently idle. In certain cases, as in the abandoned mining areas of the north, such a condition may exist, but taking the country as a whole there is a continual interchange going on between the

workers and the unemployed. It was found as the result of an interesting inquiry made by the Ministry of Labour,¹ that between October, 1923, and April, 1927, out of 8,024 men who had been unemployed, 48 per cent. had received the dole for less than one-fifth of the time, 26 per cent. for more than one-fifth but less than half, and 16 per cent. for more than half; only 10 per cent. were unemployed for more than three-fifths of the time, and it is this 10 per cent. which constitutes the irreducible minimum of unemployment.

The same inquiry also revealed that all ages do not suffer alike. As might be expected, among those over forty-five unemployment was greater, and for those over sixty it was well above the average. More surprising, however, was the fact that men from twenty-five to twenty-nine years of age at the time of the inquiry in 1927 constituted a group for whom unemployment was especially serious. These are the youths who were badly brought up during the War, who have never learned a trade, and who never will learn to work.

In spite of the more or less fluid character of unemployment, certain industries have a permanent surplus which they seem manifestly incapable of absorbing. In their report published in 1928, the Industrial Transference Board openly admits this fact: "We do not see how the heavy industries can give a living to all those at present attached to them, or to all those who would normally look to them for a livelihood during the next few years." They estimate the irreducible surplus of the coal industry at 200,000 men. Iron and steel and textiles, it is true, show smaller figures, but they are bad enough, and rationalisation, if seriously undertaken, is bound to increase their number.

II

High wages are the direct cause of unemployment. If wages are definitely fixed at a level which does not allow manufacturers to make a profit, then one section of the

¹ Ministry of Labour: Inquiry into 9,748 individual cases of unemployment in April, 1927.

community must necessarily be out of work. Since the War British wages have not been adapted to meet the fall in prices, and consequently the increase in real wages has brought with it a corresponding increase in unemployment.

III

Unemployment is not a cause but a result. It has, however, been aggravated by remedies applied as the official policy of the country during the past ten years, remedies which have now poisoned the whole system and paralysed certain organs.

In England unemployment does not arise from any "unemployability" on the part of labour itself. According to the Ministry of Labour, male employability is regular in 66.9 per cent. of cases, sufficient in 21.9 per cent., bad in 4.9 per cent., and totally insufficient in only 2 per cent.¹ It is generally admitted that work could be found for many more people if the rate of remuneration were sufficiently lowered. Stated in these simple terms, the problem and the solution are perfectly clear; in the long run every one would benefit, for there would be less unemployment and fewer factories running on part time. Nominal wages would be lower, but the number receiving them would be greater and the weekly wage bill also would be larger, which would increase the total purchasing power of the nation.

The truth of this reasoning is perfectly obvious, but the hostility of the trade unions is inflexible, and in general public opinion agrees with them. They prefer high wages with unemployment, to lower wages with the unemployed reabsorbed, for lower wages mean a reduction in the standard of living. In a word, England would rather support indefinitely a million unemployed than reduce wages. As this attitude is firmly rooted in the British mind, any practical study of the present crisis must take

¹ Ministry of Labour: Investigation into the personal circumstances and industrial history of a 1 per cent. sample of the claimants to unemployment benefit in the first week of April, 1927; 4.3 per cent. are not placed in the above categories.

into consideration the methods of distributing the dole. To all intents and purposes unemployment is accepted and supported, until it has now become a permanent characteristic of modern England.

Although unemployment insurance dates back to 1912, it did not function on a large scale until after the War, and it is only since then that its main aspects have been altered, and it has developed into its present form. When the system was originally conceived by experts of the Board of Trade, it was a genuine insurance, having a strict relationship between the premiums paid by the workers and the employers on the one hand, and the indemnity received on the other. Although a contribution was paid by the State, the system was contractual and confined to a few industries only. The limits were prudently fixed, and the beneficiaries were entitled to only petty sums compared with their normal wages. At the end of fifteen weeks assistance stopped automatically.

After the Armistice, and especially in 1920, England was overwhelmed by the violence of the economic crisis. By the 1920 law unemployment insurance was extended to include all workers except domestic servants and agricultural labourers, but an effort was still made to maintain the original principles. Little by little, however, owing to the irresistible pressure of circumstances, an entirely different conception was evolved. In 1921 a special allowance for dependants was added, and the share borne by the Treasury correspondingly increased. In 1924 the time limit for receiving assistance was abolished by the Labour Government then in power. From then on aid was given automatically as long as the worker was without employment, and naturally there was no further hope of a financial balance.

The years passed. Unemployment became a tradition, and the safeguards against abuse were whittled down by the persistence of the demagogues. Originally, in order to receive assistance, the worker had to prove that he had been "genuinely seeking work but unable to obtain suitable employment." In 1930 another amendment was passed by the Labour Government, disqualifying the worker only

if he had "refused without good cause suitable employment offered him by a Labour Exchange." He is no longer expected to look for work himself. The interpretation of the term "suitable employment" is so broad, that without being disqualified, a workman can refuse any post, even though he has the ability for it, if he thinks he has been offered less than the regular rate, or if the job is made available by a strike. If it pleases him he can refuse any job for which he has not been definitely trained, even though it is in a trade allied to his own.

The same amendment of 1930, with an entire lack of restraint, succeeded in removing the remaining obstacles against the squandering of public funds. The worker is no longer required to have paid a minimum of thirty contributions during the previous two years. The unemployed draw on the funds, but the Treasury has to make up the deficit. The rules stating how soon assistance can be received have also been relaxed. Although aid is not given for the first six days of unemployment, after that unemployment is not considered to have ceased, even though the worker may find casual employment for three days in the week.

By a similar evolution, the rate of benefit, both nominal and real, has steadily increased since 1912 when it was 7s. per week. To-day a married man receives 17s. in addition to 9s. for his wife and 2s. for each child. If he has five children, which is not unusual in England, he receives 36s. The municipalities can also augment the dole in various ways if they consider it insufficient. Up to 1929 there were Poor Law Guardians especially elected for this purpose, and they often gave a supplementary grant of 6s. or 7s. The increase in the dole can be fully appreciated only if the decline in prices since 1920 is taken into account. At that time each unemployed received 15s., and retail prices were at an index of 275; to-day he receives 17s. and the index has fallen to about 150—in other words, the indemnity has almost doubled. Here again, as in the case of wages, we find that during periods of falling prices, no steps have been taken to prevent the burden increasing automatically.

IV

The result of this evolution is positively terrifying, for the system—if the term may still be used—has lost all actuarial basis. One can no longer honestly call it insurance, as it is tending to become public assistance, and the drag on the State finances is growing steadily heavier. True, the workers still give their weekly sums, but there is no relationship between what they pay and what they receive. The employers, on the other hand, are struggling under a far heavier obligation, for as there is no longer any elasticity in the system, their contribution remains fixed in spite of the decline in prices. In reality, the employer pays a tax on every man he hires, and the more active the industry, therefore, the greater the tax, although in practice the greater the activity the less the need for assistance. The solidarity existing between the various industries is increasing costs all round, for those that are prosperous are contributing to help those that are sick. The former pay out but receive no benefit, while the latter receive possibly ten times as much as they pay. When the number of unemployed rises above a certain figure, the financial equilibrium vanishes. The fund turns for help to the limitless purse of the State, and the Treasury makes an advance which it knows will never be repaid. The chasm is yawning wide, but the public does not seem to worry. Judging from the various inquiries that have been made, the country is resigned to have the dole frankly become State assistance without contribution from the beneficiaries.

The financial consequences are, nevertheless, not the most serious aspect. One can hardly exaggerate the economic and social evils arising from the chronic existence of a paid army of unemployed, whose numbers for the past ten years have never fallen below a million. This is sapping the strength of the nation morally even more than materially.

The most dangerous defect of the system is the spirit of complacency which it has created. A foreigner going to England expects to find an atmosphere of tragedy, but on the contrary, he finds exactly the opposite.

The English workman knows that when he loses his job, no matter what happens, he will not starve; he becomes a social *rentier*, living at the expense of the nation. His standard of living may be reduced, but he can still live, so he awaits with calm—often too much calm—the chance of further employment.

The employer also profits from the knowledge that a discharged workman will be cared for by the State, and he therefore does not hesitate to hire and discharge without rhyme or reason. Instead of making a serious effort to adjust their staffs to their needs, many employers have learned to take advantage of the existence of a permanent excess of man-power, and rather than try to save labour they draw at will from this reserve. Latent unemployment is thus definitely established and maintained, one might almost say, encouraged. The fact that it may not be continuous, but is spread over several days of the week, scarcely alters its pernicious effect.

The management will sometimes arrange matters with the workers so that they lose as little as possible of their right to the dole, and often the men are not hired for more than three days running, so that they can still be legally considered unemployed. In the dockyards, the building trades, and several other fields of labour these practices are common and even openly admitted. To take advantage of the dole may profit the individual, but it is ruining the nation.

The same security affects even the small trades-folk, who congratulate themselves that consumption will be steady, for their customers, whether they are in employment or not, will always have money to spend. The workman's credit, at least so far as immediate wants are concerned, has undoubtedly increased. As we shall see later, unemployment insurance and various other forms of public assistance have created for the masses a steady purchasing power, the effects of which are far from negligible.

The most dangerous and also the most subtle element of paid unemployment is the slow breaking down of the will to work. In certain cases it actually pays better to be idle, for the workman is better off. Taking everything into account, a man can often receive more from the dole and the

Guardians than from working normally at his trade. According to the report of the Assistant-General Inspector of the Ministry of Health, the following scandalous cases are cited:

An engineer fitter from Southwark, aged 36 years, married and the father of five children, has been assisted almost continuously since 1925. He has received 43s. a week, and since the birth of his last child, 47s. If he worked at his trade he would earn 42s. for a 47-hour week. Case two: A carman from Southwark received in 1921 a wage of 41s. He had intermittent relief from 1922 to 1925, and since June, 1925, had continuous out-relief at the rate of 45s. a week. The relieving officer reported the wife's statement that the man had been offered three days' work a week, but he did not accept it, "as they would have been out of pocket."

These extreme cases are due largely to the excessive generosity of the demagogue Guardians. However, since many wages in England do not exceed 40s., and as the regular dole for a man with a family of five children amounts to 36s., there can obviously be little or no incentive to work in any case. When the employment offered is for part of the week only, it is naturally better to stay at home. In *The Times* of 11th October, 1930, there appeared an announcement of the final closing down of the Dowlais Steel Works, which turned on to the street 2,800 men. The article concludes as follows: "It is said that a certain proportion of the lower-paid men with large families will probably receive almost as much from the dole as they have done in wages."

Under such conditions it is easy to understand why the wage level has not declined, even during a long period of depression. Why should it decline, if it is to no one's interest to work at a lower rate? Nor is there any incentive to try a new trade, or even to accept new conditions of work in one's own line if they might not be quite so satisfactory. In 1930, the Lancashire cotton operatives refused to run eight looms at once, and the dole was there to back them up. The trade unions have been strengthened in this and other wage disputes. Strike-breakers and "scabs"

¹ *The Times*, 26th November, 1927.

are thus eliminated. This is one of the main reasons for the lack of harmony between wages and prices.

The dole is naturally insufficient for the normal upkeep of a family, and after a time various exceptional expenses for clothing and the house cannot be met. Such is the case in the little mining towns where the pits have been abandoned, and the people have been in want for some time. If a sort of communal life is organised, with the married children living with the parents and the younger ones already out at work, the dole received by part of the family, added to the wages received by the rest, together make up sufficient income. The part played in the family budget by the dole is rather like taking in boarders. Eventually they are reconciled to a conception of life from which all sense of responsibility—one might say of dignity—has disappeared.

From being an insured worker who has paid his contribution, the unemployed tends to become a pauper, kept by the State. The "dole," a derogatory expression implying the humiliation of receiving alms, is eventually considered as a right, and is received without shame. There develops a spirit of mendicancy of which British history reveals traces in the past. Beggars stand, hat in hand, in the streets. Labour, too, is not above cadging in Parliament or elsewhere, especially if there is any question of fixing its status. According to Mr. W. A. Appleton, Secretary of the General Federation of Trades Unions, at the time of the General Strike in 1926 the workers "were interested chiefly in making new appeals for personal, local, national, or international charity. They did not hesitate to make fresh demands for their own benefit on the reserves of capital, although these were already insufficient for any industry which was anxious to bring itself up to date."

The moral fibre of the unemployed cannot resist either the life they are now leading, or the complacency with which it is accepted. A feeling of slackness pervades the atmosphere; inspectors report that they often find the inveterate unemployed stretched out in bed during the day. For these left-overs, hour follows hour with nothing

to do except an occasional visit to the Labour Exchange to see if by any chance there is a job to be had. Finally, all effort, aptitude, and energy are benumbed.

The life of the nation goes on none the less, with a tranquillity and regularity that is most deceptive. The Government seems to fear this great body of idle men, and does what is urgent; it supports them, making sure that they remain calm, and are not driven to desperation. Foreign economists may argue that a policy of *laissez-faire* would soon put England on her feet again. This is the way they talk when they are outside the country. They need only go to England to realise that no politician dare make a direct attack on the dole; he would soon lose his seat.

Meanwhile, this multitude of unemployed try, with reason, to amuse themselves, and in this they have the tacit approval of the Government, which regards as useful diversions the cinema, athletics, and greyhound-racing, the latter being the latest craze. In England the love of sport acts like a drug on the masses. When it comes to football or racing, there seems to be a mutual understanding between the trade unionist and the aristocrat. Although the Government possibly does not realise it, this chloroform policy has succeeded in counteracting any germ of revolution in the unemployment crisis—it is the "*panem et circenses*" of the Romans!

Nevertheless, the presence of this dead member, which apparently is not being amputated, is poisoning the whole body politic. There is, indeed, "something rotten in the State of Denmark."

MAKING A CONSTITUTION.

I—*An Introduction to India's Problem.*

BY SIR JOHN MARRIOTT

“**B**E wise, ye kings : be learned, ye that are judges of the earth.” Never was the Psalmist’s exhortation more apposite than it is to-day. Never were wisdom and learning—two widely differing attributes not invariably found in combination—more essential to those who stand in the place of kings and judges, especially to the men now called to undertake a task unprecedented and unparalleled in the history of mankind.

To frame a Constitution for a continent : that, and nothing less, is the task which confronts the statesmen of the British Empire to-day. Many are the problems with which the rulers of Empires have in the past been confronted. But never in the history of the human race has there been presented to a ruler or a people a political problem quite so complex, so obstinate or so baffling as this. So much is admitted by all who are competent to make comparisons, however divergent the views they severally hold as to the appropriate solution.

I

Nor is the task wholly congenial to the genius of the British people. On the contrary. Our traditions, our instincts—must we say our prejudices?—dissuade us from the attempt to “make” a Constitution. Never was there a more typical Englishman than Arthur Young, and the comment he made on the proceedings of the Constituent Assembly in the early days of the first French Revolution is eminently characteristic, both of him and of his countrymen : “Making the Constitution, which is a new term they have adopted, as though a Constitution were a pudding to be made from a receipt.” Burke’s judgment on the Constitution-mongers did not differ from Arthur Young’s : “Among them I saw some of known rank, some of shining talents, but of any practical experience in the State not one man was to be found. The best were

only men of theory.” Men of theory ! There was the rub. The predominant influence of philosophers and doctrinaires was the characteristic which specially differentiated the French Revolution from the revolution which Englishmen had carried through in the seventeenth century. Frenchmen based their *Declaration of the Rights of Man* on the abstract theories formulated by that prince of ideologues, J. J. Rousseau ; and, to make matters worse, the theories were mostly false. In sharp contrast, the *Petition of Right*, presented by Parliament in 1628 to King Charles I, formulated, like the later Bill of Rights, a list of definite grievances of which the subjects of the Stuarts had lately had reason to complain, and demanded the application of the appropriate remedy. That is the English method. We apply specific remedies to proved abuses. As it was in 1628 and 1689, so it had been when Magna Carta was conceded in 1215 ; so it was to be when the Reform Bill was carried in 1832. Thus has the English Constitution been built up, bit by bit. A little repair here ; an alteration there ; perhaps a storey added anon ; but never total reconstruction in deference to some new-fangled theory, or on the advice of unpractical architects. Thus Englishmen conceived the same sort of suspicion of “made” Constitutions that they have of “made” dishes : they regard both as having a “French” flavour. Nor can they forget that the Constitution which Burke and Young saw in the making had a short and unhappy life of less than two years ; or that the Constitutions which in the course of the next eighty years succeeded each other so rapidly had an average life of considerably less than ten years.

There are other reasons for the prevalent mistrust of written Constitutions in this country. In the seventeenth century we tried the experiment ourselves. But none of the Constitutions devised under the Commonwealth could ever be induced (in Carlyle’s phrase) to “walk.” On the other hand, the English folk have, on the whole, done exceedingly well with a Constitution which, like Topsy, was “never born, but just grew.” Hence a not unnatural but obstinate prejudice in favour of the process of gradual evolution as opposed to that of scientific manufacture, a

marked preference for that type of Constitutional liberty which

" broadens down
From precedent to precedent."

II

Yet, on a somewhat wider survey, we perceive that the signs do not all point in the same direction : we are forced to admit that an appeal to historical experience does not evoke a unanimous verdict.

Take the Federal Constitution of the United States of America. There we have an outstanding example of a Constitution which, despite the fact that it is, in some sense, a manufactured product, has, in essential outline, stood the test of time, and has been adapted, with a minimum of friction and with little amendment, to the growing needs of an immense and somewhat heterogeneous population dispersed throughout a vast territory. The American Constitution did not, as a fact, spring Minerva-like from the brain of Jove. Mr. Gladstone was, indeed, largely responsible for the current belief that the whole federal constitution was due to a sort of miraculous conception on the part of a small group of American statesmen assembled in the Philadelphia Convention, of 1787. "As the British Constitution," he wrote, "is the most subtle organism which has proceeded from progressive history, so the American Constitution is the most wonderful work ever struck off by the brain and purpose of man." The contrast is too sharply pointed. The American Constitution, though finally "struck off" at white heat, was in fact the fruit of the experience gained in the task of self-government, throughout the whole of the Colonial period—a period which, in the case of Virginia, Massachusetts and some of the older colonies, had extended over a century and a half. Moreover ; profoundly as were the fathers of the American Constitution influenced by the political theories of Montesquieu, many of the most characteristic features of their handiwork were directly borrowed from the Constitutions of the several colonies, brought together in the Federal Union of 1787. The germ of the federal

Senate, for example, may be discovered in the New Hampshire Constitution of 1776 ; the Virginian Constitution anticipated much of the phraseology of the Federal Constitution and several of its most characteristic principles, notably the doctrine of the separation of the legislative, executive, and judicial powers ; while the idea of conferring upon the President a suspensory veto on legislation was actually borrowed from the New York Constitution of 1777.

Thus the American Constitution, hardly less than the English, is a native product, gradually evolved and based on experience.

Not, however, on experience of federal polities. In this respect the architects of the American Constitution were building a new type of edifice on a virgin site. Federalism, properly understood, was born in Philadelphia. Ancient Greece had, it is true, its Leagues of City States. Mediæval cities also formed leagues to protect their commercial interests, as in the famous case of the "Hanseatic" League. The germ of the modern Helvetic Confederation is to be found in the old League of High Germany. But Switzerland afforded a very imperfect example of federal government until the formulation of the Constitution of 1848. Consequently, the only possible precedent upon which the Philadelphia Convention could rely was that of the United Provinces of the Netherlands ; and, as Emile de Laveleye justly observed, that Republic was "une fédération d'états plutôt qu'un état fédératif," or as the Germans would say a *Statenbund*, not a *Bundestat*.

The Americans were, in fact, driven to devise a *Bundestat* precisely by reason of their unhappy experience of the inherent weakness of a *Statenbund*. In 1776, following on the Declaration of Independence, the English colonies in North America exchanged the status of colonies for that of States, and, under instructions from the Continental Congress of 1775, each colony recast its Constitution, so far as was rendered necessary by the new and independent status it had assumed.

The war against Great Britain soon rendered imperative some sort of union between the latter, unless they were to accept defeat. Congresses accordingly met at

Philadelphia in 1774 and 1775, and, in 1777, Articles of Confederation were adopted; but the resulting Confederation was little more than a league of friendship between Sovereign States, each exceedingly jealous of its independence. No wonder then that the Confederation proved itself, as Alexander Hamilton complained in 1780: "Fit neither for war nor peace." How badly the machinery worked we may learn both from the despairing appeals repeatedly made to Congress by George Washington, and from the more critical essays in *The Federalist*.

Nevertheless, the Confederation did just manage to hold together as long as the war lasted. Directly peace came it was threatened with dissolution. "For the five years that preceded the adoption of the Federal Constitution" wrote the late Mr. Choate, "the whole country was drifting surely and swiftly towards anarchy. The thirteen States, freed from foreign dominion, claimed and began to exercise each an independent sovereignty, levying duties against each other, and in many ways interfering with each other's trade." To induce these jealous and jarring republics to adopt some closer form of union was no easy task. That it was ultimately accomplished must be ascribed partly to the patience and skill of Alexander Hamilton and a small group of enlightened statesmen, partly to the hard pressure of circumstances. Between the close of the war and the adoption of the Constitution—a period of some five years—the condition of finance was chaotic, commerce was nearly ruined, while in the sphere of international relations, the utmost confusion prevailed. It was a realisation of these things that ultimately overcame the opposition of the most obdurate Separatists. A Convocation held at Annapolis in 1785 agreed that it was imperative in the common interest to devise provisions "to render the Constitution of the Federal government adequate to the exigencies of the Union." Only five States were represented at Annapolis, but all, except Rhode Island, sent delegates to the Constitutional Convention which met, under the presidency of George Washington, at Philadelphia in May, 1787. The foremost men in that historic Convention were Alexander Hamilton, Madison, Franklin and Randolph. On

the 17th of September, after four months of concentrated labour, and despite many threats of disruption, they completed a task which is among the most memorable in the history of political institutions.

III

Memorable, indeed, and difficult, but not so "miraculous" as is commonly imagined.

What precisely had the Philadelphia Convention accomplished? They had, in effect, formulated the bases of a Treaty, subsequently subscribed by thirteen independent republics. The terms of the Treaty were to have no validity until they had been ratified by at least two-thirds of the parties thereto. For the purpose of ratification, the ordinary State Legislatures were not held to suffice. In each State the draft treaty was to be submitted to a Constituent Convention, specially summoned for that purpose alone. No precaution, therefore, was omitted which could appease jealousy, dispel suspicion, or emphasise the fundamental truth that the authority to make the Constitution was vested in no Congress, or delegates, but solely and exclusively in the Sovereign peoples of the several Sovereign States.

No lesser authority can amend the Constitution. Not a comma in the Treaty can to-day be altered without the same elaborate precaution. Small wonder that in the course of a century and a half there have been but a score of amendments to the original draft.

Nor was the American Constitution by any means an elaborate document. It consisted of only seven articles, comprising twenty-four sections. (The Commonwealth of Australia Act contains 125). That famous document was in truth merely the *torso* of a Constitution, the provisions of which are intelligible only if they are read in conjunction with the State Constitutions, on which the Federal Constitution was superimposed, and to which it is complementary. As a French critic has picturesquely phrased it: "It is like a body, of which you see nothing but the head, feet and hands, in fact, all the parts that are useful in social life, while the trunk, containing the vital organs is hidden from view." This essential part, which is hidden, represents

the Constitutions of the separate States." Jefferson, with pardonable exaggeration, went so far as to say: "The Federal Government is only our department of foreign affairs."

It is, now, a good deal more than that; but Jefferson's exaggeration is useful as emphasising a feature of the American Constitution apt to be ignored by Englishmen, who naturally think in terms of a unitary Constitution, and even by those familiar with the different type of Federalism adopted in Canada. The Federal Government was, in fact, devised only to discharge such functions as were specifically assigned to it by the Sovereign States. All the residue of functions remained and remain vested in the State governments.

This point—the distribution of powers between the central and local governments—is an all-important one in the drafting of every federal constitution. By the decision reached on this cardinal point the whole character of the Federal State is determined. Australia in this respect followed the example of the United States. *The Commonwealth of Australia Act* enumerated thirty-nine matters in regard to which the Federal Legislature was to be competent to legislate. All others were strictly reserved to the States, which were not less jealous than the American States for the rights appertaining to Sovereign Communities.

Canada decided otherwise. *The British North American Act* of 1867 enumerated sixteen subjects as being exclusively vested in the Provincial Legislatures; and although the subjects—twenty-nine in number—assigned to the Dominion Parliament were also enumerated in the Act, it was expressly stated that this was only done "for greater certainty," but not so as to restrict the right of the Federal Parliament to deal with any matter "not coming within the classes of subjects by this Act assigned exclusively to the Legislature of the Provinces."

How vital is this point as to the location of residual powers may be seen by reference to a famous judgment of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in 1913. That judgment denied to Canada the character of a true Federal State, on the ground that the term "federal," strictly interpreted, applies only to Constitutions in which

the constituent States, "while agreeing on a measure of delegation, yet in the main, continue to preserve their original Constitution." With great deference, I cannot but think that this definition is unduly restrictive, and fails to distinguish between two types of a federal state, each equally entitled to be regarded as orthodox, though the one is predominantly centripetal, and the other centrifugal in character.

Nor is the distinction merely academic. On the contrary, we are likely to hear more about it in the near future, in reference to the relations between the Commonwealth Government in Australia, and that of the States. The Imperial Parliament will have to consider it in connection with the proposed scheme for a Federalised India.

IV

For this reason, but not for this reason only, it is of the highest importance that those who are immediately charged with the duty of devising a Constitution for India should have intimate knowledge alike of the circumstances which gave birth to the Federal Constitution of the United States, and of its outstanding characteristics. Alexander Hamilton and his colleagues were, in effect, pioneers in framing and working a new form of polity. The modern world has shown a strong inclination to copy it. That the South American Republics should have modelled themselves, to a large extent, on the great Federal Republic in the North is only natural. Federalism was the obvious goal, also, of the democratic cantons which have now united in the Helvetic Republic. The same principle provided the only possible solution of the problem presented to a united Germany. Italy, too, as some think, would have been wise to adopt federalism, if only as a half-way house on the road to unity. Neither Switzerland nor Germany copied the United States exactly. Swiss democracy, if not "parliamentary," is certainly not "Presidential," though the members of the Executive Council in Switzerland act in turn as "President" for a term of twelve months. But the Swiss President has as little in common with the American President as has the French. The predominance of Prussia, reflected in the

composition of the *Bundesrat* (now the *Reichsrat*) renders comparison between American and German federalism of little practical value—apart from the fact that Germany is essaying the difficult task of combining the federal principle with that of a parliamentary executive.

So also are the Dominion of Canada and the Commonwealth of Australia, but, in view of the persistence of the English tradition in those Dominions, still more of the fact that “responsibility” was in both cases the prelude to federalism, that was perhaps inevitable. Nevertheless, it still remains to be proved that the principles of federalism and “responsibility” are permanently compatible.

To examine in detail the differences which distinguish the American type of federalism from the German, the German from the Swiss, the Australian from the Canadian, and each from all the others, would carry me far beyond the limits of this paper. Such a detailed study is, however, a solemn duty enjoined upon all those who are charged with the task of devising a Constitution for India, and should indeed be regarded as an indispensable qualification for the performance of it. Some of the differences are rather technical, but among those which are of vital practical importance four stand out pre-eminent: the composition and powers of the Legislature and in particular of the Second Chamber; the constitution and position of the Executive; the position of the Judiciary; and the distribution of powers as between the Federal and the State governments.

Of the last something has already been said: to the others we must presently refer. But meanwhile it is important to observe that there is one condition precedent to the formation of any federal union, whatever the particular type of federalism ultimately embodied in the Constitution. There must be a group of communities so far united by blood, language or creed, by local contiguity or political tradition, as to desire union, but not so closely connected by any or all of these ties as to be satisfied with nothing short of unity. It is further desirable that there shall be no marked inequality between the co-operating States, still less that any one of them

should be sufficiently powerful to maintain its independence single-handed against foreign aggression; least of all that it should be capable of vying in strength with a number of its confederates combined against it. The latter condition is evidently violated in the German *Reich*, and many critics hold that the predominance of Prussia vitiates the whole character of German federalism. The German *Reich* certainly presents, on this account, a less perfect type of federalism than the United States or Switzerland, or even the Commonwealth of Australia, though of the four component states which form the Commonwealth, two stand out predominant.

V

How far does India fulfil the conditions precedent? We may presume that there is a desire for some form of union—provided that a solution is found for the communal problem. It is certain that an All-India unitary State is out of the question. As to the component elements of the Federation, the Federal Structure Sub-Committee of the recent Conference recommended that they should be (i) “The federating Provinces of British India”; and (ii) “Such Indian States or group of States as may enter the Federation.” That does not carry us very far towards the solution of a very difficult problem; it hardly recognizes the existence of a problem. Yet the most elementary knowledge of federal formations should have sufficed to convince Lord Sankey and his colleagues that in this important point of component elements India is confronted by difficulties greater in degree than those which existed in the United States, Canada, Australia, Germany, or Switzerland, and wholly different in kind. The thirteen American colonies were, with all their variations of social type, racially and linguistically homogeneous; they inherited a common political tradition, and were not fundamentally divided in religion. The Australian colonies were, in all respects, homogeneous. In Canada, there was, and is, a sharp line of division, racial, traditional, linguistic and religious, between Quebec and the other Provinces; but it is located, not sporadic; it does not, as in India, permeate

and poison the whole body politic. Moreover, the component States both of Canada and Australia had passed through the regular stages of political evolution, culminating in full "responsibility," before any attempt was made to federate. The Swiss Cantons had behind them long centuries of training in the art of self-government; the American colonies were inured to liberty in their new homes as well as in the old home.

Of the component units of a federalized India some have had no experience whatever of anything but autocracy; some have learnt to lisp the lessons of liberty; none have passed through any adequate apprenticeship in the most difficult of all political arts.

Here we find ourselves up against one of the main difficulties which confront the makers of a Federal Constitution for India. It is not merely that *all* the proposed units are inadequately prepared for the experiment; it is rather the entire lack of Constitutional homogeneity between them. Nor is this disparity apparent only between the Provinces of British India, on the one hand, and the feudatory States on the other; it exists among the States themselves. The disparity in size and wealth leaps to the eye; but that difficulty could doubtless be overcome by grouping. Much more serious is the diversity in Constitutional development. In Mysore, for example, the Maharajah has called into being a regular bicameral legislature, a legislative council, and a representative assembly. In Hyderabad there is a small legislative council, predominantly official in composition. Baroda has, in addition to an executive council, a legislative council of 27 members, of whom 10 are elected. No fewer than 30 of the States have, as the Harcourt Butler Indian States Committee pointed out, "established legislative councils, most of which are at present invariably of a consultative nature only; 40 have constituted High Courts more or less on British-Indian models; 34 have separated executive from judicial functions; 56 have a fixed privy purse; 46 have started a regular graded civil list of officials; and 54 have pension or provided fund schemes." Other States, on the contrary, are almost mediaeval, not to say

patriarchal, in their administrative machinery. The establishment in 1921 of the Chamber of Princes has unquestionably done something to diminish the Constitutional disparities and to educate the more backward rulers up to the level of the more enlightened, but the disparity nevertheless persists.

Nor is the difficulty of devising satisfactory units of federation confined to that portion of India still ruled by feudatory Princes. It is equally obtrusive in British India. "Federation schemes," as the Statutory Commission truly point out, "usually start with a number of clearly defined States each already possessed of individuality and self-consciousness, whereas in India there are only a number of administrative areas which have grown up almost haphazard as the result of conquest, supersession of foreign rulers, or administrative convenience."

VI

There are other difficulties not less formidable than the selection or creation of the component units of the new federal State. Notably there is the problem of the Executive, on a right solution of which, as the American Federalists understood, almost everything depends. But a discussion of these matters must be postponed.

I conclude abruptly with two practical suggestions: First, it is absolutely essential that the constructive work of Constitution-building should be done behind closed doors; the constituent conclave must be secret. Secondly, it is surely advisable to call into council men who have had practical experience in the making of Constitutions in the Dominions: not least in the making of the Constitution of South Africa, where the unitary model was preferred, albeit only after prolonged and grave deliberation, to the federal scheme. For the use of the South African conclaves an immense amount of material of the highest value was collected; it is still available, and should on no account be neglected by the Indian Conference. Further, there are still happily available not documents only, but men. Their co-operation would be invaluable, and, if invited, would surely not be withheld.

SALUTE TO CRICKET

BY ARTHUR WAUGH

I

WITH the dawn of May that merry monarch, Willow the King, returns to his own again; and all his loyal subjects rise to pay him the salute of welcome. The older a man gets, the better he appreciates that opportunity; for the enjoyment of cricket lasts longer than any other form of sport. Its devotees can play it longer, and watch it longer; and it is safe to say that it never loses its hold upon the imagination. It must be some thirty-five years ago that Edmund Gosse, suddenly overshadowed by a sense of approaching middle-age, offered to his friends a book of poems, called *In Russet and Silver*, celebrating the need of resignation and the acceptance of pleasures curtailed and emotions dulled. A copy came to be reviewed by Andrew Lang, who greeted it with his customary air of tired but indulgent nonchalance. "I don't know what all the trouble is about," he said in effect, "but as long as there is cricket up at Lord's, nobody need feel old!"

It is very true. As the years go by, the road to Twickenham seems long, and the way back much longer; the winter wind is cold, and the seats are unconscionably uncomfortable. But when the acacias are out in St. John's Wood, all roads seem to lead to Lord's, and most of the Tube railways to the Oval. The seats may be hard to the shoulders, but there are air-cushions at three-pence apiece; and there is room to move one's limbs, to light one's pipe, and to enjoy the perennial charm of the shining greensward, the run-stealers flickering to and fro and the revolving figures on the telegraph. Let us add to

our salute to Cricket the prayer that we may never see the day, when we are too weary to watch the game of our hearts, or too languid to respond to its chivalrous and romantic appeal.

Here they come, hurrying along St. John's Wood Road, the cheerful army of enthusiasts, old men and young, schoolboys and schoolgirls, matrons and spinsters, pretending not to notice the pavement artists under the wall, yet finding a copper or two to spend on chocolate, and another for Mr. P. F. Warner's account of yesterday's play in the columns of *The Morning Post*. They have brought their sandwiches in brown paper; every boy has a pencil sticking out of his pocket; here and there is a pair of field-glasses, and everywhere an air of gay expectancy. How it carries one back, forty, no, fifty years now—to those early expeditions to the Clifton College Ground, when the gathering clouds were watched with pale apprehension, and the spectacle of the great bearded, burly Champion, testing the turf outside the pavilion with the pressure of his heel, was an augury upon which the fate of heaven seemed to hang. How we held our breath, as we strained to see whether he shrugged his shoulders, or smiled content! Do they enjoy it all as much to-day, care as deeply, agonise as intensely? Perhaps so; perhaps not. For it is a critical generation, and the age of hero-worship is almost past.

There is one murmur which an old man is apt to hear flutter above the benches, and to hear it with distaste; for he thinks he knows the bourne whence it comes, and he believes its birthplace to be no health-resort. That murmur is the question: "What is wrong with cricket?" Nowadays somebody is always asking what is wrong with something or other; you would think all the world was a clinic, and every untutored gossip a specialist. To find something wrong somewhere is the mission of the "stunt" Press; and it is extraordinary with what glib willingness the average, good-natured Englishman will follow the scent of a pestilent sensation. "What is wrong with cricket?" Even the schoolboys ask it, having caught the infection from their fathers. And perhaps the true answer

is that there is nothing wrong at all except the mentality of one class of people who write about the game—the irresponsible, indolent interviewers, pursuing the batsman into his dressing-room, and tempting him to say what they themselves put into his mouth—the fomenters of mischief, the imps of discord, who must find a sensation somewhere, if they are to keep the pot boiling. What is wrong with cricket is the fact that the wrong people will not leave it alone. In the words of that wisest of all cricket-writers, Mr. Neville Cardus, "Cricket is the most lovable game in the world, because of its sweet amenities, its grace, and its humours." It drives even the gentlest of its admirers into a perhaps disproportionate fit of indignation to see it handed over to the rack and thumbscrews of the tormentors.

II

It is nearly ten years since Mr. Cardus remarked, in the course of this same essay, that the game stood in present need of men who, in the hour of defeat, could smile and say: "Never mind"—in other words, of men who realised that a game should be played as a game, and not turned into a mathematical machine for the manufacture of records; and it is the too-importunate attention of the Press almost exclusively that has helped to banish laughter from the pitch, and to substitute the anxious eye and the firm-set, knitted brow. Those who can look back upon fifty years of cricket journalism can testify to amazing changes, some for the better, some few very notably for the worse. There was a time, in the consulship of the Graces, when reports of the game were written in a peculiar language of their own, stiff with stereotypes. Everywhere the same phrases were current. The Notts team were "the lace-men"; Lancashire was "the County Palatine"; Kent were associated with "hops"; Somerset (not yet promoted to first-class rank) with "cider." A change of bowling and the fall of a wicket evoked one regular formula. "Painter for Woof was the order at 125; but the separation came from the other end; six runs later the Champion securing a hard return from the Surrey crack at the third attempt."

At the time of the Boer War, when men-of-letters became war correspondents, I once ventured to suggest to the editor of a London newspaper that, if a writer could be found to describe cricket in the spirit in which G. W. Steevens, H. W. Nevinnson, and Prevost Battersby were describing guerilla warfare, there would be a complete revolution in sporting journalism. I was assured that the idea was unthinkable: there was positively no public for any but the conventional hybrid; that, and that alone, was what the public wanted. Time passed, and the day brought forth Mr. F. B. Wilson, Mr. P. F. Warner, Mr. Neville Cardus, and Mr. P. G. H. Fender. The public is never such a fool as the unimaginative editor believes it to be.

Unfortunately, as cricket began to prove itself "good copy," it fell into the hands of the sensationalist. It was not enough to report what the players did; they must be induced to reveal what they thought of their own performances; and even to forecast what they would do when they had their chance. "Why We Shall Win, by the English Captain"; "We Don't Intend to Lose, by the Captain of Australia"; "How I Made My Record Score," and all the rest of it. The evening papers flared with indiscreet confidences. The newspaper men themselves next took up the chorus; and the names of those selected for a leading match were canvassed and challenged, as though they were political candidates with a programme to be exploded at all costs. This was a little too much for everybody; and after the recent attacks upon Mr. Chapman's team in South Africa the general disgust became so strong that those in authority seem to have decided that it was time to give the cricket field a rest. It is to be hoped that the respite will be prolonged. The prospect of Lord Beaverbrook appointing himself selector of the teams for Gentlemen and Players would surely arouse a swarthy, bearded ghost from his siesta in the Elysian fields. Once more the dark eyes would flash defiance; once more the warning finger would point the way. "Pavilion, you!" would come the thundering command; and even the stiffest man of paper would shrivel into ash!

III

There is indeed a great deal too much of the newspaper about cricket to-day, and a good many people have awoken to the fact that it is the one thing really wrong with the game. Even at Lord's the newspaper will not let us watch the sport in peace. At intervals during the afternoon the fluttering sheets are thrust upon our attention, and the dreary cry arises, "Latest Scores." There is the trouble in a nutshell. "Latest Scores"; "Latest Records"; the public interest in the game, vastly increased numerically, is degenerating into the gambler's passion for figures, the itch for a sensation which swamps the true spirit of a game. Test matches and the County Championship are in danger of becoming portentously solemn affairs. Is it really necessary to be so solemn about it? After all, cricket *is* a game; and its devotees were not so solemn, nor its great occasions so heavily organised, in days when memory suggests that it was played more happily, by men who took it as a game, before a crowd that watched it in a gamesome spirit.

I recall one such test match, five-and-thirty years ago. The scene was Lord's. No need then, to book your seat weeks in advance, though the great mound-stand was yet undreamt of, and the long racket court, with its moon-faced clock, had only a row or two of benches before it. We arrived in good time, and found room in the front row of the grand stand, paying no more than 5s. each for our tickets. And what a day's cricket! The Australians all out for 53; Richardson and Lohmann bowling unchanged. W. G. Grace and Stoddart in first for England. Jones starts bowling at such a pace that the Old Man rolls down the wicket, and protests that the ball went through his beard. Still he makes 66 of the best. Abel has 94 to his credit, and F. S. Jackson hits the bowling as light-heartedly as though it were a club game on a Saturday afternoon. He does more than that; he gives the crowd a chivalrous example of those "sweet amenities" which are cricket's special pride. His score is 40, when he lifts a ball straight in the direction of Darling, fielding in front of the telegraph-board on the south side of the ground.

Darling runs backwards with his eye on the ball; but there is a knot of spectators seated on the grass, and he falls backwards over them, the ball travelling harmlessly to the boundary. In a moment the intruders are cleared away; Giffen bowls the same ball, and Jackson hits it deliberately and cleanly into Darling's hands. Having been morally out the ball before, he felt constrained to throw away his innings. That was playing the game as a game, and everyone cheered to his heart's content. By the end of the day we had seen both sides bat, and England was 239 ahead. An historic occasion, too, for two great English cricketers, Lilley and Hayward, were making the first of many appearances for their country. Lilley was out first ball, but he caught four men, and only let 8 byes in two innings. There was no one to stay with Hayward, who got three 4's before he was left to carry his bat. Is it merely the prejudice of years that makes one feel that the day's play went more merrily then, and that the cricketer himself had a freer spirit, when the only criticism he had to face was the kindly comment of his captain in the dressing-room at close of play?

So when next I find myself at Lord's, in the company of some public schoolboy, crammed to the crop with records, ready-made criticisms, and glib objections, I hope to find courage to offer him a word of middle-aged counsel. "Look here, my boy," I would say, "don't you worry so much about figures. Don't buy that evening newspaper. Just watch the game. Here are Hearne and Hendren well-set, as they have been times out of number, in another keen and masterly partnership. Look at the contrast of their methods. Keep your eye on Hearne's wrists, and the quick, confident foot work of 'Patsy.' Is there anything wrong with their cricket? Of course there isn't. You will learn more from watching them than from all the newspapers in heathendom. The game, the game alone is eloquent." And perhaps, if my young auditor proved not too contemptuous, I might venture a little further. I might even remind him that first-class cricket, concerning which alone the Press cultivates its mission of publicity, is only a very small portion of the

cricket of the country. In the course of a first-class season, I might tell him, not more than 500 players emerge into the fierce searchlight which beats upon the arena of averages and statistics. They are a great and goodly company; but they are not the alpha and the omega of the cricket world. A. E. Stoddart used to declare that first-class cricket was no game for a man who had to earn his living. That was true forty years ago, and it is very much truer now. But because a man is called upon to earn his living, and is thus prevented from donning his flannels six days a week, is no reason why he should not be a pillar of cricket in other places, enjoying the game better, and perhaps even playing it better, because he escapes the insidious peril of growing stale. Much of the best cricket, played to-day never gets into the newspapers.

Take an analogy from another and a higher sphere. The religion of a nation, the sincerity of its faith—you would not estimate that from the solemn ritual of a great cathedral, where all devotion seems formal and rehearsed, the praise vicarious, and the prayer intoned. The most revealing poem of religion in England was written in a country churchyard; and still in the thin, wandering line of worshippers, that threads the lane towards the village spire, the old faith finds its simplest and most eloquent expression. So—to compare small things with great—so it is with cricket. If the worst that the newspapers could prophesy should happen; if the pitches grew so hard, and the batsmen became so cautious, and the bowlers proved so ineffectual, that no county match ever got further than a lead on the first innings; if the spectators were so disgruntled that the turnstiles at Bramall Lane and Trent Bridge ceased clicking, and first-class cricket in fact was ruined, Cricket itself would still go marching on. Do you doubt it, my sceptical schoolboy? Well, come with me, and gaze around you.

IV

Take a train from Waterloo any Saturday afternoon for the west country, and look out of the window as you pass. Beginning with Wandsworth Common, onward through the

suburbs, out into the open country, with its scattered villages, nestling under the homely church spires, everywhere you will see the same scene. Everywhere is the shaven turf, the gleam of white figures on the green, the flash of the bat, the lightning flight of the ball, the little crowd of enthusiasts rallying round its local heroes—all that cricket means, and always has meant, for those who love the game for the game's sake. It was thus that everyone first learnt to love it; and still the sight of a country game, played in a country spirit, brings back the old memories of which Mr. Clifford Bax, one of the truest of all cricket poets, has sung with such a haunting note:

"I often think how lucky I was that day
When, seven years old, I first saw bat and wicket,
And learned to love—better than I learned to play—
Our beautiful, difficult English game of cricket.
And when I stuff my bag for the last time,
As I soon must, with pads and boots and flannels,
What sunny days, what friendships of my prime,
What contests, will remain in memory's annals!"

Club cricket is the life-blood of the game; and it flows through many arteries to the heart of sport. I was recalling A. E. Stoddart a moment ago. He was a great English captain, who knew better than most how to inspire his men. It used to be said of him, when he was touring in Australia, that many a wicket, which went down to a bowler's credit, owed just as much to the encouragement of the captain of the side, as he threw the ball across to Peel or Briggs with a knowing look in his eye, as who should say: "You'll get him out this time." And in fact, the bowler did. Well, great leader as he was when great occasions called, Stoddart was never so happy as when he was playing club cricket at Hampstead. The historic ground off the Finchley Road was not yet built in by crowded villas when Sydney Pardon called it "The nursery of Middlesex cricket," something more than thirty years ago. There on a Saturday afternoon, if the county match had finished on Friday, you would find A. E. Stoddart, Gregor McGregor, H. B. Hayman, G. Thornton, and W. S. Hale, all county cricketers; and towering over them like a tireless eagle, the Demon of Australia, F. R. Spofforth himself, still taking a couple of

hundred wickets in a season, although he had already turned his fortieth year. There was a tremendous clan-feeling about Hampstead cricket in those days (there may be still, for aught I know), and no man had more to do with fostering it than Sydney Pawling, "the Skipper," as everyone called him, the universal favourite of players and spectators alike, and one of the best judges of the game that ever changed his bowling in the nick of time. And he, too, always gave his vote for club cricket as the champagne of sport.

On another level of skill, but not of influence, is village cricket, the very bond of all the virtues of the game. Everybody knows Alfred Lyttelton's cheery remark that, when the squire and the blacksmith have put on thirty runs together, they have laid the foundations of a friendship that not all the political differences in the world will ever break; it is one of the truest tributes ever paid to the binding power of the king of games. Most of our cricket reminiscences begin with a village team, some of them end with one; in any case, they will be fragrant reminiscences; good sport, and frank companionship, in a setting of trees and flowers. I recall one memorably picturesque afternoon, a year or two after the war. It was on the Lindfield ground in Sussex. Is there a prettier ground in the country? The pitch is in the middle of the village green where anyone is free to walk; but the space around the wickets is sacrosanct; every boy in the village knows that. The scene is backed by a lovely group of cottages, and a wandering road leading to the church; there are seats here and there on the green, where the wise men of Lindfield sit smoking and talking cricket. Lindfield was playing Ditchling, and we had come over with the Ditchling eleven, and were seated in the little pavilion watching the home team making too light of our bowling. In our midst sat Mr. W. L. Knowles, the old Sussex player, now captaining the village, and at his feet a group of stolid schoolboys, who discussed the play with the most embarrassing frankness. Suddenly one of them looked straight into the captain's face and said, as though he were speaking of someone miles away: "I reckon Mr. Knowles be the best cricketer in Lindfield."

"I don't know the answer to that one, Tommy," said Mr. Knowles, and resumed his interest in the game. But before the afternoon was over, not only was Tommy justified, but the rest of us had had plentiful evidence that the Lindfield captain was one of the best village captains in the country. He had a word of encouragement for every man as he went in, and a smile of consolation as he came out; and the fact that we of Ditchling were beaten, being to all appearances the better and more experienced team, was due undoubtedly to the captaincy opposed to us, and to the spirit it inspired.

So, when we offer our salute to cricket, it is not only, or even chiefly, to the men of great achievement in high places, but to all that happy multitude, who are busy at this moment hauling their cricket-bags out of the box-room, oiling their bats, and cleaning up their boots, with a comfortable feeling inside them that there is a long season ahead, and that, by the inexorable law of averages, it can hardly be as wet this year as it was last. These are the men who keep the game alive all over the country; who play it more than they argue about it; and who shiver under the sunlight, when they hear the tiresome, importunate question return: "What is wrong with cricket?"

Not the youngest and rawest enthusiast is unworthy to be enrolled in that company. Last night I was walking on Hampstead Heath, when I passed a brick pier at North End, where the boys from the cottages close by mark out a wicket in chalk, and play, evening after evening, on a rough, gravel pitch more tricky than all the matting of South Africa. The winter rains had almost obliterated that wicket; and, as I went by, I saw two small boys upon their knees eagerly chalking over the old lines. They looked like acolytes before a shrine. And, as I watched them at their devoted toil, I knew for certain that Willow the King had come into his own again, and that even the humblest of his loyal subjects were paying him the salute of welcome.

WHITE-WASHING THE PRINCE REGENT

BY ISABEL BUTCHART

IN a moment of candour George IV admitted that he had hated three people in his life—his father, his wife, and his daughter. This is, of course, an understatement, but true as far as it goes. Which fact gives poignancy, at a time which has revived so much interest in Queen Caroline, to the reading of a life of their daughter, Princess Charlotte, written in 1818, the year after her early death, in which the writer, Thomas Green, Esquire, holds up the Prince Regent as a model of a devoted and high-minded father. To be thoroughly enjoyed the old book should be read with *Queen Caroline*, by Sir Edward Parry, and *The Divorce of Queen Caroline*, by W. D. Bowman, both recently published.

Before settling down to the Princess Charlotte, Thomas Green, Esquire, runs a few preliminary arpeggios over the four Georges. To those of us of Scottish descent who are still rather inclined to think of George I as a wee, wee German Lairdie the information that "all Europe acknowledged him to have been a prudent, able and fortunate Prince" comes as a surprise, as does the opinion that George II lived to see himself "the most successful of English monarchs." As for George III—who was alive when the book was written—he was "the greatest sovereign of his age." But George III was hopelessly insane by this time, and it is to his detestable son, the Prince Regent, that the real hymn of praise is sung.

The Prince Regent, then, according to one of his earliest friends, "whose testimony cannot be doubted," was a prince "not less replete with the most graceful charms of person and manners, than with candour, liberality, and high spirit; and with every charm which

our polished age can give: his heart warm, generous and benevolent; too noble to suspect, or by arts to evade, his enemies, or to show aversion to bad men, otherwise than by being honourable himself."

Then comes a discussion of royal marriages of convenience, which are sad but necessary, of course. "Who can then be surprised that the political marriage of the Prince of Wales should have so soon produced unhappiness?" asks the writer artlessly. For the Prince had married Princess Caroline of Brunswick in 1795 and the break between them must not implicate him if possible. Thomas Green gives the income of the newly-married pair as £125,000—£25,000 to be deducted annually towards paying off debts, owed at the time of his marriage by his admired Prince, whose wedding night (but the writer is too delicate to mention this) was chiefly spent in drunken sleep in the fireplace of his wife's bedroom.

Princess Charlotte, the only child of the Prince and Princess of Wales, was born in 1796, and in 1797 her mother was sent from Carlton House (the London home of the Prince of Wales) on the plea of its re-decoration—never to return. Without explanation, the Prince refused to live with her, refused even to meet her, refused her the consolation of her daughter's companionship, and refused, in the end, to allow her to be crowned Queen. Charges were made *later* which were never proved true and nearly all of which have been proved absolutely false—*faked* is really the *mot juste*—and it is not known, it never will be known, for what reason George, Prince and King, persecuted his wife with such unwearied venom. Sir Edward Parry thinks her undisciplined tongue may have let fall in private some scathing or contemptuous remark, which the first gentleman in Europe could never forgive. It is a fascinating theory and brings much consolation.

However, in 1797 Caroline was not really separated from her little daughter. She might come to Carlton House to see her. She had to submit to the indignity of being an unwanted but dependent wife and to having little to do with the arrangement of her daughter's life, but their intercourse was not yet much restricted.

When Charlotte was about seven, a gentleman, "who had the honour to be intimate with the Prince of Wales," saw her at her father's house, and being attracted by "her beauty and great flow of spirits" (in other words, she was a pretty little chatterbox), he "forgot her exalted rank and the wide distinction to be observed between the infant Heiress of the British throne and other children" and—oh, horror!—he took her hand, asked her how she was, and kissed her. "The Prince immediately signified his displeasure at the gentleman's presumption by desiring him, in the most dignified manner, instantly to leave his presence."

And who can say what a scandal this presence of mind may have averted. The man who could take such advantage of an unsuspecting little princess might not have been above taking her on his knee.

When little Charlotte was about eight years old she was more definitely separated from her mother and "only permitted to receive the visits of maternal fondness once a week, that those natural endearments might not interfere with the course of her education." Mr. Thomas Green almost makes it seem *right*! "The whole week, except the day set apart for the visit of her august mother, was invariably devoted to study." It is a relief to know that they made a day of it and threw lessons to the winds, for they had formerly been very companionable, the child sitting on her mother's knee as they drove together, or standing on a little stool, the better to see out of the carriage window.

In 1806 all intercourse was stopped between the Princess of Wales and her little daughter, but by the Minute of Council, dated April 21st, 1807, arrangements were made for occasional meetings.

Princess Charlotte spent three successive summers at Bognor, but *which* her biographer forgets to mention. The summer of 1810 was one of them, as we know the Princess was there at the time of the jubilee of George III. She was, of course, fourteen years of age at that date. The account of her life at Bognor is more amusing than the writer meant it to be.

"It was here that the native hilarity of her disposition burst forth; it was here that she felt herself unfettered from the tiresome ceremonies attendant on her elevated rank; and her eye beamed with sparkling lustre as she threw its glances over that ocean on which the bulwarks of her nation rode. . . .

"Dressed like a plain lady, without the garnish of exterior ornament, it was highly pleasing to see her tripping down to Richardson's, the baker's, about the time when she knew his buns were ready; and, entering the shop, she would sit and partake of them and talk to the worthy baker about his business. Then, accompanied by Lady de Clifford (her governess), she would mount her car, drawn by her beautiful grey ponies, and, full of youthful mischief, she would drive into a field belonging to Sir Thomas Troubridge, which happened to be very uneven and full of knolls and ruts, over which she would drive with uncommon speed, to the great annoyance of her companion, who made many a wry face at the sudden jolts which she received and uttered many a shriek at the danger to which she was exposed: to all of which, and to her ardent expostulations, Her Royal Highness exclaimed, 'Nothing like exercise, my lady; nothing like exercise.'"

The next part of the book is headed *Remarks on Constitutional Government*, and Mr. Thomas Green is quoting from a Dr. Clarke, much given to break into italics.

Dr. Clarke observes:

"It has been asked, If the ruler be an immoral or profligate man, does he not prove himself, thereby, to be unworthy of his high office, and should he not be deposed? I answer—No: if he rule according to the *constitution*, even though he be *irregular* in his *own private life*. . . . A King may be a *good man* and yet a weak and indeed a *bad and dangerous prince*. He may be a bad man . . . in his private life and yet be a *good prince*. . . . Saul was a *good moral man*, but a bad prince . . . he was therefore lawfully deposed. James the Second"—with a bewildering leap from the Old Testament to the Stuarts—"was a good moral man as far as I can learn" (then you haven't learnt much, my good Dr. Clarke), "but he was a *bad and dangerous prince*: he endeavoured to alter the British Constitution, therefore he was lawfully deposed.

"But if a King should live both according to the laws of the land and the laws of God," proceeds Dr. Clarke, warming up, "he is then a double blessing to his people and in whom is this more plainly shown than in—"

"Good heavens! not the Prince Regent?" says the reader—but quite prepared for the lie all the same.

"GEORGE the Third," concludes Dr. Clarke, side-stepping neatly, and by the time he has finished with his venerable Majesty one has forgotten about the son. It

is rather well done. The right atmosphere has been created.

In 1813 the Princess of Wales protested, and with much dignity, against such infrequent meetings with her daughter. She wrote to her husband: "To see myself cut off from one of the very few domestic enjoyments left me—certainly the only one on which I set any value, the society of my child—involves me in such misery as I well know your Royal Highness could never inflict on me if you were aware of its bitterness. Our intercourse has been gradually diminished. A single interview weekly seemed sufficiently hard allowance for a mother's affections. That, however, was reduced to our meeting once a fortnight; and I now learn that even this most rigorous interdiction is to be still more rigidly enforced." This dignified and impressive letter is given by Thomas Green, but he does not tell us that it was twice returned unopened. It was sent a third time through the Prime Minister, and this time the Princess of Wales was told that the Prince Regent had read it and had nothing to say about it.

Soon after the writing of this letter Princess Charlotte was not well enough to visit her mother at Kensington Palace, and the Princess of Wales, through Lord Liverpool, sent word to the Prince Regent that she herself intended to go to Warwick House (where the young Princess lived) instead. This was forbidden on the ground that Princess Charlotte would probably have recovered after a few days and a date was fixed for a visit to her mother, but the day before the visit was to have taken place the above letter, three times unanswered, was published in the *Morning Chronicle*, and Lord Liverpool wrote to tell the Princess of Wales that her visit was forbidden and that this correspondence must now cease.

Charlotte, poor young thing, was allowed to go to Windsor to see her father instead.

It was almost six weeks before "a most affecting interview took place, when the Princess Charlotte, by permission of the Prince Regent, dined with her Royal Mother."

"It has, indeed, been since acknowledged on all hands," continues the author, busily plying his white-wash brush,

"that the lenient measures of His Royal Highness were admirably adapted to prevent the possibility of undue influence, and, at the same time, to permit that affectionate intercourse which, as the parent of the Princess, he well knew how to appreciate."

The weeks when intercourse was forbidden were not utterly barren. There was one delightful little oasis. The Princess of Wales was returning home in her carriage one day by Constitution Hill when she saw her daughter's coach driving along Piccadilly. She bade her coachman turn and follow the young Princess at a gallop. The mother overtook the daughter in Hyde Park, and the two Princesses, leaning out of their windows, kissed with nodding plumes, and talked for ten minutes, while interested spectators shed tears of sensibility. "The story went out into the world, and the joy of it found an echo in the hearts of English mothers and their daughters," says Sir Edward Parry.

When it was decided that for reasons of succession it was time for the young Princess to marry, the Prince of Orange was proposed as a husband. The marriage settlements were nearly arranged when the girl refused to marry him unless a clause were inserted to say that she might always "re-visit England at her own pleasure" and never be taken away against her will. She also insisted on her father's sending her a draft of the marriage treaty. "The Regent came and railed at her in his coarse way," says Sir Edward. "For reasons which it is needless here to investigate, her Royal Father now thought proper" to do this and that, says Thomas Green, with greater delicacy. In short, the Regent came, the Royal Uncles came, the government lawyers came, and the Prime Minister came, and Charlotte—she was only eighteen—stood up to them all and said that she was heir to the throne and must see the treaty. In the end the engagement fizzled out as she meant it to do. She had a great dread of being banished from England and an instinct that she could not trust her father in the matter.

The Prince Regent was furious with Charlotte. Very well! he would break up her home. She should be separated

from her present attendants and a new establishment be arranged for her at Cranbourne Lodge in Windsor Forest. He came to Warwick House to tell her so, bringing her new attendants, who waited in the next room. Charlotte was aghast. She knew that this plan meant virtual imprisonment with censored or withheld letters.

But let Sir Edward Parry recount the escapade of "little P.," as Brougham called her.

"Charlotte had the Brunswick spirit in her. She is pale but self-possessed. In respectful tones she requests permission to say farewell to her old staff and prepare for the journey. The Prince is happy that there are no scenes and no hysterics. He commends her obedience and drives off to Carlton House to dress for dinner. No sooner is he gone than 'little P.' is off, too. She jumps into a hackney coach and is driven off by Mr. Higgins, the owner, to Connaught Place, where he is surprised to hear the lady, whom he thought to be a maid taking her evening out, inquire of the page that opened the door if her mother was at home. 'No, your Royal Highness,' says the boy, 'the Princess of Wales is at Blackheath.' Charlotte, however, has attained sanctuary. The royal charioteer, Higgins, receives an honorarium of three guineas and a request to hold his tongue about the matter and drives away in amazement."

Messengers are sent for the Princess of Wales, for Brougham, and for Miss Mercer Elphinstone, a bosom friend of Charlotte's. O lucky Mercer! to be in it all! The three arrive. Then comes the Archbishop of Canterbury in a hackney coach. And the Lord Chancellor in another. The coaches of Royal Uncles bowl up and a messenger is sent to the Queen. Charlotte says she wishes to place herself under the protection of her mother. Brougham explains that the law is against her and says afterwards that the change in the girl's face was so tragic that he felt as if he had given sentence of death. Lord Chancellor Eldon lectures her as usual, but she "kicks and bounces"—metaphorically speaking, we hope—at his words, and in the end the mother ruefully persuades her desolate young daughter that she has no power to keep her. A royal carriage is sent for Charlotte—the stables will long remember this night—and as day is dawning she is driven to Carlton House, her father's home.

But we are neglecting Thomas Green. Let him round off the story. Not having previously mentioned any

rumours, he writes unexpectedly: "How little truth there was in the rumours of intended severity may at once be deduced from the fact that on the arrival of the Princess at Carlton House she was received by the Prince Regent with the utmost kindness and affection, and recommended to retire to rest." Charlotte seems to have agreed to this brilliant suggestion, it being by that time daylight, and one wonders whether it were the old attendants or the new who put the overwrought and homeless girl to bed.

"She was admitted in the evening to a very long and affecting interview," continues our bland biographer. Poor Charlotte! No wide-eyed Mercer in the background now. "The fact was generally known, yet there seems to have existed an uncomfortable want of belief in a particular quarter"—the Royal and Meddlesome Uncles being thus indicated.

"Of this remarkable adventure many stories were told in the daily prints."

One cannot wonder that England adored its spirited young Princess. In spite of white-washers, the nation judged its Regent very shrewdly and was very much aware of his heartless love affairs. And if the only women who stood up to him were his neglected wife and his bullied young daughter—well, more power to them! But of London's delight our author discreetly says nothing.

Before negotiations with the Prince of Orange had been absolutely broken off, Princess Charlotte, paying a morning call on the Duchess of Oldenburgh, met his Serene Highness Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg-Saarfield, and the young people became extremely interested in one another. But the Prince Regent, annoyed by the dismissal of the Prince of Orange, would stand no nonsense, and Prince Leopold, too, had to leave England.

The poor young Princess felt that she had too much to bear—her dull seclusion, the endless dissension between her parents, her mother's long unhappiness which had at last caused her to leave England, and now the loss of one who might have been her lover. Her health and spirits broke down in the tedious confinement of Cranbourne Lodge, and it was only when her indisposition became a

matter of Parliamentary inquiry that she was sent to Weymouth to recover. On her return to Cranbourne Lodge there was "a truly gratifying display of parental affection on the one side and filial love on the other," which lasted two hours. Again, poor Charlotte!

After some months had elapsed the Princess may have confided in her father her continued interest in Prince Leopold, and her constancy may have had some effect on him, for he sent for the young Prince. After all, Charlotte was his only child and an important young person. The wedding day was fixed for May 2nd, 1816, the bride's twentieth birthday having been earlier in the year.

But Mr. Thomas Green is beginning to wield a nervous pen, and indeed we must admit his courage in telling us that all was not well between her Majesty and her granddaughter, for he was writing this memoir with his thoughts on prospective royal readers and the Queen had been steadily unkind to her daughter-in-law, the Princess of Wales. "It is exceedingly painful to detail private disagreements," he says, but, it seems, Queen Charlotte happened to come to Carlton House one day "while her lovely grand-daughter was there." Her Royal Highness's Royal Aunts were in a certain apartment, said a confidential attendant. Would her Royal Highness care to join them? "Take me anywhere but where the Queen is," was the lovely grand-daughter's reply.

So much Thomas Green allows, but does not tell us of another occasion on which the Royal minx referred to her serious-minded grandmother as the Merry Wife of Windsor.

"You seem to forget," said her outraged father, "that my mother is Queen of England."

"And *you* seem to forget that mine is the Princess of Wales," came the riposte.

What could one do with a daughter like that?

Princess Charlotte was married in the crimson saloon at Carlton House. All was ready for the marriage service, and the Lord Chamberlain was preparing to escort Her Majesty to her chair of state near the altar, when, suddenly, from her aloofness, the Bride would speak to the Queen.

"Certainly not, etiquette forbids," came back the answer. Is that girl going to renounce the alliance as the guests are actually moving to their places? And, indeed, it is difficult to know what was in Charlotte's mind. Was it an unconscious wish to make the Queen do as she was told or a touch of bridal hysteria?

The Princess repeats her request with greater urgency, and the Queen repeats her refusal with greater firmness. Harassed messengers hurry from the one Royal lady to the other.

"I will not," says the Bride, "be married unless I may have this private audience."

With or without the assistance of the exasperated Lord Chamberlain, the ladies meet and, everyone being dismissed except the Prince Regent and His Serene Highness the Bridegroom, the Bride begs the Queen's forgiveness for any unpleasantness in the past. The Queen is suitably overcome and takes so long to regain her composure (one owes something to oneself, after all) that the Lord Chamberlain must be in despair. Finally, he escorts her to her chair of state, the wondering guests are rounded up, and the Prince Regent, with much relief, gives his daughter away, "performing the important part of the ceremony assigned to him with that dignified delicacy of feeling which becomes the most accomplished Prince of the present age."

The young couple, who had always wished to live in the country, retired to the estate of Claremont, in Surrey, and settled down into private life.

Here the Princess took upon herself the management of her own house—as far as young Royalty may. She chose the poorest butcher in the place from the most praiseworthy motives, she inquired every morning about the health of her large household, she went through accounts and paid them on the first Monday of every month, and if she had a chance to do good she did it. Husband and wife walked arm-in-arm through the beautiful lanes, and when Prince Leopold was out shooting (the only occasions of separation), the Princess would air his linen, fold his cravats, see that hot water was ready for him, and sometimes

prepare a little meal for his return. If we can get behind the pompous phrases of Mr. Thomas Green we have to admit the discovery of a beautiful and innocent life led by the two young people. We cannot feel for the jolly Charlotte the devotion we have for many dear dead women whose lives still influence ours from diaries and letters, but she was a good girl and her delight in her pathetically short home-life—the only real home-life she had ever known—is very touching.

About Prince Leopold himself — afterwards Queen Victoria's noted Uncle Leopold of Belgium—the Princess's nurse said: "No one of the Household ever saw a frown upon his countenance during the eighteen months of his married life."

And so we draw near to the birth of what England then considered the most important baby in the world. Mrs. Griffiths, the nurse, came to be interviewed in September, 1817.

"Now, Mrs. Griffiths," says the Princess at the end of half an hour, "you will procure the baby-linen wherever you think proper, except from Mrs. So-and-So, for every person who has been to see me has so pestered me with recommendations in her favour that I am determined not to be persecuted into anything," adds her Royal Highness with proper spirit. "And I wish you to be here some weeks before you are wanted," says she, "so that I and this dear love"—here she gives the Prince a resounding kiss—"may become friends with you."

"The Royal Pair then retired as they came, arm-in-arm," records the admiring Mrs. Griffiths, "never having been separated from each other a moment during this long conversation."

During the summer of 1817 the Princess attended a splendid *fête* at Richmond, given by the Dowager Countess of Cardigan to celebrate the birthday of the Prince Regent. "Little could our amiable Princess then foresee that it was the last birthday of her beloved and Royal Father which she should ever behold," laments Thomas Green. Not, you observe, little did the father think it was the last time he would see his daughter. It is almost as if the writer

regretted that Charlotte should be torn away by death from the contemplation of so much virtue.

The book now becomes unpleasantly medical. One is horror-stricken to find how often Princess Charlotte was bled before the birth of her child. The beautiful baby never lived at all. Had he done so he would have been King of England in due time. The royal line would have gone straight forward, for better for worse, and Cousin Victoria would have been of little importance. The doctors seem to have been much puzzled as to the cause of the young mother's death. The writer of the book, in a brilliant moment, suggests exhaustion.

TRADE UNION IN EUROPE

BY J. H. HARLEY

I

EUROPE, scarred and divided by historical and geographical differences, is plainly awaking to some realisation of its need for trade and commercial union. Indeed, Dr. Brüning, the Chancellor of the German Reich, illustrates his recent announcement of an approaching Austro-German Customs Union by claiming to have applied that first practical stimulus which is obviously needed when a dream is to be materialised into reality. There were those, however, who proposed practical measures to help forward the economic union of Europe before the days of Dr. Brüning, and probably it would be right to say that the first significant beginning of this post-war movement dates from the International Economic Conference held at Geneva in 1927 under the auspices of the League of Nations. No doubt in 1923 there was a previous Conference for the simplification of customs formalities, but this only touched the fringe of a difficult and intricate subject. Two hundred delegates, on the other hand, took part in this 1927 Conference, and there were also attached to it economic experts who represented as many as 50 different nations. It was, of course, a world and not specifically a European conference; but so much did the difficulties of the European situation dwarf the importance of all the rest that its actual repercussions, where it had any repercussions at all, have helped almost solely to stimulate the movement towards trade union in the one continent of Europe.

II

The condition of Europe, from the point of view of the constant circulations of trade and commerce, was indeed a hopeless one. Thirty-five different States, with more

than 20 customs unions, do not offer to the trader that free and extensive market which is needed for the exhaustive disposal of his commodities. Before the war, accordingly, the tendency was to get grouped into larger economic unities. The American Customs Union comprised 48 States and covered a total area of 3,026,547 square miles. Germany had cemented together her constituent parts by a zollverein. Austro-Hungary, not without difficulty, confined a great variety of peoples within one big free trade cantonment. Russia allowed the goods of Poland and the Baltic States to circulate freely under the protection of her own stiff tariff barrier. Large foreign markets were still open and available. There was no Congress boycott in India. China had not become the cockpit of bewildering contending armies. No serious commercial considerations came in to mar the understanding between Great Britain and her important Dominions. There was still a case for a larger measure of trade union in Europe even before the war, but assuredly in the earlier period the situation was by no means unfavourable or desperate.

The war, however, has changed all this. New nations, desiring to be economically self sufficient, were created or resuscitated by the Treaty of Versailles; and, as most of them were mainly agricultural, they naturally desired a tariff on the principles of John Stuart Mill, if they were to supplement their agriculture by the multiplication of infant industries. At the same time many extra European nations, which had been previously inclined to be economically hospitable, now manifested their desire to keep themselves to themselves or to find within their own border the factories for their own industrial developments. Persia, China, Chile, Peru, Australia and India have, within the most recent years, still more definitely confined themselves within a hide-bound system of protection.

In our own country, unfortunately, the movement towards a freer trade in Europe was not received in many cases by a corresponding manifestation of sympathy. New schools of opinion were emerging which held that Great Britain's economic eye should glance from Europe to the Dominions, and some of these people advocated for a time

a doctrine of free trade within the Empire which logically implied that the British Commonwealth of the future would erect higher and higher tariff walls against all the rest of the world. When, in European conferences accordingly, the talk came to revolve round proposals for trade union in Europe, such people were apt to view these newer tendencies in a spirit of cynical disdain. European countries, they said, had done their best in the past to raise their tariff barriers high in the face of a land of Cobdenite innocence, and now, when we were proposing to change our methods and strike vigorously back in response, Europe was pleading for a breathing space and bidding us to stay our hands.

Indeed, it is doubtful whether very much would have emerged from the Committee of 1927 but for the interposition of M. Briand. On September 5th, 1929, he delivered his famous speech advocating European Union at the League's 10th Assembly. There was a certain amount of scepticism in our own country about the plans of M. Briand. He was himself, to be sure, a supremely practical politician. He held, by what seemed a permanent right of tenure, the Foreign Secretaryship of France. But when Mr. William Graham, the President of the Board of Trade in the Labour Government which had just been formed, intervened later on in the same debate to propose a Tariff Truce in Europe, he appeared destined to focus the largest amount of serious contemporary attention.

M. Briand, however, strongly held on to his own idea. On May 17th, 1930, at the request of the League Council, he circulated to the various European Governments a "Memorandum on the Organisation of a System of European Federal Union." This Memorandum is very well worth reading if only to show how full M. Briand's mind was of ideas when he was meditating his famous proposal. But it did not appear to give sufficient encouragement to the idea of trade union in Europe as the first and most dominating necessity in the amelioration of the European situation. M. Briand, indeed, declared in so many words that "All possibility of progress on the road to economic union was strictly governed by the question

of security," and again, that as this question of security was "intimately bound up with that of the progress possible on the road to political union, it is essential to bring on the political plane at the outset the constructive effort tending to give Europe its organic structure."

III

This exaltation of the political over the economic did not appear to accord with the ideas of most of those to whom this important Memorandum was addressed. Of course there was universal appreciation of the postulate that only if Europe was politically secure, could there be generated that favourable atmosphere in which trade union could become economically possible. The Polish Government also held that any further progress towards European union was dependent on the acceptance of such a scheme of European assurance against aggression as had been outlined in the Geneva Protocol. But Mr. Graham's particular scheme was such a simple one and advocated with such resounding verve and power that it necessarily occupied the forefront of discussion. Certainly there were not wanting critics who pointed out that it mislead by this very aspect of simplicity. The nations of the East of Europe were new and newly created. Their tariffs were only tentative. Some of these tariffs had been inherited from the defeated States of whose dominions they had formerly formed a part. How could they at this moment stabilise such tariffs which were, from their very inception, earmarked as subject to future negotiation and change? And then there was the significant distinction between the agricultural nations of the East of Europe and the industrial nations of the West of Europe! What was right for the one might well be wrong for the other.

Points like these made the prospects of Mr. Graham's tariff truce not at all of the rosiest description. Some of the European Powers even increased their tariffs for the occasion, so that, if such tariffs were really made stationary for two years, they should be made stationary at as high a rate as possible. Nevertheless—to give the proposal a fair

trial—twenty-six European and four non-European States accepted the invitation to take part in a Tariff Conference which was accordingly opened on February 17th, 1930. After some manœuvring for position and many fruitless negotiations, an agreement was apparently reached on March 25th, and embodied in a Commercial Convention, a Protocol, and a Final Act. The Convention was to be concluded for one year from April 1st, 1930, and under its provisions the high contracting parties undertook "Not to avail themselves before April 1st, 1931, of the right to denounce the bilateral commercial treaties which any one of them had concluded with any other of the high contracting parties and which are in force on this day's date." It was thus practically a tariff truce for a very limited period, although the Protocol and Final Act further emphasised the fact that the truce was only intended to afford the possibility of further negotiations and the conclusion of more comprehensive collective agreements. This Commercial Convention, however, was destined never to come into active operation, for it was soon plain that not sufficient ratifications would be received to enable it to be brought into operation before the time appointed for it to expire. The whole Tariff Truce negotiations, in fact, were practically brought to an end by the signing of twenty-three States, including Great Britain, of a Final Act which contemplated a reduction of European tariffs through bilateral negotiations instead of by a general action.

IV

Though frustrated in this fashion for the time, it must not, on that account, be supposed that Mr. Graham's Tariff Truce proposal remained without its due effect. For one thing its history had shown that the disease it came out to cure was essentially a European one. It was open to all the States who were members of the League to take part in his Committee for Concerted Economic Action, but, in the end, it was only the European States belonging to the League who showed any interest in the varying fortunes of its negotiations. Undoubtedly with M. Briand's

scheme also in the field, it was a mistake to have set up a separate series of committees to cover ground which was certain also to be covered by the much more comprehensive rival scheme. But, if they did nothing else, these separate committees, which considered the tariff truce, showed very clearly to our own country that, in any attempt to join in realising trade union in Europe, we would be confronted with varying and discrepant claims on the part of Europe and our own Dominions. At any rate, the Governments of the Union of South Africa, of Australia, of Egypt, of India, and of New Zealand, definitely replied that they would not take part in realising any such tariff truce proposal.

Europe, on the other hand, was made aware by the cross currents, which were only too painfully evident during the discussion of the Graham scheme, that it was time some further agreement was manifested in the ordering of her economic arrangements. One glance at the proceedings of the organising committee which, at Paris, considered the agenda for the coming meeting on May 15th of the Briand European Union, shows that questions relating to the trade union of Europe are now to be placed in the forefront of its discussions. There is, for example, to be an examination of the world economic crisis on the basis of reports prepared by the League and by the International Labour Office on unemployment. There is to be a discussion on grain surpluses. Finally, the meeting is to consider questions of agricultural credits, the multiplication of increases in customs duties, and the transmission of electric power. Certainly the British representatives were untiring in their advocacy of this particular line of subjects, and it was evident that they were deeply disappointed at the comparative failure of the original proposal for a Tariff Truce.

V

Will the meeting in May to elaborate the Briand scheme in an economic direction be any more successful? It will if it takes full account of the fact that, in confirming trade union in Europe, more is being effected by voluntary

agencies and associations than by the compelling action of a body mainly political. In the development of Socialist philosophy during the last two decades, a marked evolution can be detected from a state of affairs where everything is to be done, as in the earlier days of the Soviet regime, by the executive and administrative action of the State, to a more intricate and matured social order where the State simply comes in to unify and enforce the voluntary schemes, or to clear the deck for those rationalised industries whose organisation and government must constitute the economic problem of the future. Now that it is recognised that the State is too small to serve as the unit for the final organisation of industry, it is natural that this same development from a less matured to a more mature philosophy should be very much strengthened. Accordingly, the conference in May cannot hope to succeed in bringing us a good step further in the direction of European trade union, unless it works along with the voluntary unions of nations in agriculture and industry which are extending beyond the boundaries of individual States.

Most conspicuous amongst these are the associations of the agrarian States of the East of Europe, which have already been mentioned in connection with the comparative failure of the proposal for a Tariff Truce. In the East of Europe, undoubtedly, agriculture has not lately been a prosperous industry. The combined debts of small grain producers in the Baltic States, Poland, Hungary, and the Balkans have been estimated at as high a figure as £300,000,000. Credit facilities are badly needed for the encouragement of new enterprise. How natural; then; that these States should combine together and ask themselves whether, by pooling their resources, they might not be able to come to an arrangement with the industrial States of Europe, whereby they should buy their machinery if the others would take their surplus grain! A series of conferences were accordingly held by these very agricultural States in order to attain this desirable end; and at Warsaw, in the August of last year, Bulgaria, Estonia, Latvia, Hungary, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, and Yugoslavia signed a preferential clause to discover whether, by offering

such an inducement, they might not succeed in bringing together agricultural and industrial Europe in yet more exclusive trade relations.

Unfortunately, it was found difficult to continue a stable industrial group. It might naturally have been supposed that political considerations would take a first place, and that a little Entente Agrarian Union, including Poland, would at once have been formed and cemented. But Czechoslovakia was looked on as primarily an industrial State, and therefore its economic interests were not entirely at one with the rest. Political leagues on this account were not exactly helpful, and at the end the conclusion plainly emerged that, only in the case of Poland, Rumania, and Yugoslavia were there economic interests so definitely common as to offer any real chance of success if they were brought together in an Agrarian Union. Again, would it be possible to stimulate the industrial nations of the West of Europe to trade with the agrarian nations, in an exclusive European market under the Briand scheme, by tempting them with certain preferential advantages? And what would be the role of Great Britain in such a scheme considering, as it was bound to do, the present state of its trade negotiations with its own Dominions?

The answer cannot surely remain long in doubt. Most certainly it would be impossible for Great Britain to trade with European groups of nations on a strictly preferential basis. This would involve a change in our economic policy, and, if our economic policy is to be changed at all, it is the Dominions that naturally can present the first claim on our attention. Besides, at a conference in Paris in the earlier part of the present year, when it was proposed that the participating nations should assist in the disposal of existing European grain stocks, Great Britain, the Irish Free State, Denmark, Holland and Sweden declined formally to give pledges as to their action in such an arrangement. In the case of Denmark, Holland and Sweden the reason is plainly apparent. They desire to buy fodder and cereals in the cheapest world market so as to export on the most favourable terms the resultant meat and dairy produce. They cannot therefore pledge them-

selves by preference to a market which is not entirely the cheapest. In the case of Great Britain and the Irish Free State, on the other hand, it is considerations concerning the commonwealth that most certainly count, and which cause them, on this issue, to set their face against the more complete trade union of Europe.

Is, then, Great Britain, either in May or at some later date, to be again faced with a definite choice between Europe and the Dominions? It does not appear likely. For one thing, when the European nations have met as a whole in the Assembly of the League of Nations, they have never been quite favourable to the establishment of these European preferential arrangements. In the second place, as we have seen, it is much more likely that trade union in Europe, when it comes, will come as the result, not of compulsory European action, but of voluntary arrangements in particular trades as a whole. There will be the coal industry or the chemical industries, or the industries of artificial silk, but all meeting together in European conferences, and determining how they can best organise themselves to meet the requirements of a wider European market. As regards the Agrarian question, we have seen that some of the nations of the East of Europe are so predominantly agricultural that, in this case, the union consists not of a union of industries, but of a union of whole agrarian nations who naturally desire a large exclusive market for the disposal of their goods. Must Great Britain preserve an unsympathetic attitude to every demand which these may make in the future?

It is at this point where the Austro-German Customs Union comes in to give us a certain amount of encouragement and hope. No one can, of course, admire the fashion in which this impending agreement was finally announced to the world. The secrecy in which its earlier negotiations were shrouded is not exactly reassuring. But, in its large outlines, if not in its immediately intended purpose, this union appears to be a voluntary union of two nations on a basis of freedom in their trade intercourse and arrangements. It is not an exclusive union, and it is open to all who may care to join. As it is not limited to any particular

trade or industry, it does not present to Great Britain the same embarrassment that is caused when, with large surplus stocks demanding an outlet in Canada, she is also asked to assist in disposing of grain stocks from the East of Europe. Already there are statements that France and Poland may test the sincerity by each of them offering to join in with Austria and Germany. If, then, these two nations find it possible to join such a union, it must be agreed that a similar act would present much fewer difficulties to Great Britain. The latter country might not be able to take from Eastern Europe its surplus of grain, but there are assuredly many other commodities which would make it worth while for them to have Great Britain connected in an analogous Near Eastern Customs Union. Besides, there are certain features of the Austro-German Union which are interesting and unique. It seems to guarantee a large amount of economic liberty to each of its constituent parts while combining them both in the unity of a single market. Features like these will no doubt have to be examined by the Permanent Court of International Justice, but they obviously help us to envisage an arrangement whereby Great Britain could combine economically with Europe while still preserving perfect loyalty to her arrangements with the Dominions.

Indeed, so far as industry is concerned, and mainly owing to the development of European cartels and combinations, Great Britain has already joined with the other European nations in overstepping national barriers. The Aluminium Cartel has connected firms in Germany, Switzerland, France, Britain, part of Norway, Italy and Austria. The Enamel Cartel unites those in Germany, Czechoslovakia, Austria and Poland. Linen connects producers in Germany, France, Britain, Czechoslovakia, and Switzerland. Linoleum has German, British, Dutch, Swiss, Swedish, and Italian groups. Artificial silk unites Britain with Germany. It was once said by a Trade Union leader that, when he went to a Continental capital to attend an International Trade Union Congress, he generally met the captains of his own industry engaged at the same capital on a similar game. Thus the trade union of Europe is being accomplished before our very eyes.

Finally, so far as our own country is concerned, there are three points which must be settled before she can participate fully in this trade union of Europe. In the first place, she must recognise that it is not in her ultimate economic interests to isolate herself from Europe or to contemplate a future state of affairs in which the British Empire will be exclusively confined within its own economic territories. At present Great Britain is a connecting link between Europe and the British Commonwealth of Nations, but the moment her free imports policy is abandoned the way is opened up to crippling commercial wars in a near economic future. In the second place, she must ask herself whether, if indeed it be necessary for her to keep in trade touch with Europe, the present is an appropriate time for considering Protective schemes which, whatever be the economic arguments brought forward in their support, must lead to retaliatory measures on the part of other European States. And, in the third place, Great Britain, if she is to help in attaining trade union in Europe, must make up her mind to do her part in keeping Europe peaceful, so that trade undertakings may grow and prosper in that secure environment which is necessary even for their very existence. Perhaps this is the sense in which M. Briand is right, and in which political considerations exercise a dominating influence on the plans for European union. Just as, in the growth of the State, the King's Peace gave the needed security for life and work in the territorial community, so also, in the elaboration of a Federation of Europe, it is only the fixed determination to apply the might of all instantly and forcibly against a wanton aggressor that can enable trade combination safely to start and flourish, and could ensure that trade union in Europe does at length become an accomplished fact.

TWO POEMS

BY RICHARD CHURCH.

AS PLATO SAYS

—□□□—

Tell us a tale of the eternal heart,
 Miraculous fountain of legend.
 We are ready to forget that boughs bend
 No longer under lading of fruit,
 But whip and whine before the dart
 Flowing from the icy-fingered east,
 Heralding want and hunger. Human kind,
 Since first emerging from the wave-borne yeast
 Into the poisoned paradise of Mind
 Has learned of fraud that comes before the fruit,
 The serpent in the glade, the canker
 In the core, the stumble in pursuit,
 The sudden lethargy in strength.

But still in day-dream our thoughts hanker
 After the golden apple to be won
 Through days of fabulous length
 Whose light is gathered from no actual sun
 But streams from godhead where Apollo burns
 Upon his throne of merit,
 Soul of Earth's soul, the solar spirit.

There, in that wheel behind the cycle of sense,
 Is type of all things here,
 The harness of our labour through the year,
 The plough, the basket, and the subtle wrist,
 The harrow and the horn,
 The lip-dewed vapour of the harvest-morn,
 The reaper with the scythe, the twist
 Gathering the golden shock,
 The vat, the granary, the flock
 And udder-laden herd,
 The gleaner and the unforbidden bird.

These are of that world behind the world
 Where no corruption creeps ;
 Where sorrow, even as it weeps
 Is glorious with courage ; where desire
 Is by swift alchemy compounded
 From fettered lust into creative fire,
 And where our broken hopes are rounded
 Into the architecture of the Word,
 The pantheon of legend where are seated
 The gods by our own mouths and thoughts created
 And our eternal tale of hope is heard.

A DREAM OF ROYALTY

—□□□—

Suppose, upon the midnight of my mind
 After the disillusionment of day,
 I should by chance encounter on the way
 A queen with garments streaming in the wind,
 A queen but lately widowed of her land
 And throne, now crying out for me to stay,
 Succour her princeling, moaning with lips grey,
 "Do this, and you shall kiss our royal hand."

Should I, the proud republican, decline
 That favour, forging a doctrine out of this
 To spurn the mother for her tumbled crown ?
 Or would my deeper dreaming self divine
 The greater royalty of grief, and down
 On humble knee, touch the salt hand, and kiss ?

THE PALESTINE LIABILITY

BY OWEN TWEEDY

I

SOMEWHERE about the time when Queen Victoria came to the Throne my grandmother, then a child of five, was one day summoned from her nursery in the hope that her presence would lend to the success of a feminine tea-party in the drawing-room. She was a pretty little girl and she would one day be rich, and the county mothers round the tea-table—with an eye already out for a satisfactory daughter-in-law—were quite ready to be kissed. But even at that tender age my grandmother possessed a sense of discrimination which never abandoned her throughout a long life. She put her hands behind her back and in her good Irish brogue—"Shure, and how can I be loving all the friends?" Thus her presence added nothing to the success of the tea-party: but my grandmother had not committed herself in any way. Hers was a Victorian attitude.

II

It would have been well if in the later stages of the Great War the British Government had shown a like discrimination in the calculation of their Near-Eastern policy. Instead vague promises, sealed with sickly kisses, were distributed wholesale and with utter though unctuous recklessness. The two chief recipients were ex-King Hussein of the Hejaz, and the Zionist organisation. I was talking two months ago with a Turk in Jerusalem. "You deserve all you have got," he said. "Not only did you insist on berthing a Jew with an Arab in one sleeping compartment, but you were unbusinesslike enough to book both in the better lower berth. Neither would give way, with the result that both are still sitting up through the night—cold, stubborn and indignant—and both are

quite as indignant with you as with each other. Eventually you will have to order one or the other into the upper berth for the sake of the peace of everyone. Which is it to be ? ”

A year ago there were hopes that the British Government would at last abandon their policy of promiscuous osculation and face realities. The members of the Shaw Commission had conducted their inquiry ; Sir John Hope Simpson was supplementing their labours with another report on topics outside their terms of reference ; and an Arab delegation was in London negotiating with the Cabinet which was simultaneously in close touch with the Central Zionist organisation. These preliminaries were thorough and excellent and eventually paved the way for Lord Passfield's White Book of October, 1930. Lord Passfield is the admitted opponent of the Capitalist State and the champion of the “ inarticulate working masses ” ; and as Secretary of State for the Colonies he has, with greater sincerity than tact, attempted to apply his Western idealism to his Near-Eastern and African problems. In Kenya the white settler has appeared to him as the capitalist dominating the African population : in Palestine the Jews are the capitalists and the Arabs the oppressed under-dogs. Thus his Palestinian policy, as outlined in his White Book, was undoubtedly favourable to the Arab, and, in certain respects, as undoubtedly unfair to the Jew. For instance, he dwelt long on the unfortunate results of the Jewish *mortmain* in respect of lands purchased by the Zionists for the settlement of their new colonists, quite forgetful of the fact that not only the Moslem Wakfs, but also the religious holdings of the Christian Churches in Palestine are also “ unalienable property.” Again he somewhat unduly stressed the Zionist embargo on Arab labour in the new Jewish colonies. This embargo had perfect justification at the time when it was imposed, for the new immigrants were not agriculturalists and had to be encouraged, nay, forced, to work their new holdings themselves instead of employing cheap Arab labour. These are but two of the Jewish criticisms of Lord Passfield's White Book ; but the general tone of his utterances was so strongly resented that rather than accept the upper berth in the Palestine Sleeping Car, to

which they were thus being ordered, important leaders resigned out of hand from the Zionist executive and an anti-Passfield offensive of extreme intensity was launched throughout Jewry.

It is in the Jewish mentality to concentrate their affections and hatreds on individuals—David and Judas Maccabæus, the Pharaoh of Egypt, the Emperor Titus and, *facile princeps*, Haman. Haman is the traditional enemy of Jewry : yearly at the feast of Parim his effigy is burned, just as we in England burn Guy Fawkes ; and after the publication of his White Book the unfortunate Lord Passfield was summarily dubbed the twentieth-century Haman. His book was called the “ Evil Writing ” and his name was greeted in Jewish society with the hooting and hissing normally reserved for Mordecai's oppressor. The resulting Anglo-Zionist deadlock for a time appeared insoluble : but Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has somehow either achieved or had thrust upon him the rôle of universal solver of deadlocks ; and while Lord “ Haman ” Passfield stood by his policy, Mr. “ Ahasuerus ” MacDonald began to dally with Dr. “ Esther ” Weizmann.

History has repeated itself. In a short three and a-half months after the publication of Haman's “ Evil Writing ” the twentieth-century “ Ahasuerus ” had come to terms with the modern “ Esther.” And was it chance or the traditional unsentimentality of Government ? Mr. “ Ahasuerus ” MacDonald dated his letter to Dr. “ Esther ” Weizmann on February 14th. It was a perfect Valentine, and to-day, in Jewish opinion, Lord Passfield, who did not sign the letter, swings forty times higher than Haman's forty cubits.

III

The most ominous effect of Lord Passfield's, and more particularly of Mr. MacDonald's wobbling, maladroitness is that it has produced conditions in Palestine which not only have lowered British prestige in the country, but have still deeper embittered the feelings of animosity between Arab and Jew. I may be allowed to quote two conversations with chance wayside acquaintances. I had picked up an

Arab in the downlands between Beersheba and Hebron, and he explained the countryside as we motored north. One village had a name similar to that of a Jewish colony which I had visited two years before, and I asked him if there were Jewish colonies in his part of the world. He clicked his tongue against his teeth. "Some Jews," he said, "did come to make homes in these parts. We gave them a home—in the cemetery." The other side of the picture is no less grim. I was leaving Palestine and just short of the frontier, gave a lift to a young Jewish policeman armed with a rifle. I asked him how he liked his job. "Rotten pay for us and the British police," he said. "But the Arab police get all they want. It is a scandal. Those Arabs ought never to have arms. They are cut-throats and brigands and ought to be wiped out."

IV

Palestine is indeed in a hopeless muddle : but its administration cannot cease and we, as mandatory, have to continue to govern. According to that portion of Lord Passfield's White Book which has not been bowdlerised by the Weizmann letter, the formation of a Legislative Council comprising English, Arab, and Jewish members is foreshadowed, and by the time this article appears in print the Arabs will have decided whether or no they are going to participate in the elections for membership. This Council, if it materialises, will be a step in advance, in that it will not only give Arab opinion an official outlet, but will also provide official contact between Arab and Jew. But its realisation will not touch the fundamental problem of Palestine. The fundamental problem of Palestine concerns the definition of the Balfour Declaration. At present, despite the White Books of 1922 and 1930 and their codicils, it is a vague affair and it represents, as far as Great Britain is concerned, an unlimited liability to Zionism, in that it can be interpreted as justification for almost any Jewish demand. As such it is not unreasonably feared and disliked by the Arabs of Palestine. These Arabs may be less efficient, though, in their own way, no less hardworking, than the Jewish newcomers ; they may be primitive to a

degree which is, at times, exasperating to Western mentalities ; they may be inconsistent and childish ; and by their very unworldliness they may—and do—assist the Zionist programme which officially they oppose. But they were—for better or for worse—the original owners of Palestine and they are bound to it by strong ties of religion and by the traditional Arab love of his native land. To-day, on reviewing the last fourteen years, they find that one way and another they are, as a result of the Balfour Declaration, not only no longer owners of land—and that the best land in a poor country—which their forefathers tilled—maybe badly—for centuries, but that many of them, as a result of Jewish penetration, are now landless and in poverty. Nevertheless their present attitude does not imply an unreasoning rejection of the principle of a Jewish National Home in Palestine. All they ask is that they should be given some definition of the Jewish National Home—perhaps in terms of population, perhaps in terms of Jewish acreage—so that they may be able to face the future positively and not negatively as at present. That way lies Palestinian co-operation.

But who can or will define the limits of the National Home ? Least of all such Jews as I met recently in Palestine. *Quot homines, tot sententiæ*. I was told that the "Home" would be realised when the Jews owned and populated the seaboard from Rafa to the Ladder of Tyre and when the Arabs had retired to the hinterland, to the Galilean, Samaritan and Judæan Hills, and even to Trans-jordan. Again I was told that the Balfour Declaration implied a numerical Jewish majority west of the Jordan. But my most interesting informant had yet another theory : "Jewish intellectual paramountcy and Jewish control of all Palestinian key positions—finance, justice and public security." "It is impossible," said my friend, "to imagine a state in Palestine where our Jewish interests, political, social and economic, would be at the mercy of an Arab majority. Do you know what happens to our co-religionists in the purely Arab Kingdom of the Yemen ? They have to wear distinctive clothes ; they are made to live outside the towns ; they may not ride horses ; and Jewish orphans

are forcibly embraced by Islam." "But," I countered. "The Yemen is not under the League of Nations. Here you have and will continue to have the British Mandate." He shrugged his shoulders. "You British accept *faits accomplis* and bow to force: you have instinctive sympathy with the Arab and his desert: you recoil from the Ghetto. You would come to acquiesce in one Arab encroachment after another." "But," I persisted, "are we to force the Arab majority to accept your intellectual paramountcy? How about our promise *safeguarding the civil and religious rights of all the inhabitants of Palestine irrespective of race and religion*." My friend looked at me in surprise. "But the Arabs have nothing to fear from us. We bring them our money and our brains and our modern methods and culture. They have only to live and let live." He saw that I was surprised, but went on relentlessly. "Anyhow, there are always your bayonets. The only thing the Arab understands is brute force."

V

But there are many things that the Jewish newcomer in Palestine does not yet understand. First, that the idea of supporting a foreign minority against a foreign majority by force of British arms is unattractive to us as a nation; secondly, that the Arab, like most of us, detests nothing more than having the opinions of others, economic, social, or political, thrust down his throat like medicine which may be good for him but which offends his taste; and, finally, that Great Britain has shown no readiness officially or unofficially to accept Jewish conceptions of a National Home which are, in fact, tantamount to the creation of a Jewish National State in Palestine. The Balfour Declaration promised no such thing; and yet, the three definitions of its terms to which I had listened—and my informants were all Zionists of weight with important followings—left me with the definite opinion that there is to-day in Jewry a growing and determined hope that time will see the realisation of a Jewish State in Palestine or, at any rate, of a purely Jewish enclave in Arabdom, guaranteed by the great Powers of the world. "Haman" is dead.

It is possible by deducing from the results already achieved in fourteen years by Zionist effort in Palestine to form some idea of what a Zionist enclave or a Jewish State would be like. In exterior, the towns, on the pattern of Tel Aviv, would be Levantine—tidy, full of small shops and small shoppers, jerry-built and suburban. But in this Levantine setting the atmosphere would be more of the Black Sea than of the Mediterranean. In Tel Aviv the language, the writing on the walls, the advertisements are all Hebrew, and only in the larger establishments is English or French or Arabic spoken. And the clothes of the passers-by, when seen in Palestine, are equally exotic. The women are the women of Budapest and Cracow: the men are wildly cosmopolitan. From my Tel Aviv hotel window in a quarter of an hour I counted the following types—mostly seedy—of male headgear: 77 caps of the most startling designs and colours, 6 wide-brimmed, beaver-trimmed confections, 1 top-hat, 16 bowlers, 3 straw-boaters, 42 homburgs, mostly black and of the Augustus John fashion, 1 woollen balaclava, a badgeless British soldier's cap, and 1 tarbush. And the life is in keeping. I have seen two Jewish plays in Hebrew, a version of the Jacob-Laban story and a translation of *Twelfth Night*. Both were brilliantly and exuberantly acted in choreographic style: both were ultra-modern in production and scenery. I felt miles away from Palestine. So much for town life. In the agricultural colonies life is simpler and more friendly, and Balkan or Hungarian rather than Oriental in character; and although most of these colonies, in their still unfinished state, prompt memories of Martin Chuzzlewit's American Eden, they are imbued with a healthy, if slightly unorthodox, atmosphere. The Colonists are working hard and pluckily and are learning fast; and, above all, their children are being splendidly nursed and educated on communal lines. The difference between a Jewish school and kindergarten which I visited at Nahalal on the Plain of Esdraelon and a Moslem seminary which I subsequently saw in Sidon in Syria was the difference between the twentieth and the sixteenth centuries. Finally, there are the new Zionist suburban

colonies. They admittedly fulfil a purpose, but scenically they are as offensive in Palestine as are their bungalow counterparts all along our own south coast in England.

VI

Socially the new Jew in Palestine is not going to be even faintly Oriental. His ambition and his pose is European. "When we came here thirteen years ago there was nothing. Now we have night cafés, daily papers, concerts, and the latest talkie from New York is with us in a month." And the conversation is equally modern. I was in a night café and opposite me a youngish man flung himself down theatrically on a sofa beside a woman of his acquaintance. They talked in fair English.

The Woman : "Isaac, you look tired. Too much chess?"

The Man : "Yes. Two hours of it, and I am so tired that I fear to shut my eyes lest they would not reopen. Life is pain."

The Woman : "But why play so long?"

The Man : "It is something worth doing whatever it costs me in pain. Life is pain."

The Woman : "Have a coffee?"

The Man : "Why should I have a coffee? I did not ask for coffee. Coffee is for those who enjoy life without pain. Life is pain."

The Woman : "Don't be silly. Come and enjoy yourself like the rest of us."

The Man : "You fool. You are not enjoying yourself. You are drugging yourself with coffee to make yourself think that you are enjoying life. No. Life is pain." . . . And so on and so on—*n*th rate Chekov. To me it was vaguely fascinating rubbish, save that it was slightly disturbing seeing that we were all in Jerusalem and not in the *Quartier Latin*; but for an Arab it would have been absolutely bewildering. Nor is the Arab alone in feeling bewilderment over the outlook of the new Jew in Palestine. In some ways he is equally shocking to his orthodox co-religionist who is pious rather than worldly. I can speak from experience. An American cruise had deposited

its passengers in Jerusalem at 6 p.m. on a Friday evening, when the orthodox Sabbath had already begun; but regardless of her religion, a young Jewess, the owner of a *bric-à-brac* store near the largest hotel, had kept open in the hope of a chance client. Suddenly there was a crowd, and I heard her scream loudly. Two young orthodox Jews wearing ringlets and the broad beaver-trimmed hats of their sect had summoned her to close her store; and when she had refused, they had seized her wares and thrown them on the shop floor.

VII

But in fairness to all those who live and have a stake in Palestine—whether official or private or sentimental—it is an uncontrovertible fact that the air of the country breeds hysteria and dissension. The Jews and the Arabs quarrel and jibe; but equally vehement are inter-Christian jealousies. My visit to Bethlehem coincided with a tense crisis. On the wall of the stairway leading down to the Grotto of the Nativity hang two tapestries, one belonging to the Latins and the other to the Greeks. Late last year a passing visitor inadvertently disturbed them, causing the two nails by which they were fastened to the wall to fall to the ground. The problem at once arose as to who should replace them. The Latins refused permission to the Greeks, and *vice-versa*; and finally, to end the dilemma, the British Commissioner in Jerusalem himself hammered them into place. But this would-be Solomon-like gesture only made things worse, the Latins claiming that the nails had been wrongly replaced, causing an encroachment of the Greek tapestry on a minute portion of the Latin wall. Presumably the Vatican is already involved and the harassed British High Commissioner has become the unwilling arbiter between yet another section of warring Palestinian interests.

His position and that of his much-tried subordinates is impossibly complicated. The Jaffa municipality sits all night to nominate the successor to a town scavenger who has inconveniently died. But the scavenging qualifications of the rival candidates are only a minor issue. The real

problem is, "Shall the new official be a Jew or an Arab?" Eventually the High Commissioner will be dragged in to decide. Again, a distracted road-engineer suddenly finds his seasonal working schedule jeopardised, as both Arabs and Jews claim that his road gangs have been chosen without proper appreciation of their respective quotas of labour. The "scandal" is hotly taken up by both the Arabic and the Jewish local press—which, incidentally, are beneath contempt—and both the Supreme Moslem Council and the Zionist Executive address the High Commissioner in vehement protest. In such conditions domestic administration is hopelessly handicapped. Those in authority can never hope to avoid offending one or other class of susceptibilities; and when to these pinpricking diversions Mr. MacDonald adds the greater complication of vacillation their position becomes acutely distasteful. But our present policy in Palestine, complicated though it may be, has one definite principle, to hold the balance between Arab and Jewish interests; and in one particular direction the Arab needs our help—not so much against the Jew as against the effects of his own folly. His security depends primarily on his own ability to maintain himself on his own land and not to part with it, through disreputable intermediaries, to the Zionists. Financial stringency is endemic in every Arab home and has been so for centuries. He is essentially a thriftless individual. But up to 1919 there was no demand for his land, and the moneylenders, though batten- ing on him, did not disturb him. To-day economic stress has heightened his poverty: he is more deeply than ever indebted to the moneylenders; and the latter have now the lure of Jewish gold to spur them into action. These facts are well-known everywhere in Palestine. The remedy is equally well known; and indeed a year ago a State agricultural bank was mooted and even promised. But it still hangs fire. It would save the indebted Palestinian peasant just as effectively as a similar organisation has saved the Cypriot peasant from the Greek usurer. Above all, it would be an earnest in the eyes of the Arabs that the British Mandatory is actively concerned in the fair main- tenance of the Arab *fellah* on his land, and that we are not,

as is at present imagined by so many Arabs, complacently acquiescent in a state of affairs which ever further establishes the rich Jewish newcomer on Palestinian soil to the detriment of its original owners.

I may be pardoned if I conclude in a reminiscent vein. A year ago I had visited an aged French priest in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. "I have no politics," he had said to me, "but I do know that a house divided against itself will never be a home for anyone." This year I reminded him of our conversation. "Things are much worse now," he said sadly. "The mothers-in-law have invaded this already unhappy home—admittedly with the best intentions in the world. But they said one thing one day, and something else the next, and the last state of this home is far worse than the first. You must get some men to tackle your problems here. The East does not respond to old women's tactics."

THE WATSONS

BY J. S. COLTART

" 'A middle-sized, strongly built man—square jaw—thick neck. A mask over his eyes.'

" 'That's rather vague,' said Sherlock Holmes. 'Why, it might be a description of Watson.'

" 'It's true,' said the Inspector. 'It might be a description of Watson.'

AND so it was, as a perusal of *The Six Napoleons* will show. The unfolding of the inner man, the Watson behind the mask, was only finished with the completion of the series, and as a work of art it far excelled the creation of Sherlock Holmes himself. What a trusty old creature he was—Watson, who kept a bull pup, who smoked ships' tobacco, who enjoyed Beaune with his lunch, who disliked getting up in the morning, who used to play Rugby for Blackheath, whom Holmes—in *The Abbey Grange*—summed up with that ruthless terseness which is one of his chief claims for our regard :

" See here, Captain Croker, we'll do this in due form of law. You are prisoner. Watson, you are a British jury, and I never met a man who was more eminently fitted to represent one."

Yes, we know almost everything that there is to know about Watson. How he took his degree of Doctor of Medicine of the University of London, how he became an Army Surgeon, how he was wounded in Afghanistan and invalided out of the Army on pension, and how there now lies " somewhere in the vaults of the bank of Cox and Co., at Charing Cross, a travel-worn battered tin despatch box bearing the name John H. Watson, M.D., late Indian Army." But the fact that there was also a Mrs. Watson is not so widely realised, though Holmes commented on her existence somewhat acidly :

" The good Watson had at that time deserted me for a wife, the only selfish action I can recall in our association. I was alone."

And it is in this that we begin to suspect less transparent parts in the good doctor : that same despatch box is one of the causes of our uneasiness. Watson was the sort of person who would work the " travel-worn battered tin despatch box " for all it was worth : his service abroad was very short, and it is extremely unlikely that he took the despatch box with him to Afghanistan : one voyage to India and back should not have made it so very travel-worn or battered. He gave the information about it in *Thor Bridge*, and, we ask, why " Indian Army " ? For in *A Study in Scarlet* he described himself as " late of the Army Medical Department," and states that he was attached to the Fifth Northumberland Fusiliers as Assistant Surgeon, and afterwards was posted to the Berkshires, with whom he was wounded ? And why John ? In *The Man with the Twisted Lip*, Mrs. Watson, addressing an old school friend, said—

" . . . now you will have some wine and water, and sit here comfortably and tell us all about it. Or would you rather that I sent James off to bed ? "

" James " was the Watson we know : how can he explain this ?

Sir A. Conan Doyle was guilty of two errors of judgment, not only in attempting to finish off Holmes at the Reichenbach Fall on 4th May, 1891, but also in letting Watson get married. This was mere carelessness, of course. Watson should not have been allowed to entangle himself with a young woman when all his time was dedicated to Holmes ; the author should have been much more firm with the young man. The only excuse that can be made is that it was not then clear how firm a hold the pair had taken on the public mind. The attempted disposal of Holmes down the Reichenbach was a serious and deliberate attempt by his creator to rid himself of a fellow who had become a menace to him, as well as being a frightful bore. But when Holmes proved too slippery for his maker, and the author decided to extricate him from the perilous foothold on which he was lodged, Sir Arthur also decided to be

thoroughly ruthless and put Mrs. Watson out of the way. It was a brutal murder, but it had to be done. It was no good pretending that Mrs. Watson would sit by and see John—or James, as she called him, poor woman—set out light-heartedly with his Army revolver in his pocket, at any hour of the day or night. This, for example, was a sample of what went on, an extract from a conversation in a Portsmouth train between Holmes and Watson, who was then a practitioner in Paddington.

“‘To-day must be a day of enquiries.’

“‘My practice——’ I began.

“‘Oh, if you find your own cases more interesting than mine,’ said Holmes, with some asperity.

“‘I was going to say, my practice could get along very well for a day or two.’”

And this “in the July succeeding my marriage”! Things got worse, of course, after such a beginning. “One Sunday morning I received one of Holmes’ laconic messages: ‘Come if convenient—if inconvenient come all the same.—S. H.’”

No woman, not even one who could marry Watson, would put up with that. It was a choice between Watson’s wife and Holmes, and Holmes, after all, was the breadwinner, so poor Mrs. Watson had to go. We are not told the details of her going. Watson was not the kind to parade his grief in public: the only reference to the matter is in April, 1894, when Holmes reappeared (*The Empty House*).

“In some manner he had learned of my own sad bereavement, and his sympathy was shown in his manner rather than in his words.

“‘Work is the best antidote for sorrow, my dear Watson, and I have a piece of work for both of us to-night——’”

The man was incorrigible. So the partnership was resumed without let or hindrance, and Holmes gave an unexpected sign of generosity.

“At the time of which I speak Holmes had been back some months and I, at his request, had sold my practice and returned to share the old quarters at Baker Street. A young doctor named Verner had purchased my small Kensington practice, and given with astonishingly little demur the highest price I ventured to ask—an incident which only explained itself some years later, when I

found that Verner was a distant relation of Holmes’, and that it was my friend who really found the money. . . .”

How long the second partnership lasted we are not told, nor what finally became of Watson. In *The Lion’s Mane*, Holmes, then a bee-farmer, records—

“ . . . my withdrawal to my Sussex home, when I had given myself up entirely to that soothing life of Nature for which I had so often yearned during the long years spent in the gloom of London. At the present period of my life, July, 1907, the good Watson had passed almost beyond my ken. An occasional week-end visit was the most I ever saw of him.”

After this brief outline of history we may turn back for more details of the Watsons. While *A Study in Scarlet* gives most of the biographical details about the doctor, *The Sign of Four* tells all that is known of his wife. Watson met Mary Morstan in 1888. She was then twenty-seven, an orphan, the daughter of a captain in the Indian Army, she had been educated in Edinburgh, and was then governess for the children of a Mrs. Cecil Forrester; they appear to have been married in the spring of 1889. Watson had shared the rooms at 221B Baker Street with Holmes from 1888, but shortly before his marriage he bought a practice in Paddington from “old Mr. Farquhar” who, suffering from St. Vitus Dance, had let the receipts drop from about £1,500 to £300 a year; another doctor named Anstruther lived next door to the Watsons. There is some doubt about Watson’s income during his residence with Holmes, for he seems to have had no means apart from his half-pay. He emphasises the fact that Holmes frequently worked for no remuneration, but some rich prizes are recorded—he received one thousand pounds from the King of Bohemia (£300 in gold, £700 in notes), six thousand pounds from the Duke of Holderness, and five hundred pounds from von Book. Other large sums must also have come to him by the nature of his cases, though Watson omits to mention them; probably he was not told: but no part of this spoil comes to the good Watson. Of course, if it is to be understood that the profits of his memoirs are to be calculated at the ordinary rates, his financial position would be satisfactory, and as a writer Watson took himself seriously. The unexpected touchiness he displays at any

criticism of his literary efforts was the legitimate pride of an artist, for from the *Study in Scarlet* to the *Case Book* the writing in the memoirs is on a uniformly high standard. It is this quality, added to the skilful revelation of the character of the narrator, that has made the series live through a revolution in the science of the detection of crime and an ever-increasing avalanche of detective fiction. Of these, the two outstanding character-figures which the literature of our time has produced, the personality of Watson becomes all the more permanent as some of the gloss falls from the figure of his patron. "Good old Watson!" Holmes cried in his last recorded words—August, 1914—"You are the one fixed point in a changing age."

But Watson had much to suffer from Holmes before he heard that compliment. There was an explosion in *The Copper Beeches* about this matter of Watson's literary efforts.

" 'It seems to me I have done you full justice in the matter,' I remarked with some coldness, for I was repelled by the egotism which I had more than once observed to be a strong factor in my friend's singular character."

In *The Sign of Four* he had already had much to bear—

" 'You have attempted to tinge it with romanticism,' Holmes had said, referring to an earlier memoir, 'which produces much the same effect as if you had worked a love-story or an elopement into the fifth proposition of Euclid.'"

"I was annoyed at this criticism of a work which had been specially designed to please him. I confess, too, that I was irritated by the egotism which seemed to demand that every line of my pamphlet should be devoted to his special doings."

Holmes once remarked: "Watson's reports are most incriminating documents"; but the final note in this minor discord was struck when Holmes took up the pen and wrote *The Blanched Soldier*.

"The ideas of my friend Watson, though limited, are extremely pertinacious. For a long time he has worried me to write an experience of my own. Perhaps I have rather invited this persecution, since I have often had occasion to point out to him how superficial are his own accounts and to accuse him of pandering to popular taste instead of confining himself rigidly to facts and figures."

" 'Try it yourself, Holmes,' he has retorted, and I am compelled to admit that, having taken my pen in hand, I do begin to realise that the matter must be presented in such a way as may interest the reader."

In dealing with femininity Watson, of course, was the tried and practised hand.

"In an experience of women which extends over many nations and three separate continents, I have never looked on a face that gave clearer promise of a refined and sensitive nature."

This refers to his future wife, and he further describes her as "a blonde young lady, small, dainty, well-gloved, and dressed in the most perfect taste." Holmes, being a misanthrope, was quite willing to encourage Watson in this pet conceit.

" 'Now, Watson, the fair sex is your department,' said Sherlock Holmes with a smile. 'You saw how she manoeuvred to have the light on her back.'"

" 'Yes, she chose the one chair in the room.'"

" 'And yet the motives of women are inscrutable. You remember the woman at Margate whom I suspected for the same cause? No powder on her nose—that proved to be the correct solution. How can you build on such a quicksand? ' "

Some suspicion of Watson's ideas for the home will have been formed on realising that he was the kind of man who would be really pleased to see his wife's old school friends about the place; but he spares us nothing.

"As we drove away I stole a glance back and I still seem to see that little group on the step—the two graceful clinging figures, the half-opened door, the hall light shining through the stained glass, the barometer, and the bright stair rods. It was soothing to catch even that passing glimpse of a tranquil English home."

The appeal of the stained glass and the barometer must have been almost irresistible to Watson. And the reality of connubial bliss quite came up to his expectations—

"One night—it was June, '89—there came a ring to my bell, about the hour when a man gives his first yawn and glances at the clock."

This is all the undiluted Watson, but we fail to trace any sign of the influence of Mrs. Watson in the ménage. Writing of this time, he says—

"I had seen little of Holmes lately. My marriage had drifted

us away from each other. My own complete happiness and the home-centred interests which rise up around a man who finds himself master of his own establishment were sufficient to absorb all my attention.

" 'Wedlock suits you,' Holmes noted too. 'I think, Watson, you have put on seven-and-a-half pounds since I saw you.' "

These are tributes to home and domesticity rather than to Mrs. Watson personally; Conan Doyle must take rank with Scott, Dickens, and many another, who have been incapable of drawing real live women. The slaying of Mrs. Watson is not a tragedy like Sinclair Lewis' cruel murder of Leora in *Martin Arrowsmith*, a murder which was all the more wanton because it was a purposeless crime, but when Mrs. Watson was so little alive her death cannot have made very much difference to her. It is for her life rather than for her death that one would lament. The tragedy of a wife whose home and happiness is wrecked by the drunkenness or gambling of her husband is well known, but the plight of a woman who pines at home while her always devoted and respectable husband goes out on the tiles at night with a six-shooter in his pocket, and in company with a man whose influence with him is stronger than her own, is forlorn indeed.

But at least one mark of Mrs. Watson remains. In *The Man with the Twisted Lip*, John (or James) H. Watson, M.D., utters the following astounding words: "A little blonde woman stood in the opening, clad in some sort of light *mousseline-de-soie*, with a touch of fluffy pink chiffon at her neck and wrists."

"Holmes looked at me thoughtfully and shook his head.

" 'I never get your limits, Watson,' he said. 'There are untold possibilities about you. Take a wire down, like a good fellow.' "

This is a later comment, but it applies. Mrs. Watson, her personality and her influence fade out of the picture, and Watson after the fleeting exhibition of individuality which the married state gave him, becomes more and more the willing puppet of Holmes.

" 'I am inclined to think,' said I.

" 'I should do so,' Holmes remarked impatiently.

" 'I believe I am one of the most long-suffering of mortals, but I admit I was annoyed at the sardonic interruption.

" 'Really, Holmes,' I said severely, 'you are a little trying at times.' "

Yet Holmes, to do the fellow justice, knew his Watson, and how far he could go with him.

"Speaking of my old friend and biographer," he says, in *The Blinded Soldier*, "I would take this opportunity to remark that if I burden myself with a companion on any of my various little enquiries, it is not done out of sentiment or caprice, but it is that Watson has some remarkable characteristics of his own, to which, in his modesty, he has given little attention amid exaggerated estimates of my own performances. A confederate who foresees your conclusions and course of action is always dangerous, but one to whom each development is a perpetual surprise, and to whom the future is a closed book, is, indeed, an ideal helpmate."

One of the few checks he got appears in *The Valley of Fear*—

" 'You have heard me speak of Professor Moriarty?' "

" 'The famous scientific criminal as famous among crooks as——' "

" 'My blushes, Watson,' Holmes murmured in a deprecating voice.

" 'I was about to say, as unknown to the public.'

" 'A touch!' cried Holmes. 'A distinct touch! You are developing an unexpected pawky humour, Watson, against which I must learn to guard myself.' "

Holmes's wit resembled that of judges and schoolmasters; it was tried when there was little chance of repartee: a person of whom his friend said, "I have not heard him laugh often, and it always boded ill for somebody," is better fitted for the company of bees on the Sussex Downs than for the worthy Doctor, who was really well quit of him. Poor old Watson! He had to make many sacrifices for Holmes, he had to give up wife and home, not to mention the bull pup, and what more can be required of any man? But one suspects that the thrills of the chase in the company of his hero, or the pleasant evenings spent lounging over the fire, with his pipe in his mouth, a decanter at his side, and his feet in some favourite slippers of which an helpmeet might disapprove, were greater rewards than home or kindred had in their power to bestow on him.

POLITICAL UPHEAVAL

I. SIR OSWALD MOSLEY

BY C. F. MELVILLE

SIR OSWALD MOSLEY'S New Party would appear to be the most original of the new groups and tendencies which have come out of the present condition of political upheaval in this country. Its politico-economic philosophy is something new in English political thought, which probably accounts for the fact that although its critics are numerous they are far from unanimous.

The orthodox *Right* regards Sir Oswald Mosley's movement as a form of extreme Socialism. The orthodox *Left* sees it as a kind of Fascism in embryo. Others—taking up the question first put in Berlin, by the brilliant German writer Herr Leo Lania—are asking whether it is not an English edition of Hitlerism.

The true answer to all this is, I think, that the New Party bears the same relation to the great, modern political movements of the Continent—Fascism, Bolshevism, Hitlerism—as the English Reform Movement bore to the Continental revolutionary movements in the early nineteenth century.

Within the framework of that general analogy, perhaps the nearest parallel with these Continental movements is that between the New Party and Hitler's National-Socialist Party (*Nationalsozialistischen Arbeiterpartei*, known for short as the *Nazis*.) Eliminate from the Hitlerist movement its racial theories and anti-semitism (*Blutsgefühl* and *Judenfrage*), its jingo political nationalism and reactionary aim, and there remains much that is similar between the German and the English movement. Both movements

are in effect National-Socialist parties which, while appealing to the working masses, attract to themselves the support of industrialists; thereby becoming the protagonists, in their respective countries, of industry versus banking finance. Both challenge parliamentary orthodoxy, the *Nazis* hoping to set up a dictatorship by "legal" means (with the threat of a *putsch* in the background), and the New Party demanding the setting up of a Directory of Five for the dispatch of urgent national affairs; while both have adopted "National Rehabilitation" as their battle-cry.

For the rest the New Party is essentially a British growth, the result of conditions peculiarly local to this country. It is not a pale imitation of the German movement, however much it may resemble that movement in many respects, and, likewise, it would not lend itself to transplantation to foreign climes. What Signor Mussolini said recently of Fascism—to the considerable discomfort, as it happened, of the Hitlerists—may be said equally well of the Mosley movement: that "it is not for export."

The origins and careers of Herr Adolf Hitler and Sir Oswald Mosley are moreover completely dissimilar, an important consideration in this case because of the degree to which they have stamped their respective movements with their personalities. Herr Hitler is of humble origin, and lacking in culture, so that he has been obliged to obtain the economics of Hitlerism second-hand from Professor Sphän, the Viennese economist, who in turn, took his inspiration from the eighteenth century Adam Müller. Sir Oswald Mosley, on the other hand, comes of wealthy and traditionally Conservative stock. He is a man of culture and considerable brilliance mentally, and has himself been mainly responsible for the economic ideas embodied in his manifesto.

So closely, indeed, is the New Party bound up with the personality and career of its founder, that one must necessarily arrive at an appraisal of its political and economic tenets through a consideration of the personal qualities of Sir Oswald and their influence upon the events which led to his break with Labour.

II

Sir Oswald Mosley began his career conventionally enough. He passed through Sandhurst to a commission in a crack cavalry regiment, and emerged from the war into Parliament in the Conservative interest; but if one looks a little deeper beneath this seemingly orthodox surface, one will find much that is unorthodox, for early in life, he began to give signs of an originality of outlook and a temperamental tendency to go his own way, which belied a rather shy manner and showed him to be the possessor of qualities not too common in his particular *milieu*.

The Conservative Party must have been for Sir Oswald a sort of grown-up edition of the military academy, for it was impatience with the conservatism of his own class no less than a certain sympathy for Labour that caused him to join the Labour Party. An ironic destiny, however, again placed him in "the minority that is always right," as the old tag has it, for once inside the Labour Party, he found himself in much the same position as had obtained in the Conservative Party. Trade Union orthodoxy resented what it could not understand in him no less than the orthodoxy of his own class had done. The underlying conservatism which characterises most sections of our people, irrespective of their political and class traditions, became the principal obstacle to Sir Oswald and so it happened that the same impatience with this basic conservatism which had driven him into the Labour Party drove him out again.

Had the pressure of Labour orthodoxy been less strong he might have compromised and remained within the official Labour ranks. As it happened, the pressure was increased after his first clash with the elders of the party; and the more the attempt was made to make him feel inferior the more his desire to justify himself and his ideas hardened into ambitious resolve. This psychological factor must be borne in mind when considering the oft-repeated criticism that Sir Oswald's main motive force is personal ambition. Ambition naturally enters into the picture, but ambition alone does not constitute the entire picture.

He had not been in the Labour Party long before orthodox Labour men were calling him, satirically: "A young man in a hurry," while Mr. Philip Snowden, the high-priest of orthodoxy, went so far on one occasion as to dub him a "Pocket Mussolini" in front of the assembled Cabinet. Even the fiery Left-wing Mr. James Maxton—under whose revolutionary Clydeside skin there beats a conventional constitutional heart—was shocked by his views on parliamentary reform and his fiscal proposals, and was moved to accuse him of "Economic Imperialism." But if Sir Oswald was faced with the opposition of the orthodox in political and other walks of life, both of the Right and the Left, he nevertheless attracted to himself and his ideas men of a more original and independent stamp in various different kinds of *milieux*, political, industrial, social and military, and it will be found that it will be largely upon the friendship of these elements that he will rely for the furtherance of his political schemes.

III

Sir Oswald's break with Labour and his decision to start a party on his own took place *de facto*, if not *de jure*, before he resigned from the Cabinet. His resignation from the Labour Party was but the logical development of his withdrawal from the Cabinet; and he started finding his new links with industrialists, politicians and others in between the time of the rejection of his Unemployment proposals by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and his throwing up of his post in the Government.

The following is the inner story of what took place behind the scenes:—

From the moment the Cabinet was formed, Sir Oswald made it clear that he intended to take an active part in formulating legislative measures—mostly of a financial nature—and that he was prepared, in pursuance of his plan for national industrial rehabilitation and the solution of the unemployment problem, to push forward within the Cabinet the necessity for moderate protective tariffs within the framework of a scheme of National Planning. This brought him into instant collision with Mr. Snowden,

the most formidable Free-Trade doctrinaire in the Government. At one of the early meetings of the Cabinet there was a "scene" in the course of which Mr. Snowden called him presumptuous and added that he was ignorant of economics. Sir Oswald did not take action immediately, but, biding his time, took advantage of a later opportunity to inform the Government that he would remain within it provided that certain of his financial provisions were included in the Budget. This brought about another clash with Mr. Snowden, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer informed the Prime Minister that in his opinion, Sir Oswald was more an enemy to Labour than were the opposition parties.

Sir Oswald then introduced his now known proposals, sending them privately to Mr. MacDonald with a note indicating that refusal would lead him to present his ideas to the constituencies (together with an expression of his deprecation of the Government's betrayal of working class interests) by means of resigning from the Cabinet. For reasons of personal dignity, and also for fear of Mr. Snowden, Mr. MacDonald rejected the Mosley proposals. Sir Oswald's resignation followed, but just before he actually resigned, a dramatic scene took place in the Cabinet Room in which again Sir Oswald and Mr. Snowden were the principal actors. Mr. Snowden, it seems, spoke bitter words to the effect that Sir Oswald had been untrue to the cause of Labour, and that the English people had no time for a pocket-Mussolini, as Sir Oswald would find out for himself when he came to offer himself for re-election without Labour Party support. Sir Oswald's resignation then became a *fait accompli*.

Later, Sir Oswald gave Mr. MacDonald another warning, telling him that if a determined effort to deal with the unemployment problem were not made by the Government this year, he would oppose the Labour Party at the polls with several hundred candidates. This is confirmed by the following facts: some months ago I reported this in a certain section of the European press, and not long after Sir Oswald published his declaration of the formation of the New Party, which included the statement that the

Party hoped to run four hundred candidates at a future general election!

Sir Oswald had certainly not been lacking in dynamics in the way he had pressed his proposals on the Cabinet, but there is no doubt that the actual break was largely due to the pugnacious opposition of Mr. Snowden, both personal and political, and the general apposition of Labour orthodoxy; for, until the actual ranks of battle were closed, Mr. MacDonald had regarded Sir Oswald both as a personal friend and a political asset, so much so, indeed, that in appointing Sir Oswald to the post of Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster he had passed over the claims of tried representatives of the Trade Union element in the Party.

This brings me to a consideration of the New Party itself.

IV

Primarily the New Party is an attempt to deal with problems of national emergency by means of a kind of National-Socialism which combines a practical socialistic appeal to the workers with an equally practical, economic appeal to the Industrialists. As a prominent member of the New Party said to me recently: "The trouble is not that we have a class war so much as that we have a class-deadlock. That deadlock must be unlocked. We shall try to do something towards unlocking it." In other words, Sir Oswald Mosley and his associates propose to help both industrial capital and the industrial worker to their mutual benefit, a line of thought which probably explains why the late Lord Melchett was said to have given his approval to Sir Oswald's scheme. The New Party, in effect, will strive to offer the working classes greater prosperity through more employment and higher wages and the maintenance of commodity prices at a low level, whilst at the same time retaining the support of the Industrialists by holding out to them prospects of increased foreign markets together with the protection of their home market by a modified system of tariffs on specific imports (within the framework of National Planning).

In this connection, the leaders of the New Party will agree, if you put it to them, that they hope and believe that the more intelligent industrialists will come in and support them.

To some extent this has resulted in Sir Oswald being sympathetic to the Industrialists in their struggle with the banks over the question of industrial rationalisation. Sir Oswald is not likely to conduct an anti-bank *pogrom* on the Hitlerist model; but, nevertheless, it is not difficult to see where he stands in this matter when one considers his views that the banks should not be the sole and sacrosanct authority behind industrial rationalisation. This attitude, together with his advocacy of some form of protectionism does to a certain degree place him on the side of the industrialists in their fight against the Snowden-Bank of England combination; or, to put it another way, it appears to justify the view held by some commentators to the effect that, broadly speaking, Sir Oswald stands for a kind of "inflationism" as compared with the rigid deflationist policy of Governor Norman and the present Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Space forbids a detailed examination of all the ideas set forth at length in Sir Oswald Mosley's amplified Manifesto, "A National Policy," but the following, based on a recent interview accorded me by one of his principal lieutenants, gives a brief explanation of one of the principal questions in connection with the New Party's policy upon which there has been some degree of misconception:—

The New Party, I was assured, although it advocates primarily a modified protection of the home market, and a greater use of the resources of the Empire, does not believe in a policy of "isolation" from Europe and the rest of the world. Whilst protecting the home market it will aim at increasing foreign markets for British trade, for it realises that British trade must try and get in everywhere it can. Where it differs from the other advocates of obtaining and maintaining new foreign markets is that it does not believe in sacrificing the home standard of living and of wages in pursuit of this aim. It holds that new

foreign markets could be obtained and maintained without any sacrifice of the home standard of living by the process of giving a modified protection to the home market, provided such protection is part of a larger scheme of National Planning. Such a policy it regards as the substitution of "tit-for-tat" for that of "turning the other cheek," believing that the protection of the home market could be used also as a lever for penetrating foreign markets, inasmuch as the setting up of tariffs on our part would tend to reduce tariffs against us in other countries.

On the political side of foreign policy the New Party is not, contrary to the opinion generally held, "isolationist." In this respect, I was informed that its foreign policy does not differ fundamentally from the official Labour policy of Mr. Arthur Henderson. Indeed, it may be said that this is one of the few questions upon which the New Party and the Labour Party do not agree to differ.

Further light on the New Party's intentions is also provided by the following resumé based on the replies made by its Executive to a recent series of questions put to it behind the scenes by Young Liberalism:—

The New Party intimated that it has no predilection for economic nationalism, and favours the maximum of international co-operation, but feels that the present situation of Britain is so urgent that it is not possible for this country to wait until the rest of the world is converted to its economic views. Far from forsaking internationalism, the New Party believes that the more the economic life of Britain is organised the greater will become the possibilities of international co-operation. This would not create a political or military nationalism, as a policy of national planning on the part of the great States of the world would lead towards the maintenance of a permanent peace.

The New Party, this intimation continued, hopes that differences of fiscal theory will not prove to be an insuperable barrier between the New Party and other young groups who are revolting against the methods of "the Old Gang" in all the parties, and admits a certain similarity on various points between the Young Liberal Manifesto and the Mosley Manifesto. It hopes that there will not be opposition

where joint forces would be needed to fight lethargy, reaction and despair in this country.

V

In the light of the foregoing it is obvious that the New Party hopes—and it seems to me to have a good chance of eventually realising this hope, provided it can succeed in reconciling the many aims and as many interests which it represents—to become the principal magnet for a new “Centrum” in British party politics. It certainly expects to obtain further recruits from dissident Labour, and from both “young” Liberals and “young” Conservatives. Furthermore, it would not be surprising if in time it captured recruits from the Beaverbrook and Rothermere “Empire” groups, so soon as these realise that without a more realistic basis their continuance as independent groups is rather unlikely. In this connection it is interesting to note that a prominent young worker in the interests of the “Empire” groups, Mr. Ronald Braden, recently made the interesting suggestion that the “best elements” in the three old parties and the four new ones, should come together to form a National Party.*

Speculation has been rife as to how far Lord Beaverbrook is interested in Sir Oswald Mosley’s movement, and it has been hinted in some quarters that it was the leader of the Empire Crusade who brought in Sir William Morris, the great motor-car manufacturer, in support of Sir Oswald. I think the truth of the matter is that although Lord Beaverbrook is friendly to the New Party his main preoccupation is forcing his fiscal ideas on the Conservative Party rather than giving active support to Sir Oswald. Unlike the “Empire” parties, the New Party, although hopeful of “young” Conservative support,

* Sir Oswald Mosley’s parliamentary support is not numerically strong. His own party is composed of a handful of rebel Labour members and one rebel Conservative member; although it must be taken into account that he has more sympathisers amongst members of the three parties in the House than dare admit it openly at the moment. Some of these will, it is expected, declare for him openly when the support for the New Party outside Parliament (already more considerable than is generally supposed) grows stronger.

is not concerned with the internal quarrels amongst the Conservatives; and again, whereas the “Empire” parties, in their election campaigns, concentrate upon the “bourgeoise” divisions of London and the southern counties, the New Party intends to concentrate upon the *working class districts* of the industrial North and Midlands. For this basic fact must be borne in mind; that in spite of certain resemblances both to the Hitlerist structure and to some of the economic theories of the Conservatives, the New Party is neither a Fascist movement nor an offshoot of Toryism, but is for the most part a Socialist movement which, not being bound to the tenets of orthodox Labour-Socialism, seeks to combine the more progressive and nationally minded elements from both Right and Left in a new kind of progressive centre party. In this sense it cuts right across the old arguments about *Left* and *Right*.

VI

To attempt to pronounce a final verdict at this early stage in the fortunes of the New Party would be at once presumptuous and absurd, but this much can be said at the present juncture: that whatever its future may be, its existence is a sign of the times. Our political and economic life is in a state of flux. New things are coming out of this condition, and one of the most interesting is the movement initiated by Sir Oswald Mosley. Although, therefore, it would be a mistake to exaggerate its political importance at the moment, at the same time, I think it would be equally a mistake to under-rate—as has been done in many instances, especially in the press and in certain parliamentary circles—its political potentialities.

The advent of Sir Oswald Mosley’s New Party is one of the more important indications that the phase of English life characterised by that distinguished French economist and friendly critic of ourselves, Monsieur André Siegfried, as the condition of the “happy valley,” has now reached its term, and new methods must now be sought for the solution of our problems.

"WELL, I'M BLOWED ! "

BY PAUL SELVER

MR. BRIGGS had read stories about people who came into money, but not until the same thing happened to him did he realise how true to life the stories had been. Yes, it was exactly the same. One day, quite unexpectedly, a letter had arrived from a solicitor. It contained such words as "probate" and "legatee," and it had led to an interview with a bald-headed, clean-shaven elderly gentleman who looked over his glasses and talked through his nose (quite a nice fellow, all the same, thought Mr. Briggs), amid a perfect warren of dingy offices in Bedford Row. The upshot of it all was that at the age of forty, Mr. Briggs, thanks to the freakish generosity of an unknown uncle in Australia, would be able to live in comfort for the rest of his life, without doing a stroke of work.

Mr. Briggs was cautious and he was therefore secretive. His was not what you would call an exuberant nature. Nor would you be altogether exuberant if, like Mr. Briggs, you had spent more than twenty years teaching in grubby little private schools up and down the country. Teaching anything and everything, from chemistry to physical drill, and from algebra to religious knowledge (as a matter of fact, Mr. Briggs was very partial to religious knowledge, and could expound with particular gusto the plagues of Egypt and the parable of the sower). Teaching, too, in return for about the same wage as a lower-grade dustman.

It is true that, by what he couldn't help thinking, at the time, was a great stroke of luck, he had managed, nearly five years earlier, to escape from the hades of private schools into the comparative purgatory of a day-school. What happened was that Mr. Spencer Smith, the headmaster of St. Christopher's High School for Boys, Kilburn, was

obliged to dismiss one of his assistant masters under circumstances which had to be skilfully hushed up. Mr. Spencer Smith, who was rather good at this manoeuvre, accordingly hushed them up, and then informed Messrs. Wrickmansworth and Lapwing, the scholastic agents of Sackville Street, that he needed for the following term a good all-round form-master, keen on games, must be communicant, with experience and university graduate preferred, at a commencing salary of £130 per annum, non-resident. This really meant that Mr. Spencer Smith needed a docile drudge who, without asking questions, or otherwise demurring, would do any odd job which nobody else could be amicably induced to undertake. Messrs. Wrickmansworth and Lapwing thereupon circulated slips of smudgy green typescript announcing the requirements of Mr. Spencer Smith (in the official version, of course) to all the clients on their books (and they were many) who were likely to jump at the chance of serving Mr. Spencer Smith.

Among these was Mr. Briggs, who was specially attracted by the phrase "non-resident." Up till then, Mr. Briggs had "held resident posts," a scholastic process equivalent to the shop-assistant's "living-in," and, if continued long enough, suspiciously similar to "dying out." That, at least, was what Mr. Briggs thought about it. At that time he had a very resident, a too resident post, in a small private school in one of the drearier regions of Essex. Now, oddly enough, the smaller a school is, the more it needs looking after. Mr. Briggs never seemed to be able to get away from this particular establishment with its forty-five pupils for more than half an hour at a time. And what pupils they were, too! Mr. Briggs, whose experience in this matter was by no means despicable, had never before encountered so high a percentage of boobies and hooligans among the young. The headmaster, who was very deaf and more than half blind, was not aware of this, and was under the strange impression that his school harboured nothing but young lambs. Mr. Briggs, on the other hand, whose faculties were still unimpaired, often felt that he was not so much a schoolmaster as a woefully ineffective

superintendent of maniacs. Moreover, he was tired of weak tea, Irish stew and golden syrup, which formed the staple diet of the establishment. The Irish stew, in fact, he loathed with an almost fanatical loathing.

Thus it came about that the application which Mr. Spencer Smith received from Mr. Briggs fairly throbbed with an eagerness to convince and persuade. It may have been these vibrations which caused Mr. Spencer Smith to invite Mr. Briggs to an interview. It may also have been the fact that of all the candidates, Mr. Briggs was the nearest at hand, which meant that his allowance for travelling expenses would be small. At all events, invited he was, and Mr. Spencer Smith was most affable—far more affable, indeed, than he ever was afterwards.

Seated face to face in Mr. Spencer Smith's study, they went through his requirements seriatim. A good, all-round form-master? Well, Mr. Briggs thought that he could fairly lay claim to the description, seeing that, at one time and another, he had taught pretty well every subject on the curriculum. Keen on games? Mr. Briggs declared himself passionately devoted to football ("soccer" he called it), while as for cricket, the innings he had knocked up at Croodle House School in the Masters v. Old Boys Match, on which occasion he had carried his bat, constituted a local record. Communicant? Mr. Briggs smiled rather sadly, as if pained at the mere suggestion that he could be anything else. And so forth. Of course, Mr. Briggs had duly enumerated most of these details in his letter of application, and he had the impression that Mr. Spencer Smith was making sure that all the items tallied. And at a very early stage in their acquaintance, Mr. Briggs discovered that Mr. Spencer Smith was extremely fond of seeing whether things tallied.

This time they tallied fairly well. There was a slight hitch about Mr. Briggs's academic qualifications. With the pertinacity of the spider which had conveyed so profound a moral lesson to Robert Bruce, he had managed to pass Intermediate Arts (he preferred to call it "the first B.A."). Now Mr. Spencer Smith, it seemed, was really looking for a man with a degree. Still, he was prepared to com-

promise on this point, and in the end he proved delightfully accommodating. Suppose, he suggested, he were to offer Mr. Briggs the post, would Mr. Briggs be prepared to accept £110 per annum, on the understanding that, if and when he obtained his degree, he would become entitled to the stipulated £130? Mr. Briggs was prepared to do so, and that was how he came to St. Christopher's High School for Boys.

On the occasion of that memorable interview, Mr. Briggs had worn his best suit, and Mr. Spencer Smith had been on his best behaviour. It was not long before the suit and the behaviour, both being of very shoddy material, had frayed badly, and Mr. Briggs began to wonder whether, after all, he was better off than before. There was no Irish stew, but there are worse things than Irish stew, and Mr. Spencer Smith was one of them. That, at any rate, was how Mr. Briggs looked at it. His prospects of a degree continued to recede like a mirage, until he decided that he had about as much chance of getting one as of becoming Prime Minister. Mr. Spencer Smith saw to that. Mr. Briggs used to arrive home every day with a brain like a soggy sponge, and even then there were piles of exercises for him to mark. He had two free periods per week, but as a rule Mr. Spencer Smith rendered them null and void by bringing him some little educational task, such as copying lists of boys whose tonsils needed attention, or who had qualified as entrants for the school swimming championship, or who were to be permitted to take part in the next paper-chase. And to make matters worse, at odd moments, when the soul of Mr. Briggs was sick within him, he would drop nasty hints about the degree that was not forthcoming.

And so we come back to Mr. Briggs gloating over the prospect of life-long freedom from the pinpricks and tantrums of Mr. Spencer Smith. That perhaps was only fit and proper. What was not so fit and proper, however, was the fact that Mr. Briggs was planning to take advantage of his good fortune to get "a little of his own back" (such was his own deplorable formula) from Mr. Spencer Smith. It may well be that, subconsciously at least, Mr. Briggs

was preparing to settle accounts, not only with Mr. Spencer Smith, but also with his several successors for all the snubs, set-backs, and other forms of discomfiture which he had suffered at their hands, ever since he had vaguely drifted into teaching. But Mr. Spencer Smith was the only one of these gentlemen who was now at his mercy, and it was solely round the perky little figure of Mr. Spencer Smith that Mr. Briggs's plans for vengeance hovered. "Bally, bumptious domineering little blighter" was how Mr. Briggs put it to himself (this was as near as he ever approached to the Great Unprinted Adjectives and Nouns), "I'll showim."

Briefly, what Mr. Briggs proposed to do was to leave Mr. Spencer Smith professionally in the lurch for an hour or so, and then in the wake of the disturbance which this act would produce, to make a farewell speech such as no head master had ever yet heard from a subordinate. He had planned this with what he considered quite diabolical ingenuity. He had waited until the last month of the term, just before the school began to simmer with the oncoming ferment of examinations and reports, and he had chosen a Thursday morning for his exploit. Why Thursday? Because he knew that nobody had a free period during the first hour, and so Mr. Spencer Smith himself would have to step into the breach. And the breach was, in this particular case, Form IVb, whom Mr. Briggs would normally be instructing in arithmetic. A peculiarly repellent job, since Form IVb comprised a set of juveniles whose inability to learn was equalled only by their loutish unwillingness to be taught. Mr. Briggs chuckled as he reviewed the probable course of events. At first there would be a low murmur in the class-room. Then, while the rest of the school settled down to work, the murmur would gradually swell to a hullabaloo, variegated with queer bumping noises and hoots and cat-calls, and what the Greek dramatist, in a different context, described as "untimely laughter." This would bring Mr. Spencer Smith on the scene. He would arrive from his study, where he had been perusing *The Daily Telegraph*, livid with fury, but by no means speechless. He would distribute vast impositions (no doubt,

among the least offensive of the revellers), and would threaten to thrash the ringleaders of the shindy, when their identity had been established by a kind of star-chamber enquiry (in which Mr. Spencer Smith excelled). Next there would be a silent interlude, with Mr. Spencer Smith glaring terrifically at a very cowed IVb.

They would all be waiting on tenterhooks for him, Mr. Briggs. Presently, Mr. Spencer Smith's patience, such as it was, would come to an end, and at that juncture almost anything might happen. He might even take IVb in arithmetic. Well, if he did, Mr. Briggs wished him joy of it. He experienced a few highly blissful moments as he pictured to himself Mr. Spencer Smith, his eye in "a fine frenzy rolling," as he tried to teach IVb how to do sums about leaky cisterns being filled by inadequate taps. But whatever happened, there could be no doubt that Mr. Spencer Smith was going to get the worst of it, especially when, at last, Mr. Briggs did arrive, unconcerned and nonchalant, and more especially, when, countering Mr. Spencer Smith's attempts to bully him, he began to bristle with a sublime effrontery. Mr. Briggs rehearsed a few repartees which, he felt sure, would annoy Mr. Spencer Smith very much indeed, and for the first time in his life he realised what was meant by the "peace which passeth all understanding."

While he was indulging in these raptures, somebody tapped at the door, and his landlady popped her countenance into the room, a countenance which was roseate in the wrong places, and doughy in the others.

"You'll be late for school, Mr. Briggs," she observed in a tone which was two-thirds severity and one-third solicitude. "It's gorn nine."

"Thassallri, Mrs. Randall," he replied spacioously through a mouthful of half-masticated bread and marmalade. "Quiallri." He picked up the newspaper to indicate that this was his last word on the subject, and Mrs. Randall's countenance withdrew, looking perplexed and also distinctly nettled.

The newspaper headlines were promising, and diverted Mr. Briggs's mind from his immediate preoccupations towards the outer world where big things were happening.

"GIRL MURDERED IN EMPTY HOUSE" . . . "MINISTER HOWLED DOWN AT HUDDERSFIELD. . . . "SMART SENTENCE ON CONFIDENCE TRICKSTER. . . . "CENTENARIAN'S HINTS ON DIET." Mr. Briggs was very fond of items like these. They were, as he put it, "newsy," and he proceeded to enjoy them. Then he began to ponder on things. Girls would continue to be murdered, ministers would continue to be howled down, confidence tricksters would continue to receive smart sentences, centenarians would continue to give hints on diet—and all for his benefit. Henceforward, he would have nothing else to do but to look on while people did things, especially those things the results of which were very awkward for them, but highly interesting to others. And this train of thought conveyed him gradually to a more detailed realisation of the benefits in store for him. They presented themselves to him in negative terms: No more hurrying over breakfast. No more prayers. No more IVb. No more football. No more cricket. No more detention duty (Mr. Briggs reflected that men were awarded medals for exploits far less heroic than detention duty). No more terminal reports. And, above all, no more Spencer Smith.

Mr. Briggs looked at his watch, and decided that it was about time to make a move. He lit his pipe with the deliberation of a man who is about to perform a ticklish job, and went. In the passage he encountered Mrs. Randall. She seemed to be under the impression that Mr. Briggs was not right in his head, and had been lying in wait to see what he would be up to next.

"Better take yer umbereller, Mr. Briggs," she counselled him in a pointed manner which matched her owlish stare. "It looks like rain."

Mr. Briggs ignored this entirely. A fat lot he cared whether it rained or not.

Nevertheless, now that the distance between Mr. Spencer Smith and himself had begun to diminish, he became aware of slight qualms in the region of the midriff. It was the kind of feeling he had had when about to face an examination paper concerning some subject as Cicero's little tractate on friendship, with the contents of which he

knew himself to be very imperfectly familiar. But this was only a passing phase. Before very long, when he had got well into his stride, and was stepping out with that somewhat flat-footed gait which had so often caused pupil to nudge pupil with irreverent and not always adequately concealed glee, Mr. Briggs not only managed to overcome his misgivings, but even went as far as to start elaborating his original scheme. Why stop short at telling Mr. Spencer Smith properly off? (this, of course, is Mr. Brigg's phraseology, not mine). Why not go the whole hog, and leave things in an unholy mess? A baleful glare was kindled in Mr. Briggs's lack-lustre eye, and his long, sallow face almost lost its hang-dog expression as he glimpsed the delicious possibilities now within his reach. He saw himself tearing to tatters the most indispensable, the most irreplaceable documents—detention records, containing particulars of hundreds and hundreds of punishments, mark-books, in which the figures ran into thousands and thousands. The activities of St. Christopher's High School for Boys would be paralysed without them. Their loss would cause Mr. Spencer Smith to lash himself into a titanic frenzy. Mr. Briggs tugged fiercely at his bedraggled moustache in a sudden and unwonted itch for destruction. But wiser and more gentlemanly counsels (again Mr. Briggs's phrase, not mine) soon prevailed. Come, come! What did the poet say? It is something-something to have a giant's strength, but it is thingumajig to use it like a giant. Mr. Briggs absorbed all the moral lesson possible from as much of this tag as he could remember, and he felt a better man for it. No, he was prepared to score off Mr. Spencer Smith, but to go beyond that wouldn't be playing the game. Mr. Briggs realised, as never before, what a nice nature he really had.

He was still basking in the pure joy which this discovery had caused him, when he came within sight of St. Christopher's High School for Boys. It was not so much a stately pile as an untidy heap, but these architectural shortcomings had never worried Mr. Briggs, and they were not likely to do so now. What did, however, take him aback was to be greeted by an uncanny silence, when

there ought to have been at least a steady murmur. He had arrived nearly ten minutes before the end of the first lesson, and at this hour anyone approaching St. Christopher's from whatever direction would, unless he were stone deaf, hear the tangled symphony of education in progress, with all its undertones and overtones and brawls and whatnot. But Mr. Briggs, to his bewilderment and consternation, heard nothing. He reached the gate leading to the playground, and there he beheld a few boys, strangely abashed in their demeanour, being chivvied along by Sergeant Shadd.

Sergeant Shadd (the "sergeant" was a courtesy title, as he had retired from His Majesty's forces with the rank of corporal) was the drill-instructor at St. Christopher's. He also acted as caretaker, and performed mysterious duties in the stoke-hole, together with a certain amount of scavenging or superintendence of scavenging. He was a wiry little man with freckles, a spiked ginger moustache and a peak-cap, asserting his authority largely by means of a stout bunch of keys which he was apt to brandish, like an insignia, menacingly in front of him, and, if need be, to apply smartly to the rumps of transgressors. His voice was permanently hoarse as the result of bellowing many martial orders and quaffing many alcoholic beverages.

"'Ere, come along you boys," he wheezed, "it's 'igh time you 'opped it. I got something else to do besides 'anging about 'ere all day, looking after you."

The boys slunk off, sheepishly raising their caps to Mr. Briggs. Mr. Briggs approached the atmosphere of stale shag which accompanied Sergeant Shadd's comings and goings.

"Got a holiday, or something?" he enquired, assuming an off-hand tone.

Sergeant Shadd looked thunderstruck and also rather shocked.

"A 'oliday? A 'oliday, sir?" he gasped with a hint of reproof.

"Why, what's up? Anything wrong?"

"*Wrong*, sir? You don't mean to say you ain't 'eard?"

Mr. Briggs's embarrassment became more evident.

"Well, as a matter of fact," he began hesitantly. "I overslept myself this morning."

He grinned vacantly.

"Overslep' yourself, did yer?"

Sergeant Shadd pushed his peak-cap above his pinkish brow and scratched his head, contemplating Mr. Briggs quizzically, as if he were a recruit on parade who had committed some vast blunder against military etiquette. "Then it ain't surprising you ain't 'eard."

"Heard what?" Mr. Briggs was beginning to feel testy.

"Well, sir," began Sergeant Shadd deliberately, as if selecting with exquisite care the proper phraseology for imparting his unique titbit of news. "It's like this 'ere. Mr. Spencer Smith, sir, 'e was crossing the road this morning, and a young chap on a motor-bike buzzed round that there corner at a feeble rate, coo, a good forty mile an hour, I reckon it was, and Mr. Spencer Smith, 'e just stepped orf the kerb, and——"

"You don't mean to say he——"

"Went plunk into 'im. 'E never 'ad a chance to dodge or anything. Plunk into 'im," repeated Sergeant Shadd with zest.

"Was he badly injured?" asked Mr. Briggs, feeling that he would get at the truth only by direct enquiry.

"Injured? *Injured?*" Sergeant Shadd uttered a noise to express petulance at such a ridiculous question. "Why, it was a 'opeless case. 'Opeless. They took 'im orf to the 'orspital, but 'e pegged out before they got 'im there."

"Then he's dead?" Mr. Briggs could not associate Mr. Spencer Smith with the idea of death. It was like hearing that the Marble Arch had passed away.

"I should think 'e blooming well is. That's why the school was dismissed for the day," declared Sergeant Shadd, with perhaps just a trifle more hearty emphasis than the occasion altogether demanded. "Why, sir, 'e 'ad a ruptured liver, and 'is stummick was all smashed, and——"

He lusciously enumerated further anatomical disasters, and concluded:

"I bet that young chap won't 'arf cop out. And serve 'im bally well right. These 'ere motor-bikes never ought to be allowed, that they never. Up and down that blooming road all day *and* all night. A pack of saucy young whippersnappers, showing orf, with their gels 'anging on be'ind."

He mused blackly on this spectacle of decadent youth and then expectorated with the unpretentious neatness of the British N.C.O.

Mr. Briggs stared. It was only a trivial act, but it had symbolical significance. Never during the lifetime of Mr. Spencer Smith would Sergeant Shadd have dared to expectorate on the playground of St. Christopher's.

Mr. Briggs caught Sergeant Shadd's red-rimmed watery little eye, and they exchanged glances of mutual comprehension, although it was probable that Mr. Briggs read Sergeant Shadd's thoughts more accurately than Sergeant Shadd read his. But they both understood that, as Mr. Spencer Smith was no more, they could allow themselves a greater latitude than of old. And Mr. Briggs, matching Sergeant Shadd's act of emancipation by an analogous freedom of speech, exclaimed:

"Well, I'm blowned!"

EBB AND FLOW

A MONTHLY COMMENTARY

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

THERE is confusion through the western branches of the Latin race. A crisis in Venezuela is no new thing, but Venezuela has one. Then trouble broke out in the Portuguese dominions: Madeira, complaining of oppressive taxation, where yield was not spent in Madeira, went into revolt. Repressive measures were threatened, and fighting seemed imminent: a British cruiser was dispatched to Funchal to protect British lives; and though the Portuguese Government has declared a blockade of this island, British liners are still entering the port, discharging mail and taking away cargo. There is revolt also in the Azores; and in Portugal itself the virtual dictatorship appears unpopular. But nothing serious has happened.

In Spain it is otherwise. The municipal elections, held on Sunday, April 12th, produced a resounding victory for Republican candidates in all the great towns. For a day there was uncertainty, but on Tuesday, the 14th, King Alfonso, having made up his mind, announced his abdication. On that afternoon, the Foreign Minister, Count Romanones, formally handed over power to the Republican leader, Senor Alcala Zamorra, who guaranteed safe passage for the King and Royal family out of Spain. Meanwhile, however, at Barcelona, a separate Republic of Catalonia had been declared earlier in the afternoon, under the presidency of Colonel Macia, a political exile.

All passed without bloodshed. The Army had abandoned the royal cause. Even before the election there had been acute strife between General Burguete, head of the Tribunal Supremo de Guerra y Marina, and General Berenguer, then acting as Captain General of Madrid. Curiously enough, the credit for six million sterling, arranged with

the house of Morgan, by which the falling peseta had been stabilised, seems to have provoked much anger. It is said that Senor Zamorra wrote to the Morgans warning them that the loan would be repudiated as soon as the Republicans came into power. Not unnaturally, the peseta has dropped again sharply, though not catastrophically.

It is not certain whether Spain at large desires a Republic ; but evidently King Alfonso's rule had become unpopular, and the active minority who, in this, as in all other revolutions, are the effective force, consisted of Republicans. King Alfonso, a brave and able man, has undoubtedly taken the course which appeared to him best for the country. It would not be surprising to see him recalled. In 1874, Spain, after a brief experience of republican rule, was glad to welcome his father, whom Spain did not know. At least, they know of this king that if, king they are to have, they are not likely to find a better one.

Mr. Henderson has once more demonstrated to Europe the value of a great Power which means what it says about the League of Nations. Nobody in Europe wants to fight, but with the exception of England, no great Power conveys the assurance that in any justiciable dispute it would submit without reserve to the operation of the League's procedure. Sir Austen Chamberlain laid the foundation of this confidence ; Mr. Henderson has continuously built upon it. The first result is that when Mr. Henderson calls upon other members of the League to act on the obligations which their membership imposes, everyone realises that he is asking no more than England in like case would be willing to perform ; and his intervention is effectual and therefore calming. The second result, by far more important, is that every such appeal issued and responded to gives reality to the League. Law without custom to back it is like prohibition in America. At present, while in America the very foundations of domestic law are being sapped, Europe is building up international law by repeated acts of allegiance ; and in this supreme task of civilisation England is leading the way.

The case of last month was interesting. Germany and Austria suddenly announced their intention to form a Customs union, with reciprocal freedom of import. The French, not unnaturally, construed this as a first step to the *Anschluss*, or political union of the two German-speaking countries, which is barred by the Treaty of Versailles. Violent protests in France led to violent retorts in Germany. Then Mr. Henderson intervened, demanding that the issue should be submitted to the League, which must decide whether this arrangement conformed to the restrictions laid down by the Treaty. Germany answered at once that this was perfectly in order, and declared, naturally, that the proposed arrangement was simply for economic convenience and did not, in their judgment, run counter to any clause of the Treaty. As a consequence, the French Press considerably calmed down. It is reasonable to assume that the League's finding will be accepted, alike in France and in Germany ; and the indications are that France anticipates that the arrangement will be allowed to pass. If so, it will probably be only a beginning of what should be a salutary process. Hungary, with its immense wheat production and with an output of wine far beyond its own needs, is terribly cramped economically by the present frontiers, which are economic as well as political. The economic *Anschluss* would almost certainly extend so far ; for it is unlikely that either Czechoslovakia or Jugoslavia will relax their exclusion of Hungarian produce.

How France may be affected economically by such developments is matter for experts to decide ; but one thing is clear. Europe is bound to respect the military apprehensions of the French for at least another generation : no man could expect France to count on newly established international law as a secure defence until it had at least half a lifetime of custom behind it. One may think, as I do, that Germany and Austria forming one unit of eighty million people on France's Eastern border, would be a lesser menace than the sixty millions of Germany alone ; for the Prussian influence with its militarist tradition would be notably lessened. But this is a matter on which

the French must be their own counsellors, and after what they suffered in 1914-18 as the spearhead of defence for the free nations, these susceptibilities must count. On the other hand, France cannot expect to assert her economic interests against those of Europe at large, and so far as one can see, the proposed economic union is for the good of Europe as well as that of the uniting countries.

If the abolition of one tariff barrier, or even of several tariff barriers, has no military significance, the French have no reason to check that movement towards scaling down armaments, to which M. Briand is deeply committed. They need to be reassured. President Doumergue took one way of doing this when he declared that in the absence of a strong organised international force, France must maintain defences adequate to her need for security. That is a truism. Nobody can expect France to trust to luck: the facts of history forbid it. But Mr. Henderson gave more practical reassurance when he insisted promptly that a recognised tribunal should decide whether the Treaty of Versailles is being evaded or no. The implication is evident, that France does not stand alone. Germany is not free to interpret the Treaty at her own discretion. Yet Mr. Henderson has given his reminder in such a way as to convince Germany of its perfect friendliness; and it is followed by an invitation for the German Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary to come for informal conference to Chequers—which they have gladly agreed to do; and M. Briand may, it is thought, join the party. Whether he does, or whether he does not, fervid nationalists will assail him; but I see no justification for the view that M. Doumergue's speech was meant to make trouble for his Foreign Minister. It was probably a concession to the temperament of democracy. Indeed, the Frenchmen may have some envy for Dr. Groener and Dr. Bruning, who have taken drastic action to repress the ebullience of the Nazis.

The Nazis. Parliament was becoming a bear-garden and has been adjourned for six months, and political meetings are shut down, as they were leading to mutual killings. It is already doubtful if Herr Hitler can control

the forces which he let loose and none of his conduct shows anything but a marked gift for demagoguery.

While the international interests of civilisation are being advanced by one section of the English-speaking world, the other has been much preoccupied with its domestic concerns. The city of Chicago, after a long period of being governed by that hundred per cent. American, Mr. William Thompson, now transfers its trust (by a majority of about a quarter of a million votes) to Mr. Anton Cermak, whom Mr. Thompson has described as "a Bohunk and a Hun." Mr. Cermak has lost no time in appointing as Commissioner of Public Works Mr. Colaasz—presumably another Bohunk—at all events, a former civic leader in Prague. It is therefore possible that organised private war with bombs and machine guns may become less frequent in Chicago. Mr. Thompson retires disconsolately, protesting that he still stands for George Washington's policy and the avoidance of European entanglements. I am not clear whether Mr. Cermak is or is not a European entanglement. But it is certain that in the progress towards the goal of rational disarmament and of international substitutes for recourse to war, America's chief contribution has been to prove how necessary it is for civilised States to keep up a strong defence force against the private organisers of violence. Yet after all, the demonstration is not satisfactory. The United States spends more on armament than any nation in Europe; but this has not limited the development of Mr. Alfonso Capone's military operations.

In India Lord Irwin has handed over to his successor; and Mr. Gandhi has prevailed so far that the Congress Party will be represented, and represented by him, at the new Round Table Conference. But attacks on him from his own following were serious. He came out from the negotiations with Lord Irwin surrounded by plaudits, too loud to be overborne by the voice of a few extremists.

The Indian Scene.

Then the Conservative Party's ill-timed announcement of refusal to take part in an Indian Conference checked the rejoicings, and the extremists got their chance. Mr. Gandhi was hard set to prevail; he was insulted and threatened. Yet a saint in politics holds a terribly strong hand, provided that his people value sanctity; and Mr. Gandhi has won so far, which means that, so far, Lord Irwin's policy prevails. There are, however, ominous reminders that India has its own grave difficulty to settle. Peace between Moslem and Hindu can be imposed by an alien rule; but if India is to be self-governing, India has to keep its own peace. I do not think that the rioting in Cawnpore, despite its formidable toll of lives, proves more than the existence of difficulty; but it is certain that if self-government is to succeed, the units of administration must be as far as possible homogeneous. It is the usage to deplore partition in Ireland; but I am certain that the success which has been achieved in the Free State could not have been accomplished without it in so short a time; and I question very much whether a proposal for Union with Northern Ireland would be welcomed at present. It will come; but not until the practical and economic advantages of it have been made so plain to North and South that men will be ready to face the difficulties of uniting Protestant and Catholic elements on a basis of something like equality. Presumably the same will be true of Hindu and Moslem.

Arnold Bennett's death must have struck many with a sense of privation; he died in full enjoyment of his power to give enjoyment—and there is perhaps no kind of artist to whom the public owe so much pleasure as to the writer of first-rate novels. He was of course more than that, being also the most popular and influential literary journalist of his time. But that will not matter to his lasting reputation. Posterity that begins beyond the frontier has already assigned to him permanent rank. M. Chevalley in *Le Roman Anglais* classes him without hesitation in his "Big Five," with Kipling, Barrie, Wells and Galsworthy. I should hardly

myself agree to that; the other four have things in common that I miss in Arnold Bennett—intensity and a sense of beauty. Prose fiction in their hands never loses touch with poetry so completely as it seems to do in his. Still, I remember always my one meeting with W. D. Howells, a veteran craftsman in the novel. It was somewhere about twenty years ago, and I said in answer to his question, that we seemed to produce much work of talent but nothing outstanding. "Don't you call *The Old Wives' Tale* a great book?" was his comment: I can hear now the slow twang of the emphasis on "great." I admitted his correction then; and in deference to that judgment I have read it over again now. Yet, what I find is that I had forgotten more than is possible to forget of work where there is that heat of creation, that inspired possession, which is the stamp of great inventive art. From *Kim*—but nobody can forget when Mr. Kipling is at his best—incidents and all stand out. From *Sentimental Tommy*, or *Tommy and Grizel*: from the *Man of Property*; from *Tonobungay*, *Mr. Polly* or *Kipps*, if I cannot recall the incidents, I remember the characters, and the dominant emotion. None of these great ones takes the enormous pains to be credible, to tell exactly how, where, when, and in what precise detailed environment, each thing happened that Arnold Bennett constantly bestowed; yet somehow, the happenings with them attain to a far more vivid pitch of reality. As a model, or as a critic, he seems to me misleading by constant insistence on the unessential. Still, Howells thought otherwise, and no man had better right than he to judge of the modern novel. Indeed, the very genius of fault-finding could not refuse praise to the skill with which the nonconformist shopkeeper's daughter from the five towns is transplanted into Parisian life; nor could it deny that her growth in this incongruous setting springs naturally from the beautiful slip of a girl whom we see at the book's beginning trying on her massive mother's crinoline. I have to confess that another of Arnold Bennett's books, *The Card*, stands out more sharply to my memory than this laborious masterpiece: it would be interesting to compare it with D. H. Lawrence's *Sons and Lovers*.

But Lawrence's book is, in passages, high poetry. In Bennett's, the clever fellow's tricks to manœuvre his mother from her dingy little habitation into the one with which he wishes to endow her are delightful; and the vision of all its complete labour-saving appliances and the old lady's final softening when the tap that floods her door-steps actually runs hot water comes as near poetry as Arnold Bennett ever got. There is tenderness as well as delight in his perception of the son's inventive eagerness to press on his reluctant mother her full share of all the good things of which his ingenuity has made him lord.

It would be absurd to say that Katharine Tynan, who died early in April, had a fame in any way comparable to Arnold Bennett's. Her appeal was specially **Katharine Tynan.** to Catholics—perhaps even more to Catholic than to Irish readers. Yet no lover of verse who values what "A. E.," in his preface to her *Collected Poems*, calls "the natural gift of song," will ever be indifferent to the music that she made out of her love of country sights and sounds, out of the symbols of her religious life, and out of her pride in maternity. She could never limit her work to poetry; her pen had to be a provider; and though prose as she used it was a harmonious instrument, all she had to say that mattered was said in verse. Her going is in some sense a landmark: for she was at the beginnings of the movement which within the last fifty years has given Irish literature in the English language a distinct place of its own. She grew up when Parnell's star was in the ascendant, and when that star was clouded, her work had its own importance in an outcrop of other energies which filled an aching time. The leaders of the movement to which she belonged are still among us: Yeats, "A. E.," Douglas Hyde, Lady Gregory. Synge, who took rank with them, was late to come, as he was early to go. But T. W. Rolleston, Dora Sigerson, and Nora Hoppe were all part of the movement from the first, and they have been for years established in the anthologies. Though perhaps any one of these has left a poem or two equal in merit to the best of Katharine Tynan's, none, nor all three

together, can show such a group of verse that is likely to last in memory and be part of the literature as hers.

Two other names in the month's obituary are Irish, too, but they belong to the political Ireland; they are the very stuff of it. Mr. Healy and Lord Glenavy, old **Two Irish Statesmen.** friends and old antagonists, who died in the same week, were extreme representative types of the two strains that blend, or rather run together, within the shores of Ireland. Lord Glenavy, whom the Four Courts and the House of Commons knew as James Campbell, was as Irish as his colleague and leader, Sir Edward Carson; it is not possible to be more Irish. But he was the Protestant Irishman, and Protestantism in Ireland is town-bred. It has, of course—or it had—the country houses; the lords territorial were Protestant; but except in the Six Counties, the people of the land are Catholic. Campbell, a self-made man, helped to eminence by his own brilliant brains, was a Dubliner born and bred. Healy, who more than any man, carried on O'Connell's tradition at the Irish bar, was like O'Connell from the extreme south-west: the most gifted of an amazingly gifted band that came out of the little town of Bantry. He must have been a citizen of Dublin and a member of the Irish Bar for nearly fifty years: but from first to last, his mind had the romantic pictorial quality which belongs to the peasants of our western seaboard, and he never lost their coloured speech. He was for several years the execration of the House of Commons, and then for a quarter of a century its delight (it is true, he had begun to turn and rend other Irishmen). Members did not realise that they were listening to a true descendant of the Irish bards, whose pride it was that they could raise blisters on the face of those they satirised. Campbell had no such conspicuous success at Westminster, though his ability put him in the front rank everywhere. The Four Courts was his place of pride and he was the most successful advocate of his day; employed as much by the Nationalists as by his own partisans: and in the end, when the Home Rule that he so long opposed came into being, extreme Nationalists

chose him for the first chairman of Ireland's Upper House ; while Healy, the agitator, the very scourge of all that was English, became King George's first representative as Governor-General at the old Viceregal Lodge. The whirligig of time surely brings in its revenges ; and surely they take odd forms. What would Parnell have said could he have foreseen that strange evolution ? The only time I ever saw Parnell, I heard him speak, and only one moment of passion broke the steely coldness of his utterance. He named Healy, and added three or four words, not of vituperation, but of ironic scorn ; and the sound of them went hissing over the great gathering like a whip lash—a blast of cold that could sear like fire. Yet when one thinks it out, so long as Healy served Ireland—and he did at the Viceregal Lodge—he would have had Parnell's goodwill, though never his forgiveness. It was not the opposition to himself that stirred Parnell's fierceness ; it was the attacks on the woman he loved.

All this is ancient history now. So are the themes of Sir William Rothenstein, who, in *Men and Memories*, tells us how in Paris, between 1889 and 1891—the years of Parnell's overthrow and final struggle—he came to know, in intimacy, Whistler, Oscar Wilde and Degas, and, a year or two later, Verlaine. Of course, the French do not expect that prolonged schoolboyishness which English public schools and universities tend to produce, and the young artist had escaped these institutions ; but when all is said, he must have had amazing precociousness, not only with his pencil but in general intelligence. The sketches of Verlaine as he lay in hospital show great maturity of observation ; and they complete what the printed text has to tell us about this strange Silenus-like vagabond. Indeed, the special attraction of this notable book is the interplay between verbal commentary or reminiscence and pictorial illustration. There is a deal about Whistler, a deal about Wilde ; much also, when the scene shifts from Paris to London, about the younger lions of the 'nineties. Conder, Aubrey Beardsley and Max from the Yellow Book group—these

figure at full length, with briefer sketches of Ernest Dowson and Lionel Johnson ; and of the painters, Ricketts, Shannon, Sickert and Steer, with George Moore appearing. But it is needless to catalogue names ; this instalment (for the book is only an instalment), carried down to 1900, vividly recalls literary and artistic London of the 'nineties. Yet even more than the reminiscence—witty and amusing though that often is, helped out by letters from Conder and from Max in particular—I find entertainment in the play of the writer's mind. He was a pioneer in the 'nineties, a decadent, an ultra-modern ; to-day, in the 'thirties of another century, he is defending the " veneration " which his student period felt for the work of an artist now disparaged.

" Watts may have painted more tedious pictures than men less copiously endowed, but he painted more splendid ones . . . the impression the great compositions and portraits together made upon me at Little Holland House is unforgettable . . . There was a racial quality in all these portraits, a spirit remote from the model stand, from Louis XV settees and Coromandel screens. For Watts could still paint men and women in surroundings which belong to their own time. Victorian furniture, Victorian carpets and curtains were not borrowed from other ages ; period furniture had not yet come in, nor had the fashion for furnishing homes through dealers in antiques. Watts represented the flower of Victorian beauty and culture with a distinction which nobody since has been able to recreate."

It will be seen that this painter is also a writer of distinction. All his judgments on his own art are the utterance of an original and deeply instructed judgment. What he has to say about literature has a different interest : it represents the mind of Henley's coterie, often pungently expressed, but without the same value for guidance. Still, these notes add to the attractions of a book which stands clear away from the ruck of ordinary reminiscences, and is definitely one to keep.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

— 333 —

M. ANDRÉ SIEGFRIED's critical examination of England's crisis has attracted more attention than any commentary on our political and economic state published since the war. The serialisation of this remarkable book commenced in the April *Fortnightly*. *The Poison of Unemployment* is this month's instalment. In the June issue will appear *Britain's Economic Equilibrium*.

SIR JOHN MARRIOTT has been a frequent contributor to the pages of the *Fortnightly*. His most recent contributions include *The Crown and the Empire* (October, 1930) and *The "Mystery" of the Monarchy* (December, 1930). . . . Relieved during the past year of some of his duties as head of one of the largest publishing firms in London, ARTHUR WAUGH has given his time to writing. His biography is to be published by Chapman & Hall this autumn.

RICHARD CHURCH, besides being in the front rank of the leading poets of his generation, is a novelist of note. Dent's announce a new title by him, *High Summer*, for their autumn list. . . . OWEN TWEEDY appears occasionally in England to re-equip himself for further adventures in remote parts of the world. He was last heard from in Baghdad. . . . C. F. MELVILLE was the author of *Whither Europe* in the January *Fortnightly*. His view of the Mosley Party is provocative. . . .

PAUL SELVER, J. S. COLTART and MISS ISABEL BUTCHART are the newcomers in this month's issue to the pages of the *Fortnightly*. Miss Butchart's historical studies are of especial interest in that the conversations of all her characters are drawn from authentic sources. . . . STEPHEN GWYNN's Monthly Commentary on men and events appears each month in the *Fortnightly Review*.

M A Y

1 9 3 1

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

BOOK REVIEWS
PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS
and
SPRING LIST OF PUBLICATIONS

INDEX TO BOOKS REVIEWED IN THIS ISSUE

JOSEPH PILSUDSKI, Trans. and Ed. by
D. R. Gillie. (*Faber & Faber*) - 693

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF SIR EDMUND
GOSSE, by the Hon. Evan Charteris.
(*Heinemann*) - - - - 694

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF WILLIAM
HAZLITT. Ed. by P. P. Howe.
(*Dent*) - - - - - 696

RUSSIA: A SOCIAL HISTORY, by D. S.
Mirsky. (*Cresset Press*) - - 697

RUSSIA AT RANDOM, by Owen Tweedy.
(*Jarrolds*) - - - - - 698

CONFLICT: ANGORA TO AFGHANISTAN,
by Rosita Forbes. (*Cassell*) - 698

BRITMIS, by Phelps Hedges. (*Cape*) 698

ALARMS AND EXCURSIONS IN ARABIA,
by Bertram Thomas. (*Allen &
Unwin*) - - - - - 698

OLD LONDON BRIDGE, by Gordon Home.
(*The Bodley Head*) - - - 700

EVERYMAN. Illustrated by Thomas
Derrick. (*Dent*) - - - - 702

THE PROBLEM OF THE TWENTIETH
CENTURY, by David Davies.
(*Benn*) - - - - - 708

FICTION.

JUAN IN AMERICA, by Eric Linklater.
(*Cape*) - - - - - 704

LADYBROOK, by Eleanor Farjeon.
(*Collins*) - - - - - 704

CHARLOTTE'S ROW, by H. E. Bates.
(*Cape*) - - - - - 704

WINTER COMEDY, by Sylvia Thompson.
(*Heinemann*) - - - - - 706

STANTON, by Desmond Coke. (*Chapman
& Hall*) - - - - - 706

SUSAN SPRAY, by Sheila Kaye-Smith.
(*Cassell*) - - - - - 706

THE LIMESTONE TREE, by Joseph
Hergesheimer. (*Heinemann*) - 706

OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED.

GEORGIAN ENGLAND, by A. E. Richardson.
(*Batsford*.)

THE SPIRIT OF BRITISH POLICY, by
Hermann Kantorowicz. (*Allen &
Unwin*.)

SAVAGE MESSIAH, by H. S. Ede.
(*Heinemann*.)

AMERICAN TRAMP AND UNDERWORLD
SLANG, by Godfrey Irwin. (*Eric
Partridge*.)

CRITICISM AND OTHER ADDRESSES, by
Sir Josiah Stamp. (*Benn*.)

THE FIFTY BEST ENGLISH LETTERS, by
the 1st Earl of Birkenhead. (*Cassell*.)

NEW YORK, by Paul Morand.
(*Heinemann*.)

JUNGLE WAYS, by W. B. Seabrook.
(*Harrap*.)

THROUGH WAR TO REVOLUTION, by
A. Dosch-Fleuret. (*The Bodley Head*.)

EUROPEAN ENCOUNTERS, by HUBERT
GRIFFITH. (*The Bodley Head*.)

AUSTRIA, by J. D. Newth. (*A. & C.
Black*.)

VANTAGE STRIKER, by Helen Simpson.
(*Heinemann*.)

THE HOUSE WITH THE MAGNOLIAS, by
Ralph Arnold. (*Heinemann*.)

THUNDERCLAP, by John Brophy. (*Eric
Partridge*.)

MEN AND WIVES, by I. Compton Burnett.
(*Heinemann*.)

SHEP OF THE PAINTED HILLS, by
Alexander Hull. (*Chapman & Hall*.)

LAIRD OF LAGGAN, by J. J. Bell.
(*Chapman & Hall*.)

MARRIAGE AND MONEY, by Barbara
Blackburn. (*Secker*.)

PORTRAIT OF A DICTATOR

by JOHN HALLETT

JOSEPH PILSUDSKI. Translated
and edited by D. R. Gillie. *Faber
and Faber*. 21s.

THERE is a Ruritanian quality about
the career of Joseph Pilsudski which
makes an immediate appeal to the
English heart. It has not been given
to many men in the twentieth century
to escape from more than one prison,
to print and distribute illicit literature,
to plan assassinations, to blow up trains,
to raise an independent army to fight
in a great war, to transfer its allegiance
when the war was over to the other
side, to become the first president
of a new state and, finally, to over-
throw its constitution by a military
coup d'état; and all this with the light-
hearted self-confidence of the born
adventurer. In our own prosaic
Western Europe we have no desire to
encounter a Pilsudski in the flesh;
but we are momentarily grateful that
the wild East, as well as the wild
West, is still there to add a touch of
old-world colour to this drab modern
age.

The book is unusual both in form
and in content. Marshal Pilsudski
has published at various times exten-
sive fragments of autobiography. Mr.
Gillie has translated these, and has
intercalated "translator's notes" to
bridge the gaps in the narrative. He
has done his work with skill and dis-
cretion; but the result is unequal.
For while minor occurrences are some-
times described by the Marshal himself
at inordinate length, Mr. Gillie in his
self-effacing way expects us to be
content with half a dozen lines on
far more important events which have

escaped his hero's capricious pen.
It is, for example, a pity that a hundred
pages should be devoted to the unim-
portant military operations of the
Polish Legion in 1914, and a single
paragraph to the Russian-Polish cam-
paigns of 1920. The Marshal has in
fact written at length on these cam-
paigns; but this section of his memoirs
is for some reason not embodied in the
present work.

In his early youth Pilsudski spent
five years in exile in Siberia, and later
was imprisoned in the Warsaw Citadel
from which he escaped by feigning
insanity. The motive force which lent
coherence to his chequered career
down to 1917 was hatred of Russia;
and the intensity of this emotion
constituted the strength of his position
in pre-war Polish politics. In the
early years of the twentieth century,
the Polish movement was divided into
two strongly opposed factions: the
National Democrats, who hoped to
win autonomy for Poland by sub-
servience to the Russian government,
and the Socialists who aimed at
independence for Poland through the
overthrow of the Tsarist regime. There
was a dramatic moment at the begin-
ning of the Russo-Japanese War when
Pilsudski, the leader of the Socialists,
and Dmowski, the leader of the National
Democrats met in Tokyo. The former
had hastened thither to offer a Polish
legion to the Japanese army; the
latter hurried after him, in the interests
of the Russian government, to coun-
teract his designs. But the Polish
Socialists were also divided. Some of
them, being good Marxists, thought

Polish nationalism almost as unclean a thing as Russian Tsarism. Others, like Pilsudski, wanted the overthrow of Tsarism as a stepping-stone to the realisation of Polish national aspirations. In the end it was Pilsudski who won, both against the National Democrats and against the Polish International Socialists. But the bitterness of these divisions explains the fierce animosities which characterise the political life of new Poland.

The first result of the Russian revolution was to deprive Pilsudski of his mission in life: the destruction of the Russian Empire. By a natural reaction, he quarrelled with his German patrons, who put him out of harm's way by internment at Magdeburg for the last fifteen months of the war. The revolution released him; and he returned in triumph to Poland to be proclaimed dictator and subsequently, when the Diet met, to be elected president. It was not easy for a man of Pilsudski's temperment and training to fit himself into the framework of constitutional government; and the spleen which had once found an outlet in the struggle with Russia now too often vented itself on his compatriots. The present book stops at 1923, before the internal struggle had reached its climax in the *coup d'état*.

Marshal Pilsudski's prose reads well and vividly in Mr. Gillie's version. Best of all are the speeches. The Marshal is a great orator. Whether he speaks of Vilna "whose walls caressed me as a child and taught me to love the greatness of truth," or accuses his detractors "of spitting, of throwing mud, of which the mind that can bring itself to such things must be full," we recognise the authentic note of one who sways men by the power of words. He is, first and last, a born fighter; and Poland is not the first State in history to be embarrassed by one of the major problems of peace—what to do with our successful generals?

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF SIR EDMUND GOSSE, by Evan Charteris. Heinemann 25s.

MR. CHARTERIS is to be congratulated on his admirable fulfilment of an extremely difficult task. There is no harder subject for a biographer than a man of letters, nothing less easy to get over the footlights than a true estimate of a personality which has already given itself full, though sometimes self-distorted, expression in such a vast output of literature, critical and creative, as flowed for sixty years from the pen of Edmund Gosse. And in his case the difficulty was intensified because in *Father and Son* he had himself forestalled the most fascinating part of the *Life* that remained to be written. Yet, except Prof. Elton's study of C. E. Montague, no recent biography of a man of letters equals this one in personal interest, and Prof. Elton had, to help him, the arresting story of Montague's war experiences.

Nothing of this kind ever happened to Gosse; indeed very little happened at all. From a repressed childhood, over-charged with spiritual instruction, he passed into the care of two pious maiden-ladies in Tottenham, got a laborious and not too congenial post on the cataloguing staff of the British Museum, made some literary friends, was helped by one of them to more congenial work as translator to the Board of Trade, married, enlarged his literary circle, and finally blossomed out into the social figure that all London knew as the librarian of the House of Lords and a leading literary critic. No life could have been less eventful. A lecturing tour in America and a short but somewhat unfortunate professorship at Cambridge were its most outstanding features.

But it is the man himself, the busy writer, the brilliant conversationalist, "the born medium," whose eagerness was so contagious and sympathy so

compelling, that Mr. Charteris contrives to make live again in the pages of this book. Gosse's life was a long string of ardent friendships, a never-ending series of literary enthusiasms. The friends included Hamo Thornycroft—perhaps the dearest and most intimate of them all—R. L. Stevenson, Swinburne, Austin Dobson, Henry James, George Moore, and the literary enthusiasms ranged from the Restoration dramatists, an early love, through the eighteenth-century poets, Gray of the "Elegy" in particular, down to the Parnassians and Symbolists and even younger representatives of the latest French and English Schools. It was characteristic of Gosse that in mind and spirit he never grew old, though in social outlook and on questions of morals his standpoint was old-fashioned and Victorian. There is a curiously-worded letter here quoted, where, anent Stead's fine, though imprudent, crusade against the horrors of the White Slave traffic, Gosse says to R.L.S.: "I have quite broken with the newspapers. . . . My last bond was broken when the P.M.G. burst into its Romance of the Brothel."

That was Gosse all over; he had a horror of irregularities and social scandals. He was a stickler for etiquette. Never was anyone less Bohemian, though seldom had any literary man a wider circle of writer and painter friends, renewed from generation to generation. As a critic, he had the defects of his sympathetic and mercurial temperament. His early education had been faulty, and he wrote too much. His scholarship was often to seek, and he did not always stop to verify his references. Hence the unfortunate episode of the Churton Collins' controversy, when the sounder, if less brilliant, critic from Oxford convicted Gosse of grievous errors in the American Lectures which he had published through the Cambridge University Press, *From Shakespeare to*

Pope, and the substance of which formed the basis of the course of lectures he was giving at Cambridge as Clark Lecturer on English Literature. Gosse never forgot or forgave that exposure. The episode is here treated with sympathy and on the whole with discretion; but, though jealousy might be assigned as the motive of the attack by Gosse's consoling, it should not now be imputed to Collins without further evidence to support it.

As a writer, Gosse will live mainly because of two books, *Father and Son*, which is a masterpiece and already a classic, and the study of *Thomas Gray* in the English Men of Letters Series. His poetry had charm and polish but no depth, and his critical studies had grace, sparkle, and wide knowledge, but they did not, like Matthew Arnold's, make an epoch in criticism. It was both his good, and his bad, fortune that when he began to write, the more serious and scholarly criticism of the 'sixties was giving place to "the criticism which touches lightly through the medium of analogy and allusion, which gossips and becomes confidential and aims at accelerating enjoyment." In that sort of criticism Gosse was to prove himself a master; but the ease with which he mastered it disguised from both the world, and too often from himself, that its roots had not struck down deep enough into the subsoil of accurate scholarship.

It is probably as a friend and as a conversationalist that he will be best remembered. Hence the wisdom of publishing, as his biographer here does, so large and varied a selection of his intimate letters. And with his quick observation and his great gift for portraiture, he was supremely well qualified, as Mr. Charteris says, "to be the glorified showman of experience lending art to reminiscence and differentiating it from anecdote."

JANET E. COURTNEY,

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF WILLIAM HAZLITT. Centenary Edition. Edited by P. P. Howe. Vols. 13, 14, 15. *Dent*. £15 15s. *the set of 21 vols.*

WITH these three, six of the twenty-one volumes of the sedate and impressive Complete Hazlitt are published. The "Table Talk" is still cunningly delayed and it cannot be pretended that any but the out-and-out Hazlittian will be kept long in patience by the Napoleon. Every man ought, no doubt, to have his magnum opus as he ought to have his private theological system, his hidden deity, some weapon against the world; but one picks up the Napoleon with the perfunctory sympathy reserved for idols that have outlived their religion and their utility. For there is, alas! no need to read the Napoleon; Hazlitt, the man, discoursing on tyrants and tyranny, liberty and complacency, French vanity and English insolence, the shame of legitimate kings and the classic stature of a great conqueror who will free the world from oppression, we will read with profit and a communicated passion; but Hazlitt plodding through history on his vast task of special pleading is too much. His is an irrelevant rebellion, something too sentimentally "agin the government" to reach beyond his time into ours.

Nor can we soothe our despair by the comforting reflection that, in its day, the *Life* had a place. It was his last work; the writing of it virtually killed him and ruined the publishers; Scott had forestalled him and the book was scarcely noticed by the critics. It entirely "missed the market." As Mr. Augustine Birrell in his caustic biography remarked: "It cannot but be unfortunate when a man is doomed to select for his hero the arch-enemy of his country. It is wisest to hate your country's enemies. The Church allows it, the

national anthem demands it, and the experience of mankind approves it." But the tragedy—if that is not too big a word to describe the unresolved conflict between Hazlitt's zest and his exasperation—lies deeper in that curious inheritance of a conscience in rebellion which Hazlitt had from his Irish forbears, in that mysterious something which, in De Quincey's words, put him early "athwart the current of existence." The spectacle of Wordsworth's sheepish return to the fold is not elevating; but there is also such a thing as being in a minority too long.

If you remain in rebellion long enough, of course, you may survive for the next revolution and one can start many a hare by transcribing certain passages on the French Revolution and the Coalition and trying their application to the present regime in Russia. Would a latter-day Hazlitt have found there that "one reputation in modern times equal to the ancients . . . a man greater than the throne he sat upon," or that instigation to a "love of glory" and "the wish to see personal merit prevail over external rank and circumstance?" Would not the sentimentalist have created him and the accompanying metaphysician have split hairs in his defence? But, after all, it is not Napoleon and the kings, this cause or the other, that can really interest us, as we pick up the *Life*, but Hazlitt himself; the man who takes his "three hours walk to dinner—and then to thinking." Where is he in the *Life*? First of all in the preface, which the publisher was afraid of, sick and tired, unrepentant, "bloody but unbowed"; again in the magnificent chapter on the causes of the French Revolution with its oratorical swing and prosecution:

"It is sometimes pretended as if the French Revolution burst out like a volcano without any previous

warning, only to alarm and destroy—or as one of those comet-like appearances, the approach of which no one can tell till the shock and conflagration are felt . . . It was not a dearth of provisions, the loss of the Queen's jewels, that could overturn all the institutions and usages of a great Kingdom—it was not the revolution that produced the change in the face of society, but the change in the texture of society that produced the revolution, and brought its outward appearance to a nearer correspondence with its inward sentiments."

Again there is Hazlitt of the purple patch flaming into invective as he blames the Coalition for the Terror:

"Those who did all in their power to impede the march of truth and freedom (with impudence and hypocrisy at their side) and sooner than relinquish a title of their own pride and monstrous pretensions, to convert the the fairest prospects into a scene of devastation and blood, bringing about the very calamities they predicted, by driving a whole people to despair and madness, no less by the threats and vengeance denounced than from the hopes and possession of liberty snatched from them."

And with Napoleon at the entry into the States of Parma is Hazlitt, the painter, the man at peace, discoursing on the Correggio "St. Jerome" in a delightful interlude in the narrative, which concludes with the characteristic shot, that if the British had been offered the alternative of eighty thousand pounds or the Correggio there would have been no doubt about the choice. Pictures, "offer no temptation to our cupidity"!

In short, one finds as one reads a growing admiration for these intensely personal volumes. Over and over again there are superb scenes: the entry into Moscow and the sinister

beginnings of the fire, that return to Josephine when she ran hysterically from the room; and, finally, no reader could fail to catch the fire of Hazlitt's indignation at the wretchedness of the tragedy of St. Helena, or to feel that his spirit was equal to the theme if his judgment were not.

V. S. PRITCHETT.

RUSSIA: A SOCIAL HISTORY, by D. S. Mirsky. Edited by Prof. C. G. Seligman. *The Cresset Press*. 25s.

IN the prospectus of Prince Mirsky's *Russia* we are warned that "this book is not intended as a substitute for the usual type of history. It is not a narrative of events but an attempt to present the more stable parts of the background of the several periods of Russian history." As it should be, the book opens with an able definition of the geographic background, which is followed by a sketch of Russia before the Russians, from the Palæolithic times onwards. In dealing with Russian history proper, the author has adopted the usual division of its process into the Kiev, the Tartar, the Muscovite, and the Petersburg periods, wisely stopping at the Russian revolution as the beginning of an entirely new era. Through an analysis of the geographic, economic and social causes, he tries to show not only various inner springs of Russian history, but also the proper characteristics of each period as presented by its general style of life, its social factors, and partly also its art and literature.

The task of writing a book with such a range in some 300 pages, and for foreign readers into the bargain, is in itself extremely difficult. M. I. Pokrovsky's *Russian History*, which is written on somewhat analogous lines, runs into four substantial volumes and still remains a rather condensed work.

The gaps which one finds in Prince Mirsky's book are thus due mainly to a lack of space. Many aspects had to be dealt with only cursorily, while page after page looks almost too crammed with facts and comments. The book would certainly gain if more space had been allotted to the "external events" proper—the more so because it is intended for the non-Russian readers, who are, as a rule, not over-familiar with those events. One also misses at times an organic leading thread, and finally a "synthetic" concluding chapter which would sum up the quintessence of the book and show both the inevitability and the enormous significance of the Russian revolution on a proper scale. With all that, Mirsky's book is valuable both

as a study and as a reference book full of information. His competent classification of various languages, races, tribes and nations inhabiting the present Russian territory is particularly useful to the foreign student, while the chapters dealing with the Ukrainians and White Russians in their relationship to the Russians proper will be welcomed by all who would like to get initiated into these rather involved problems. In spite of its shortcomings—and of some of them the author himself is perfectly aware—the book can be recommended both as an introduction to the hidden recesses of the Russian past and as a key to the complicated present-day Russia which has grown out of that past.

JANKO LEVRIN.

ADVENTURES IN THE EAST

RUSSIA AT RANDOM, by Owen Tweedy. Jarrolds. 7s 6d.

CONFLICT: ANGORA TO AF-GHANISTAN, by Rosita Forbes. Cassell. 15s.

BRITMIS, by Phelps Hedges. Jonathan Cape. 12s. 6d.

ALARMS AND EXCURSIONS IN ARABIA, by Bertram Thomas. Allen and Unwin. 15s.

THERE are few things more difficult for the publicist to discover than the truth about Russia: that part of Central Asia which is under Russian influence is, indeed, a closed book for all but those who avow Bolshevik sympathies. The author of the first book on my list went to Leningrad and Moscow as a three days' tourist only, and his impressions, though most readable, are, in so far as they relate to the reality or essence of the Bolshevik experiment,

necessarily and, in fact, confessedly superficial. Mr. Tweedy throws more light, in short, upon his own sensitive and sensible temperament than upon the old and new capitals of Russia. He notes the prevalence of the queue habit, the Soviets' masterly control of publicity, the pathos of Tsarskoye Syelo, and so on; he records, as a matter of somewhat pathetic interest, some of the propaganda which was duly dinned into him by charming and apparently sincere guides, but he is too experienced a traveller either to reject or to accept *in toto* such propaganda. It says much for the readiness of his pen, and particularly for his gentle but affecting humour, that this slight book can be read with pleasure at one sitting.

Mrs. Rosita Forbes was unable even to get into Russia. Neither did she—though one might not guess it from

the title of her book—penetrate into Afghanistan. But she devotes some fifty pages of her book to the tales of refugees from Russia who had sought refuge in north-west Persia. These are not, unfortunately, particularly enlightening, and they might, for all their picturesqueness, have been omitted from a volume, the apparent object of which is to demonstrate the movement towards modernisation in Islamic States and the forces of action and reaction in that movement. If Mrs. Forbes is not profound she is generally purposeful, and it is all the more to be regretted that she had allowed a considerable amount of "copy," which, though suitable enough as mere journalism, is not really germane to her subject, to be included in this book. She has fallen, moreover, between the learned and the light, heedless of the fact that her natural bent is towards the latter.

Major Phelps Hedges has a first-class story to tell, but his telling of it could have been infinitely improved had he employed someone to wring the sponge of his mind for him. He was sent, at the end of 1918, to join the British Military Mission which was attached to the Orenburg Army, a force of largely effete Russians that had been operating against the Reds south of the Trans-Siberian Railway. His contempt for the officers of the "Whites," he makes no endeavour to disguise: a penchant for fearless statement is, indeed, one of the assets of the work. How he journeyed across Siberia from Vladivostok to Omsk and Petrapavlovsk, how, together with a few other stranded Europeans, he was left in the air at Akmolinsk, the only way of escape from the oncoming Reds being eastwards across the Kirghiz Steppes and the Gobi Desert, and how he achieved a most memorable trek, via

THE MYSTERIOUS MADAME

A Life of Madame Blavatsky

By 'EPHESIAN' (C. E. BECHHOFFER ROBERTS)

With portrait frontispiece.

7s. 6d. net

"Mr. Roberts has dealt faithfully but not uncharitably with Madame Blavatsky, and the result is a book so illuminating and amusing that we hope he will be encouraged to write a sequel."—*Morning Post*.

OLD LONDON BRIDGE

By GORDON HOME

With 61 Illustrations in photogravure, and numerous black and white drawings from contemporary sources. 31s. 6d. net

"An admirably written and beautifully illustrated history of the old bridge. The illustrations alone make the book notable."—*The Times*.

JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD LTD., VIGO ST., W.1

Chuguchak, Urumchi, Hani, Lianchow, and Honan to Peking—this, as I have said, constitutes a quite remarkable tale.

I have left to the last the best book of these four. Mr. Bertram Thomas, whose success, announced but a few weeks ago, in crossing the Great Southern Desert of Arabia—a feat never before accomplished by white man—has written a book that is at once virile, scholarly, and fertile. It must appeal both to the general reader and to the specialist. His experiences during and after the War in Mesopotamia, under the historic régime of Sir Arnold Wilson as Civil Commissioner, make intensely exciting matter; even more thrilling is his account of a naval encounter, undertaken last summer, with a recalcitrant sheikh in north-eastern Oman, on the Persian Gulf. Mr. Thomas writes modestly, with the blithe spirit of youth even, but at his best his dramatic force is notable. His understanding of and sympathy with the uncultured Arab are, moreover, highly developed. Small wonder that the sheikhs of the Muntafiq, in Lower Mesopotamia, trusted him: small wonder that, having been rescued by aeroplane from Shatrah, during the 1920 rebellion against the British, he returned six months later to be received with open arms: small wonder that, in 1930, he was able to arrange peace terms with, and to gain the friendship of, an infidel-hating sheikh whose prestige had been disturbed by the guns of H.M.S. *Lupin*.

Of that unknown south-eastern corner of Arabia, Mr. Thomas writes with knowledge unsurpassed by any living European. For the last five years he has lived there, acting as Prime Minister to the Sultan of Muscat and Oman. With infinite care, obviously the product of considerable sympathy, he discovers to us the primitive ways of its peoples, their customs and beliefs, their hopes and fears. He describes

the eating of sharks and of fish-fed oxen, the best mode of cooking locusts, the pagan rites and the folk-lore of many Omanis, a hundred unsuspected facts about the camel (and how much has been written on the camel since the War!), the marches of the Sultan of Muscat and Oman through his extensive domains—a practice which shows Oman to have certain resemblances to mediæval or feudal Europe—he regales us, in short, with innumerable unknown facts, historical, anthropological, archæological. This is a book of a rare kind, well worthy of taking a place with other classic volumes on Arabia, a country which has induced a higher standard of excellence in writing than any other single land.

KENNETH WILLIAMS.

OLD LONDON BRIDGE, by Gordon Home. *The Bodley Head*. 31s. 6d.

THIS was a book that wanted doing, and few writers could have been trusted to do it more thoroughly than Mr. Gordon Home, whose knowledge of old London is exhaustive, and whose name is well known as an authority on the city in Roman and Mediæval times. Apart from the fascination of the subject, the history of the various phases of the bridge, which was once such a decorative feature, was well worth retelling; for it is over a century since Richard Thompson produced his painstaking and voluminous account of it. Until now that work has been the chief source of information regarding the bridge; but much has happened since those days; many new facts have emerged, of which Mr. Gordon Home has amply availed himself, and here we have as complete a record of this outstanding monument of London's past as the most exacting can require. Old London Bridge has become something more than the name of the only means of communication which origin-

Two Important Spring Books.

Just Out

New Discoveries Relating to the Antiquity of Man

Sir Arthur Keith, M.D., D.Sc., LL.D., F.R.C.S., F.R.S.

Investigates the problem of man's origin in the light of recent discoveries in all parts of the world—Africa, Egypt, Palestine, Moravia, America, China, Java, Australasia, Spain, Italy, Germany, France, etc.; and proves conclusively that Darwin was right when he said that Man under the influence of Biological forces which may be observed has been raised from a place among the Anthropoid Apes. Written in non-technical language yet with strict scientific accuracy, this book is invaluable to all who would know the latest and best regarding the origin of Man.

Large demy 8vo. 188 illustrations. 512 pages. £1-1-0 net.

Ready June 2nd

Life: Outlines of General Biology

Professor Sir J. Arthur Thomson, M.A., LL.D., etc.

and

Professor Patrick Geddes.

Takes a comprehensive survey of the whole field of Biology and illustrates the kind of problem to be faced along the four main lines of enquiry—Physiological, Anatomical, Embryological and Evolutionary. Particular emphasis is laid upon the natural history or ecological aspects of Biology and on Evolution problems. A distinctive feature is the prominence given to the long-standing opposition between mechanistic and vitalistic ways of looking at life; and here it is hoped that an eirenic, because synoptic, solution has been reached. Much attention is paid to questions which are not very frequently discussed, such as the position of Biology among the Sciences, the sub-divisions of Biology, the relations of Biology to other intellectual activities, to the arts, and to human life, in its ethical as well as practical aspects.

Medium 8vo. 202 illustrations. 1520 pages. £3-3-0 net.

Williams & Norgate, Ltd.

38, Great Ormond Street, London, W.C.1.

ally existed between the two banks of the river. It is one of those features to which we look back as we do to some half forgotten far-off thing, which looms in the imagination as a kind of visionary delight. We see it in our mind's eye as far more ample and far more beautiful than the Ponte Vecchio; we visualise its component parts: the little chapel in its midst; the pinnacled splendour of Nonesuch House, and the earlier Gate House with its drawbridge; the great stone gateway on the Southwark side, on which the heads of malefactors rotted as they did on Temple Bar; the rows of dwellings dominating its squat but massive arches; and the rush of the tide pouring through those arches, and, incidentally, bringing with their turbulence fame and fortune to the founder of a ducal house. We see, in later days, painters setting up their easels, and studying the manifold lights and shadows playing on the waters, and the vivid life of the eighteenth century borne on their surface; and in the paintings of Serres and Monamy, and through Hogarth's opened window, can catch a glimpse of the city on its banks, which Wren had reconstructed and to which Gibbs and Chambers and the rest, were to add their quota of edifices and spires.

This is, I think, what springs to our minds when we speak or think of Old London Bridge. But the structure we conjure up had earlier and later phases. So far back as A.D. 43 a bridge was here, although not exactly at the same point as the structure which Peter de Colechurch created in the twelfth century, from which latter the old houses were cleared away during the eighteenth century leaving, however, the ancient arches, so narrow, except for a large one formed in the centre, that people daringly "shot the bridge" in the time of George the Fourth as they had done in the time of Elizabeth.

In this excellent and fully documented book, we have the whole history of the famous structure narrated so vividly, that even such technical portions as might be supposed to give the reader pause, become part of a fascinating whole. For what we here peruse is in a sense the record not merely of a bridge but of a little riverside village, the tenements and shops of which overhung the roaring waters, where books were printed and published, where merchandise was sold, where artists lived and worked, and across which had passed those gaily caparisoned processions of Mediæval and Tudor times, which gave to the London of the remote past a glamour which has not a little blinded us to its manifold discomforts.

E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR.

EVERYMAN, a moral play, presented by Thomas Derrick. *Dent*. 15s.

In the foreword to the attractive edition of the play of *Everyman*, presented by Thomas Derrick, we are told that it "has been conceived as a whole, and planned, page by page, by the artist." Such books are all too rare, where there has been a definite attempt at unity through co-operation between artist and printer. Every incident in the play has been depicted with a wood-cut, well placed over the text. Mr. Derrick has given the wood-cut its original function, namely, to embellish the printed page. Perhaps a heavier and more decorative type, of the character used on the title-page, would have been in closer harmony with the stronger designs which tend in some instances to overwhelm the words beneath. However, the cuts themselves have considerable charm, and are admirably suited to the spirit of the play.

F. W. WENTWORTH-SHEILDS.

BURNS OATES & WASHBOURNE LIMITED

THE HOUSE OF THE TEMPLE

By F. W. RYAN

A study of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, their origin and organisation through the centuries.
'An excellent story excellently told' *Spectator*
Fully illustrated with Maps. Cloth gilt, 25s. net

THE MODERN ADVENTURE

By W. J. BLYTON

'A most inspiring book written from a great knowledge of contemporary literature.'—Dr. J. M. Bulloch—*Daily Dispatch*.
Crown 8vo. 6s.

MORE MEMORIES AND MUSINGS

By the Rt. Abbot Sir DAVID HUNTER-BLAIR, Bart., O.S.B.

entertaining and vivacious volume of reminiscences.—
Aberdeen Press
Crown 8vo. Cloth, 7s. 6d.

INTO THEIR COMPANY

By a Medical Woman, a Girl and a Wife.

With a Preface by Father C. C. Martindale, S.J.

A book for a modern girl on love and marriage: the counterpart of Fr. Martindale's famous 'Difficult Commandment' for boys.
Wrapper 1s. 6d. Cloth, 2s. 6d.

THE NEW J.L. AND OTHER STORIES

By M. E. M. YOUNG

Miss Young's fame has already spread far as a result of her play, 'The Alabaster Box,' and these eleven short stories show equal dramatic power in another medium.
Crown 8vo. 5/-

THE HIGHER COURT

By M. E. M. YOUNG

(Author of the 'Alabaster Box').

A Play in four acts.

3s. 6d.

43, NEWGATE STREET, E.C.1, and
129, VICTORIA STREET, S.W.1.

SELECTED FICTION

JUAN IN AMERICA, by Eric Linklater. *Cape*. 7s. 6d.

LADYBROOK, by Eleanor Farjeon. *Collins*. 7s. 6d.

CHARLOTTE'S ROW, by H. E. Bates. *Cape*. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Linklater provides his book with a prologue, entitled *The Family Tree*, of which the chief purpose is to demonstrate that Juan Motley is a descendant of Don Juan himself. This prologue is as well written as the rest of the book, but it is all a trifle irrelevant, and the author does well to warn us, in a prefatory note, that "only readers with a rigid historical sense should start the book at page 15. All others should begin at page 63." For the true subject of the book is not Juan at all, but modern America, in all its most comic and sensational aspects. Juan is, in fact, a rather featureless character. He is a wonderfully adaptable young man, ready for any experience that offers; but nothing, least of all his love-making, seems to touch him intimately, and it is impossible to care what becomes of him. He exists for the sake of what he sees; he is a window through which we watch a highly-coloured pageant. Mr. Linklater is a true exuberant, with a vast appetite for the fun and excitement of travel. And, what is more to the point, he can write. His narrative style is swift and full of changing colour, and his comments are always richly entertaining. He is particularly good in the vein of elaborate nonsense that is proper to the second or third stage of inebriation. Here is Juan talking to a large and lovely female acrobat. He says, being full of gin:

"I am singularly clear-sighted at the present moment. I am in a mood to discern the essentials of

life behind all its shams and the poppycock of convention, and I see no reason why you should experience any sensation of Hebrew pietism. You are Pagan and Greek. Hellenic, rather. Hellenic by all means. And what I feel about you is this: your beauty—please don't interrupt me. I'm not flattering you, I'm talking coldly and dispassionately, and if you're not careful, I'll forget what I was going to say. Your beauty, I feel, is a function of your vitality. That is, it's ingrained and real, not a mere adventitious prettiness. What would adventitious prettiness look like if you saw it upside down? Just damned silly. But you don't look silly at all. You look as beautiful upside down as you do downside up. I mean the other way up. And why? Because your beauty is real and complete, and Keats says Beauty is Truth. Beauty is truth. O Beauty, if that name thou love, who art a light to guide the erring, and improve the genial sense of youth! I think that's misquoted, but it doesn't matter, because you see what I mean, don't you?"

In short, Mr. Linklater has succeeded in everything that he has attempted. And he has not attempted intimacy.

Miss Farjeon has her own peculiar magic, a questing spirit and a sense of the brooding presences of nature. These things give distinction to her novel of the Sussex Downs. Only the most insular and insensitive of Cockneys will fail to enjoy her evocative prose, her descriptions of farmstead and landscape, her knowledge of those ancient green hills "which lose themselves, one beyond another, in a mist that is like the suspended breath of sleep." Neither man nor beast, she tells us, "can do more than etch his sign upon

the Downs. They take whatever is scored upon them, all crops of corn or roots, all cart-tracks and all furrows, all prints of foot and hoof, and smooth them to the shapes of their own bodies. They submit to colour, but that many-patched clothing is worn by them as evenly as skin." These things, and this enthusiasm, are out of fashion: Chelsea and Bloomsbury will have none of them. And Miss Farjeon has rather played into the hands of the enemy by perversely deciding to mix her two plots together and so making the worst of both. The story that old Deborah Ley tells to Robert Etheridge, her literary lodger, interrupts, and is interrupted by, the story of Robert Etheridge himself, his half-mystical love for the lovely Nona, and the conflict between this love and another, of which we have only hints. This means, for the reader, a series of frustrations; and the fragrant atmosphere of the book, delicate and charming though it is, does not provide adequate compensation for this fundamental defect.

I find I have allowed myself inadequate space for the discussion of Mr. H. E. Bates's novel, which certainly deserves better than to be dismissed in a closing paragraph. As readers of his short stories well know, Mr. Bates is master of a very careful, flexible, and vivid style. His vision is quick, and his artistry unflagging. Every page of *Charlotte's Row* contains good writing. Nevertheless, this is not Mr. Bates at his best. The story is discursive and lacks grip; the characters are types and lack individuality; the drama, which is discontinuous, too often rises to a kind of laboured violence, like a parody of Russian fiction; and the book as a whole fails to engage intimately one's imagination. But even if Mr. Bates should be moved to share our disappointment with this book, his talent is too vital a force to be quenched by it.

GERALD BULLETT

DENT

MODERN
GERMANIES

CICELY HAMILTON

'Miss Hamilton is an ideal reporter upon the new Germanies. She has missed nothing that is significant. . . It is absorbing study, critical while sympathetic.' *Cecil Roberts* in the *Sphere*. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net.

¶ Prospectus post free.

PRIVATE
SEA JOURNALS

ADMIRAL

SIR THOMAS PASLEY

'A diary which is the real thing. These sea journals convey a vivid impression of the man, and an accurate picture of life at sea 150 years ago that cannot be surpassed.' *Commander A. T. Stewart* in the *Sunday Times*. Illustrated. 16s. net.

¶ Prospectus post free.

LONDON AT HOME

M. V. HUGHES

'M. V. Hughes has the same gift [as H. V. Morton] of fixing upon the facts that matter and describing them in racy language.' *Wilson Pope* in the *Star*. Illustrated by G. E. Chambers. 6s. net.

SHIPSHAPE

EDMUND VALE

A compendium of nautical information for the sea-going landsman. 'I welcome it with cheers.' *Harold Nicolson* in the *Daily Express*. Illustrated. 6s. net.

COOKING THROUGH
THE CENTURIES

J. R. AINSWORTH-DAVIS

'To say that this cool, learned, business-like account is one of the most fascinating books which have appeared in the last twelve months is to state the case mildly.' *News-Chronicle*. Illustrated. 6s. net.

¶ Prospectus post free.

10, BEDFORD ST. W.C.2

WINTER COMEDY, by Sylvia Thompson. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

STANTON, by Desmond Coke. Chapman & Hall. 7s. 6d.

SUSAN SPRAY, by Sheila Kaye-Smith. Cassell. 7s. 6d.

THE LIMESTONE TREE, by Joseph Hergesheimer. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

NOVELS, as a rule, either square up to contemporary life or provide an escape from it. The squaring-up is apt to be an ungainly affair or else the most obvious shadow-boxing: a question of "Come here and be hit," "Stand still just for a second, hold your hands so, now look at the little bird. . . ." So Mr. Arlen shadow-boxes to music in Mayfair, and Mr. Wyndham Lewis batters down his friends in rounds of pre-war unmitigated slogging. The public pays and looks on, as usual; thinks "This is very nice" or "very nasty"; but in reply to Mr. Lewis's dogmatic "This is LIFE!" it only answers, "Oh, is it?" And the reviewer, who acts as a sort of reporter to these matches, gets out of the difficulty by adding, "Well, perhaps not life, but—don't you see?—Literature." To that there is no answer.

Miss Thompson seems to tackle modern life in *Winter Comedy*, but, in fact, she only makes circles round it. She is concerned, of course, with "modern problems," discontent in the air, a few bloodys slung about, the triangle preliminary to the Divorce Court. Is it possible to be a nice, quiet woman with all this jazz about? To have your fling and keep it, too? To go native for a bit and be a good wife in the country, and then crash off to Paris with a lover? The answer to all these problems is simple: Yes, you can do it with money. All the characters in *Winter Comedy* have money when the book starts, so that

virtually Miss Thompson found the answer to her problems before she began writing. One may be able to pity the poor little rich girl, but not the poor little rich girl who pities herself. Miss Thompson fusses too much over Caroline; she even makes her paint pictures (art is so serious). Actually, Caroline is a sensationalist without the full determination to get her kick out of life. She hovers between being in love with two men, both determined and in earnest; she loves the one who happens to be *there*. In the end it is her husband who is *there*, and all ends happily. *Winter Comedy* is not a definitely bad book, it is well written, and the characters are individual, though they have their stage-faces towards the reader. But the whole atmosphere of the book is of a lot of people acting up to a newspaper article on "Should Wives Leave Home"—all very concerned and quiet and being damned decent about it. Miss Thompson writes so well that one wishes she did not read newspapers.

Stanton is also a novel with problems, but in this case the problems are the most interesting part of the book. Mr. Desmond Coke has written a number of novels about school-life which are realistic and sympathetic, and *Stanton* is an unexaggerated account of a boy's life at school and his return to it as headmaster. The story is uneventful, as it was bound to be, but Mr. Coke does succeed in giving two views of a school—the boys' and the masters'. He gives you bits of genuine schoolboys' conversation, slangy and punctuated with kicks, and the common-room with its rivalry between young and old masters, its *esprit-de-corps* and carefully innocuous "Great Scott's" is admirably true. The problems of the book are not newspaper ones; sex as a fact or a topic of conversation is only incidental, and boys do not fall in love with their

housemasters' wives. Stanton began as a private school with a hundred boys, a good deal of freedom and an unimportant seaside existence; and, after forty years, it moved inland and became a large public school. Games were made compulsory, everything was well worked out and punctilious. Stanton was recognised as turning out the "right type," which begins at birth on a waiting-list and goes out afterwards into the world wearing the right tie. Which school was better, the old or the new? There is no doubt about Mr. Coke's answer, and he states the argument with genuine force. The book, of course, is something more than argument for one system or another; but its argument is inherent and its problems real.

Susan Spray and *The Limestone Tree* are so amazingly competent, and the

quality of their authors is so well known, that I need only mention the titles and hint the stories. Nothing is more characteristic of the modern novel in its abundance and variety than the existence of books like these, largely traditional in style and spirit, which are excellent stories and, if not quite "literature," are, at any rate, what Mr. Priestley has called "full-time jobs." Reviewers tend to accept writers like Miss Kaye-Smith and Mr. Hergesheimer as novelists of genius, whereas seen in the perspective of literature they are, of course, nowhere. So far as genius goes, Sir Hall Caine has as much as either. They have the common habit of adopting a county or an island, of romanticising the common life, and exploring it through a series of books in extraordinary detail. It is like filling in the corners of a large

WISHART & COMPANY

SCRUTINIES vol. 2.
by VARIOUS WRITERS
"Genuinely creative criticism."
Times Lit. Supp.
"... a book of genuine discussion,
and for that reason not to be over-
looked."—The Editor, *Everyman*.

7s. 6d. net.

YOFUKU
OR, JAPAN IN TROUSERS
by SHERARD VINES
author of "Humours Unreconciled."
"His book is not a mere
travel book, but an acute
and finely understanding
study of the people."
—*Everyman*.

7s. 6d. net.

THE GREAT WAVE
by MONA CAIRD
515 pages.
A novel of ideas rather than
a romance of action.

19 BUCKINGHAM STREET

canvas. There is no new canvas or fresh vision; the same picture becomes more and more complete. Miss Kaye-Smith is not interested in the modern world, not even to Mr. Chesterton's extent of exploding fireworks in it. She has chosen Sussex as a rambling ground because the life is old-flavoured and literary associations are strong. In *Susan Spray* she goes back a hundred years and traces the career of a woman preacher born on the border of Sussex and Surrey. As a small child earning a few pence a week in the hungry 'forties, scaring crows, Susan invented a vision of God in the field and expounded it at a Sunday meeting. As she grew up these visions, fostered by vanity and histrionic talent, increased in intensity. Susan became leader of the Colgate brethren. Through her three marriages, religion with its implication of prophetess, hardened her to a ruinous selfishness. She was capable of falling in love, but her fanaticism made marriage impossible. Miss Kaye-Smith gives an admirable portrait of Susan, hard, passionate, vital and implacable, and of her husbands, an illiterate farmer, a bank clerk and a star-gazing religionist.

The Limestone Tree is a panorama of Kentucky from early pioneering days up to the end of the last century. Mr. Hergesheimer gives a family history over a number of generations by means of brief episodes, vividly and tranquilly drawn. The book has a tough and sustained quality which is really impressive. Characters are born, love, die; one forgets them in their descendants, but the name goes on, and the same hard fighting spirit. The scenes during the Civil War are particularly good. Mr. Hergesheimer has found a genuine heroism in the history of these settlers, and he does not toughen or romanticise it too much.

G. W. STONIER.

THE PROBLEM OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY, by David Davies. Ernest Benn. 21s.

WHEN the Abbé de St. Pierre submitted his famous *Projet de traité pour rendre la paix perpétuelle* to Cardinal Fleury, the comment of the Cardinal was that before the treaty could be made effective it would be necessary to change the hearts of princes. Mr. Davies, in presenting his project to the world, is less concerned with princes than with peoples; but he is quite aware that, if his scheme is ever to be feasible, it must be backed by "world opinion," that this opinion must be educated, and that "it is impossible to predict how long the educational process will take." This bulky volume—it contains, with its appendices, 784 pages of matter—is directed to the furtherance of this educational process.

Mr. Davies examines the provisions of the Covenant of the League, and finds them utterly insufficient, as guarantees of peace. In this it is possible cordially to agree with him; for Article X has, for all practical purposes, been "explained" away, and, so long as powerful nations remain outside the League, it is idle to suppose that the "economic" sanctions under Article XVI could be made effective. It is also possible to agree that without effective sanctions the League would be powerless to deal with any really serious international quarrel. But when Mr. Davies comes to expound his plan for remedying these defects agreement ceases.

Put briefly, he proposes the creation of a huge force of International Police, composed of quotas drawn from all the nations, with headquarters at some place remote from likely centres of trouble (he suggests Palestine) and detachments guarding all the world's strategic points, including Gibraltar and the Suez and Panama Canals. This force is to consist of picked men,

who are to be carefully trained in the technique of modern war, and at the same time educated in such a way as to cultivate in them the "international mind," so that, in case of need, their devotion to the "Kingdom of Justice" would make them willing to share in punitive measures against their own country. This force, thus completely denationalised, is to have the exclusive control of all modern weapons, obsolete arms and warships being left to the national forces for the purposes of their own police. The scheme, says Mr. Davies, is unassailable, for it stands on the rock of human experience."

Want of space prevents any criticism of this last rather astounding statement, which is true only in so far as federations have usually only been formed and held together by external pressure or internal force; and the only approximate analogies to Mr. Davies' scheme are the Holy Roman Empire and the German Confederation of 1815, neither of which is encouraging from the pacifist point of view. But the fundamental objection to this and all similar schemes is, that you must first create your Kingdom of Justice before you ask heroes to defend it, and that in this imperfect world what is one man's justice is another man's injustice. To tell truth, outside law there is no such thing as justice, and until an international legal system has been agreed upon there will be no such thing as an international justice that can be enforced by common consent. And Mr. Davies himself admits that "the inauguration of an international legal system may involve a number of new and complicated problems." That being so, it is idle to consider the formation of an international police to enforce principles of law on which there is no international agreement.

W. ALISON PHILLIPS.

JUST PUBLISHED

EVENING LIGHT

A Novel by

HUGH
DE SÉLINCOURT

Being the Life and Letters of
Susan Rivarol
as related by
Professor Owen Mansfield
7/6 net.

CHAPMAN & HALL, LTD.

WANTED RARE BOOKS

Owners desiring to sell privately
should communicate with

MR. FRANK HOLLINGS

who offers CASH PRICES for clean and sound
copies, in the original binding, of the following
first editions:—

DOYLE, Return of Sherlock Holmes, 1905, 30/-. GRAHAME, Wind in the Willows, 1908, 25/-. LAWRENCE, White Peacock, 1911, 30/-. LAWRENCE, Sons and Lovers, 1913, 30/-. LAWRENCE, Rainbow, 1915, 30/-. MANSFIELD, In a German Pension, n.d., 30/-. WOOLF, Voyage Out, 1915, 25/-. BENNETT, Old Wives Tale, 1908, 45. McFEE, Casuals of the Sea, 1916, 30/-. TOMLINSON, Sea and the Jungle, 1912, 46. DRINKWATER, Abraham Lincoln, 1918, 25/-. GALS-WORTHY, Man of Property, 1906, 46.

CATALOGUE of WANTED BOOKS
sent post free on request.

THE FRANK HOLLINGS
BOOKSHOP

7, Gt. Turnstile - London, W.C.

Established 1890. 'Phone Holborn 8104

THE SPRING LIST OF NOTABLE BOOKS

POLITICS AND INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS.

- RUSSIA: A SOCIAL HISTORY, by D. S. Mirsky. (*Cresset Press.*)
- MODERN GERMANY, by Cecily Hamilton. (*Dent.*)
- NEWEST EUROPE, by Martin MacLaughlin. (*Longman.*)
- THE QUESTION OF THE STRAITS, by P. P. Graves. (*Benn.*)
- THE CONSTITUTION OF INDIA, by Sir John Simon. (*Benn.*)
- REALISM IN MODERN JAPAN, by Miriam Beard. (*Cape.*)
- THE ECONOMIC LIFE OF SOVIET RUSSIA, by Calvin B. Hoover. (*Macmillan.*)
- REPARATIONS REVIEWED, by Sir Andrew McFadyean. (*Benn.*)
- BREAKING DOWN THE TARIFF WALLS, by Dr. Wilhelm Gollkopp. (*Benn.*)
- BRITAIN AND THE WORLD TRADE, by A. Loveday. (*Longman.*)
- ACCOUNT RENDERED, by Sir Ernest Benn. (*Benn.*)
- THE ECONOMIC HISTORY OF AUSTRALIA, by E. Shann. (*Benn.*)

VERSE AND DRAMA

- TANTIVY TOWERS, by A. P. Herbert. (*Methuen.*)
- THE MERCURY BOOK OF VERSE, ed. by J. C. Squire. (*Macmillan.*)
- COLLECTED POEMS OF ROBERT FROST. (*Longman.*)
- POEMS, 1926-30, by Robert Graves. (*Heinemann.*)
- THE HEART'S UNREASON, by Edward Davison. (*Gollancz.*)
- THE FROZEN OCEAN, by Viola Meynell. (*Secker.*)
- THE APPLE CART, by Bernard Shaw. (*Constable.*)
- THE SALE OF SAINT THOMAS, by Lascelles Abercrombie. (*Secker.*)
- POEMS, by Edward Marjoribanks. (*Chapman & Hall.*)
- TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY, by R. A. Furness. (*Cape.*)
- COLLECTED POEMS, by Martin Armstrong. (*Secker.*)
- VALE AND OTHER POEMS, by A. T. E. (*Macmillan.*)

SCIENCE AND ART

- LIFE: OUTLINE OF BIOLOGY, by Sir J. Arthur Thomson and Patrick Geddes. (*Williams & Norgate.*)
- NEW DISCOVERIES RELATING TO THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN, by Sir Arthur Keith. (*Williams & Norgate.*)
- THE SCIENCE OF LIFE, by H. G. Wells, Julian Huxley, and G. P. Wells. (*Cassell.*)
- THE MYSTERIOUS UNIVERSE, by Sir James Jeans. (*Cambridge Univ. Press.*)
- TENDENCIES OF MODERN SCIENCE, by A. M. Low. (*Elkin Mathews & Marrot.*)
- MAN AND HIS UNIVERSE, by John Langdon Davies. (*Harper.*)
- THE STARS IN THEIR COURSES, by Sir James Jeans. (*Cambridge Univ. Press.*)
- THE HEAVENS AND THE UNIVERSE, by Oswald Thomas. (*Allen & Unwin.*)
- THE ART OF EGYPT THROUGH THE AGES. (*The Studio.*)
- MODERN CARVED SCULPTURE, by Kington Parkes. (*Chapman & Hall.*)
- THE LURE OF THE FINE ARTS, by F. C. Tilney. (*Chapman & Hall.*)
- THE MODERN MOVEMENT IN ART, by R. H. Wilenski. (*Faber & Faber.*)

ESSAYS AND CRITICISMS.

- THE GREEN VIEW OF POETRY, by E. E. Sikes. (*Methuen.*)
- FRENCH LEAVES, by E. V. Lucas. (*Methuen.*)
- GARNERED SHEAVES, by Sir James George Frazer. (*Macmillan.*)
- A BOOK OF ESSAYS, by Lytton Strachey. (*Chatto & Windus.*)
- MUSIC AT NIGHT, by Aldous Huxley. (*Chatto & Windus.*)
- PROUST, by Samuel Beckett. (*Chatto & Windus.*)
- THOMAS HARDY, by Arthur McDowall. (*Faber & Faber.*)
- DID HOMER LIVE? by Victor Berard. (*Dent.*)
- ON THE NATURE OF POETRY, by L. S. HARRIS. (*Dent.*)
- AFTERTHOUGHTS, by Logan Pearsall-Smith. (*Constable.*)
- ENGLAND'S CRISIS, by André Siegfried. (*Cape.*)
- THE ENGLISH: ARE THEY HUMAN? By G. J. Renier. (*Williams & Norgate.*)

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

- THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF SIR EDMUND GOSSE, by the Hon. Evan Charteris. (*Heinemann.*)
- ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, by Jean Marie Carré. (*Noel Douglas.*)
- THE LIFE OF FIELD-MARSHAL SIR JOHN FRENCH, by Major the Hon. Gerald French, D.S.O. (*Cassell.*)
- THINGS I REMEMBER, by the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia. (*Cassell.*)
- THE SUFFRAGETTE MOVEMENT, by Sylvia Pankhurst. (*Longman.*)
- THE LIFE OF THE EMPRESS EUGENIE, by Robert Sencourt. (*Benn.*)
- THE PERSONAL PAPERS OF LORD RENDEL. Ed. by F. E. Hamer. (*Benn.*)
- THE NAVY IN INDIA, 1763-83, by Admiral Sir Herbert Richmond, K.C.B. (*Benn.*)
- AN OXFORD PORTRAIT GALLERY, by Janet E. Courtney. (*Chapman & Hall.*)
- THE SMALL YEARS, by Frank Kendon. (*Cambridge Univ. Press.*)
- THE EIGHTEENTH DECISIVE BATTLE OF THE WORLD, by Viscount d'Abernon. (*Hodder & Stoughton.*)
- PARNELL VINDICATED, by Henry Harrison. (*Constable.*)
- STRAFFORD, by Lady Burghclere. (*Macmillan.*)
- ROBERT WALPOLE AND HIS AGE, by G. R. Stirling Taylor. (*Cape.*)
- JOSEPH PILSUDSKI: THE MEMORIES OF A POLISH REVOLUTIONARY AND SOLDIER, trans. by D. R. Gillie. (*Faber & Faber.*)
- MEN AND MEMORIES, by William Rothenstein. (*Faber & Faber.*)
- WILLIAM III AND THE DEFENCE OF HOLLAND, 1672-4, by Mary Caroline Trevelyan. (*Longmans Green.*)
- ENGLAND UNDER QUEEN ANNE: BLENHEIM, by George Macaulay Trevelyan. (*Longmans Green.*)
- GEORGIAN ENGLAND, by A. E. Richardson. (*Batsford.*)
- THE RISE OF GENERAL BONAPARTE, by Spenser Wilkinson. (*Oxford Univ. Press.*)
- AL CAPONE, by Frank Pasley. (*Faber & Faber.*)
- MEMOIRS OF MARSHAL FOCH, trans. by Col. Bentley Mott. (*Heinemann.*)
- MAHATMA GANDHI: HIS OWN STORY. Ed. by C. F. Andrews. (*Allen & Unwin.*)

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

- CONFLICT: ANGORA TO AFGHANISTAN, by Rosita Forbes. (*Cassell.*)
- PERFUMED TIGERS, by Maurice Dekobra. (*Cassell.*)
- SPAIN AS IT IS, by Helen Cameron Gordon (Lady Russell). (*Methuen.*)
- RUSSIA AT RANDOM, by Owen Tweedy. (*Jarrolds.*)
- SOUTH OF SUEZ, by William J. Makin. (*Jarrolds.*)
- AFRICA VIEW, by Julian Huxley. (*Chatto.*)
- GREEN HELL, by John Duguid. (*Cape.*)
- BRITMIS, by Major Phelps Hodges. (*Cape.*)
- JUNGLE WAYS, by W. B. Seabrook. (*Harrop.*)
- A JOURNEY IN ENGLAND, by Frank Binder. (*Eric Partridge.*)
- ALARMS AND EXCURSIONS IN ARABIA, by Bertram Thomas. (*Allen & Unwin.*)
- OLD LONDON BRIDGE, by Gordon Home. (*The Bodley Head.*)
- PYRAMID AND TEMPLE, by Julius Meier-Graefe. (*Cape.*)
- A FUGITIVE IN SOUTH-WEST AFRICA, by Wilhelm Mattenklodt. (*Thornion Butterworth.*)
- ACROSS AFRICA ON FOOT, by Ronald A. Monson. (*Elkin Mathews & Marrot.*)
- BETWEEN THE RIVER AND THE SEA, by Sisley Huddleston. (*Harrop.*)
- CZECHO-SLOVAKIA, by Clive Holland. (*Jenkins.*)
- CHORUS TO ADVENTURE, by Roger Pocock. (*The Bodley Head.*)
- LONDON, by George H. Cunningham. (*Dent.*)
- A GUIDE TO FINLAND, by Kay Gilmour. (*Methuen.*)
- NEW YORK, by Paul Morand. (*Heinemann.*)
- THE KANGCHENJUNGA ADVENTURE, by F. S. Smythe. (*Gollancz.*)
- A JOURNEY TO CHINA, by Arnold J. Toynbee. (*Constable.*)

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

JUNE 1, 1931.

RAILWAY ELECTRIFICATION

BY ADAM GOWANS WHYTE

I

IN his latest book, *Romance of the Machine*, Professor Pupin maintains that American materialism, as represented by the organised development of inventions like the telephone, the radio valve, and the internal combustion engine, has been the salvation of American idealism. The vision which Washington, Lincoln, and others entertained of the *United States* would never have been more than a vision if science had not provided the means of rapid transport and communication.

A similar argument may be applied to the British Empire. Without the submarine cable and the steamship, would it have been possible to overcome the handicap of distance in organising the British Commonwealth of Nations? Must we not recognise air transport and radio communication as essential factors in achieving the economic and political unity of the Empire?

The claim of the engineer to be classed among the primary Empire-builders is not new, but it is seldom pressed and still more seldom admitted with any degree of enthusiasm. Historians tend to deal more with conquests and constitutions than with the mechanical phases of social evolution. Engineers, for their part, too rarely assert the constructive value of their work. So the world accepts their services almost as a matter of course, with little appreciation of the skill entailed or of their far-reaching influence on the course of progress.

Technical thought and lay thought live in separate worlds. They remain separate even when the layman takes the trouble to learn the language of the engineer.

CXXIX

NB

2 D

FICTION.

- SUSAN SPRAY, by Sheila Kaye Smith. (Cassell.)
- THE WEIGHER OF SOULS, by André Maurois. (Cassell.)
- MR. DOUGH'S DIARY, by A. P. Herbert. (Benn.)
- DERMOTT'S RAMPANT, by Stephen McKenna. (Chapman & Hall.)
- STANTON, by Desmond Coke. (Chapman & Hall.)
- GRAVE FAIRYTALE, by Esther Meynell. (Chapman & Hall.)
- THE SQUARE CIRCLE, by Denis Mackail. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
- HIGH SUMMER, by Richard Church. (Cape.)
- TOBIT TRANSPORTED, by Stella Benson. (Macmillan.)
- ABOVE THE DARK CIRCUS, by Hugh Walpole. (Macmillan.)
- THE DIARY OF A PROVINCIAL LADY, by E. M. Delafield. (Macmillan.)
- FATHER, by the Author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden." (Macmillan.)
- CASTLE ISLAND, by R. H. Mottram. (Chatto.)
- A NEW STORY, by David Garnett. (Chatto.)
- CHARLOTTE'S ROW, by H. E. Bates. (Cape.)
- BACK STREET, by Fanny Hurst. (Cape.)
- JUAN IN AMERICA, by Eric Linklater. (Cape.)
- MEN DISLIKE WOMEN, by Michael Arlen. (Heinemann.)
- WINTER COMEDY, by Sylvia Thompson. (Heinemann.)
- THE CONCAVE MIRROR, by W. B. Maxwell. (Heinemann.)
- THE SHORTEST NIGHT, by G. B. Stern. (Heinemann.)
- FATHER MALACHY'S MIRACLE, by Bruce Marshall. (Heinemann.)
- A RICHER DUST, by Storm Jameson. (Heinemann.)
- MARDEN FEE, by Gerald Bullett. (Heinemann.)

FICTION (Contd.)

- SIMPSON, by Edward Sackville West. (Heinemann.)
- SHIPS IN THE BAY, by D. K. Broster. (Heinemann.)
- THE LOVING SPIRIT, by Daphne du Maurier. (Heinemann.)
- MIRTHFUL HAVEN, by Booth Tarkington. (Heinemann.)
- THE SISTERS OF PRAGUE, by Josef Gregor. (Secker.)
- A CHILDHOOD, by Hans Carossa. (Secker.)
- FLAMENCO, by Eleanor Smith. (Gollancz.)
- THE LIMESTONE TREE, by Joseph Hergesheimer. (Heinemann.)
- THUNDERCLAP, by John Brophy. (Eric Partridge.)
- THE HOUSE WITH THE MAGNOLIAS, by Ralph Arnold. (Heinemann.)
- LAIRD OF LAGGAN, by J. J. Bell. (Chapman & Hall.)
- OTHER RANKS, by W. V. Tilsley. (Cobden Sanderson.)
- NEW DIMENSIONS, by Beatrix de Candolle. (Herbert Joseph.)
- MARRIAGE AND MONEY, by Barbar Blackburn. (Secker.)
- FED UP, by George A. Birmingham. (Methuen.)
- THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR, by J. F. W. Hannay. (Methuen.)
- TUMULT IN THE NORTH, by George Preedy. (The Bodley Head.)
- THE SOUND AND THE FURY, by William Faulkner. (Chatto & Windus.)
- DEAR LOVERS, by John C. Moore. (Dent.)
- HIGH TABLE, by Joanna Cannan. (Benn.)
- THE FLEET HALL INHERITANCE, by Richard Keverne. (Constable.)
- JUDAS AND OTHER STORIES, by John Metcalfe. (Constable.)
- LACEMAKER LEKHOLM HAS AN IDEA, by Gustaf Hellstrom. (Allen & Unwin.)
- READER, I MARRIED HIM, by Anne Green. (Benn.)
- POOR CAROLINE, by Winifred Holtby. (Cape.)
- BACK STREET, by Fanny Hurst. (Cape.)

Many people have mastered the technicalities of motor cars and radio receivers, but their mastery does not necessarily bring understanding of the civilising functions of motor transport and long-distance communication. Engineers themselves often fail to realise either the results or the potentialities of the work they are doing. Experience in examinations on general knowledge proves that engineers show more insight and intelligence when dealing with questions right outside their orbit than those which involve the subtler influences of invention and engineering enterprise on human affairs.

II

Here, then, we have "two nations," as distinct as those which Disraeli sought to reconcile. Their mutual isolation is illustrated by the reception given to the *Report of the Weir Committee on Railway Electrification*. The technical newspapers have discussed it from various angles suggested by their particular interests in the electrical, coal, oil or other industry. The lay press, skimming over the technicalities, has welcomed it in the hope of improved travelling facilities or the relief of unemployment. Both groups have focussed their attention upon certain aspects of the scheme, leaving the others either vague or invisible. Only here and there has an attempt been made to present the proposals as a whole and in relation to the general question of transport and the industrial, agricultural, and domestic life of the people.

At first sight, it is true, the problem of railway electrification appears to concern few beyond the engineer and the railway companies. The terms of reference under which the Committee was appointed, in September, 1929, were strictly limited:—

In view of the progress which is being made towards widespread availability of high tension electrical energy, to examine into the economic and other aspects of the electrification of the railway systems in Great Britain, with particular reference to main line working, and to report their conclusions.

The only suggestion of a broader problem lies in the opening clause, and that is so worded as to convey little

to the uninitiated. Nevertheless, it does give a clue to what may be called the historical setting under which the Committee began its work. The project of electrifying the railways is closely related to the electrification of the country in general, and in order to understand why the scheme is being considered at the present time we must review the story of electricity supply.

It is rather a tangled tale. In the very infancy of the electrical industry the legislature became busy with restrictive Acts, and the new field of enterprise became the battle ground of Municipal Socialism versus Private Ownership. The prevailing conception in these critical days was that each undertaking giving a supply of electricity to the public should be limited to a particular town or district and should either be owned by the local authority or be subjected to conditions which would facilitate purchase by the municipality at a later date. This parochial principle led to the multiplication of small undertakings and made it extremely difficult to organise amalgamations or unified supplies over a wide area. Technical progress called for operation on a large scale, but it was only after a long and costly Parliamentary struggle that a number of electric power companies secured the right to supply electricity over one or more counties.

Electricity supply was in fact much in the same condition as a crustacean which grows so rapidly that it has to shed its carapace at frequent intervals. Unfortunately in this case vested interests and legislative inertia delayed the adjustment, and not until the War, when the impulse towards reconstruction was at its height, was a real effort made to put our electrical house in order. The Electricity Supply Act, 1926, was inspired by a *national* idea, overriding the county no less than the corporation. The country became the unit of organisation and a Central Electricity Board was formed to link up and extend all the efficient centres of electric power production and to construct a network of transmission mains, known as the "Grid," to furnish a primary system of cheap and abundant supply available for all purposes in all parts of the country.

The engineering problems involved in such a scheme

are formidable, but the economic side is quite simple. Electricity, viewed as a commodity for public use, follows elementary laws. It can be made cheaper by technical improvements in generating plant but still more by producing it on a large scale for a steady demand. The early electrical undertakings suffered not only because they were parochial but also because they supplied current chiefly for lighting, which is wanted for just a few hours out of the twenty-four. Electricity grew cheaper when the undertakings began to supply power to factories and induced domestic consumers to go in for electric cookers, heaters, and other appliances required during the hours when there was no consumption for lighting. Output increased and the "load factor" improved, since the various demands dovetailed into each other so as to bring the production curve closer to the ideal straight line of full operation day and night—a 100 per cent. "load factor."

Applying the same principle to a national scheme of electricity supply, it becomes clear that progress depends upon bringing in every demand—mines, mills, factories, railways, tramways, public buildings, farms, and houses. When all these use electricity for all purposes, electricity will be really cheap. If any important class of consumer stands aloof it deprives itself of a cheap supply and increases the cost to the other classes.

No single class is so important in this connection as the railways. The Weir Committee estimates that they will need, when electrified, 6,000 million units of electricity each year. As the total annual output of electricity in Great Britain is about 11,000 million units, the effect of the railway demand in enlarging the scale of production and cheapening general supply needs no emphasis. Moreover, the railway load is a good load from the point of view of cheap production, the variety of demands for main line, suburban and goods traffic giving the high "load factor" of 50 per cent.

Everybody, therefore, who uses or is likely to use electricity has a close interest in the question whether British railways are to be converted from steam to electric traction. The pictures which have entertained us for so

many years of all-electric homes, electrified farms, and an industrial world cleansed alike of grime and inefficiency depend for their realisation upon an all-round cheapening of electricity. While it is true that electricity is cheaper, absolutely as well as relatively, than it was before the War, and is tending year by year to become cheaper, it has not yet—save here and there—reached the level at which it can be used freely for all purposes by all grades of society. All-electric homes, for example, are still the exception and are owned by people who take into their calculations the secondary advantages of electricity—its cleanliness, convenience, perfection of control, and so on. Electric farms likewise are prophetic examples. Even in industry, where electric light and electric driving have become almost standard practice, there are many applications of electricity—as in furnaces and heating processes—which hang fire because electricity is not cheap enough.

III

What we need, in order to quicken our industrial life and make the amenities of electricity available to all, is to bring the cost of electricity made from coal down to the cost of hydro-electric power. It is, of course, a fallacy that electricity generated by a waterfall "costs nothing." Dams, pipe lines, generating plant and cables involve a heavy capital cost which the user of electricity must repay. The main advantage of water power is that the plant can run night and day, without any material extra cost, up to the limit of the available water supply. Electricity can therefore be used freely for every purpose, from operating a main line railway to lighting and heating a wayside cottage. Hydro-electric schemes arrive quickly at the stage we are striving to approach—the stage of universal use. When we draw still nearer, by pooling the industrial, railway, and other demands in the national electricity scheme, we shall not need to envy the dwellers in remote Spanish or Italian valleys who use electricity as lightly as we use water.

Having reviewed the broader aspects of railway electrification, we may now turn to the specific question whether it is, from the railway point of view, a sound proposition.

The total route mileage of the British railways system is 20,300 ; and 487 miles are at present worked by electricity. Apart from an 18-mile mineral section on the London and North Eastern Railway, all the electrified portions are suburban in character. From time to time various companies have looked into the question of main line operation by electric traction, but they have never advanced beyond the report stage.

Taken by themselves, these facts do not look very promising for the advocates of electrification. They should, however, be considered in the light of the electrical history summarised above. Until the national system of electricity supply took shape, every scheme for main line electrification involved the building of large power stations, supplying the railway load and the railway load alone. The same handicap applied to suburban schemes, but there the increase in traffic was large enough to cover both the large capital cost of the stations and the relative inefficiency of power production for a single demand. No increase on a similar scale can be relied upon in the case of main line traffic ; consequently the whole problem of main line conversion turns on keeping new capital expenditure on power supply to the minimum and on securing ample electricity at the lowest possible cost.

This crucial factor brings us back to the terms of reference under which Lord Weir, with his colleagues Sir Ralph Wedgwood and Sir William McLintock, began their labours : " In view of the progress which is being made towards widespread availability of high tension electrical energy."

The existence of the " Grid " puts quite a new complexion on the economics of main line electrification. It enables the Central Electricity Board to offer the railways all the power they want at a halfpenny per unit, the price falling to 0.475 penny when the conversion is completed. Working on that basis, and on detailed investigations made upon typical sections of the railway system, the Weir Committee reaches the conclusion that " assuming general electrification on a 20 years programme, and assuming that existing traffics are maintained, there would be a surplus of approxi-

mately 2 per cent. available after meeting interest charges on the new capital involved."

This conclusion is rightly described by the Committee as " the crudest and most unimaginative expression of the economic situation." The margin of 2 per cent. is admitted to be too narrow for the risks and contingencies involved. When, however, the picture is completed by the benefits which electrical operation is sure to bring, it becomes much more attractive.

IV

In almost every application of electricity since the early days of electric light, it has been found that the secondary advantages of electricity are the factors which really lead to its adoption. The same principle applies to main line electrification. Electric traction is not proposed simply as a means of reducing railway costs. Its true function is to improve the service and bring in new revenue. As the Report states :

Apart from suburban services, it seems probable that electric traction would be the means of attracting additional traffic to the railways in a number of different directions. We have not thought it advisable to speculate upon any acceleration of the speed of the principal express services, but undoubtedly electric traction renders possible a considerable acceleration of the intermediate and stopping services, and such acceleration would be a powerful factor in favour of the railways in competition with road traction.

The adoption of electric traction generally would afford to the Railway Companies the opportunity of intensifying their main line and inter-urban services on more economic terms than are open to them under conditions of steam traction. Small multiple unit sets* could be worked more cheaply than steam trains, and, where traffic conditions permit, could be run at regular intervals between the principal express services. In certain cases a multiple unit service run at frequent intervals might replace completely an existing locomotive-hauled service run at wider intervals."

In general, " electrification . . . places in the hands of a traffic manager a new machine or system which enables him to offer a more attractive transport proposition to his

* On the multiple unit system trains are made up of coaches equipped with electric motors, and of trailing coaches. It gives great flexibility, as the length of train can be easily and economically adjusted to the fluctuations in traffic.

public, and whose special characteristics are capable of extensive development." Bearing in mind the downward trend of railway traffic and the increasing vigour of road competition, some such aid to recovery must be regarded as essential to the financial security of our railways. The outlook for railway transport is indeed so gloomy that some observers see nothing better in prospect for it than a gradual surrender to road transport. Imagination boggles, however, at the thought of the roads taking over the 329,600,000 tons of goods and mineral traffic from the main line railways, in addition to the 1,347,667,000 passenger journeys. Marvellous as modern road transport may be it is not capable of handling such a volume of traffic. Railways, moreover, still hold a high superiority in speed and efficiency for long-distance hauls, and the effect of more frequent, speedy and comfortable services should be sufficient to bring a fresh lease of prosperity. Broadly speaking, our railways are losing ground because their method of haulage is essentially the same as it was a hundred years ago, while a revolution has taken place on the roads. When the railway system is modernised the balance of power will be restored—all the more readily if the two forms of transport are developed in co-operation and not in destructive competition.

If the change is to be made at all it must be made over the entire system. The only sections of line exempted by the Weir Committee are a number of small branch routes where the traffic is too slight to justify conversion. In such cases oil or oil-electric propulsion is recommended. Elsewhere the change from steam to electricity will, under the scheme drawn up by the Committee, proceed by stages over a period of twenty years to universal electric traction.

Various reasons dictate this momentous policy of "all or nothing." Partial electrification involves mixed steam and electrical operation, which prevents the full advantages of electrification being secured. Most important of all, no section of our railway system can by itself secure the cheap power which is offered to the railways as a whole. In the words of the Committee, "there is only one way by which the full benefit of railway electrification can be

obtained in Great Britain, and that is by the complete substitution of steam haulage by electricity."

The estimated cost of the change is in the neighbourhood of £300,000,000. Stated in this blunt way, the total appears formidable, especially when the cry for reduction in expenditure is so insistent. The Committee points out, however, that during the last ten years we have spent about £500,000,000 on our roads, without any calculation of direct returns. In relation to this outlay, which is generally regarded as sound, the expenditure of £15,000,000 a year for 20 years on a transport reform which promises to be directly as well as indirectly profitable must be regarded as fully justified.

Even the most fanatical advocate of economy does not bar out the spending of money on commercial enterprise. He must recognise that one of our greatest needs is a profitable outlet for the capital which is lying idle under the cloud of industrial depression. The railway electrification scheme is in quite a different category from those proposals which are primarily intended to "make work" and imply some measure of increased taxation. It stands or falls on its claim to be a remunerative investment. A case might be made for assistance on a basis not strictly commercial because of the influence of the scheme in improving transport, providing employment, quickening our industrial vigour and bringing the dream of truly cheap electricity nearer to realisation. But there seems no need to press such a case or to treat the scheme as other than a transport development which the supply of cheap electricity has at last rendered feasible.

V

A word or two must be said about the effect of railway electrification on employment.

The Weir Committee points out that with the exception of imported raw materials, mainly copper, substantially all the expenditure under a comprehensive programme would be distributed in this country ultimately in the form of wages. On the usual basis of calculation the scheme would provide steady work for 60,000 men per annum for

twenty years. A large slice of this employment will go to the iron and steel industry, since every railway contract classed as "electrical" includes a wide variety of steel products for buildings, machine parts, rails, poles, and so on.

Against the employment thus created, the Committee mentions various reductions, due to economy in coal and in personnel under electrical operation. These reductions have been treated in certain quarters as serious objections to the scheme, although they represent an improvement in operating efficiency. We must remember, on the other hand, that they are calculated *on the basis of the existing traffic*. The Committee took this basis in order to be severely conservative in its estimates, but while this restraint is to be admired it leads to a somewhat distorted view among people concerned with the interests of coal and railway employees. The proportions need to be corrected by the factor of increased traffic under electrification. Coal will benefit from that development and from the extension of the general demand for electricity. As for the railwaymen, the Committee itself supplies the necessary corrective in the opinion that :

"there will be no serious adverse effects on the men now occupying these grades [drivers, firemen and cleaners], particularly having regard to the fact that any scheme of electrification will include a considerable intensification of suburban services and will be favourable to the establishment of additional train mileage in areas other than suburban."

It is stated that the Government will shortly consult with the railway companies on the problems raised by the Weir Report. The action which either or both will ultimately take must depend largely upon the attitude adopted by the general public and especially by the responsible leaders in industry and finance. With a project so vast, so complex in its technical character, and so intimately affecting every section of the community, it is vital that knowledge should inspire understanding, and understanding the courage and enterprise needed to restore our national prosperity. As a contribution to that restoration, the Report of the Weir Committee is of incalculable value.

BRITAIN'S ECONOMIC EQUILIBRIUM*

BY ANDRÉ SIEGFRIED

I. BALANCE OF TRADE

THE steadily growing deficit in the trade balance of post-War Britain is one of the most serious features in her economic situation.

BRITISH TRADE BALANCE

	(Millions of Pounds)				Balance	Exports Per cent.
	Imports	Exports	Re-exports	Total Exports		
1913	769	525	110	635	-134	82
1920	1933	1334	223	1557	-376	80
1921	1086	703	107	810	-276	74
1922	1004	720	104	824	-180	82
1923	1098	768	119	887	-211	81
1924	1277	801	140	941	-336	74
1925	1323	773	154	927	-396	70
1926	1242	652	126	778	-464	63
1927	1219	709	123	832	-387	68
1928	1197	723	120	843	-354	70
1929	1222	730	110	840	-382	69

It is true that even before 1914 British trade had always shown an adverse balance, for that is the normal condition of a rich, old, creditor country. Since the War the proportion of imports paid for by exports has appreciably diminished, the figure having declined from 80 per cent. to the 70 per cent. level, where it seems to be fixed. This is due to the fact that exports have not increased, whereas imports have expanded considerably. If instead of examining the nominal value of the figures in pounds sterling, we estimate the volume they represent, we see clearly the dissimilarity between the trends followed by the export and the import trades. Expressed in terms of 1913 prices,

*Translated by Doris and H. H. Hemming. England's Crisis, published by Jonathan Cape, Ltd., 10s. 6d. net.

the volume of exports has decreased by about 20 per cent., while imports have increased by at least the same amount. Even between 1924 and 1929 the volume of imports has risen from an index of 100 to 114.1, in spite of an apparent reduction in the nominal figures.

Undeniably, the monetary policy is partly responsible, for it is stimulating imports and putting a brake on exports. Inflation would have had an entirely different effect. Nevertheless, in spite of this reduction in exports, the English continue to fill their wants from abroad as freely and generously as ever. According to authorities on the subject, the masses have maintained and even improved their pre-War standard of living, a victory which the Government of the day, irrespective of party, never fails to point out. Public opinion is particularly proud of such progress.

We have already shown the increase that has taken place in real wages, and this has been considerably supplemented by the social services, including various insurances and pensions of every kind. Since the proportion of the family budget devoted to current expenses has increased to the detriment of savings, it follows that although the national revenue may not have risen, the total resources at the disposal of the masses is as great if not greater than before the War. This is a triumph for the people. The upper classes are preyed upon and their wealth reduced, while democracy blossoms out and congratulates itself on its material progress.

It would be absolutely erroneous to picture England as miserable and depressed. The *per capita* consumption of bread and meat may have gone down slightly, but the demand for farm produce, vegetables, tea, and sugar has increased. Housing has improved, thanks to an intensive programme of construction of workmen's dwellings, while the general development of amusements of every kind has been very great. For the period of 1909-13 home-grown food amounted to 59.5 per cent. of the total consumed, but for 1924-28 this figure fell to 56.7 per cent.¹

¹ A. W. Flux, *Proceedings of the Royal Statistical Society*, "Our Food Supply Before and After the War," June 17, 1930.

Obviously, imports must have expanded, even without taking into account the increase in population.

For a long time it was believed that this rise in foreign purchases, combined with the persistent stagnation in exports, was only a passing phase. This feeling was natural at the time of the Armistice, for it was to be expected that the World War would produce vigorous fluctuations, but as the disorder is continuing, one now wonders whether it may not be permanent, and if it possibly signals a new order of things. In a word, England will evidently have to learn to carry on with a lower volume of exports, but in so doing is she not courting disaster?

2. BALANCE OF PAYMENTS

The terrifying adverse balance in British trade has not failed to impress public opinion on the Continent, where it has been interpreted with considerable pessimism, owing to the traditional mercantile outlook of these countries. In Europe, for the past few years, we have been daily preparing a first-class funeral for England—and yet she is not necessarily down and out. Except during depressions such as 1929-30, or in periods of social upheaval, one can discern a certain balance in her economic structure—at any rate this is the opinion of the great majority of the English themselves.

The Board of Trade publishes annually a conservative estimate of the country's balance sheet, which is usually accepted as a general basis for discussion.

Although this estimate does not take into consideration the movements of capital, it gives a partial reply to the essential question: "How does post-War Britain pay for her imports?" Evidently she pays for them less and less by the export of goods, and more and more by services, or by the income derived from her foreign investments. The trade balance is always the outstanding factor in the account, but its relative importance has diminished to a marked degree.

The striking feature is that the profits of the country are now produced less by industry and exports, and more by the merchant marine, commerce, finance, and foreign

BALANCE OF INCOME AND EXPENDITURE IN THE TRANSACTIONS
(OTHER THAN THE LENDING AND REPAYMENT OF CAPITAL)
BETWEEN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND ALL OTHER COUNTRIES.

(Drawn up by the Board of Trade)

		(Millions of Pounds)				
		1925	1926	1927	1928	1929
Excess of Imports of Mer-	chandise ¹ ...	395	477	392	358	366
<i>Invisible Exports:</i>						
Estimated net national	shipping income ...	124	120	140	130	130
Estimated net income	from overseas invest-					
ments ...		250	270	270	285	285
Estimated net receipts from	short interest, commis-					
sions, etc. ...	...	75	75	78	95	102
Total ...	...	449	465	488	510	517
Estimated total credit balance	on items specified above	+54	-12	+96	+152	+151

investments, or, to use the time-honoured expression, by the "invisible exports." With an export trade equal to only seven-tenths of the imports, the old dictum that England pays for her foreign purchases by the sale of manufactured goods abroad no longer holds good, for in that case three-tenths would not be paid for. Thus we cannot conclude that the country is losing its wealth; indeed, the contrary could be argued. Possibly part of it may be leaking out in other ways, but in the last analysis a definite state of equilibrium exists, though the basis is somewhat altered. This explains the paradox that for the past ten years England has been able to support, almost with ease, a sterile amorphous mass of over a million unemployed.

Whether this evolution is healthy or not is quite another matter; the essential point is that the nation has to readjust herself to new world conditions in which she no longer retains her old favoured position as an exporter. Such is the trend of the penetrating comments on this subject

¹ There are certain unimportant differences between these figures and those given by the Board of Trade, as the latter include the import and export of precious metals.

made by a speaker at the Royal Statistical Society:¹ "The 'invisible' people are getting the business. We may feel that it would be better for twelve men to be engaged in making boots for export rather than that one insurance broker should be making commissions of £5,000 per year on foreign business; but the fact remains that those from whom we buy prefer the invisible to the visible method of payment for their food and raw materials, and we shall have to recognise the fact."

If we turn back to the table drawn up by the Board of Trade, on page 726, we easily confirm the truth of these telling observations. At first sight the deficit in the trade balance looks rather alarming, but we must not be over-impressed. The British economic framework is supple and many-sided, embracing all manner of revenues that originate neither on her own soil, nor from commercial activity carried on at home. "Rome is no longer in Rome" might well be said of this England, over-developed to the extreme, and with her centre of gravity virtually beyond her own frontiers. The 130 millions earned by the merchant marine, the 65 millions from commissions and brokerage, are evidence of commercial and financial activity, but not of industrial. The 285 millions derived from foreign investments also are financial and colonial, or even *rentier* in character, and again not industrial. It would be better if more merchandise were exported and more workmen employed, for then the country would be healthier socially. However, such as she is, England has managed to survive without catastrophe possibly the most difficult and critical years in her history.

We thus witness a regrouping of remunerative activity, for different sources of wealth are being tapped to-day to supply the national revenue; and, moreover, there is a new distribution of the purchasing power amongst the various classes of society. On the one hand, at the moment when many manufacturing firms are losing money, the substantial profits acquired from commerce, finance, and foreign investment are making their presence felt in the

¹ Dr. E. C. Snow, *Some Observations on Trade Forecasting and Prices*, Memorandum read before the Royal Statistical Society, June, 1926.

home market by helping to maintain the level of consumption. In addition—and this is even more important—the social policy of the country, being decidedly democratic, has provided the masses with abundant funds, and in so doing has converted them into increasingly interesting customers.

Many millions of pounds have been put into the hands of the poor by the dole, by pensions of every sort, war and otherwise, and by the lavish handing out of Poor Law relief. The unemployed and needy of days gone by never dreamed of laying their hands on so much wealth. This change in the distribution of the national revenue has had much the same effect on consumption as might have resulted from a real increase in national wealth, especially as this relief money is never saved, but is thrown at once into circulation by people who immediately gratify their needs and desires. The home market thus created among the masses is capable of supporting new industries at the very moment when the export trade, the traditional basis of British prosperity, is declining. In spite of prolonged depressions and of tremendous unemployment, the volume of purchases made by the people has not diminished; it has even increased, according to the Colwyn Committee.¹

This improvement in the standard of living of the masses has been obtained, not by any genuine increase in national wealth, but by a fresh distribution of the national income. High wages, economically unjustified, have resulted in reduced profits for capital, while the social services have been paid for by taxes weighing heavily on production and inherited fortunes. Wealth is thus being redistributed on new lines, the country having decided to favour the masses at the expense of the minority. The old wealthy classes and also the *rentier* class have suffered most by this fiscal policy, yet they strive to maintain their former standards, which can only be done at the expense of savings—another conclusion arrived at by the Colwyn Committee. Since the working-class has improved its lot materially, although the national revenue has not increased, it follows

¹ Report of the Committee on National Debt and Taxation (Colwyn Report), 1927.

that there has been a reduction in the real income of the other classes; but as the latter also appear to have maintained their standard of living, there must necessarily be a decrease in the total saving power of the nation.

Here we have a striking contrast between the post-War attitude of the two allies, England and France. In England the producer has been fleeced in order to pay the *rentier* and to maintain the workman. But the *rentier* has not profited, because a considerable part of his coupon has been taken back in taxes. This money has been distributed to the workmen in the form of social services, and has gone straight up in smoke. In France, on the contrary, the *rentier* has been squeezed to stake the producer, who has used the money to re-equip his factories. Thus the one dissipates in current expenses potential savings which otherwise would have gone eventually into production, while the other pilfers the savings of generations in order to transform them into productive capital. Two opposite policies: which is right? For a Biblical comparison, always most appropriate when discussing England, one turns to the parable of the Wise and the Foolish Virgins. . . . But how astonishing to find that it is the French who are wise!

3. THE FOREIGN INVESTMENT POLICY

This survey of the British position does not necessarily contradict the findings of the Board of Trade, whose optimism, however, does seem rather paradoxical. In spite of so much comfort, leisure, and amusements, England does not appear to be in a healthy state; moreover, the optimism of the Board of Trade is only relative, for although the country undoubtedly does show a credit balance, this balance is now so reduced that she has considerably less capital available for investment abroad. She is still making money, but as she insists on a certain standard of living, her savings may not be enough to maintain her nineteenth-century rôle of silent partner to the rest of the world.

This delicate point in the British economy is the key to the whole structure. England is trying to compete

in international markets, and at the same time provide her people with a wage level and a standard of living which does not permit costs to be low enough either to export profitably, or to attract the capital necessary for the development and upkeep of her manufacturing. Instead of freeing industry from its chains, the Government piles on more every day in its eagerness to compensate the workmen for the discomforts of the situation by paying them for their unemployment, almost for their leisure, at the expense of the community at large. The beneficiary regards the dole as quite natural, and when he is consulted, refuses to give up a system so much to his liking. The day of reckoning is simply postponed, for the State is carrying on only by requisitioning or sequestrating on one pretext or another the capital accumulated by earlier generations, which should not be used for current expenses. Once this reserve is exhausted—or hidden away to escape requisition—England risks finding herself on the brink of a precipice.

According to the terms used by the Board of Trade, the surplus in the balance sheet represents the sum available for foreign investments. If there were no credit balance, England could not go in for this type of investment, and if the surplus were very limited, the possibility of carrying on such a financial policy would be proportionately reduced. Now England has never considered her foreign investments merely as an excess of national wealth overflowing her borders, the use of which at home could conveniently be dispensed with. On the contrary, she regards it as an essential part of her make-up, destined to bring in a crop of new and profitable customers. Loans made to the Argentine or Brazil always signify a potential order for rails or locomotives—the receipt of the order is merely postponed. British economists can hardly conceive of England the exporter, without the corollary of England the international lender of capital. This was the system on which she lived and flourished in the nineteenth century, for in those days the City, with the possible exception of France, was the only international sleeping partner of any account, and British industry alone could furnish new countries with the equipment they required.

There were two aspects to the same operation, the foreign investment was the preliminary to an eventual sale of exports, but the investment was only made possible thanks to the profits on exports.

We can appreciate the anxiety with which the well-informed Englishman watches any reduction in the surplus of capital available for foreign investments. If the United States definitely captures the position of sleeping partner and world financier it will sooner or later capture the markets which have hitherto been under British influence. The Americans are extensively purchasing control of various enterprises throughout the world, and this inevitably puts orders in the way of their industry and provides employment for American personnel. Canada, though part of the Empire, and the Argentine, though British in sympathy and suspicious of American activity, are two striking examples of this tendency of markets to change hands.

A comparison between the total loans issued on the London market in 1913 and 1928 clearly proves that although England is still able to invest abroad, she can do so on the same scale as before only at the risk of a severe hæmorrhage of her resources.

ISSUES MADE ON THE LONDON MARKET ¹

(Millions of Pounds)			
		1913	1928
English	...	35 (18%)	264 (74%)
Colonial and Foreign ...	...	161 (82%)	105 (26%)
Total issues	...	196	369

This table proves that, taking into account the reduced purchasing power of the pound sterling, the total volume of issues is even greater than before the War, but the ultimate destination of the capital subscribed is entirely different. On the one hand the proportion of issues for the home market has risen by a complete reversal from 18 per cent. in 1913 to 74 per cent. in 1928, while on the other hand

¹ The year 1928 has been chosen as being more nearly normal than the following years.

foreign loans have been correspondingly reduced from 82 per cent. to 26 per cent. Further, if we consider the total amount of the foreign and colonial loans, we find a still more striking decrease, denoting a great change in the character of the London market, a change which warrants careful study.

If we are to believe the Board of Trade figures, England still overflows financially, thanks to her credit balance, but the margin is narrower than in the past. Before the War, according to generally accepted estimates, her credit balance exceeded 200 millions, but now, in a relatively good year like 1928, it is only about 150 millions. A new feature enters in, however, namely, that in proportion to the total issues England now requires a far larger share for herself. The reason is not far to seek. Formerly her great basic industries lived, flourished, and expanded on their own resources. Thanks to their steady profits they had plenty of capital, and did not need to come to London to borrow it. To-day, after a long period of depression during which textiles, coal, iron, and steel, etc., have lost money almost every year, the basic industries have been forced to turn for aid to those whose profession it is to lend money. The reorganisation of an entire branch of the cotton industry under the direction—almost under the pressure—of the City is an unheard-of event which speaks volumes regarding the decline of Manchester. The position of London as the financial capital of the nation has thus been accentuated, but it has meant a loss of international elasticity. Not that London has ceased to occupy an important rôle as an international lender—twenty recent foreign loans are there to prove the contrary—but international borrowers are gradually discovering that there are other doors at which to knock.

One feels at once that the latent danger of this situation is that there might not be sufficient capital available to support continually this extensive policy of foreign loans. Should the day arrive when the excess of imports over exports is no longer counterbalanced by invisible exports, then England would have to abandon her century-old policy of foreign investments. This would indirectly

but surely endanger her future exports, and internationally would be taken as an unmistakable sign of decline.

Under these circumstances a revival of thrift is considered vital to the welfare of the nation, for in the absence of a general increase in wealth it is only by voluntary self-denial on the part of everyone that sufficient reserves can be built up to maintain England's position as the world's capitalist. True, the English still save, and save large amounts; according to the Colwyn Report the national savings in 1925 were about 450 to 500 millions, as compared with 350 to 400 millions before the War. This appears to be progress, but in reality it covers up a decline, for we must consider the lower purchasing value of the pound sterling. As there has been no reduction in the capital available for the home market, it is the foreign investments which have suffered. To recover her former prestige the country must either earn more or spend less, and the second alternative she does not seem willing to accept, not for the moment, at any rate.

It may be that by her taxation and extravagant social services she is hindering the formation of new capital, and even squandering what she already has. The purchasing power of the masses allows them to spend freely, and taking into account the increase in population, has even given rise to swollen imports. This purchasing power is to a great extent provided by moneys distributed by the Budget, which pass into the hands of the people to go almost entirely into current expenditure with little hope of being saved. Mark you, the wealth so consumed is to a great extent provided by taxes levied not only on income, but also on capital, for every year, under the deceptive heading of Death Duties, the Government makes a genuine capital levy and dissipates the proceeds largely in unproductive expenditures. Moreover, the sliding scale of taxation has been constantly altered, until it now weighs mercilessly on large fortunes. Two-thirds of the Budget is borne to-day by direct taxation, although before the War the proportion was only one-half. The large taxpayer is thankful if he can avoid breaking into his capital, but it is difficult for him to lay anything aside.

Money is thus taken from the classes who could save it and is given to those who consume it thoughtlessly ; it is like a running sore that is draining wealth away from those who could use it productively.

Instead of being kept for the creation of new enterprises, for the rationalisation of old industries, or for the building up of foreign loans which would eventually bring profitable exports, the money so extorted is spent on better food, more comfortable houses, leisure, sport and travel. The country lives better, but it is weakening its reserves against the future. It may not be impoverished, but it has reduced its margin of safety.

Nor is this the only danger, for quite apart from her custom of investing abroad which has been facilitated by Britain's unrivalled banking system, other factors are driving her capital out of the country. Although the nation may not be able to afford it, the tendency is to make foreign investments in excess of the balance available, as it is hardly tempting to put money into British companies which are on the decline, and which, during the past ten years, have paid only insignificant dividends, or in many cases nothing at all. Even in businesses that are not being ruined, the net profit, after wages and social services have been met, is not-sufficient to make investment attractive. So capital is deserting them, and turning naturally to countries where the yield is greater.

Under present circumstances it is less expensive for an Englishman with a fixed income to live in France than at home—hence the well-known exodus to the French watering-places on the Channel or the Riviera. As capital reasons in exactly the same way, there is a danger of a similar exodus, which at times becomes a veritable flight. The English taxpayer has always been considered a model of virtue ; indeed, his fiscal patriotism is unique, for he has paid his taxes for generations not only punctually, but ungrudgingly. In England one finds little of that instinct for fiscal fraud which is so widespread in France ; but a policy of taxation that is manifestly excessive has now tried the Englishman to the utmost. I do not wish to insinuate that he is not still strictly honest, but occasionally he seems

to have lost his conscientiousness in the matter of paying taxes. For example, he will devise methods of investing his capital so as to avoid taxation, and if he is rich he is especially anxious to protect it from the risk of sure destruction. If he happens to be a Conservative and the government in power is Labour, there is possibly a certain political craftiness in his attitude. Under the MacDonald Cabinet of 1924, and still more so in 1930, the country experienced a genuine flight of capital.

At times like the present, when capital is entirely fluid, such movements respond instantly to the slightest fears of the investing public, and also to the appeal of better terms offered by the foreigner. There are ten thousand ways in which this hæmorrhage takes place, and it is difficult either to prevent it or even measure it. The country is thus tempted to invest abroad more than is justified, and at the same time it no longer attracts short-term money seeking a good yield. The unmistakable signs of this disorder are the latent weakness in the pound which comes to light periodically and the persistence with which gold leaves the country. These tendencies can be combated only by a policy of dear money, the standard method of applying a brake to the export of capital. This puts the country in a dilemma, for to protect the pound necessitates a high discount rate, and this, in turn, injures industry. Here again we are faced with contradictions in the fundamental requirements of the country—a fatal characteristic of post-War Britain.

The London market is experiencing so much difficulty in retaining its gold that one wonders whether the balance of payments is really quite as reassuring as the Board of Trade makes out. No doubt the entries in the accounts are accurate enough, but the movement of capital has been deliberately omitted. One receives a general impression of insecurity ; gold leaves the country because imports are greater than exports, because expenses are greater than receipts, because more money is invested abroad than is received from abroad, because more sterling is offered than is bid for.

France, on the other hand, can and actually does purchase

gold in spite of her unfavourable trade balance because she hoards, or, in other words, does not spend all she earns. This is very simple reasoning, but the British public refuses to accept it. When the franc was depreciating from 1923 to 1926 the French cried out indignantly at each new drop: "It is England's fault!" The British Press, with the condescension of an elder sister, laughed at their monetary simplicity, and not without reason. But read the same British Press in 1930 and you will find that it, in turn, says that the monetary nationalism of France is intolerable and is the real cause of all the trouble! London in her time of stress is no more reasonable than Paris.

Whatever may be the cause of this gold crisis—the term is no exaggeration—it indicates a weakened monetary position, and also the serious fact that the international trade routes have begun to avoid British ports instead of bringing to them the financial tributes of the world. The optimism with which so many of the English buoy up their spirits is not entirely justified, although it is difficult to tell whether we are dealing with a passing phase, due to the post-War confusion throughout the world, or whether the change is destined to endure.

Some men when they reach maturity lose during the next few years several pounds in weight. They live in perfect health with a body slightly reduced in size, and the rest of their organism accommodates itself spontaneously to the change. If this is the case with England, she obviously must adapt herself, and already one can perceive signs pointing in this direction.

A VICTORIAN IMMORTAL

BY WILLIAM MCFEE

VERY little is heard now of the war on the sea, and at no time has there been much public curiosity concerning its operation and the evolution of the auxiliary craft which bore the brunt of most of the fighting while the huge costly battle fleet lay behind their nets and breakwaters. There never was a war in history like the last one for the navies. Treaties and Admiralty policies turned things topsy-turvy for the admirals afloat. But always there was an urgent, peremptory call for ships. Anything that floated came bucketing into far harbours to astound us beyond all our linguistic resources. Paddle-wheel ferries got across the Bay of Biscay and blew shrill toots on their whistles under the sterns of super-dreadnoughts. Excursion steamers, with decks like a heap of tea-trays, reported themselves in the yellow delta waters of the Euphrates, and sported obsolete guns for which they had no ammunition. Express cross-Channel flyers with three screws and thirty knots suddenly acquired after-structures like warehouses, and became the mothers of seaplanes, whose wings folded back like a grasshopper's. It was a matter of violent argument how some improvident paddle boat, accustomed to crossing the Bristol Channel with Welsh school children for a day in lovely Clovelly, managed to carry enough coal to get her down to Old Calabar in West Africa. It was reported that bunks and store cupboards were filled with coal, and the chief engineer's wardrobe contained large lumps wrapped in copies of the *Western Mail*.

Boiled down, it amounted to this, that we had returned temporarily to conditions of the Elizabethan era, when everything that would float as far as Ushant turned out to whip the Dons, who rolled up like a castellated archipelago from the south. In our need we turned to those pathetic fleets of old ships who had failed to keep up in

the race for freights and mail contracts. We were no longer proudly selective in our attitude. We made some astonishing discoveries. While the shipyards roared and vibrated with the turmoil of new construction, those who were grubbing around in ancient anchorages became the possessors of museum pieces, priceless examples of Victorian naval architecture.

The discoveries mentioned, however, were of more importance than the quaintness of some superstructure or the elegant figureheads flaunted by the spritbows of many old steamers. What astounded the men hunting for tonnage was the fact that these old ships, built in the 'eighties of iron, before the era of cheap steel, were as good as ever. Their frames and plates gave out such a ring to the hammer as no soft, cheesy mild steel, blown full of carbon in a Bessemer cupola, ever produced. They had been retired, during a period of soaring freights and hustling competition, when to be modish and fashionable was all the rage, and a single-bottom ship, no matter how well built, had no more chance of employment than an elderly spinster in a revue chorus. Ships had to be fast, fashionable and funnel-conscious, to use the jargon of the salesman.

As good as ever. In that time of bitter necessity, when "silken dalliance in the wardrobe lay," the condition of a ship's hull became of more moment than the rake of her funnel or the period of her panelling. The voice of the underwriter was heard in the land, and he, known as "Lloyds," proclaimed that an iron ship twenty years old was rated as good as a steel ship only eight years old. The tough fibrous Lowmoor or Staffordshire iron made a ship that, with care, defied the implacable corrosion of the sea. Forgings made of it came from the hammer with a black skin of extraordinary hardness and strength. There was neither welding nor dropforging in those days, and engine shafts had to be built up of short coupled units because iron could not be made large enough to comprise the whole affair. Such iron, when machined and polished, showed its fibrous nature by black lines where the steam hammers had flogged the impurities into long twisted laminations. It had nothing of the silvery perfection of

modern mild steel. But it had strength. Those rods and plates were like corded muscles, and they were amazingly resistant to the ravages of salt water.

These ships of the eighties, indeed, were in a class by themselves. They formed a now forgotten aristocracy of iron steamships rigged for sails as auxiliaries, between the authentic clippers and the great steel fleets of the nineties. There were old men in my day who would grow red in the face, which usually had white side-whiskers, if you suggested that a steel ship was a dependable vessel. They swore by iron, good Staffordshire iron, puddled in blooms and hammered by Nasmyth's famous steam hammers into shape by master smiths. They would have nothing of your soft cheesy mild steel, made in big cupolas like toffee, and rolled from ingots that had been cooked like bread in an annealing furnace. The battle raged; but steel won because steel was cheaper, and (unknown to the Conservatives) was getting stronger every year. The old men with their side-whiskers, high-crowned hats and farmer-like tail coats, passed on, and the ships they built and loved lay in dignified seclusion, tied up to the buoys in many a dock basin. Their day seemed over. All they had to look forward to was the last sad journey to some foreign yard to be broken up, or to lie as a coal hulk in a distant harbour.

And then the war, which meant death for so many new and beautiful things, broke in upon the moribund musings of those elderly Victorians. They found themselves towed into naval dockyards, their old ears were deafened with unfamiliar shoutings, and their rusty hawse pipes shrieked with the thunderous downward plunge of new steel anchor chains. Their ancient boilers hummed with the voices of surveyors who were babes in perambulators when those same ships were born. Their entrails and long-hidden secrets were pried into by tall strong men who understood the anatomies of quadruple-screw battle-cruisers and the fearsome congestions of submarines. They were torn asunder, those Victorian steamers, and were assaulted with gun-platforms, depth-charges, and other strange outrages. And with a coat or two of naval grey or even a

camouflage that resembled a cubistic nightmare, the poor old things went sobbing and wheezing out into seas that were shot with the swift bobbins of death.

One of the amazing things about the war was that most of these old creatures survived. Superb oil-burning liners, last word in engineering design and models of modern naval architecture, were launched one week, ran their trials, and went to the bottom the very night they left on their maiden voyages. Famous ships were gathering in Fiddler's Green while the Victorian pensioners, cursed by their crews and the unhappy resident naval officers who had to use them, bore charmed lives. Take, as an example, perfect in every way, of an indestructible Victorian and one of the glories of her day, the old *Oxford*. She may fitly represent this group of noble dames.

She was built in 1882 of Staffordshire iron, and she had no inner bottom. Which is to say she was unlike the modern ship, which possesses two bottoms, from three to four feet apart, between which she carries water ballast and liquid fuel. These divisions are called "compartments," and the vertical transverse watertight walls or bulkheads start from the outer bottom and extend to above the water line. The elderly Victorians of which I speak had holds like a row-boat—you could see their ribs or frames under the flooring. Being built low in the tophammer, they did not need the formidable ballasting of a modern steamer with four or five decks, and which often must have her double bottoms filled with water before launching, if she is not to capsize the moment she takes the water. The *Oxford*, four hundred feet long, slender as a sword-fish in beam, had a few tons of cement here and there in her limbers, and sailed the seas with solemn security for thirty years, and was retired on a pension, when she heard the call: "Your King and Country need you!"

Her remarkable features, however, did not end with her single bottom. She had, in her heyday, sails. Mighty yards swung from her iron masts and the sheets were carried to the winches through enormous triple sheaves built on the skew into her bulwarks. From these they passed through a snatchblock shackled to a ringbolt on

the deck. She had a donkey-boiler on a 'tween-deck platform, an aged Scotch tank boiler whose flues were the devil to do anything with because of the small space in the combustion chambers. These sails were supposed to save coal by assisting an enormous compound engine which turned a propeller, like a Dutch windmill, some fifty revolutions per minute.

Thus equipped, in her youth and pride the *Oxford* took many a lordly official and his family to his work in India. She had room for perhaps five-and-twenty passengers. She was no doubt successful, for after seven years it was decided to change her engine to the triple-expansion principle. To her two mighty cylinders, piston rods and cranks, was to be added a third cylinder with a new-fangled piston valve. The engine-room was too short for the usual arrangement, so the valve gear of the new engine had to be operated by a gigantic cast-steel rocking lever. The noise she made in her old age, when going full speed, resembled a number of tractors falling down a rocky chasm accompanied by the shrill squeal of a thousand swine. There was also a dull thunderous roar from the forced-draft fan, which had had to be installed to generate enough steam for the enlarged engine. The fan was as large as a house; it was driven from a small engine on the floor below by a tremendous chain belt. The rumour of its passing and the roar of the fan made a nervous person think that he was about to be overtaken in a narrow tunnel by a herd of angry mastodons.

The engine-room of that ship, indeed, deserves a more than passing mention. She was, it must be remembered, a thoroughly up-to-date vessel. Her owners have always been aware of the latest inventions. She had Weir pumps and two air pumps. She had a dynamo, also driven from an engine by the belt; but that was mercifully removed before my time. She had an ash-hoisting engine, which may have been a wonder in its youth, but during the war had an extraordinary homicidal tendency to jib when the bucket was half-way up the ventilator and forthwith drop it on the fireman's head. But perhaps nothing, unless it was the turning-engine, a contrivance which was supposed to

revolve the main crankshaft in port, so nearly resembled an instrument of torture as that chain belt of the fan-engine. The secret lay in its design, which was theoretically marvellous, but in practice and in our day, facilitated an unexpected and inopportune disintegration. It was about fifty feet long, and a foot wide, and it was composed of thousands upon thousands of tiny leather links, set on edge and hinged on long steel wires. The savant who discovered that the frictional efficiency of oxhide leather on edge is higher than the flat surface ought to have been with us to wrestle with that terrible old belt. When we were going into action and needed all the steam possible, we would hear behind us a loud shriek as the belt parted, and struck the fan casing. Lucky for us if we were not in the line of fire to be hurled to the floor. Armed with a sack of links and another of pins we would fall upon our enemy and painfully join the ends, the steam pressure dropping in an alarming fashion as we toiled. Our gallant commander, who had been drawn out of his retirement by the war, very much like his ship, used mild Victorian nautical profanity to relieve the tedium of waiting for the torpedo to blow us all to glory.

This, however, is to run ahead of the story, as though one were to omit a woman's nuptials and tell of her heroism during a fire. The remorseless march of time and commercial progress forced the *Oxford* from her proud place in the line to the East. Like many another of her race and age, she was relegated to the shorter routes where passengers were less numerous and less exacting. During the reign of Edward VII she and her consorts made the pleasant rounds of the Mediterranean ports, taking out general merchandise and bringing back currants from Greece, olive oil from Italy and the generous vintages of Spain. Her sails, of course, disappeared, very much as ladies of her age and condition abandoned bustles, crinolines and bonnets. With her roomy cabins, opening upon the main saloon, the wall-panels of birdseye maple framed in Honduras mahogany and ornamented with hand-painted medallions of shells filled with English flowers, she was an ideal ship to make a lazy cruise to the Mediterranean

in winter. She seemed to have reached a charming and useful middle-age.

But once again progress, this time in the form of competition, pronounced sentence upon the ageing vessel. A period of high freights and government subsidies had brought new fleets into being, so that freights became low and the battle for maritime supremacy was being fought all over the world. The new German mercantile marine was everywhere. One company had four hundred ships which encircled Africa. The *Deutsche Levante Line* was gathering up the cargoes of Asia Minor and the Black Sea. New fast freighters with modern winches and hatchways forced the old iron ships of the 'eighties into the discard. The old *Oxford*, after ranging the seas for thirty years, was laid up to keep her out of the hands of alien competitors, her machinery was covered with tallow and white lead, and her house-flag hauled down.

Her dreams, we may imagine, as she lay forgotten by all save ship-keepers and the office files, were those of any decorous Victorian matron who had led a respectable if unexciting life. Certainly she was not to be blamed if she failed to foresee the extraordinary career awaiting her from 1914 to 1919 and thereafter. One does not expect dowagers to be put in the forefront of the battle or to assist in the rescue of the Holy Land from Ottoman hordes. So, we may with confidence believe, she dreamed only of her gentle and useful past, rich in sentimental passages across the Indian Ocean in fine weather, and happy invalids wintering on her pleasant promenade deck in the quiet harbours of Spain and Italy.

It is not easy, at this distance, to extract from memory the first of her movements when requisitioned for war. That she was taken to Belfast and there conditioned and commissioned, seems certain, for all her men were implacable Orangemen with a distinct flair for insubordination. Certain also it is that at this time she became a mother.

Such a fantastic statement requires, of course, some elucidation and perhaps defence. But no one who has ever watched the slow inflation and emergence of a captive balloon, a "blimp" as it was called, from its parent

vessel, can erase from his mind the notion of some appalling and superhuman parturition. There is something irresistibly reminiscent, in a blimp's configuration, of a primeval and not particularly successful experiment of Mother Nature, wavering blindly and blunderingly at the end of its umbilical cord.

Moreover—and it is not the fault of this observer so much as it is the peculiar humour of naval architects—the impression of a slightly protracted maternity was confirmed by the novel waistline of the old *Oxford* herself. At the beginning of the war certain vessels of slow speed and even slower manoeuvring ability, which were designed for use in submarine warfare, were provided with an outer shell from waterline to keel. We called them “blisters.” They were merely curved plates on a light angle iron frame, and gave the ship the shape of a gigantic water melon. The torpedo striking this outer skin, which had a number of subdivisions, exploded harmlessly, or was supposed to do so.

Another extraordinary contraption was provided—the invention not of the devil, as some of our harassed officers imagined, but of Admiral Sir Reginald Burney—the Paravane. This involved the *Oxford's* stem in a bulbous growth on the forefoot, well under water, a huge swelling in which some terrible cancerous growth seemed to have made a hole. Through this hole ran a giant steel wire rope, to each end of which was a thing that resembled a cross between a torpedo and an atrophied airplane. A cigar-shaped body carried short wings, and at the tail were lateral and vertical rudders controlled by pistons in the hull. When lowered into the water while the *Oxford* was under weigh, the paravanes swam outward on the ends of their wire. The air pressure within them was adjusted to keep them submerged by the horizontal rudder. Thus they and the ship's bow were joined under water by a taut steel rope forming an enormous acute angle. Should an anchored mine catch on this wire it was forced by the ship's motion out to the paravane, which bore on its head a savage hardened steel jaw capable of cutting a half-inch wire rope like cotton. The mine was released and could be destroyed by gun fire. So the aged *Oxford*

thus horrendously equipped, could sail through mine fields and flaunt her mature charms in the very periscopes of submarines. She must have done so, for she floundered about in the North Sea in the very jaws of death. Her only accident was to get aground in Goodwin Sands and stick fast just when her observation balloon was urgently needed off Zeebrugge. Her speed, of course, with that preposterous enlargement of her figure, was about five knots. The Grand Fleet, after mature consideration, recommended that she be reconditioned, changed into something else, say, a seaplane carrier, and sent so far away that she might never bother them any more.

Someone took the Grand Fleet authorities at their word. She went off down Channel, paravanes spread wide and her balloon under hatches, and turned up in Belfast again, where her welcome was not ecstatic. She became, in fact, something of a poor relation in her declining years. Nevertheless, the changes in her anatomy were proceeded with. The “blister” was taken off. It was obviously useless to protect a ship so effectually that she was unable to go anywhere in less than a week. The battle for which she was to observe would be fought before she arrived in the vicinity. The blister came off and her superstructure went up. To prevent her rolling over and expiring in a moderate sea, she had her bottom frames solidly filled up with stones and concrete. She had searchlights fitted, and in addition to her two anti-aircraft guns she received a modern three-inch weapon on her stern. Her hydrogen gas-making plant was taken out and a fine workshop fitted up in an almost inaccessible part of the forehold 'tween decks. Her winches were rearranged to hoist out the seaplanes which were to nestle on her decks. She was given a beautiful new dynamo. It was felt that a new dynamo would be a cheap price to pay for getting rid of her. And in place of her balloonists she received a horde of Royal Naval Air Squadron mechanics and warrant ranks, together with a wing commander, a photographer, an armament officer, an observer, and six schoolboys with the rank of lieutenant, who were classed as pilots by their grateful country.

So once more that ancient iron ship, now nearly forty

years of age, a dangerous period for ships and women, set out upon her next Odyssey. It would be conventional here to grow pathetic over her wanderings upon the face of the waters and to describe her last heroic encounter with the enemy, destroying the submarine before going down with the white ensign, "the meteor flag of England," at her gaff. The *Oxford* was not built that way. She was so tenacious of life that we had no doubt she would survive the last of the super-dreadnoughts and remain as a lonely guardship off the Tower of London when the vast navies of the world had perished. To say that she bore a charmed life would be an understatement. We who toiled to renovate her vitals, so that they might continue to function, lost all hope of ever being lost. She had, in the popular phrase, an iron constitution. She never leaked a single cup of water. The copper suction pipes to her bilges were so thin we hardly dared to stop the holes with bronze bands lest we crush them flat.

For months, after an extraordinary pilgrimage, she lay in Port Said while the naval authorities wondered what to do with her. She was everything they did not want. She was too slow to accompany a cruiser on a raid, she could not manœuvre fast enough to deal with submarines, and she would be a positive menace to the trawlers if she went out to sweep. So she lay under her awnings in the harbour and was popular with the air squadron officers because of her well-stocked cellar and homelike quarters. But when Lord Allenby descended upon Egypt like the Assyrians upon Sennacherib's army the wind of his passing touched even the *Oxford*. Allenby, instead of sitting comfortably in Cairo at Shepheard's Hotel, proposed to march into Palestine. From El Kantara, across the Canal and over the desert to El Arish the army engineers were pushing a railroad. New divisions began to collect from Malta, from Salonika, from India and from Gallipoli. Allenby, when he was ready to move, demanded naval co-operation. He was going to march up the coast to Ascalon and Gaza, and he wanted a squadron off shore to take the Turks in flank.

We were a motley assembly when we steamed out of

Port Said in the dead of night to take up our stations off Askalon. There was the *Grafton*, our flagship, an almost prehistoric cruiser, with six-inch guns. There was a French cruiser with six funnels. There was a British monitor with fifteen-inch guns in a squat turret. And there was the *Oxford*, whose planes were to fly inland and send back the range for the guns. Moving rapidly around us at some distance destroyers kept watch for periscopes.

If any one doubted the utter impossibility of sending the *Oxford* to the bottom he would have been convinced at the Battle of Askalon. Turkish raiders flew over us, swooped low and dropped bomb after bomb as the *Oxford* waddled in a zigzag course at eleven incredible knots. And she was never touched save by flying fragments. Down in the engine-room we heard the most alarming concussions as the Turkish bombs burst on the water all around. During the second night, as we cruised slowly to and fro, waiting for daylight and watching the conflagrations behind the enemy flying towards Gath and into the land of the Jebusites, a submarine sank one of our escorts, and got in among us. But she could not hit the *Oxford*. That valiant Victorian arrived, extremely short of water for her boilers, in Port Said. The following Sunday her commander, a white-bearded and religious old shipmaster, preached a sermon to his giggling crew from the Book of Judges, the fourteenth chapter and the nineteenth verse, wherein it is written that "The Spirit of the Lord came upon Samson, and he went down to Askalon and slew thirty men of them and took their spoil." He told us that he had prayed for victory in the heat of the battle, and the French admiral lost no time in sending over a *Croix de Guerre*.

With the passing of the Turkish menace from the Suez Canal came another transmigration of the soul of the *Oxford*. She was growing somewhat weary; the terrific strain of that week at sea had revealed an alarming number of "engine-room defects," to use the jargon of the Royal Navy. It is almost impossible to depict even to a modern engineer the layout of that extraordinary engine-room. But an effort must be made because, take her for all in all, we shall not look upon her like again.

She was indeed a chronicle of her times. Each new decade had seen her modified and enlarged and made more complicated. The back of her enormous main condenser, which was about the size of a moving van, was like the rear of a telephone switchboard. Scores of pipes led to every conceivable part of the ship. Many days did the author of this veracious biography spend, flashlight in hand, following the bewildering array, like the serpents of Laocoon, which led above, around and below, for and aft and thwart-ship. One half-inch pipe, traced to the upper fiddle grating, which is the one you see when you walk along the boat deck, turned round and was detected entering the condenser again. If the reader imagines these expeditions were inspired by a love of sport he is mistaken. The *Oxford*, in spite of her large condenser, duplex centrifugal circulating pumps and duplex air pumps, carried no more than twenty-three inches of vacuum. It was agreed that there was a leak somewhere. The chief engineer stated violently that he had hunted that leak for years. It is a principle of engine-room practice, however, that two heads are better than one, that the job is much more important than any engineer's dignity, and that every man must make his own name. In an engine-room at sea there is no room for what is known ashore as genius or brilliance. Watch-keeping consists in the main of intelligent anticipation, years of experience, and sleepless vigilance. These qualities eventually blend into something that is hard to define and still harder for the landsman to appreciate. It may be compared with the action of a trained thoroughbred bird dog, or the instinctive digital dexterity of a good surgeon. Some men never acquire it, just as some dogs never know what to do.

The mystery had to be solved. A suspicious connection on the back of the condenser and without a valve, which is supposed to be illegal with all underwriters and governmental surveys, was marked down and followed backwards and forwards in the engine-room and detected sneaking behind the spare air pump bucket into the boiler-room. The *Oxford's* boilers were obsolete in their overhead equipment, and after an hour following that pipe

among the others the detective resembled a sweep. The chase grew exciting because, in spite of the heat of the boilers, that pipe was *cold*. It fled eventually up the funnel, out into the open gratings above the ash-hoist, darted back into the funnel casing, and, in an almost inaccessible corner, an open valve was found shrieking faintly as the air rushed inwards to destroy our precious vacuum. The valve was closed and the hunt was over.

This, however, was only a detail. Orders came that the *Oxford* was to go to Suez to refit to carry more planes, and then join the fleet, assisting the Arab forces far down the coast of the Red Sea. Allenby was in Jerusalem, but the Turks were still astride of the Mecca branch of the Berlin-Bagdad railway. We were to be under H.M.S. *Fox* and *Fox* was to accept suggestions from the King of the Hedjaz. Colonel Lawrence, organising the tribes of the interior, was probably the cause of our new assignment, which was to keep the Turkish forces from the coast villages and so drive them back upon the railway, where Lawrence's tribesmen were waiting for them. It was a peculiar business, and we on the *Oxford* listened with respect to our returned airmen, who often discovered that the Turkish camp they had bombed was not a camp at all, but an Arab village with whose tribe our Arabs in Loheija had a feud.

Nobody who was on that cruise will ever forget it. The heat of Port Said in the sultriest time of year, the heat of New York City in the dog days, the heat of the Niger River, the heat of the Straits of Malacca between Sabang and Singapore, the heat of Basra in the Persian Gulf, all paled into insignificance compared with the absolute ferocity of the heat in those shallow bays and inlets of the Red Sea in July and August. The salinity of the sea water, by reason of the tremendous evaporation in the noon tide hours, rose far above the usual percentage of five ounces of salt to the gallon. The temperature of the water was close on hundred degrees Fahrenheit. Under our triple awnings our unfortunate Air Force lay gasping. In the engine-room we varied from a hundred and twenty to a hundred and twenty-five degrees. Over the dynamo, which was in a

deep recess over the auxiliaries, it was a hundred and thirty. Sometimes we lay for days in a state of absolute idleness and somnolence. On shore the heat was so great that the coast ranges waved like the air over molten metal. We kept out of the sun. We had a number of breakdowns in the engine-room. Some of the staff broke down, too. In his cabin our captain washed his socks, sang hymns and prayed that the sons of Esau might be smitten hip and thigh. The King of the country came on board with an astonishing *entourage* of black bearded men with fierce eyes, jewelled daggers, superb robes and green turbans. We stood at attention to be inspected, the sweat streaming from our bodies. Our captain, who had forgotten that his braces were not on his shoulders before he donned his tunic, stood before us in lonely grandeur, and we shook miserably to quench our laughter. But the magnificent Moslems thought the bright scarlet loops were part of his uniform, and were pleased.

And then suddenly *Fox*, acting on instructions from an admiral, ordered us to get up to the Canal again. I believe there were no more Turks, or else the Admiralty had discovered we were merely being used by Arabs to annoy other Arabs. We went up to Ismailia and anchored in the lake which forms part of the Canal. We lay there a month, forgotten of gods and men. We drank oceans of beer in the cafes in the town, we walked along the irrigation canal and we gave trouble—some of us—to the military police. The *Oxford* in her declining years had an irresistible attraction for the misfits, incompetents and alcoholics. We had more than our share of those elderly glassy-eyed problems whose behaviour, when they join, is too good to be true. One of our officers, a pug-nosed little derelict from a score of ships, fell off a broken balcony in a fight with a *Chasseur d'Afrique*, landed on the hood of a carriage below, and was miraculously unhurt. To balance this, our captain led a prayer meeting at a canteen and organised a revival among men who had been butchering the Turks in the wilderness of Judea. The town of Ismailia was relieved when the *Oxford* moved up the Canal, and we heard the extraordinary tidings that we were to load five hundred tons of twelve-

inch shells in Number Three lower hold (under the aircraft mens' hammocks) and escort a convoy for England.

There is a temptation to linger over that voyage, which lasted weeks and weeks, though a tramp steamer does it in a fortnight. We herded our unwieldy convoy of merchantmen from port to port. We lay in each, waiting for ships to join us. We crept from Port Said to Alexandria, to Malta, to Bizerta, to Gibraltar, where we stuck. A submarine fired a torpedo at us off Cape de Gata and interned herself in Almeria the next day, too discouraged to go home. She might have known that no mortal projectile would ever touch the *Oxford*.

At last we sallied out into the Atlantic. Rumours in Gibraltar said the Germans were cracking and their navy was in mutiny. We chugged through the darkness and off St. Vincent, where all north-bound ships roll their gunwales under, the *Oxford*, champion roller of the Fleet, seemed likely to roll clean over. It was a fine night and one who shall be nameless was walking on the boat deck smoking cautiously in the darkness. Suddenly he heard groans as of a ship in labour, and he saw the funnel swaying ominously. The starboard funnel guys had worked loose, and the whole tall stack reeled drunkenly as the *Oxford* floundered in the swell. There was no time to be lost. A hurried round of visits to the officers' cabins and we were all out in our pyjamas, rigging tackle and bending slings about the flying guy-wires, silently throwing our weight as the funnel nodded to starboard, finally getting the hooks snapped over the ends of the stretching screws. Phew! It would have been a long way to Tipperary without a funnel. It was all we could do to keep steam with the fan belt flying off twice a day.

By slow degrees, and as though we were sneaking in on a defenceless island, we reached first Pembroke, where they told us to go away, and finally, as the Armistice was signed, Cardiff. And there we lost her. We were ordered out of her. Her owners wanted her, for freights were soaring, a shipping boom was on, and instead of being retired on a pension, the *Oxford* was to be refitted once more for cargo and begin to earn her living. We left her, and our last

glimpse of her showed us an army of navvies with pneumatic drills getting that concrete ballast out of her old ribs. The owners did not approve of it.

Only chance gives us one more glimpse of that imperishable old ship. Six months later in Smyrna, having a carpet to ship home, a sister ship of the *Oxford*, or rather a daughter-in-law, for she was young and pretty, accepted the freight in a friendly way and it was only natural that there should arise inquiries about the *Oxford*. Did they know the *Oxford*? They certainly knew of her. She had done a most extraordinary thing. Would I like to hear the story? I certainly would. Now that I no longer had to brood over her innumerable engine-room defects, I felt free to enjoy the agonies of my successors.

The chief engineer who told the story had been there. He pointed to the grey in his hair and swore the *Oxford* had done it. Nobody ever experiencing such a thing would step on board of her again. The owners had taken the cement ballast out of her frames, but they had not removed the extra superstructure. And one day, in a fine long swell off the Burlings, which are rocks near Portugal, she rolled slowly over on her beam ends, and remained there.

It was awful. He was lying in his bunk and he was unable to get out over the edge! The suspense! She lay there, calmly steaming along as before. What had happened? They clung to each other on the high tide of the deck houses and debated. Cargo shifted? Impossible. All cargo was well stowed. There was no wind. How long will she last? And then suddenly: "Look out! She's coming up! Hold on there!" With a great sigh and a groan, that was perhaps her youth going from her at last, she rolled over on her other side. And lay there. The chief engineer's eyes popped as he fixed them on me and begged me to imagine it. There they were, clinging to what? What was the use of clinging to a ship that was losing her mind? He thought seriously of putting on a life belt and dropping off. The feeling of helplessness was increased rather than assuaged when the *Oxford* slowly recovered her normal position. How long would it last? They stood gazing around vaguely. He himself wanted to go down

into the engine-room. They must be in a state down there. Look out! No, a false alarm, by Jove!

It was worse than the war, he assured me, and between two gales of laughter, he received a cordial assent. He left the captain and mate hanging to a deck house and wrangling about the cause of the ship's behaviour. He ran down the engine-room ladder, almost afraid to meet his second engineer. How could one expect men to remain below in a ship gone crazy? His heart was in his mouth as he reached the platform and suddenly the *Oxford* fell over so far it didn't seem she could ever come back. The racket of heavy metal slambanging and screeching over the footplates was appalling. They hung. It was as if the ship had simply tumbled over the edge of the earth, as if the laws of the buoyancy of solids in liquids and the principles of stability had been suddenly abrogated. They lay, as it were, on their faces against convenient projections, watching the coal slithering across the stokehold plates, and wondering what next?

For an hour, with intervals of a few minutes of repose, they endured this peculiar oscillating purgatory. The captain got her finally on a course head on to the swell, which would have taken her eventually to Tierra del Feugo, whereas she was bound to Gibraltar. Once clear of the Burlings, the *Oxford* resumed her normal trim. Nothing remained save the nervous feeling, the apprehensive expressions on the officers faces, and the extreme reluctance of firemen to go below.

When she reached home, the crew stampeded ashore. Her fame ran like fire through stubble. There was no chance of shipping a new crew. Even the owners admitted that such behaviour was indecorous and bad for one's serenity. I asked, then, where is she now?

"Why, they were going to send her to the knacker's yard," he said, "to be broken up, but the deal fell through. They had such a good offer for her. She's under the Greek flag now. They call her the *Eumenides*, or some such name."

And a very suitable one, too, was all I could mutter in reply.

A CONSTITUTION FOR A CONTINENT

The Problem of India—II

BY SIR JOHN MARRIOTT

HISTORY would seem to take an impish delight in disclosing a series of situations each more replete with irony than the last. But never, surely, was there a situation more purely ironical than that which confronts us in India to-day.

The crisis which has arisen in Indian affairs is largely—not entirely—our own creation. It has come upon us not as the nemesis of vice, but as the inappropriate reward of virtue. It may be that, but for the intrusion of Europeans, the Empire of the Moguls—foreigners to India no less than the Portuguese, the French, or ourselves—would have established its supremacy from the Himalayas to Cape Comerin. As a fact it never did; and there is no evidence to validate the suggestion that, but for the presence of European companies in India, it might have done so. Quite the contrary. A revival of Hinduism was at that time a less improbable contingency. The powerful confederacy of the Mahrattas was making headway against the decaying Empire of the Moguls, when the English Company made its first plunge into the turbid waters of Indian politics. After we had finally disposed of all European competitors the Mahrattas proved our most formidable opponents. By the time our victory over them was assured—not before 1818—Lord Wellesley and his successors had made it certain that the British would be the paramount Power in India. Lord Dalhousie completed the work of conquest and consolidation began by his immediate predecessors.

Summarising the results of Dalhousie's work, Sir Edwin Arnold, his biographer, used a striking phrase. "We are making," he wrote in 1865, "a nation in India, where

hitherto there have been a hundred tribes, but no people." There is, perhaps, a touch of exaggeration in that tribute, and a precisian might prefer to substitute the word *State* for nation; yet it is true that Dalhousie's work was all in the direction of consolidation, and perhaps of nationhood. The sweeping away of phantom royalties, the annexation of intermediate States, the development of the railway, postal and telegraph systems—all these were tending towards unification. But of all the forces operating in this direction much the strongest was that of education.

"Amid all the checks which occurred to Dalhousie's consolidating system in India after his firm hand was withdrawn," wrote Sir W. W. Hunter in 1890, "this tremendous fact of unification has gone on working without break or intermission, gaining strength and displaying its marvellous results on an ever extending scale."

It is interesting to recall the fact that in his educational policy Dalhousie was carrying out the instructions of the President of the Board of Control, Sir Charles Wood, the grandfather of Lord Irwin. But in connection with Indian education there is another significant point. Thanks mainly to the arrogant decision of Macaulay, all higher education is conveyed through the medium of the English tongue. "Higher education," as the Statutory Commissioners point out, was thus "definitely linked with the English language. . . . For good or evil the course was set which has resulted in educated Indians having a means of communication all over the sub-continent which no single vernacular could supply" (I. 380). In other words, English has become the *lingua franca* of educated India. True, it is spoken by only two and a-half out of 320 million people; but that small minority includes all those who are in any sense politically-conscious; and it is, therefore, no exaggeration to say that but for Macaulay's momentous decision (as embodied in the Minute of 1835) there would be nothing remotely resembling a "nation" in India to-day. Such national unity as exists is, as a fact, almost exclusively the product of English administration, and in particular, of English education.

On Dalhousie's departure the "Mutiny" immediately

followed. The inclination to hold him and his policy responsible for the outbreak was, therefore, not unnatural. Whether that inclination was, or was not, justified depends largely on the view taken of the "Mutiny." If, as some hold, it was merely a military revolt, Dalhousie must be acquitted, for he had repeatedly warned his masters against the danger involved in the increasing disproportion between British and native troops. If, on the other hand, the "Mutiny" had a wider and deeper significance, if it was the "false dawn" of an embryonic "national" movement, Dalhousie must be held primarily responsible.

Be this as it may, the Mutiny brought John Company to an end, and British India passed under the direct rule of the Crown.

The proclamation in which Queen Victoria announced to her Indian subjects this important Constitutional change was couched in the most felicitous terms and did not fail the desired effect. No single phrase was more frequent on the lips of the Indian delegates to the recent Round Table Conference than that which embodied the Queen's wish that her "subjects of whatever class or creed [should] be fully and freely admitted to any office the duties of which they may be qualified by their education, abilities and integrity duly to discharge." The "Indianisation" of the Services—now rapidly proceeding—represents the fulfilment of that hope.

The India Act of 1858, which gave legislative effect to the Queen's Proclamation, inaugurated a new era in the relations of Great Britain and India. Its significance was further emphasised by the State visit of the Prince of Wales (1875-76)—the first of several royal progresses in India—and still more by the Queen's assumption (1877) of the new, but wholly appropriate, title of Empress of India. This step was severely criticised at the time, but to describe it as a piece of political charlatancy is merely to betray that lack of imagination which has so often cost us dear in India.

Nowhere does the personal equation count for more than it does in India. The secret of the success of British administration in India lies, as Lord Curzon pointed out

in one of his farewell speeches, not "in systems or rules . . . it consists in the man." If the man belong to the British Ruling House so much the better. The value of visits paid by successive Princes of Wales, by the Duke of Connaught, and most of all by the King-Emperor himself and his Consort cannot, therefore, be over-estimated.

A series of Royal progresses did not exhaust the significance of the change effected in 1858. The reorganisation of the Civil Service, which had begun in 1853, proceeded apace. By a succession of Indian Council Acts passed in 1862, 1892, and 1909, the Legislative machinery, alike for the Supreme Government of India and for the Provincial Governments, has been remodelled on an ever-widening popular basis; the administration of justice, from the lowest Court to the highest, has been completely overhauled and placed largely in the hands of native judges; in an economic and industrial sense, India has been revolutionised by the development in means of communication by irrigation works and not least by the growth of the factory system. The Press—both English and vernacular—has acquired a new power, though it is limited by the large percentage of illiteracy. The assembling of an Indian National Congress (1885) was significant of the new spirit moving over the face of the Indian waters, even if many of its debates have been characterised by puerilities and something worse.

The world-war furnished another landmark in the evolution of modern India. The difficulties encountered by British troops in the South African War; the crushing defeat inflicted upon Russia by Japan; the embarrassment caused to Great Britain by the development of Irish Nationalism—all these things had their repercussions in India even before the outbreak of the world-war. Yet the world-war must none the less be acclaimed as the great turning point, if only because it evoked the historic declaration of August 20, 1917.

Opinions may legitimately differ as to the wisdom and timeliness of that announcement. But it stands. Mischief, however, has been wrought; not by misquotation, but by

misplaced emphasis laid on the first of its two paragraphs. Alike in the original announcement, and in the Preamble to the Government of India Act, 1919, which recapitulated the statement, equal emphasis was laid on two points: (1) on the desirability of providing for "the increasing association of Indians in every branch of Indian administration, and for the gradual development of self-governing institutions, with a view to the progressive realisation of responsible government in India as an integral part of the British Empire"; and (2) on certain conditions. The second point has been so frequently ignored that it must be quoted textually: "Progress in this policy can only be achieved by successive stages. The British Government and the Government of India, on whom the responsibility lies for the welfare and advancement of the Indian peoples, must be judges of the time and measure of each advance, and they must be guided by the co-operation received from those upon whom the new opportunities of service will thus be conferred, and by the extent to which it is found that confidence can be reposed in their sense of responsibility." There is hardly a word in this paragraph which does not prove the wisdom and foresight of those who drafted it, and which would not to-day justify extended commentary. But I must forbear and be content for the moment with recording the sequence of events.

The first of the "successive stages" was marked by the Government of India Act, 1919. That Act, as Sir John Simon has truly observed, is "one of the most complicated constitutional instruments which has ever been devised," partly owing to the attempt which it embodied "at one and the same time both to expand the powers of the Provinces and to create representative institutions at the Centre." (*Ludwig Mond Lecture*, p. 12.) The changes effected in the Provincial Governments were, in fact, much more significant than at the Centre. The latter remains an autocracy tempered by a bi-cameral legislature, the authority of which may be, and has been, overridden by the Viceroy. An Indian Privy Council was also established "as a means of honouring and employing ripe wisdom and meritorious service," and later on there was

brought into being, by Royal Decree, a Council of Princes to provide a link between the Native States and the British Government. The significance of the latter step was, perhaps, hardly appreciated at the moment, but in view of recent developments cannot be over-estimated.

The principle applied to the Provincial Governments was that of *Diarchy*. The functions of government were divided into two sections: one dealing with subjects—such as justice and police—*reserved* for the exclusive jurisdiction of the Governor and his Executive Council; the other dealing with such matters as education, public health, agriculture and fisheries and like matters, the administration of which is *transferred* to Ministers chosen from and responsible to the local legislature, the large majority of which consists of elected members.

The Constitution defined in the Act of 1919 was specifically stated to be experimental, and the experiment was, with supreme unwisdom, rigidly limited to ten years, with results which the Statutory Commission—itsself the creature of the Act—*emphatically deprecate*.

As regards Provincial Government, the main recommendations of the Commission may be roughly and briefly summarised as follows: (1) the abolition of diarchy; (2) the introduction of "responsible government," with Cabinets designed on the British model, but with a reservation of emergency powers to the Government; (3) a widened franchise for the Provincial Legislatures, but a continuance of communal electorates for the protection of important minorities "unless and until agreement can be reached upon a better method"; (4) a provision for constitutional revision by the Legislatures, subject always to the protection of the rights of minorities.

The modifications proposed for the Central Government include: (1) a bi-cameral Legislature consisting of (a) the "Federal Assembly" reconstituted on the basis of the representation of the local areas of British India according to population, to be elected by the method of proportional representatives by the Provincial Councils, with some nominated officials; and (b) the Council of State consisting as at present of nominated members, and members

elected by a process of indirect election by the Provincial Second Chambers, where they exist, and otherwise by the Provincial Councils.

"Responsibility" in the English sense, is not to extend to the Central Executive, which is to remain in the hands of the Viceroy and Ministers responsible to him.

The Constitutional structure is to be crowned by a Council for Greater India, endowed with "consultative and deliberate functions" in regard to a scheduled list of "matters of common concern" to the States and British India. This Council is deliberately designed as a beginning in the process which may lead to the Federation of Greater India, but the Commissioners emphatically endorse the caution uttered by the Butler (Indian States) Committee against forcing the pace towards Federation.

The amazing quickening of the pace towards a federal solution of the Indian problem was, however, the outstanding feature of the Round Table Conference. The attitude of the Princes on this question threw every other matter—save only the need for a settlement of the religious problem and for the reservation of "safeguards"—entirely into the shade. The Montagu-Chelmsford Report envisaged some form of federation for India as a whole, but only as a more or less remote possibility; the Butler Report explicitly "left the door open to closer union" between British India and the States, but the emphasis was rather on the passionate attachment of the Princes to the "maintenance in its entirety and unimpaired of their individual Sovereignty within their States."

Then came, late in 1929, the sensational announcement of H.H. the Maharajah of Bikaner that Federation is a "word which has no terrors for the Princes and Governments of the States."

How truly the Maharajah interpreted the sentiments of his fellow-Princes was made manifest before the Round Table Conference was many hours old. Delegates who represented "advanced" opinion in British India continued to press for the concession of the principle of "Responsibility" in the Central Executive. Other matters such as defence, the control of external policy, and, above

all, communal differences, were by no means ignored; but the interest of the public and the energies of the Conference were, with amazing unanimity, concentrated on the construction of a scheme of All-India Federation.

The problem, as already indicated, bristles with difficulties. I attempted, in a previous article,* to analyse some of the fundamental conditions essential to the success of any Federal Scheme, and I hinted that not all of them exist in the India of to-day, and that it would be difficult to create them artificially. Perhaps the most serious of these *lacunæ* is the absence of natural units such as have formed the basis of all other Federal schemes known to the modern world.

This is a primary condition, and the absence of it accentuates the difficulty, never slight, of distributing the powers of government between the central and local authorities. The manner of distributing powers, and the decision taken as to the location of the residue of powers, determine the whole character of any Federal Scheme, and largely contribute to success or failure.

The construction of the various organs of government—the Legislature, the Judiciary, and above all the Executives—are also matters of vital concern.

All federal legislatures are bi-cameral; and, though generalisations based on a few instances are hazardous, it is safe to say that bi-cameralism is an essential attribute of federalism. In all federal legislatures the first Chamber represents the people as a whole—generally on a population basis; the second Chamber is especially representative of the interests of the States, regarded as units, of equal importance. Thus in Switzerland, the Cantons, the States in Australia and the United States are, whether large or small, represented by an equal number of representatives in the second Chamber or Senate. Germany and Canada have not adhered to this principle; though in Canada the divergence is unintentional.

The difficulties of constructing in India a satisfactory federal Legislature appear almost insuperable. Here they can be only summarily stated. The heterogeneity of the population is perhaps the most serious—the deep fissures

* *Fortnightly Review* for May 1931.

of race, religion and caste ; the vast area and dense population of India are others, but difficulties of size federalism is specially designed to overcome. If, however, as the Statutory Commission propose, the first Chamber is indirectly elected, and representative, therefore, of the States rather than the people, it will be difficult to find a differentiating basis for the second Chamber. Perhaps the simplest solution would be to build it up, not out of the Council of State but out of the Chamber of Princes, giving, say, a third of its members to Princes elected by the Princes, and making up the remaining two-thirds by nomination. Another alternative would be to make it an entirely nominated body. The objection to this solution is that nominated Second Chambers are, as a rule, greatly inferior in authority and power to elected Chambers—witness the inferiority of the Canadian Senate as compared with that of the United States. A third alternative would be to borrow the ingenious though somewhat fanciful device recommended by the Second Chamber Conference of 1918.* Lord Bryce and his colleagues suggested that the elected element of the new Second Chamber should be supplied by redistributing Britain into thirteen natural geographical areas, such as London, Lancashire, Yorkshire, East Anglia, Scotland, etc., and giving to the members of the House of Commons elected for those areas the right of electing members to the Second Chamber. But whatever the method adopted for constituting the Second Chamber it is essential to the success of any federal scheme that the Chamber should be equipped with adequate powers. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the strength of Federal Governments is proportionate to the strength of the Second Chambers. The American Senate and the German Bundesrat may be cited in support of this contention.

Equally indispensable is a Supreme Court of Judicature, strong in composition and secured in its independence, alike of the Legislature and the Executive, by the terms of the Constitution itself. Federations admittedly differ in this regard, but how the United States would have fared without such a stout bulwark of the Constitution it is difficult even to imagine.

*Ed. 90388. 1915/6, Marriott: *Second Chambers* (2nd Ed.)

That the Constitution should contain a clause providing machinery for its own amendment is another important point—nor was it ignored by the Statutory Commission.

There remains, however, the most important and most difficult of all—the Constitution of the Executive.

Recent experience, admittedly meagre and short, appears to suggest four alternatives : the English Cabinet system, incorporated in the federal Constitutions of Australia and Canada—not to mention the Weimar Constitution of 1919 ; the Presidential system of the U.S.A. ; the Imperial-Cancellarian device adopted by Bismarck in 1867 and applied to the new German Empire in 1871 ; and the Swiss system, which is *Sui generis*, and could not be adapted to any country which did not fulfil the unique conditions of Switzerland.* As to the Cabinet forms, I can only summarily suggest that the experience of the Canadian and Australian Federations has neither been long enough nor large enough to establish at all conclusively the compatibility of Federalism with Parliamentary Democracy, as understood in England. A long process of evolution brought into being the English Cabinet system. A prolonged period of political apprenticeship has fitted us to work that very difficult and delicate machine with a reasonable measure of success. How delicate the plant (to vary the metaphor) is proved by the lack of success which has almost invariably attended its transplantation to less well-prepared and less congenial soils. But none of the alien soils which have thus far provided rather weakly nurture for the Cabinet system is so wholly diverse in component elements from the soil of England as that to which it is proposed to transplant the tender stripling in India.

Yet, Lord Sankey and some of his colleagues would propose (*Report*, pp. 16-20) to transplant it. Doubtless there will be modifications, qualifications and reservations, yet, with pedantic adherence to formula, the Federal Executive is to follow " the precedent of all the Dominions "

*In view of the restricted space at my command here I may perhaps be allowed to refer the reader who desires further information about these forms of Executive to my *Mechanism of the Modern State*, Vol. II, Clarendon Press, 1927, xxiii-xxv.

—as if the precedent of *any* Dominion would fit the entirely different conditions of India.

The Cancellarial system—a single Minister responsible only to the Emperor with a democratically-elected First Chamber and a Bundesrat consisting of delegates from the State Executives—that system worked well as long as the Emperor William I lived and was served by a Bismarck. But only so long. Nevertheless, the German Executive would *nearly* fit Indian conditions; not exactly, but more nearly than the English. There remains only the American system which, *in normal times*, provides the strongest and most appropriate form of an Executive for a Federal Republic. In abnormal times it reveals, as Mr. Wilson taught the world, grave defects. But India, whatever else may happen there, will never be a Republic—and the Presidential Executive is inconsistent with a Monarchy. The Viceroy of India could not preside as a Prime Minister over a Cabinet, nor could he, as the representative of the King-Emperor, play the President.

Much of this speculation will, I suspect, prove to be, like much of the work of the Federal Structure Committee, premature—and for two reasons. First: no further step towards constitutional reconstruction should be taken, or even attempted, until a basis of agreement has been reached between Hindus and Moslems. Sir Mohammed Shafi—a member of the Federal Structure Committee—said quite plainly, on behalf of the Moslem delegation, that “he could not consent finally to frame any Constitution unless the Hindu-Moslem question was settled.” Mr. Jinnah, another member, adhered to that view. They were wholly justified in December last; much more are they justified since Cawnpore has, for the second time, earned an infamous name in British-Indian history.

Secondly: the Round Table Conference made the mistake, like the Emperor Joseph II, of taking the second step before they had taken the first, or rather of taking them simultaneously. Personally, I believe an All-India Federation to be the ultimate goal at which we should aim; but the only safe or sane method of approach is that which was, in fact if not in terms, recommended by the Statutory

Commission. Try a further experiment in the Provinces. Confer upon them as much responsibility as is compatible with the safety of India and with security for religious and other minorities. If, as Provincial units, they prove their capacity for self-government, then let them, like Canada and Australia, devise the framework of a Federal Constitution, and seek for it the sanction of the Imperial Parliament. Only if good seed be thus sown, only if the tender shoots of self-government be thus patiently cultivated, will the tree attain to vigorous maturity and bear good fruit for the nutrition of India and for “the Glory of the Garden.”

•

EDMUND GOSSE

BY VIRGINIA WOOLF

WHEN famous writers die it is remarkable how frequently they are credited with one particular virtue—the virtue of kindness to the young and obscure. Every newspaper has lately contained that eulogy upon Arnold Bennett. And here is the same tribute paid to another writer who differed in every possible way from Arnold Bennett—Sir Edmund Gosse. He too, it is said, was generous to the young and obscure. Of Bennett it was certainly, although on some occasions rather obliquely, true. He might, that is to say, have formed a very low opinion of a book; he might have expressed that opinion as his habit was, bluntly and emphatically in print; and yet if he met the writer his sincerity, his concern, his assumption that both cared equally for the craft of letters made it perfectly easy for that unfortunate person to say, “It is all true, and more than true, Mr. Bennett; but if you hate my books, I can’t tell you how completely I loathe yours”—after which a frank discussion of fiction and its nature was possible; and a very obscure novelist was left with the feeling that a very famous one was indeed the kindest of men.

But what would have happened if, taking advantage of Sir Edmund’s generosity, and assuming a common respect for letters, one had said “But you can’t hate my books, Sir Edmund, more than I hate yours?” Instant annihilation would have been the only and the happiest solution of the situation. But nobody who had ever seen Sir Edmund in the flesh would have risked such folly. Bristling and brilliant, formal but uneasy, he radiated even from a distance all the susceptibilities that make young writers draw in their horns. Generous was not the adjective that sprang to the lips at the sight of him, nor is it one that

frequently occurs on reading the life of him by Mr. Charteris. He could be as touchy as a housemaid and as suspicious as a governess. He could smell out an offence where none was meant and hoard a grievance for years. He could quarrel permanently because a lamp wick was snuffed out too vigorously at a table under his nose. Hostile reviews threw him into paroxysms of rage and despair. His letters are full of phrases like “Mr. Clement Shorter, in terms of unexampled insolence, speaks of me as ‘the so-called critic.’ . . . If that insolent notice in the *Times* is true . . . it is better I should know it. . . . I feel I shall never have the heart to write another sentence.” It seems possible that one severe review by Churton Collins gave him more pain than he suffered from any private or public sorrow in the course of seventy-nine years. All this must have made him the most prickly of companions, and the young must have been possessed of greater tact than the young usually possess to reach the kindness that no doubt lay hid behind the thorns. For the great merit of the present biography is that it does not attempt to conceal the fact that Sir Edmund was a complex character composed of many different strains. Plain virtue was not a sure passport to his affection. He could disregard genius and ignore merit if they trod too clumsily upon his toes. On the other hand the House of Lords possessed a distinct glamour for him; the rigours of high society delighted him; and to see the words “Marlborough Club” at the head of his notepaper did, it seems, shed a certain lustre upon the page.

But these foibles, amusing and annoying as they are, become at once more interesting and less irritating when we learn that there lay behind them a very good cause—his education, his childhood. “Far more than might be supposed of his conduct in life,” writes Mr. Charteris, “was due to unconscious protest against . . . the things which darkened his childhood.” Readers of *Father and Son* know well what those things were—the narrowness, the ugliness of his upbringing; the almost insane religious mania of his father; the absence from his home of culture, beauty, urbanity, graciousness—in fact, of all those elements

in life to which Edmund Gosse turned as instinctively and needed as profoundly as a flower the sun. What could be more natural than that the flower, once transplanted, should turn, almost violently, the other way, should climb too high, should twine too lavishly, should—to drop these metaphors—order clothes in Savile Row and emerge from behind the form of Dr. Fog uttering what appear at this distance of time rather excessive praises of the now little known Danish poet, Paludin Müller?—a surly poet who objected to visitors. But young Edmund Gosse triumphed. “Slowly, the poet murmured, ‘You flatter me too much, but thank you.’ The most stubborn of all the citadels had capitulated.”

Few people can have been pitchforked, as Mr. Charteris calls it, into the world by a more violent propulsion than that which Gosse was given by the bleakness of his upbringing. It was no wonder that he overshot the mark, never quite got his equilibrium at parties which he loved, required to know the maiden names of married guests, and observed formalities punctiliously which are taken as a matter of course by those who have never lived in dread of the instant coming of the Lord, and have ordered their clothes for generations in Savile Row. But the impulse itself was generous, and the tokens of kindling and expansion more admirable than ridiculous. The “sensual sufficiency in life” delighted one who had been starved of it. Happiness formed the staple of what he would certainly not have called his creed. “To feel so saturated with the love of things,” to enjoy life and “suck it as a wasp drains a peach,” to “roll the moments on one’s tongue and keep the flavour of them”; above all, to cherish friendship and exalt the ideals of friendship—such were the enjoyments that his nature, long repressed, stretched out to, generously, naturally, spontaneously. And yet—

Those who are acquainted with Sir Edmund’s lively portraits know what demure but devastating qualifications he was able to insinuate after those two small words. “He possessed the truth and answered to the heavenly calling,” he wrote of Andrew Lang, “and yet.” . . . Such expansion was natural, was right, was creditable, and yet,

we echo, how much better Gosse would have been as a writer, how much more important he would have been as a man if only he had given freer rein to his impulses, if only his pagan and sensual joy had not been dashed by perpetual caution! The peculiarity which Mr. Charteris notes in his walk—“curiously suggestive at once of eagerness and caution”—runs through his life and limits his intelligence. He hints, he qualifies, he insinuates, he suggests, but he never speaks out, for all the world as if some austere Plymouth Brother were lying in wait to make him do penance for his audacity. Yet it seems possible, given the nature of his gifts, that if only he had possessed greater boldness, if only he had pushed his curiosity further, had incurred wrath instead of irritation, and complete confusion instead of some petty social tribulation, he might have rivalled the great Boswell himself. When we read how young Edmund Gosse insinuated himself under cover of Dr. Fog into the presence of an irascible poet and won the day by the adroitness of his flattery, we are reminded of the methods of Boswell in pursuit of Paoli or Voltaire or Johnson. Both men were irresistibly attracted by genius. Both had “a medium-like” power of drawing other people’s confidences into the open. Both were astonishingly adept at reporting the talk and describing the appearance of their friends. But where Boswell is drawn headlong by the momentum of his hero and his own veneration beyond discretion, beyond vanity, beyond his fear of what people will say, down into the depths, Gosse is kept by his respect for decorum, by his decency and his timidity dipping and ducking, fingering and faltering upon the surface. Thus where Boswell left us that profound and moving masterpiece, the *Life of Johnson*, Gosse left us *Father and Son*, a classic doubtless, as Mr. Charteris claims, certainly a most original and entertaining book, but how little and light, how dapper and superficial Gosse’s portraits appear if we compare them with the portraits left by Boswell himself! Fear seems always to dog his footsteps. He dips his fingers with astonishing agility and speed into character, but if he finds something hot or gets hold of something large, he drops it and with-

draws with the agility of a scalded cat. Thus we never know his sitters intimately; we never plunge into the depths of their minds or into the more profound regions of their hearts. But we know all that can be known by someone who is always a little afraid of being found out.

But if Gosse's masterpiece and his portraits suffer from his innate regard for caution, much of the fault must be laid upon his age. Even the most superficial student of letters must be aware that in the nineteenth century literature had become, for one reason or another, a profession rather than a vocation, a married woman rather than a lady of easy virtue. It had its organisation, its functions, its emoluments, and a host of people, not primarily writers, were attached to its service. Among them Gosse, of course, was one of the most eminent. "... no public dinner where literature was involved," writes Mr. Charteris, "was complete without Gosse to propose or to return thanks for the cause." He welcomed strangers, addressed bodies, celebrated centenaries, presented prizes, and represented letters on all occasions and with the highest delight in the function. Then, again, some intellectual curiosity had risen in the 'nineties and ardent if uninstructed ladies wished to be enlightened. Here again Gosse was invaluable. By an odd irony, while Churton Collins, his deadly foe, was lecturing in St. James's Square, Gosse was serving up Matthew Arnold to "some of the smartest women in London" in Bruton Street. After this, says Mr. Charteris, he became "a much more frequent guest in Mayfair" and his appetite for social life was whetted. Nothing would be more foolish than to sneer at a natural love of ceremony or a natural respect for the aristocracy, and yet it seems possible that this concern with the ritual of literature, this scrupulous observance of the rites of society encouraged Edmund Gosse in his growing decorum. Friendship had been his ideal; nobody can question the warmth of his youthful affection for Hamo Thornycroft; and yet when one of his friends, Robert Ross, was involved in a famous scandal he could write "I miss your charming company in which I have always delighted... I would say to you—be calm, be reasonable, turn for consolation to the

infinite resources of literature... Write to me when you feel inclined, and however busy I am I will write in reply, and in a more happy season you must come back and be truly welcomed in this house." Is that the voice of friendship, disinterested, fearless, sincere, or the voice of an uneasy man of letters, who is terribly afraid that dear Lady C. will not ask him to dine, or that divine being the Countess of D. will not invite him for the week-end if they suspect him of harbouring Robert Ross the friend of Oscar Wilde? And later his decorum seems to have drawn a film over his wonted perspicacity as a critic. M. Gide for example thought it well to mention certain facts openly in the third volume of his memoirs. "Was it wise. Was it necessary? Is it useful?" Sir Edmund cried, in "painful perplexity." And he was terribly shocked by an incident in E. M. Forster's *Howards End*. "I should like to know," he wrote to Mr. Marsh, "what you think of the new craze for introducing into fiction the high-born maiden who has had a baby?... I do not know how an Englishman can calmly write of such a disgusting thing, with such *sang-froid*... I cannot help hoping that you may be induced to say something that will redeem him." But when Sir Edmund goes on to say that no high-bred maiden has ever had a baby illegitimately in a French novel one can only suppose that he was thinking, not unnaturally, of the House of Lords.

But if Gosse was no Boswell and still less a St. Francis, he was able to fill a place and create a legend, and perhaps we have no right to demand more. To be oneself is after all an achievement of some rarity, and Gosse, as everybody must agree, achieved it, both in literature and in life. As a writer he expressed himself in book after book of history, of biography, of criticism. For over fifty years he was busily concerned, as he put it, with "the literary character and the literary craft." There is scarcely a figure of any distinction, or a book of any importance in modern letters upon which we cannot have Gosse's opinion if we wish for it. For instance, one may have a curiosity about Disraeli's novels and hesitate which to begin upon. Let us consult Gosse. Gosse advises on the whole that

we shall try *Coningsby*. He gives his reasons. He rouses us with a suggestive remark. He defines Disraeli's quality by comparing him with Bulwer, with Mrs. Gore and Plumer Read. He tells an anecdote about Disraeli that was told him by his friend the Duke of Rutland. He breaks off a phrase here and there for our amusement or admiration. All this he does with perfect suavity and precision, so that by the time he has done Disraeli is left glowing and mantling like an old picture lit up by a dozen bright candles. To illumine, to make visible and desirable was his aim as a critic. Literature to him was an incomparable mistress and it was his delight "to dress her charms and make her more beloved." Lovers of course sometimes go further and a child is the result. Critics too sometimes love literature creatively and the fruit of their devotion has a toughness and a fibre that the smooth strains of Sir Edmund's platonic devotion are entirely without. Like all critics who persist in judging without creating he forgets the risk and agony of child-birth. His criticism becomes more and more a criticism of the finished article, and not of the article in the making. The smoothness, the craftsmanship of the work rouse his appreciation and he directs our attention only to its more superficial aspects. In other words, he is a critic for those who read rather than for those who write. But then no creator possesses Gosse's impartiality, or his width of reading, or his lightness and freedom of mind, so that if we want to hold a candle to some dark face in the long portrait gallery of literature there is no better illuminant than Edmund Gosse.

As for his own face, his own idiosyncrasy, only those who saw him at home among his books, or heard him, mimicking, remembering, in one of those club corners that he made, so characteristically, his own, can bring the odds and ends of this excitable but timid, this enthusiastic but worldly, this kindly but spiteful man into one complete synthesis. It was only in talk that he completely expressed himself. "I was not born for solitude," he wrote. Neither was he born for old age and meditation. "You speak of 'the peace which the years bring,' but they bring no peace

for me," he wrote. Thought and the ardours and agonies of life were not for him. "I have no idea," he said "how the spiritual world would look to me, for I have never glanced at it since I was a child and gorged with it." It is a cruel fate that makes those who only come into being when they talk fall silent. It is a harsh necessity that brings these warm and mobile characters into the narrow confines of the grave. Sir Edmund was not in the least anxious to depart and leave a world, which, with the solitary exception of Churton Collins, had showered upon him so many delightful gifts for seventy-nine years.

TO SOUTH DEVON FOLK

— ■ ■ ■ —

I've swung with great Euphrates rolling down
To Hamar Lake ; and sailed the chocolate-brown
Waters of Tigris ; seen the black rocks frown
On the Waingunga ; and wandered through
The hills of the Ak Su ;
But of them all I know there is no part
Nearer to Eden than your Queen of Dart.

I've lounged on sea-shores where the land-crabs run
On golden sands beneath a kindly sun,
Fanned by the coco palms which one by one
Bow to the wind as dreamily
It blows from a turquoise sea ;
And watched brown slender bodies there at play
Out in the white-haired surf and sun-jewelled spray.

I've seen flowered hillsides starred with tiny white
Houses whose red roofs glitter in the bright
Clear gladness of the sea-enchanted light.
I've found lost olive-clustered bays
That dream away the days.
But yet I know no cliffs, no coast, no sea,
Like those from Berry Head to Bigbury.

I have seen beauty in so many places,
On the far seas and in the desert spaces,
In old strange cities among alien faces,
By mighty rivers, and on high
Mountains that cheat the sky. . . .
Though I have told you, will you understand
There is no place more lovely than your land ?

A. R. UBSDELL.

HELIOGRAPHS

— ■ ■ ■ —

The smoooth seas were drowned and lost
Among the sombre floods that held the fog,
No gull hovered with white wings
Or cried into the night ;
But all the ocean turning, slept and mourned.
The moon rose,
Silver and lofty in the peaceful skies,
While small dim waves hurried and overlapped.
For all the night
• They caught the elusive words
Left by the moon, like flashings from a sword,
Broken and gleaming on the muffled tides.

ANNE ACLAND-TROYTE.

RAIN IN BLOOMSBURY

— ■ ■ ■ —

The lowering skies' massed ramparts overhead,
Cast down their gloom :
Blue-grey and copper-red the clouds of doom
Have filled the street with sullen waiting dread.
Something unseen has run across the room—
The curtains sway, and suddenly away
Out, out and up they fly
To sweep their tattered skirts
Across the sky.

Swiftly the thrusting spears of white are slanted
To break against the walls,
While over housetops thunder's trumpet calls,
And palely gleam deserted streets enchanted :
The brimming gutter's mimic waterfalls
Go tumbling past, now slow now fast,
Crying her grace as earth drinks up
This bounty spilled
Into her cup.

MARGARET BRISBANE.

THE RÔLE OF THE FRENCH PRESIDENT

BY JOSSLEYN HENNESSY

THERE is astonishingly complete agreement in France—the country of bitter political disagreements—that the President who retires on June 13th is one of the two greatest Presidents of the Third Republic. It is interesting for the friendly foreign observer to seek the reasons for this verdict. What do the French ask of their President? This question cannot be answered until one has cleared up the further question: Who are the French? If one were seeking the reasons for a verdict of greatness passed upon an English statesman, one might expect to get the answer from discussion with a number of reasonably impartial Englishmen who follow our politics closely, for whatever their party leanings might be they would take it as axiomatic that his services to the State through the parliamentary system were in question. But if a wide enough net were cast amongst French political observers it would be found that it was by no means axiomatic that services to the present system of government were the criterion of greatness; many would be found to judge a statesman by his efforts to change that system. During the last hundred and forty odd years France has seen eight changes of régime, mostly accompanied by bloodshed. The result has been to create a certain number of political groups derived from the partisans whose interests were bound up with the success of these different régimes, whose memories of the recent past cause their present combinations to be purely opportunist, and whose relations are therefore shot through with suspicion and bitterness. Although the probability of another violent change is very unlikely in the immediate future, its possibility pervades the political calculations of all Frenchmen. The discordant elements in French politics are extremely vocal, and the

foreigner may well be perplexed to know which represents the majority of French public opinion. This majority is undoubtedly republican in sentiment and, although violent enough in political debate forms on two important questions—those affecting “security,” and socialist legislation likely to touch the pocket of the small capitalist—probably the most conservative *bloc* in the world.

Although the Englishman is not much interested in what he would call the doctrinaire theories of government to which French republicans would ask him to listen, he is temperamentally sympathetic with their acceptance of the *de facto* régime and their desire that whatever social improvements are necessary should be accomplished peacefully within its frame-work. It is, therefore, of such citizens that we can ask our original question: What do the French ask of their President?

First of all they want the President to preside. His rôle in no way corresponds, for example, to that of the President of the United States. The American President is the head of his party, while any personal policy that he may force on Congress may be considered to be endorsed by his election on direct mandate from the people. The French Constitution on the contrary envisages the people's mandate as held by a Prime Minister responsible to the popularly elected Chamber of Deputies. The President is the permanent Chairman for seven years of the Cabinet Council meetings, his duty is to summon members of Parliament to form governments (which in the kaleidoscopic changes of French politics is a by no means unimportant responsibility), and he is the non-party symbol of the unity of the State's interests. M. André Siegfried acutely observes* that those Presidents who, like Millerand, have taken office with the intention of directing affairs have always failed. Brought face to face with the expression of the popular will through the Prime Minister of the day responsible to parliament, they have had to resign or content themselves with merely giving their advice and then watching events take their course. On the other

* In an article on M. Doumergue, published in the *New York Herald-Tribune Magazine*, May 17th.

hand, those who had had previous experience in presiding over the Senate or Chamber of Deputies succeeded, and it is probable that they could have been re-elected if they had chosen to stand. Loubet, Fallières and Doumergue presided over the Senate and Jules Grévy over the National Assembly and the Chamber of Deputies before reaching the Presidency. This demand that the President should preside is really equivalent to a demand to preserve the Constitution of the Third Republic.

So much for the official side of the President's task. Whether he is to be personally popular or not depends on a curious mixture of characteristics. Certainly the French republican likes the President to be simple and unpretentious—the antithesis, shall we say, of the late Lord Curzon. Yet in the ideal President this simplicity of manner and tastes is combined with great political subtlety. While generally despising the intrigues of parliamentary life, the average Frenchman loves to see the parliamentary game played with *finesse* . He revels in watching a clever move by which a politician makes his opponents look ridiculous. Mr. Winston Churchill or Mr. Lloyd George would be greatly appreciated in the Chamber of Deputies ; whereas Mr. Baldwin or Lord Brentford would probably be considered politically obtuse in France. I imply no reproach to anyone in these comparisons, I only wish to suggest that the French appreciate the *technique* of the game, as much as the results that may be obtained from it.

In all these respects Gaston Doumergue was the ideal French President come to life.

The circumstances which led to his election form one of the most dramatic episodes in French history. The manner of his candidature and election settled a storm which threatened to rend the State, and his conduct in office has set a constitutional precedent which causes republicans to look upon him as one of the most faithful guardians of the régime. If we endeavour to reconstruct the setting and recapture the atmosphere of the French political stage in the year 1924, which saw such mighty upheavals, we shall better appreciate the emotions centred round the President's office.

The first six months found coming to the end of its term of power the group of parties known as the Bloc National, elected after the war on a broad programme of national reconstruction, enforcement of the letter of the Versailles Treaty and a generally strong policy of " France for the French," which was supported by the majority of the most reactionary house ever returned by the people since the formation of the Republic. This intensely nationalist house, composed of men whose nerves were still suffering from the strains of war, reflected the fear of Bolshevism, then a very real danger in the stricken and disorganised centre and east of Europe ; it brought the reactionary and dictatorial-minded Millerand to the Presidency, led Poincaré to occupy the Ruhr, and sent the franc-sterling exchange to 138 in March, 1924.

A strong reaction set in at the general elections on May 11th, 1924, and the Bloc National suffered a landslide. The 1919-1924 Chamber of Deputies had contained 180 members of the Left groups and 437 of the Centre and Right. The 1924-1928 Chamber contained 328 of the Left, and 226 of the Centre and Right. It was thus obvious that Poincaré, the Prime Minister, must resign ; it was equally obvious that Herriot, the leader of the Left, who had identified himself with an alternative foreign policy of reconciliation and economic *rapprochement* was the man upon whom the President must call to form a government.

But the Left hated Millerand, and drunk with the pride of their sweeping victory at the polls clamoured for his resignation. Was he not the man who had begun his political career as an ardent socialist, and then deserted to the Right ; the man who had taken a prominent lead in Europe against the Russian " comrades " after the war ; who supported Foch's idea of a " sanitary cordon " drawn around the pariah, and had sent to Poland a group of staff officers under General Weygand which successfully stiffened the Polish resistance to the Russian invasion ? These two counts, which made him a traitor in the eyes of the Socialists, were the strongest motives for what was a personal vendetta ; but another reason, as spectacular as it was to them really

of less importance, was seized upon as their weapon of attack. This was the openly avowed active party policy of the Bloc National, which Millerand directed from the Presidential Palace. The Left therefore assumed the appealing rôle of defenders of a violated constitution.

We have seen above that the French constitution gives the President a rôle analogous to that of a constitutional king; the instability of French politics, however, together with the influence of those who have inherited traditions of "authority," whether clerical or royalist, explains the existence of an appreciable body of public opinion which considers that his powers should be extended to guiding and restraining the Legislature. Appeal is made to the constitutional principle of the separation of the legislative and executive powers, and it is held that the "despotism" wielded by the Legislature violates this principle. Millerand belonged to this school of thought, and before his election publicly declared his intention to be an active President. He was as good as his word, forcing on the collapse of the Briand government—which he considered too lenient towards Germany—and finally making a Presidential speech at Evieux which was admittedly that of a party chief. That the Left campaign was purely personal and opportunist is proved by the fact that they had not made the President's constitutional position an issue before the country at the May elections. It was only after they were returned with a majority which they were not expecting, that, seeing to what convenient party uses it could be put, they became such righteous Constitutionalists.

The Constitution, however, also lays down that the President cannot be removed by either house except in the event of his committing high treason. Parliament is not entitled to express any wish to dismiss him, but either house may pass a resolution demanding a revision of the Constitution, and if both Chambers are in agreement the National Assembly is summoned.

From May 11th till June 4th, when the two houses of Parliament met for the first time after the election, the temperature of the political atmosphere daily rose higher and higher. With the consequent worsening of the coun-

try's credit abroad, further recourse to the loan arranged with J. P. Morgan became necessary. The possibility of a political struggle of the first importance had a deadening effect on business, and acted like a rasp on French nerves. It was an open question whether the President would resign without a fight and most people were fearful of its consequences. In the Chamber there would of course be a considerable majority against him, while it was thought that the Senate, with its natural tendency to look askance at constitutional innovations, would side with the President. There would thus be a conflict not only between President and Parliament, but between the two houses as well. What would happen then?

On June 5th, a dramatic meeting took place between the two antagonists. The President summoned M. Herriot to the Elysée and laid upon him the duty of forming a government. Before he would say whether he would attempt this or not the Socialist leader asked the President if he would resign. To this Millerand replied coldly that by the terms of the Constitution it was outside the competence both of himself and Herriot to discuss the position of the Presidency. Without explaining his reasons Herriot thereupon regretted that it was impossible for him to accept the President's mission. This was the first time in French history that a member of Parliament had refused from purely partisan motives to form a ministry when called upon by the President.

A temporary ministry was formed from amongst Millerand's friends for the purpose of laying a Presidential message before Parliament. The capital awaited anxiously the meeting of Parliament on June 9th when the fateful message was to be read. Would the various groups forming the Left be able to continue their present common action, or would the true blue republicans shrink from an attack on their own constitution and split from the more extreme socialists? Everyone was agreed that although the present attack was a personal vendetta, not really directed against the Constitution, yet the Constitution itself would suffer if the President were forced to resign. Even Millerand's enemies admitted that the Presidency would have been

proved no longer above the play of political passions but at the mercy of a majority coming to its decisions at irresponsible party meetings outside Parliament.

Of the sitting on June 9th *The Times* correspondent wrote: "To a foreigner it is astonishing that on so grave an occasion in the history of France, so large a proportion of the debate should consist merely of an exchange of shouts." The Prime Minister read the President's message justifying his actions and calling upon Parliament to respect the Constitution. The Left refused even to state in debate the reasons for their attitude, and succeeded in moving the adjournment. By a majority of ten the Senate adopted a similar motion. The next day the President resigned.

But now the Left overreached themselves. To the usual meeting of all the Republican groups which takes place before the meeting of the National Assembly in order to choose a Republican Candidate for the Presidency, they invited only those Senators and Deputies who had voted against Millerand in order to ensure the solid nomination of a President of their own way of thinking. Thus those who had protested against one President on the score of his being a party man sought to elect another party man in his place. This aroused a storm of protest amongst all moderately minded men, who were frightened at the state of affairs which they had helped to bring about, and they looked around for an alternative candidate to Painlevé, the nominee of the party caucus.

Their choice very naturally fell on the President of the Senate. That his Republican sentiments could not be called in question made him appeal to them; but his good-humoured control of the upper house, his record of sound work in public life and his moderate views made him also appeal to the Right, and once the combination of the moderate Left with the Right was assured, his election was certain. Thus fate put the preservation of the sorely tried constitution into the hands of Gaston Doumergue.

At this point Doumergue showed the third characteristic which I have suggested goes to make the ideal President—the subtle appreciation of the political game. He had

astutely seen the weakness of appearing as the official Left candidate and had sent a letter to the leaders of the Left saying that he was not a candidate before their meeting. The Right saw in him their moderate man, while at the Left party meeting the vote was split, 306 for Painlevé against 149 for Doumergue. The Left leaders recognised in this candidature the end of their hopes, and all through the afternoon and evening of June 12th, the day before the meeting of the National Assembly, delegation after delegation frantically endeavoured to persuade him to withdraw. Doumergue, however, merely reiterated pleasantly that he was not a candidate before their meeting and therefore had no candidature to withdraw. If, however, he added shrugging his shoulders, his friends believed that he could fill the Presidential office faithfully and well, he placed himself in their hands.

On June 13th, seven years ago he was elected. In a voice which revealed his profound emotion M. Doumergue replied to the speech of welcome made by the Prime Minister in the National Assembly. The words which he used to outline his conception of the duties of his great office have become memorable and his conduct as President has left the fine example of a man who lived up to his promises. He said:

"I hope that I shall not disappoint the confidence which the National Assembly has reposed in me. In order to justify this confidence, the Assembly may be assured that none will be more respectful of the Constitution than I, none will remain more above parties than I, in order to be impartial arbitrator between them, and that I will take my inspiration from the wishes of Parliament—the expression of the national sovereignty."

Does it follow then that the President must be a constitutional puppet? Two things are certain: a man of Napoleonic temperament is not wanted, and a mediocrity can fulfill the rôle without visible damage to the state. Millerand's action in pulling the presidency into the partisan arena, and his consequent humiliating dismissal left the prestige of the office at a low ebb; had a mediocrity succeeded him it is likely that its prestige would have been

permanently damaged, and the answer to the two opening questions of this paragraph a simple "Yes." But Doumergue is no mediocrity, and his fine statesmanship, completely within the scope allowed, has by recalling the presidency to its proper functions restored its prestige to the level at which Jules Grévy left it in 1887.

Of his statesmanship M. André Siegfried acutely observes*: "... we can clearly see to-day that without M. Doumergue's subtle and patient political game in 1924-1926 the great Poincaré cabinet which saved the franc and France would not have been possible. M. Poincaré could not have taken over power in 1926 and could not have gathered the almost unanimous votes of a chamber which had been unwilling to support him only two months earlier, if M. Doumergue's series of astute steps—perfectly legal and legitimate—had not proved that any other combination was impossible."

The present prestige of the office inspired a statesman of M. Briand's calibre with the hope of continuing his work for European peace from the Elysée. If he had won, his powers of persuasion, tact, the continuity of office and his knowledge of foreign affairs which none of his ministers could have hoped to rival, would have made him a formidable factor in the counsels of Europe. His defeat, however, suggests one more qualification possessed by M. Doumergue; he had not made himself the leading exponent of an outstanding and strongly differentiated policy during his political career, which would have incurred the suspicion of partiality in a position which is required to be above party.

To sum up, therefore, we may say that if a presidential mediocrity can do no harm, a presidential statesman who respects the constitution, is an astute politician, and has an unpretentious manner, earns the admiration and affection of the most difficult political public in the world. Such was Gaston Doumergue.

* In the article referred to above.

CHINESE CHARACTERISTICS AND A REPUBLIC.

BY O. M. GREEN

SINCE the days of Marco Polo and Sir John Mandeville, the West has ever looked at China through tinted glasses. Formerly it was prone to think of her as quaint and ludicrous; since the recent guerrilla warfare between the North and South, I find people chiefly impressed with her turbulence and bloodthirstiness. Both conceptions are wrong. The interminable warrings of Tuchuns, the atrocities of Communists and bandits, do not alter the fact that the Chinese disposition is the most peaceable and easily governed imaginable. In proof of this one has only to look back over the perfect tranquillity of Weihaiwei during the thirty-two years of British occupation, where 180,000 people scattered over 250 square miles of territory, with never more than seventy or eighty police to keep them in order, lived in perfect peace and amity with their rulers. Nor was China ever quaint, except in the *omne ignotum* sense; still less ludicrous, except in so far as the word may harmonize with all that is lovable.

The difficulty of trying to describe Chinese character is that there would seem to be no two qualities so self-contradictory that they may not be attributed to the Chinese with equal truth. They are extremely kind and warmhearted, yet capable of amazing callousness and cruelty. They are devoted to children, their own and others of whom they may be put in charge, yet in times of stress children are sold into slavery and worse in hundreds by their parents. They are generous, they are miserly; the keenest business men in the world, the most unpractical; parsimonious, with a habit of hoarding useless trifles which the West cannot conceive; wasteful, so that great works of the past like the Grand Canal, railways and bridges are allowed to go to wrack and ruin for want of the commonest

care ; they are the calmest, most reasonable people in the world, yet will fly into unbelievable frenzies of passion, and in any crisis (like the famous May 30th affair of 1925) are deaf to all fact and moderation.

Physically, too, the Chinese reproduce the contradictions of the mind. With an infant mortality of some 73 per cent., every grown Chinese is a living proof of Nature's triumph over man's stupidity. A Chinese can thrive in all climates from Arctic to Equator and endure any privations ; yet, under a comparatively light blow, he will burst his spleen and die. Muscularly weak, he carries with ease burdens which few Europeans would attempt ; and, of unequalled industriousness, he is one of the most indolent of creatures.

Still, amid so many perplexities there are certain broad principles by which one may be guided in one's dealings with the Chinese, and, above all, age-long custom, which has become inseparable from principle. These are now found in conflict with the ideas brought in by the Western-trained students who so largely form the ruling class. The outcome of this conflict is really the problem of China to-day, nor is it anywhere near being solved. Of one thing we may be certain, namely, that China of the twentieth century will be quite different from China of the nineteenth, at least in international affairs. The importance to the world at large of the doings of so vast a country can hardly be overrated and, therewith, the urgency of trying to form a just view of its emotions and reactions, especially since the complacent acceptance, at face value, by Western Governments of the suave assertions of Nationalist spokesmen is not only fatal to their own interests in China but to the true welfare of the Chinese themselves.

The majority of Europeans in China do not mix with the Chinese and see little of them except their own servants and the dealers they meet in business—as the propagandists delightfully put it, “compradores, corrupt persons and running dogs of the Imperialists.” Yet even from this limited class there is much to be learned. The old saying that “The Chinaman's word is his bond” is much controverted by some, who assert that there was never any truth

in it and that there is less to-day. In recent years there has been an unhappy frequency of Chinese merchants repudiating contracts and defying the foreigner to get any satisfaction at law. Yet the large volume of business done between Chinese and foreigners often on what might seem very casual terms, with satisfaction on both sides, indicates that such cases are the minority. I remember a few years ago a wealthy Chinese coming from Szechuan to order machinery in Shanghai. He studied the specification, ordered the plant and rose to go. When a written contract was suggested he was quite affronted. “I am Mr. So-and-so of Tzeliutsing,” he said. “Everyone knows my family. I have said I will buy your machinery. That is enough.” Which lofty principle does not prevent the Chinese producer from “watering the treacle, sanding the sugar, and sloe-leafing the tea” when a safe opportunity occurs. In the main, however, Chinese merchants are certainly no less honourable in business than Westerners, often more so.

Of Chinese servants no one could justly speak but in the highest terms. They are dignified, well-mannered and personable. They jib at practically no demand and positively seem to enjoy a round of entertaining. I well remember a case of a young bride giving her first dinner party, when the kitchen boiler burst in the middle of dinner. Nothing was heard about it until the guests had gone, nor would anyone have suspected such a catastrophe. The honour of the house was at stake ; “Mississi” must not “lose face.” The conventional charge that Chinese servants “squeeze” their employers mercilessly is, I am convinced, exaggerated, or if not, it is the employer's fault. “Squeeze” is so universal in China that the perquisites thus made are hardly to be called illicit. It is easy to arrive at a tacit understanding that monthly bills shall not aggregate more than a certain figure, and it is useless to try to cut below it. Acquiescence in what, after all, is a small sum for the foreigner though much to the Chinese, whose mind works in incredibly small things, has its reward in wonderful service and much smoothing of life's ways. The Eighth Commandment cannot be applied too rigidly in China. The vast majority of Chinese are des-

perately poor ; millions of them live perpetually on the edge of starvation and the greeting, " Have you eaten rice ? ", which takes the place of " How do you do ? ", is eloquent of average conditions. Household stores, such as oil, oatmeal, salt, etc., go more quickly in China than in England. Small articles like handkerchiefs, safety pins, buttons, etc., have a knack of dissolving into thin air. But you may leave plate, jewellery and money lying about anyhow and rarely will any be missing.

Intemperately as the Chinese behave in moments of crisis, they have a strong sense of justice. They know exactly when the other party is within his rights and (as many instances might be quoted to prove) never retaliate with boycott or riot when he stands firmly upon them. When, however, they " get on their hind legs " impartial examination of the facts almost invariably shows that they have a case. Unfortunately they too often spoil it, either by some indefensible act like the seizure of the Chinese Eastern Railway in 1929, which put them out of court in their well-founded quarrel with Russia ; or by flying into one of those red frenzies to which these peaceable and friendly people are occasionally prone. Possibly they do not see the outrageousness of their behaviour on such occasions and are surprised that the other party takes offence. When two families in a village quarrel, the row can be heard several streets off. But when they have exhausted every resource of a rich store of vituperation a mediator appears, everything quiets down, and a compromise, for which the Chinese have a genius, is achieved. Had it been possible in the troubles of 1925-27 to call in an arbitrator from an adjacent planet, much friction might have been saved.

" Live and let live " is the golden rule in China. Not many months ago, the chief of a band of brigands who had been making a great nuisance of themselves along the Chêkiang-Kiangsu border, felt himself growing old. So, having selected the city he liked best, he approached the elders of it with a bargain ; he was to live in the town in peace and his retainers be allowed to come in, unarmed, from time to time to recreate themselves in tea-houses ; in

return, the city was guaranteed against marauders. So it was arranged. That the bandit chief should have been seized and punished for his sins, when he offered a plan that would make the city safer than hundreds of Government troops (who would have cost the townsfolk enormous sums) never occurred to anyone, and would have seemed most unpractical if suggested.

The two most powerful influences in Chinese life are family and " face." The moral teaching of Confucius is founded on filial piety and duty to the family and this idea at least has bitten deeply into Chinese nature, however much its logical consequences may in some respects be ignored. Early marriage and the habit of married sons continuing with their wives and children to live in the parental home not only strengthen family ties, but enlarge their circumference to incredible size. A Chinese by the age of sixty has hundreds of relations, all of whom in this land of open doors expect to have their say in whatever any of the family does. No Chinese is a free agent, but a cog in a machine which turns him as it will. From the family, the extension of influence to village life is inevitable. Home is the place where ancestors are buried, the village is the unit of Chinese life, as the copper cash is really the basis of Chinese currency. It is unreasonable on the foreigner's part to object to the epithet "*Yang kuei-tzu*" (foreign devil), since in every village the stranger, even though Chinese, is an outlander and an object of suspicion.

On the subject of " face," volumes could be written. " Face " might perhaps be defined as that image of himself which a Chinese presents or would wish to believe he presents to the world, and this image is continually being added to, by little achievements or compliments, when its owner " gains face," or diminished by opposite happenings, which make him " lose face." The idea is no doubt bound up closely with Confucius's teaching of " the superior man," an ideal to which all would at least pretend to approximate. You cannot do a Chinese a worse injury than by making him " lose face." A man may have committed a wrong which he is compelled to put right, but great care must be taken so to contrive the act of

reparation as to preserve his "face." Diplomatic dealings are immensely complicated since they may involve "face" in half-a-dozen directions. It is fair to add that a Chinese is as careful of your "face" as of his own. A friend of mine in Shanghai asked his chief Chinese clerk, who had been with him for many years, to be specially early at the office next day for some heavy work. The clerk promised to do so, but never turned up. When asked why, he explained that he had had an unavoidable family duty; he had known all along that he could not come to the office, but could not make his master "lose face" by pointblank refusing. To promise, but not to come, was the only possible solution.

The picture as thus drawn is to some extent one of the old-fashioned Chinese, but it remains true of nine-tenths of the nation. There are some who say that it will never fit into a Republican frame of government, and that the Kuomintang and all they stand for are but a wave upon the surface of Chinese life by which the eternal depths and verities will remain unruffled. But those who say this do not know China as she is to-day. That the republic proclaimed by Dr. Sun Yat-sen in 1911 has proved a wretched fiasco, is chiefly because a number of generals saw in it a means for them to enjoy all the spoils of the old Viceroy, with none of their responsibilities to a Throne which always, at a pinch, could bring them to heel. For twenty years China has been ruled—or misruled—by military autocrats, oligarchs or bureaucrats, and the uncertainty of what the morrow would bring forth naturally caused them to feather their nests as quickly as they could while they had the chance. The first generation, too, of Western-trained students failed pitifully. The few who had been trained in the old universities of Europe and America were conspicuous. But they were swamped by the majority, pathetic creatures with their cheap little degrees and a mouthful of theories of government of which they neither understood the meaning nor could judge the applicability to China. At their best these men have been over-eager and injudicious; at their worst something very much worse; in any case terribly destructive.

But—and this fact must not be left out of account—the ideas these men brought in have changed the Chinese people, at least that portion of it which counts. It would be absurd to talk of universal suffrage for China, or anything approaching it, for many years yet. But among the upper classes in business and financial life there is a demand for a share in the affairs of State such as they see their fellows enjoying in other lands, which must be gratified if real order and stability are to be achieved.

The old exclusive devotion to clan or village is being overlaid with a broader sense of nationality. Twenty years ago a freshet sweeping down the Han river could blot out ten thousand lives without the next province being aware of it. Now one part of China knows and reacts to what happens in another part with surprising rapidity. The development of the Press has had amazing effect in awakening national consciousness. It is not as yet a very good Press, though there are exceptions. But it has none the less given a new realism to the old saying that "Within the Four Seas all are brethren." Athletics also, to which boys and girls are devoting themselves more and more, are working a veritable revolution. Last spring two thousand boy and girl students from nearly every province in China took part in an athletic meeting at Hangchow which lasted for three weeks. North and South were then actually at war, but the contestants recked nothing of it and the meeting was carried through in perfect amity and good sportsmanship. The change in the position of women must have momentous effect on the future of China. Since the revolution of 1911 girls have emerged from the seclusion in which old China kept them shut. They go about freely by themselves and are indeed a very pleasant sight in China's untidy streets. They demand education, and, stranger still, their parents begin to demand it for them; more and more they claim the freedom to arrange their own marriages; they have got a law passed giving them equal rights with brothers in their parents' estate; and while Western education has too often only made the young men insubordinate, rough and discontented, it has generally had the happiest results upon the girls. As mothers of the

future generation these charming young women have an unequalled chance before them.

But, as regards the immediate future, one would hope much of the new class of business man. In bygone days the merchant thought only of his business because he was not required to think outside it, and government was conducted with sufficient smoothness for him not to bother himself about it. But the anarchy of recent years and the complete failure of Nationalist promises have set the merchant thinking and, being much better educated than his predecessors, he has thought to some purpose. A capital mistake was made by the Nanking Government at the very outset when, having assembled the leading bankers and merchants to advise on the country's necessities after the fall of Peking, it not only took not the slightest practical notice of their very statesmanlike recommendations, but has since kept them completely at arm's length.

This mistake may be rectified at the People's Convention in Nanking. The best Nationalists have long realized that the only way of stabilising the Nanking Government is by broadening its basis. To admit the upper middle class into the work of government would neutralize the evil power of the Tang Pu, the District Councils of the Kuomintang. Their very title makes it impossible for the Government, which rests on the Kuomintang as the source of all authority, to unseat the Tang Pu. Yet their administration in the provinces has proved a perfect scandal, and nothing has made the Government more unpopular throughout the country. The obvious remedy is to set up a counterweight in the shape of district assemblies of sound business men—as indeed Dr. Sun Yat-sen enjoined—and the ruinous war of the past summer between North and South, the culmination of internal wrangling and fighting which extends back almost to the beginning of the Nanking régime, has given the best elements in the Nationalist body an opportunity to enforce their views on the less open-minded. But the battle is by no means won. Officialdom in China has always been a class apart and its arrogance to-day is proportionate to its claim to be the guide and teacher of all China in the

new paths. The reactionaries, the Simon Pures of Kuomintangism, the backstairs politicians, who in one form or another have always exercised so dread an influence in Chinese affairs, have suffered a temporary setback. But they will already be scheming how to stultify the People's Convention and will fight tooth and claw for the retention of their privileges. Against them the alliance between General Chiang Kai-shek and the Young Marshal of Manchuria, who are fully alive to the deadness of the Nationalist régime, and the growing reputation of the best of the Kuomintang men like Mr. T. V. Soong and Dr. Wang Chung-hui, offers some hope of better days.

The plain fact is that China is in such a shocking mess that a new cast must be made, and the obvious course is to call upon the business classes. After all, this is the form of government for which Nanking theoretically stands and to give it reality would involve no loss of "face."

If the People's Convention really lets in the merchant, the merchant is assuredly ready and well equipped to serve. The seeming inconsistencies and contradictions of Chinese character do not affect its extremely practical bent, and the disorder of the past twenty years has inspired in the business classes a sense of realities which they are only anxious to put to the trial. The inclusion of five Chinese on the Municipal Council of Shanghai, besides a considerable number more on the municipal sub-committees, has shown what these men are worth. The innovation was awaited with anxiety, but it has proved a marked success, the Chinese Councillors having shown a genuine desire to co-operate with their foreign colleagues in the common interest and a fine ability to take an impartial attitude against Heaven knows what private pressure that must have been put upon them by their kith and kin. Furthermore, the system of election which they have invented, by means of an electoral college representing the principal Chinese organisations, is carefully designed to keep out undesirable candidates, a point on which the Chinese are at least as keen as ever foreigners can be.

It is also to be emphasised that the custom of centuries has given the Chinese people considerable experience of

democratic management. The admission to official life by scholarship only, enabling even the peasant's son to rise to high honour, has prevented the creation of an hereditary ruling class; while the paternal form of the Imperial Government left for the merchant guilds and farmers' association a great deal of work which in other countries is considered to be the State's affair.

The belief that China's future must lie in the direction of Federal Government, reproducing the ancient forms of the Viceroyalties, is too wide for discussion here. But it is obvious that the over-centralisation of power attempted by Nanking has been the cause of much of the troubles of the past two years. Moreover, the end of most revolutions is a combination of the best of new and old, in accordance with national tastes and customs; and China has always been in fact a series of regional governments and active local autonomy.

But to the question whether the Chinese people, if given a fair chance, can make a success of republican government, the answer must surely be in the affirmative. Their ways will not be those of the West and they will inevitably make mistakes, among which one may pray they will not include the mistake of raw haste and over-eagerness which has been the origin of so many disappointments. The supreme virtue of patience was never more needed than it is in China to-day. But the common sense and ready disposition for reason and conciliation, which are conspicuous in Chinese business men, should pull them through. When one reflects on the long history and sterling qualities of the Chinese people there is no room for pessimism.

EFFICIENCY AND DRUDGERY

BY HUBERT E. O'TOOLE

IT is always the argument in favour of elaborate machinery, that is to say, largely machinery of which the units cannot be controlled by and put to the uses of individual men, that it saves drudgery. As a Fabian socialist Mr. Shaw advanced that argument. The whole point about the question of whether the elaboration of machinery is justified by the drudgery which it saves hinges firstly, on what exactly one means by the word "drudgery," and secondly, on whether drudgery is saved to everybody concerned, and it seems to me that when Mr. Shaw supported machinery because it saved a great deal of drudgery, he simply meant by drudgery largely forms of work in which *he* would be unable to find satisfaction. He was thinking, I imagine, that when large bodies of people were freed from the necessity of drudgery and had been given abundance of leisure, they would rejoice exceedingly, and rejoicing, turn to the pleasures of the imagination, on which he happened himself to be very keen, and perhaps begin a concerted and determined search for the Unattainable or something like that, while machines looked after their physical wants. For some reason which I cannot understand, it never seems to have struck him that all that toil, which, because it was toil he dismissed as drudgery, might be a source of satisfaction to the toilers, and that they might have found in it a satisfaction for their souls similar to that which the artist finds in his particular form of work.

What, I venture to ask, would Mr. Shaw have thought if manual labourers had retorted by deploring the manifest toiling and moiling, the cruel effort, the warring with distractions; in short, the drudgery of the imaginative worker, and initiated a campaign for getting all pictures

painted, all plays and books written, all music composed and every other kind of art accomplished by ingenious machines, after which the poor musicians, painters, playwrights and poets would be set free from their poring and be able to chop down trees, drive nails, fashion useful articles, perhaps even set type, or partake in any ordinary form of labour which would make them ordinarily hungry and thirsty and bring a good healthy colour into their cheeks, while all the wearing and degrading business of searching for *mots justes*, producing subtle tints on canvas and experimenting with harmonies was being efficiently accomplished by very finely-adjusted machines which were being improved every day? For I am quite convinced that manual workers do sincerely pity imaginative workers: I am sure there was never an author's servant yet who did not feel for his master because he kept his room so much, just as if he were ill. But it is really striking how easily one is inclined to accept as an axiom that the minimisation of manual labour is essential to human progress, and the reason is, as it seems to me, and as I have suggested, because people who "get into print" are merely out of sympathy with manual labour. Nevertheless, surely there cannot be an imaginative person who is not thrilled by the idea of say, cutting down a great big tree with a great big axe, and is it not after all, the object of much art to portray something like the free force, the powerful rhythm and the vital resolution of the woodman as he is about the task of felling a tree? Personally, I cannot feel that such manual labour can be so devoid of satisfaction as to be mere drudgery.

It seems to me to be a question for free choice on the part of a man whether he will be a manual labourer or not. I cannot see why men should be expected to accept, in replacement of something which they want, something for which they have not asked. It is not fair or reasonable, and I think it should always be remembered that, as far as labour-saving is concerned, the labourers were never asked if they wanted their labour saved: it was simply assumed (in so far as any assumption at all was made in the matter) by people who did not care for manual labour

that nobody cared for manual labour, a peculiarly stupid assumption and one which says little for the imaginations of the people who made it. In the circumstances, one would not be surprised if the next great popular demand were for the return to the masses of opportunity for manual labour.

If one looks at the problem of machinery as a whole, one feels bewildered by the tangled complexity of it. But the problem is clearer if one goes back to its beginnings when it was a simple growth. It is almost always stated that those early weavers who wrecked spinning jennies did so because they were stupid enough to believe that the new machines would deprive them of their livelihood; instead of seeing that the machines would provide more work for them instead of less. The way it is usually put, is that the development of the industry on the present lines necessitates the employment of more hands instead of less, and that it is typical of a mob not to be able to see beyond its nose. That is an extremely plausible statement, and if only uttered with emphasis and great superiority, one which will rarely be questioned. Yet it is an example of complete failure to see the point.

It is perfectly plausible because it is perfectly true, but although it is perfectly true it is perfectly irrelevant. The employment of machines does necessitate the employment of more people eventually, and machines do make work instead of destroying it; the fallacy from the point of view of relevancy being that they change the nature of the work. In other words, there was never any question of the weavers being allowed to remain at work while more men were employed as weavers, but they were put against their wills to a different sort of work. In the most exact sense they objected to the machines because the machines were labour-saving ones, and they did not want their labour to be saved. Also they objected for another extremely important reason; that is to say, because they were deprived of their independence, always the most valuable attribute of manhood. In my firm belief, history will record that the worst evil which the factory system wrought and that which was least often mentioned while it

was being introduced (though this last is perhaps not just the kind of thing which history does record) was that it sapped the manhood of great masses of men by depriving them of their economic freedom. The boldness which Goldsmith in his stately lines attributed to a peasantry has ever been characteristic also of craftsmen and tradesmen, but I will make bold enough to say that it is not characteristic of factory hands. I think, therefore, that the proverbial mold of weavers were not by any means so stupid as people, who unconsciously accept as axiomatic the premises of the first Free Traders, would have us think.

The weavers seemed to realise what many people who hold themselves to be more intelligent do not seem to realise; that is to say, that in the problem of the application of elaborate machinery to weaving was bound up the simple problem of their own personal freedom. They seemed to realise (even if they did not perceive that the machinery would result eventually in more people being employed) that there was a very great difference between a man owning his own loom and working it in his own cottage, and working at a much more complicated loom, of which he was not expected to understand the working, with many others, a loom which did not belong to him and in a building which did not belong to him either, and that there was a very great difference between weaving cloth by means of a machine which he controlled himself, and merely taking part in the weaving of it by means of a machine controlled by somebody else. That the factory was a finer building than his own cottage did not affect his point of view any more than the fact that the new machine was more efficient than his own hand loom. It would have been a benefit to him if his loom had been a more efficient machine, but perhaps it is not exactly to be wondered at that he did not hail with joy the chance of being allowed to work in a fine building of which the eminent suitability for weaving was no particular advantage to him either. The point about the whole business was that the interests of the individual weaver were sacrificed to a plan for weaving cloth more expeditiously and more efficiently. In that plan the weaver became absorbed into an organism for

operating machines. He ceased to be a weaver, his occupation had been changed without any reference to him, and in the most humiliating of all ways, by economic force. As a matter of fact, he had in a sense been genuinely deprived of his means of livelihood.

I have considered the question of the elaboration of machinery in order to arrive at the fallacy which I feel lies behind all the present-day talk of efficiency, and I think that I have done so. It always seems to me that whatever efficiency may be supposed to mean, it is almost always used in the sense of the accomplishment of things and the making of things as quickly as possible. For example, it always seems to be assumed that if an automatic machine (usually very admirable and fascinating in its way) produces replicas of something or other at the greatest speed attainable by human ingenuity, honour and manhood must be satisfied. The quality of the product is usually such as satisfies those who buy it, or as they can be persuaded to be satisfied with, and thereafter nothing remains except to produce the commodity with the utmost rapidity. In the same way, any device or expedient which obviates human labour is a contribution towards efficiency and the welfare of man, no matter how desolating it may be in its simplicity. It is always taken for granted without a thought that simplification is the ordinary aim of every man, the ideal being implied of a world in which there would be no difficulty about doing anything. Now, to leave on one side a consideration of the delights of existing without being obliged to trouble about anything, it is interesting to note that the important thing in the minds of those who talk about efficiency is that, as Euclid might have put it, "That which is required to be done shall be done." It is obvious to the meanest intelligence, that from a certain point of view, machines are more efficient than men, therefore, it is clear that efficiency demands the use of machines. The fact that the men are turned into appendages of mechanical efficiency, which are quite inferior to the wonderful machines, is a matter of no moment. But why on earth should they complain when the machines save them the drudgery of doing real work instead of tending the machines?

Let the cigarette makers of Bizet's opera be replaced by one of the very latest making and packing machines; it is far and away more efficient than they could ever be and only one girl, instead of a whole chorus, would be required to watch it.

Machines which work automatically are, even as Capek conceived, a kind of nightmare being. They could be regarded as sinister new creatures which have a sort of life of their own, a life which depends on their satisfying the demands of their masters with a maddening exactitude. It is of the essence of a machine that it cannot make a mistake. It either works or it does not work. Out of that springs its aridity and soullessness. The complete indifference to man of the machine has something insulting in it. When a servant works for a master the master values the work, apart from the value which he places on it as work, according to the servant's attitude towards him. If the servant hates him, the master requires to be of a very hateful character to find satisfaction in his servant's labour. But if the servant is indifferent to him and does his work "mechanically" the master really feels insulted, and it is that atmosphere which makes slavery impossible among self-respecting people. The indifferent servant does not work for the master. He just works. That is why it is quite wrong and untrue to compare machinery to the genii of the Eastern fairy tales or even to the more homely pixies. Machinery is rather like the wind which bloweth as it listeth and with the most complete indifference to humanity. If the wind happens to blow in a direction suitable to a few ships or mills it is not because it cares a jot about the ships or the mills. There is little satisfaction in getting work done by the inhuman and indifferent efficiency of machinery. The more efficient the machine the more intolerable it is because the less interest it allows its users to take in it. A good example of that intolerable, and as it were, standoffish efficiency, is provided by gas and electric "fires," which may fairly be regarded as mechanical. That they are efficient there is no doubt, but it is of the essence of them that they require nothing from their users but to be set working and, thereafter, to be left

alone. They give one the impression that they boast of requiring little attention, and thus they make their users feel much as they feel when they are cold-shouldered by human beings. They are the reverse of homely and feel like intruders into the home who fully intend to look after themselves and to maintain a very independent existence. They are not temperamental or responsive or friendly like coal fires and consequently they arouse no interest, not to mention affection. If one might say such a thing about such things, they are very cold fires indeed.

It seems obvious to me that tending machinery, especially when it is very efficient, is just as much drudgery as any other monotonous and simple form of work. Mark Twain was very up-to-date when he drew his cynical distinction between work and play. He said that whatever we are obliged to do is work and whatever we are not obliged to do is play. It seems to me that Mark was confounding work with drudgery. Generally speaking, all the best work in the world is done without compulsion. The artist is usually cited as the highest example of the devoted worker and no doubt, many people are quite unable to understand why artists make great sacrifices in order to be able to work very hard. I should rather say that work is what we do, to do something, and play what we do to do nothing. All drudgery is work, but all work is not drudgery. We seem to be in such a hurry to get things done, as the phrase goes, that we have very little time for doing anything. Our attitude towards work seems to be becoming unpleasantly like that of the person who is in a hurry to do something because he hates doing it. There is a difference between doing things in a hurry and being in a hurry to get things done, the difference between the hurry of ardour and the hurry of distaste. The object of the hurry in the first case is to be doing something, in the second to be continually in a state of having done something. And, although this did not seem apparent to Mark Twain, there is a difference between the difficulty which arises from working and that which arises from drudging. The difficulty which arises from drudgery is due, again if one may say so, to the ease of all drudgery. We class as

drudgery all the easy work of the world. The easier the work, and the more monotonous, the lower it is in the scale of work. Sweeping, cleaning, moving things about, everything which does not demand skill is regarded as drudgery. There is a real difficulty in work and a false one, and there is a heroism in all of us which calls out for genuine difficulty, the stimulating sort which can be moved out of the way eventually, not the stultifying sort which lies immovably in one's way in spite of all effort. The paradox about work is a double one, that the easier it is the more difficult it is to do it, and the harder it is the easier it is to do it. And people do not want easy tasks. We are all heroes at heart and love to tilt at obstacles. We know that life is a battle and thrill to its dangers. The glory of it is not given to the patient toilers, to the plodders, but to those who perform the world's most difficult tasks when they might enjoy inglorious ease, who make light of their burdens and would burst their hearts to bear them. Not many people seem to realise that the object of modern labour-saving is not to give people less work to do. It is to give them easier work to do. People's energy is being conserved and they can find nothing else to do with it, so they spend it on strenuous and downhearted amusement, which naturally has become too much like work. They lavish unused skill and resource on games like tennis, Bridge and golf, which give them no real satisfaction, because they are trying to get the wrong kind of satisfaction from them, the sense of creation instead of the sense of recreation. For a man cannot bring home that gorgeous backhand shot of his for his friends to admire, or present to the nation his perfect putt.

Much work has become a sort of child's play and is inclined to be ever so much more simple than it was wont to be in the past. For example, the book-keeper who worked for the "small" man in the past had a much more difficult a task than the clerk in the offices of the modern large organisation who performs some simple branch of the whole art of book-keeping. In order that the old-fashioned book-keeper should be an efficient one he required to be much more intelligent, or rather to use his

Intelligence more than the modern clerk, the scope for whose intelligence is being still further reduced by machines. No doubt, from a liberal point of view, the occupation of even the old-fashioned book-keeper was cramping, and an old-fashioned employer who regarded his clerk as a kind of book-keeping machine (or as Mr. Scrooge regarded Bob Cratchit), was very unfair to the man, but in order that the most modern type of clerk shall be remarkably efficient he is obliged to become rather inhuman, and even to cultivate stupidity as an ideal, since he is not required to understand book-keeping or much else, but simply to work as fast as possible. It is easy to work without thinking, but every sensible person will admit that it does not keep the intelligence in a condition of dazzling brightness, yet it is an express object of the elaboration of machinery to remove the necessity for thinking by making work as easy as possible.

With all this, a great many people, nowadays, are trying to talk with shining faces of the beauty of Service—of working for something else besides themselves, of slaving heroically for the community (although with communism the same people would have nothing to do)—and they do so much as if the community were ever beside them to admire and encourage them and say: "Well, done!" In reality, they are working in a deep silence in which everything is over their heads, and they have neither the solace of their own approbation nor that of the many-headed multitude for which they are supposed to be working. Would it not perhaps be better to sink the common good and pay a little more attention to the private good? Individuals undoubtedly have a deplorable tendency to be inefficient, and because of that, the world seems to be playing with the idea of making the individual's work so simple that he could not be inefficient if he tried. The ideal seems to be the cultivation of a happy lack of intelligence, a sort of cheerful idiocy, so that the large organisations shall run smoothly. But one may well ask, who gains by so much work being turned into drudgery for the sake of communal efficiency?

WOOLLY GLOVES

BY V. S. PRITCHETT

THE evening was clearing but had a fineness and uncertainty of texture in the frail sky over the estuary, left after hours of gusty wind and rain. Inland to the west and the south the clouds were dug up into a slaty wall which to the north softened mistrustfully in haze. But the east was clear, clear as faith, and that was where the sea put its line across the mud flats of the opening estuary. On either side of it the fields were low, at places below the level of the sea wall against which dead rushes fringed the high water mark. The fields were faintly combed with the fine blades of seedling corn drawn out to the full ditches and draining gulleys. Trees were bare and few, scattered and capricious. When the even breeze span into some minute squall in the middle of a meadow, one could hear the water under the turf cheeping like poor birds. The country was glistening with water and deserted, the estuary stripped of the tide and spent.

Two men had walked down from the village whose church tower showed above a firm swell of land to the south-west. Each step took them down into this undefined, equivocal emptiness. At every turn in the road the taller of the two hesitated and protested but submitted at last to the persuasion of the other. "Let's just have a look at it," he said. At the cross roads on the edge of the marsh the man who was secretly leading the other on, a short, stout, square fellow with his coat buttoned, waved his stick to the tail of the estuary, and keeping up the pretence of a casual stroll, made for the sea wall, and, after another deceptive pause continued along it. Now he looked around with alertness like one reconnoitering on

ground that had become suddenly mysterious and holy, back to the road, forward to the sea. At last he saw a stile and made confidently for it. The other unwillingly followed. The short man examined the top of the stile and then standing back to give his tall lean friend a view of it, tapped his stick on it with an air of at last disclosing the hidden object of his journey.

"Here," he said, "see that." He was slightly excited and expectant. He was perspiring. The air was salty, insidiously roaring in his ears.

"See what?" said the thin man walking up and suspicious. His long overcoat flapped about his heels. He had a new tweed cap pulled over his long nose and grudgingly he looked to the stile, away from the shining cushions of mud and the main channel where only a thin stream of water coiled.

"D.H." read the stout man, watching his friend for the expected glint of recognition.

"D.H." repeated the thin man and, more suspiciously, looked at the initials carved on top of the stile.

"Yes, that's the man," said the stout man, shaking his head. "David Hitch."

"Did *he* come down *here*?" asked the thin man.

"He did," said the other. "He cut them himself. Very neat. He always was neat, poor old Davy Hitch."

He intended reverence; there was reverence in him. But his attempt at reverence was so unaccustomed that his voice subsided into a tone that was in part aggressive, doubtful, the tone of a healthy man trying to feel his way in the depths of another's pain. For the stout man was a healthy man. His cheeks were as sound as a weathered brick wall and his normal voice rang as hale as an old establishment. But now he had unconsciously altered it. He pushed his bowler hat over his ears and an end of grey hair showed over his wind-reddened forehead. He got up on the stile, leaving ample space for the initials on the sea-ward side.

"This," he said trying to make the phrase significant. "This is where he sat," He paused. "He *told* me he cut his initials here," he persisted.

The thin man, whose eyes were hidden by the peak of his cap, stared at the initials and the stile with the routine look of an undertaker who has asked "Is this the body?"

An embarrassed attempt at taking in the scene and enjoying it came over the stout man. He sat smiling forcedly at it, breathing deeply as if going through a course of exercises. His small eyes strained to see every sight as if to get something hidden out of it. The gathering and play of the gulls' white wings over the mud he looked at as if expecting one to come flying to him with a message.

"Funny thing for a man like him to do, cut his initials," the stout man suggested uneasily. "Look at his hands, they were so thin and white, gentleman's hands we used to call them, always holding a pen I suppose it was, as though he'd never done a day's work in his life. You wouldn't think they could hold a knife. He'd have been 46 this month if *that* hadn't happened. You heard, I suppose?"

"I did *hear*," conceded the thin man.

"He'd no business to have done it. At least," he said, bringing himself under control again, "You might *say* he had no business to have done it. But he did it. He had his reasons. He must have had his reasons. And whatever it was he did, he was a gentleman and no mistake," insisted the stout man with signs of bewilderment. He fell back on what he knew. "'Tom,' the wife used to say, 'Mr. Hitch is a gentleman.' And if he saw her chopping wood, or lifting a coal scuttle he'd run up at once and try to help her. 'No, Mrs. Tottenham, you mustn't carry that,' he'd say. 'Now just you sit down and don't soil yourself, Mr. Hitch,' she'd say. She wouldn't let him. Not the whole time he was lodging with us. Twelve years."

"Sounds lady-like to me," said the thin man. He sat down on the wall, took out a pipe and blew down it. The stout man looked at him disapprovingly for a moment and, seeing he was hostile, resumed again on a slightly more intimate note. "He came for a week first of all. Young Marks had just got married so he had his room. 'This is a lucky house for bachelors,' said the wife. 'Don't you

take any notice of her, Mr. Hitch,' I said. He stayed on another fortnight. Then it went on a month at a time, very cautiously. We didn't know where we were with him. 'I'm sure,' I said one day when he was in the room, 'I'm sure,' I said, 'if Mr. Hitch isn't satisfied he would say. And,' I said, 'he has only *got* to say.' Well the best argument, as we always said, was the time he did stay. Twelve years. He wasn't like a lodger. He was like one of the family."

"Closer," the stout man said, between shyness and defiance, as the grateful whiff of his friend's tobacco was borne to him. "As you might say, like a brother. But," he went on, and here his little blue eyes screwed up again as if there were some higher mystery in the nature of Mr. Hitch which you had to squeeze through the eye of a needle to see, and which even then escaped. "But," he said, "Do you know, I never *touched* him. You can't say that of many men. I never put so much as finger on him. If you was to try and shake hands with him he'd be standing up as still and cold as a knife. I never saw him shake hands with anyone—not even with her. I can see him as plain as I can see you. Very quiet, shy and polite, with a little bit of a moustache, standing very thin, with a glass eye in a dead stare in his head. And he felt the cold. Delicate you know, wrapped himself up. Many a time I've seen him wearing black woollen gloves in the house. He'd sit and write letters in them. He used to sit close to the fire and, mind you, he was never one to say much—just sat with his black hands in a church steeple—thinking. That's what he was always doing—thinking," said the stout man putting forward his remark doubtfully.

"It's a pity he didn't do a bit of thinking later on, if that's what his hobby was," grunted the thin man. "By what I *heard*."

"We don't know that he didn't and again we don't know that he did," said the stout man. "That's the point. Here we are. We sit where he sat, we look where he looked, but we don't know what went on inside him. *I've* tried to think. But you'd know as well as I know if you'd been twelve years with that man, that there's thinking

and thinking. You see a man and you say, 'He's not a thinker,' and you don't worry yourself. And you see another and you say, 'Now he's a thinking man,' and you feel a bit awkward and you move up one towards him as you might say. That's how it was with him. He never said much. He scarcely said anything. But he was that quiet it was an education to be near him. The wife used to say, joking, 'Oh, Mr. Hitch, you *think* too much. It isn't good for your food.' But I used to tell her, 'Now you leave Mr. Hitch alone. I'd be proud if I could sit and think like Mr. Hitch.' And I would. I used to sit there watching him to see what he did. That's the sort of man he was."

"Well what was he thinking about anyway—anything?" growled the thin man, spitting into the ditch. The spittle lay as still as a daisy on the water.

"Ah!" exclaimed the stout man wagging his finger. "I've said that to myself often, before and since. But," he said, not in triumph but with uneasiness; "You can't think about nothing—it's not thinking. I'm not a thinking man but I was always thinking about *him*. You couldn't help it. He made you, even if it was unhealthy. 'Here,' I said, because we were as close as brothers, though that's a funny thing, 'Here,' I said, one day when he and I were left alone together in the house. 'You're leading an unnatural life. First out in the morning to open up the shop, last to leave in the evening—he was under-manager in Pearson's, in the High Street, very high class drapers, nice business—never take a holiday, and if you go out of a Sunday to buy an ounce of tobacco or a paper that's all the pleasure you give yourself. Here,' I said—'Let's get out, let's get a blow.' And I got him to come with me on the top of a bus to Tollesbury Common and back. He quite woke up when he saw the trees. Talked a bit. Told me a bit about his life in his refined voice—not very much, but it just showed," said the stout man again, with defiance in his reverence. He sat gazing.

"That's what brought him down here," he continued, in a lower voice. "That day at Tollesbury. 'Get a blow

of sea air. Take a week off. Do you a world of good. See a bit of life,' I said."

"Not here," sniffed the thin man, looking in despair at the empty marshes.

"No," said the stout man. "Walmering-on-Sea. I gave him the hotel and everything. A nice private place near the sea, but not *on* it, mind you. But even he didn't like it and he came here." His voice dropped even lower and he looked miserable. He stared at the bare dykes where last year's rushes sished and tittered, at the wilderness of tousled sepia flats left derelict by the tides.

"Is this where he met *her*?" said the thin man, taking a hopeful look along the path, and across the fields. The stout man became at once a little sheepish.

"It was this very place," he said, "he was sitting where I am sitting now. I worked it all out from what he told me; he was a very particular, accurate man. If he told me once he told me a hundred times. 'I can show you the very place on the map,' he said. And he did. He took a pocket map he'd taken the trouble to buy and showed it me, measured it out. 'You forget such places exist living among bricks and mortar all the time,' he said, and then he'd go off into a sort of dream. 'I was just sitting there,' he said . . ."

"Oh," said the thin man caustically, "he wasn't thinking."

"Eh?" said the stout man, but took control of himself again. "Oh yes he was. What else would he be doing sitting there alone? He was so particular about the place as if there was something—" he paused, "well, you know, special, about it. I always wanted to see for myself."

"See what?" grunted the thin man.

"See it," exclaimed the stout man shortly. "I told you didn't I? Have a look at it. See what it felt like to be in it."

"All right. All right. Keep your hair on," said the thin man. "No harm in asking."

The stout man returned troubled to the story. "When he told me about it, I mean her and him, I thought—I didn't know what to think. He didn't make a fuss about

it but he made it look important, and it made him look dangerous. He'd creep up near the fire, and he talked, and drew patterns on soot with the poker and you would swear his dead eye had come to life. He was sitting here, he told me, when he saw her first. She was coming along the wall with her black dog. 'That's funny,' he said, 'leading a dog. It's the country. It's free isn't it.' He was sharp, mind you. I wouldn't have noticed that. And when she gets near he sees the reason for it. It was an *old* dog. That was the first thing he noticed."

"A damn funny thing to notice the dog," said the thin man. His pipe had begun a moist, bubbling whine.

"That's where you're wrong," said the stout man. "You and me see a woman and a dog, and we look at *one* thing, but he was made different. There wasn't any of *that* about him. So he let her over the stile. She had black hair . . . there was skylarks, like one of those electric bells that won't stop ringing, in the sky, he said. And it struck him the way she looked up at them. He watched her go along, and once or twice she bent down and picked something, and he stretched himself to see what it was. She kept on doing this. Once she turned round and saw him looking, so he looked away and pretended he was scratching his head. And when he looked again she was scratching her head. Not scratching it, I don't mean, but you know," said the stout man. "But he didn't think that meant anything. You and me might, but he was a gentleman. Well, he came down again and he saw her. He saw her eyes. That was the second time. And every time he went down he saw something new about her, but he never spoke. Every evening he walked down here, he told me. Not to see her, mind you, not especially," the stout man said, trying once more to take in the scene.

"Not to see her, he didn't. He loved this place. But *she* always came. She did. She came with the dog. And that's how at last they came to speak to each other, he told me. He said, 'I was sitting down on the stile watching the rushes burning when I saw her come, and when she was near I had to climb down.' A very scrupulous man, he was. He said 'I seem to be always in your way, miss.'

But before she had time to say anything, that damn old dog flew at him; pulled the leash out of her hands. It flew at him like a Zulu. That's what did it."

"I thought you said he had his eye on the dog!" exclaimed the thin man, suddenly waking up and grinning with pleasure.

"It flew at him," continued Mr. Tottenham, ignoring him. "And he did what any man would have done. He was no fool. That's where many made a mistake about him. He saw he would embarrass her if he stayed," said Mr. Tottenham gravely, "so he walked away. It came after him, so he ran. He ran along the top of the dyke as hard as he could run. He wasn't afraid, mind you. He was thinking of her. He ran—and all the time he could see her face in front of him, he said—why you can see where he ran. Along the top of the dyke till he came to the smoke."

"Oh Gawd, they were burning the rushes," laughed the thin man, showing his new teeth. But the stout man did not smile. "They were. It wasn't anything to laugh at," he said, but conceded, "not when he told me. And it wasn't that he was trying to make a story of it. He wasn't that kind of man. But there he was," said the stout man, unable to suppress himself, "with the dog behind him and a fire flaming and smoking a couple of yards along the wall in front of him, the mud on one side, with the tide out, mind you, like what it is now, and a two-yard ditch full of water like tea on the other. The girl was shouting and screaming to the dog, 'Apollo,' she shouted. That was the name of the dog. Latin for god."

"It ought to have been Cupid," said the thin man.

"And he told me he took a spring clean over the ditch, a huge, mighty big jump."

The thin man craned his head to look over the ditch. "A man can't jump six foot," he protested.

"He did. He told me he did. He jumped it clean. He smiled when he told me," said the stout man. "'Tom,' he said, 'how's that for jumping into a new life,' he said."

"You mean," scowled the thin man, "they clicked, there and then."

"Not that," said Mr. Tottenham, reddening uncomfortably as if on the brink of a great betrayal. "That's what you and me might mean, in a manner of speaking as we are now, but he—well you couldn't hardly say that of him. 'Gawd!' I thought when he told me about. 'You!' It sounds funny, but I was frightened. I was—I tell you straight. If *you* was to tell me you had taken up with some girl," said the stout man, loosening his waistcoat, "I should burst out laughing in the natural way; not you in particular, I don't mean, but anybody. But with him I could damn nearly have cried. I could. I never laughed at that man in twelve years. You *couldn't* laugh at him. The way I look at it he was human as we all are, and he was not human as we all aren't either, if you come to think, only he was more. It was neck or nothin' he said. 'I tell you, Tom,' he said, in his particular way, 'if you work it all down to what really happened, it was that jump did it.'"

"He must have flown like a ruddy bird," said the thin man.

"He sounded like one," exclaimed the stout man, mysteriously. "He came back as brown as a boot. He was another man. He smartened himself up. He laughed. He talked. He had his joke with the wife. 'Mrs. T.,' he said, 'You're right. This is a lucky house for bachelors.' But all the same though we were glad I was sorry for him. It didn't seem natural."

"And then he brought her down to the house. We did all we could to help him. We brought out the best silver and let her know what a respected man he was in the shop and everywhere. She came marching into the house in a grey costume, and her eyes wide open and her voice sharp as a canary's when she talked. And she comes up to me and calls me 'Dad,' and kisses me. It was like the way they squirt scent on you in the barber's, only hot. And all in front of him. And he'd got himself some patterns for a new suit and we were soon roaring with laughter while she held the patterns up against him. Well, there's nothing wrong about this, I thought. She seems a sensible sort of girl. And I told him so after she had gone. And he said, 'Yes, and brave,' and he told me she had had a sad

life. There was a brother she loved but who didn't treat her right.

"Well it went on. Weeks went by. We settled down to it; but it did go on and on and no news of anything happening. 'When is it going to be, Tom,' I wanted to ask, but I didn't like to, and he didn't say anything. But every night he got out bits of paper and worked it all out, how much it would cost. *We* didn't complain. We didn't want to lose him, but we couldn't help wondering what they were doing about it.

"'I can't help worrying about him,' the wife said. You know what women are. 'I hope she's a kind woman and ~~can~~ keep a house clean.' 'Leave it to them,' I told her. But after the third time she came down, the wife says: 'Tom, I don't like that woman. She's too sure of herself. I don't like her eyes,' she said. (They were large round blue eyes, like a doll's) And then one night the wife wakes up and says: 'Tom, are you awake? I've been thinking Tom,' she says 'about that dog of hers. It's only got one eye, too.'"

"Now, funny thing, I hadn't thought of that," said the stout man. "It *had* only got one eye. I told her not to be a fool and go to sleep. But," he confessed, "I began to get the idea, too. There was nothing in it. It was silly. But I did. And the next time she comes down I didn't like her as much, and when I saw that damn old dog I gave it a kick when she wasn't looking. They were all very quiet that time—except her. She and him went out for a long walk, talking about business, she said. Business, I thought, what business? And he began to say something about her brother, but she chips in and says quickly: 'Yes, very important business,' hanging on his arm, 'and we've decided it. This is what he's going to have,' she said and pulled out two patterns of cloth from his pocket. He looked very surprised, but he laughed. I knew it was a lie and I blamed him for taking part in it. After that he was uncomfortable with me. I couldn't understand it. He'd sit there thinking, not in his dreamy way now, but closely, calculating and muttering to himself. There was a change in him. I caught him standing in a stare in the

middle of the room once, and he turned and smiled sharply in a glassy way.

"And then by the Powers it happened. One evening he put on his hat and coat and said: 'I think I'd best run along and see about that suit.' That was about seven. 'Pretty late for the tailor,' I thought. And when he didn't come back at eight we just said it wasn't like him, but he must have met someone. At ten the wife looked at me and I looked at her, and at eleven when he didn't come—we were always in bed at eleven—I said: 'That's funny. I'll sit up.' We both sat until twelve and no sign of him, and we stuck it till one, and by this time I was angry. I didn't tell the missus, but I thought, 'He's making a night of it.' It was the first time in 12 years.

"In the morning I got up and knocked at his door. No answer. I went in. There was his bed and the jug in the basin and his slippers by the fender untouched. I called the wife and we both stood looking at them, stupid. 'I hope nothing's happened to him,' she said. And I said—I'll remember my words to my dying day, it was the first time I said anything wrong about him or laughed at him in all those twelve years—I said, 'Well, he has made a proper dirty night of it,' I said. I can tell you I was upset and angry. There are some men I wouldn't have minded but him, so *refined* he was," said Mr. Tottenham, his voice thinning and going up in mystification on the word. "It was like a bit of your own self had done something underhand and dirty. And I'm not a man to mind a bit of a lark, I mean in the ordinary way, but it took me so," said Mr. Tottenham, rubbing his uneasy hands down his thighs, "that my heart was going like hammers as I went down to the shop, looking round every minute, half hoping, and half not hoping to see him come turning the corner as I'd always seen him come for years. If I'd known what every step down that road was taking me to. When I got to the shop I said 'No,' and passed it, and went straight down to Pearson's, straight to the Manager's office. I could see at once there was something wrong. The clerks were standing by the fire all talking and taking no notice of anyone. 'Here,' I said, 'When you've done amusing

yourselves,' I said, 'I want to see Mr. Hitch.' One of them, a young fellow I knew, came over to me. 'I want to speak to Mr. Hitch,' I said. 'Mr. Hitch?' he said very worried. He calls over to the others and then the head clerk comes over, 'Haven't you heard the sad news,' he said. 'Mr. Hitch is dead.'

"Killed himself," said the thin man.

"Did himself in," said the stout man, nodding his head. "And the trouble he'd taken to the last. He'd gone to the shop that night, not to the tailors, and he'd let himself in the back way through the yard and gone down to the basement for a remnant of stair carpet that was marked down for the sale, and he'd taken it upstairs, three flights, made himself comfortable on it with a couple of cushions he'd found on his way up, and then turned on the gas. He had been dead six hours when they found him. You could smell the gas in the shop creeping about everywhere."

"You see it in the paper," declared the stout man in a general comforting tone which rapidly dwindled. "But it don't come home to you. Now I've seen it, once is enough for me. As I say he was like a brother. He left a very nice note too thanking us for all we'd done and asking us to forgive him. I tell you I didn't know what to do. I came back and told the wife and we cried like children, holding the note in our hands till I couldn't bear the sight of it, and then thank God I remembered those patterns. I put my hat and coat on and went down town again to cancel that order for the suit."

"And why the hell did he do it?" said the thin man. He looked at the stout man who was staring aggressively, helplessly, muddled.

"I don't know. Nobody knows. He never told anybody. We'll *never* know," said the stout man bitterly. "All we know is *she* never came to the funeral. It was hard enough to think he was human while he was alive, and now he's dead without a reason"—he looked hopefully along the wall—"you can't hardly believe he's dead."

"Come on," said the thin man. "This place smells." He shook Mr. Tottenham by the arm. Slowly he

got down from the stile and the thin man brushed the seat of his trousers for him. The water on the estuary had deepened momentarily as they were speaking, full and solid it mounted and coiled into the land like a serpent which, when the sun caught it, filled out into a flaming question mark winding to the sea. From the North light came the sound of a foghorn, a low crump lessening into a short sigh like the gasp of a man sinking far away. The wind had thinned away to less than a spirit among the grasses and from the clear sky the rain, bright on the grass, the oddness of the scattered trees in the empty fields, were distilled a mystery and a myriad secret movements.

The thin man led the way now, the other following reluctantly, continually looking back.

"Step out," called the thin man. "He's not here! If we catch the bus at the corner, they'll be open at Walmering time we get there."

Mr. Tottenham stood irresolute for one moment buttoning up his coat.

"Well, here we are anyway," he said brightly, as if awakening from a dream. "Walmering's the place."

EBB AND FLOW

A MONTHLY COMMENTARY

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

REVOLUTIONS often begin pleasantly, and so did the revolution in Spain. It had every chance to be mannerly: all went through with so little opposition, there was no previous bloody struggle, no long history of assassination and repression. Yet **The Spanish Riots.** within a month we have the mob clamouring for victims, sating itself with destruction. Why? Perhaps from a vice of idealism: the provisional government in the cult of liberty thought it right to leave liberty even for monarchist propaganda: and monarchists thought it their right and their duty at least to express opinions—even though the dethroned monarch asked them to abstain. This may seem to us an explicable cause of mob violence, but the attacks on churches and convents puzzle this tolerant country. It is worth while to turn back to the book on Spain published last year by Señor de Madariaga, then Professor of Spanish at Oxford—but now Ambassador of the Spanish Republic to the United States. It would be hard to find a more highly trained and disciplined intelligence: yet in the close of his book he stated the "preliminary problem" for Spain under the monarchy as being "how to secure the liberty of the country from the attacks of the army and the Church." And his chapter on the Church is an indictment all the more formidable because of its moderation. "Compulsion is the key tendency of Spanish clericalism," he says; and the grip has been felt. Also the religious orders "through their inveterate policy of acquiring and accumulating wealth have succeeded in nullifying themselves as spiritual forces."

This better explains why in 1909 anti-clericalism broke loose in Barcelona. Now it is in Madrid, even more in the cities of the South. Once again, the Jesuits are the

chief objects of attack, and may a second time see themselves expelled from the country of their origin. This extraordinary organisation of picked men, each of whom must sacrifice his individual freedom of action in order to multiply his power by forming part of a team absolutely controlled and disciplined, can never be negligible, never be neutral. It is what it was designed to be, the spearhead of the Church's attack, and therefore can never be regarded as inoffensive by whatever the Church feels called upon to fight against. Where the Church is felt as a threat to liberty, nothing in the Church will be so suspect as the Jesuits.

There is no necessary connection between republican revolution and anti-clericalism. In Ireland the Church is less powerful than it was when the English ruled, but it is not less respected. Danger begins only when the Church is taken to be part of the repressive machinery of government; and once the impulse to break its power gets loose, the temptation to confiscate is formidable. It is easy to say that this is Communist. Many Communists of this type founded fortunes under Henry VIII; so did as many more in the French Revolution. But unless the existing government control the mob when it wishes to express itself by arson, the mob's leaders will control the government. In such cases somebody has to use machine guns, and unless Señor de Madariaga's friends do, the guns will be wrested from them.

Mr. Snowden's budget was no doubt designed with the purpose of securing Liberal support, and has achieved it.

Prospects of Peace. The one acutely contentious element that it contained, a setting up of machinery for the future imposition of a land tax, is calculated to please Mr. Lloyd George. In short there is no near prospect of a change of administration, and a crop of by-elections proves that the country has no eagerness for one. Conservatives gain a little, but less than was to be expected in face of the depressing facts. This means that India is assured, and Europe is assured, of a continuity in the British policy. Since there is little obvious ground for rejoicing,

let us be thankful for that. Both in India and in Europe, the situation is very delicate and the results of a probable transfer of power would be discounted in a way not likely to do anyone good.

In India Lord Willingdon has the reins in hand, and Mr. Gandhi goes to Simla for conference with him. It is said of the new Viceroy that he is "colour-blind"—a great qualification for his formidable task. If he can make Indians feel that he is without that sense of innate and *a priori* superiority which most Englishmen feel when dealing with races of a different pigmentation, he may conceivably induce Hindu and Moslem to find in him the necessary arbiter of their differences. This is much to hope, but not impossible—as it would have been with Lord Curzon, for instance, in the same place, who would never have got away from the feeling that he had a right to impose his view, not because it was impartial but because it came from above.

Meantime Mr. Gandhi has laboured with varying success to make good the terms of his compact with Lord Irwin. An utterance of his concerning the future of Christian missions in India where the Brahmin rule prevailed was singularly unhelpful. But he has since explained that he has no hostility to propaganda of a purely spiritual kind—as indeed was to be expected of him. Manifestly while Christianity is preached where it is the religion of an alien and ruling race, some arguments for its adoption are likely to be employed which in the long run are not likely to help Christianity. Without knowing what exactly was in Mr. Gandhi's mind, we may be sure that he would not, fresh from his parleys with Lord Irwin, have avowed a bitter and militant hostility to Lord Irwin's religion.

As to Europe, things have looked critical; and the very uncertainty made M. Briand stand out as the central figure in Europe, just because he stands resolutely for the League of Nations. That League was made by the Nations which made the Treaty of Versailles and M. Briand has succeeded in impressing upon his countrymen that if you have the

The Watch-dogs of Europe.

one you must have the other. After the declaration of the Austro-German arrangement, he was furiously attacked, but when it came to a vote in the Chamber, his policy was supported by almost ten to one. As a result, the spokesmen of Germany moderated their tone and recognised that they were treated reasonably. Yet there is ebb and flow in this state of mind and what has happened since leads to disquieting conclusions. Since M. Briand has stood for the Presidency of the Republic, and has been unexpectedly rejected, it will be held that his policy has been repudiated. In any case, it seems certain that he will no longer direct the foreign policy of France.

This is another way of saying that, whatever happens, close concert between England and France is the first necessity for Europe; because unless this is maintained, there will be no hope of improving the relations between France and Germany. The idea of driving a wedge in between these two leading powers has inevitably beset the German mind, and temperamental difficulties between France and England have encouraged the project. Yet in the last resort, when there has been a threat of danger, M. Briand and Mr. Henderson have said the same thing and meant the same thing. They stand for the reign of law in international affairs and if necessary they stand behind it. The precise issue of legality is now referred to the Hague Court. Whatever be the Court's decision, France will accept it, as England would—because on the principle of such appeals is the only true security. Whether M. Briand be in office or out of office, it is clear that the mass of Frenchmen accept his paradox—that France, though armed, is the armed soldier of peace.

That is all to the good, because it is necessary in the interests of Europe that France should consider dispassionately the proposal of the Austro-German economic union—which is rejected just as emphatically by M. Herriot on the Left as by his opponent on the Right. Whether it be legal or not under the Treaty, the French do not believe that its purpose is solely or even mainly economic. And solely economic it certainly is not. Vienna, which outweighs the rest of Austria, seeks to feel that she has a

position less pitifully incongruous with her past than that to which the Treaty of Versailles reduced her. As for Germany, the economic advantages of what has been proposed have not yet been demonstrated; but the sentimental satisfaction is evident, which implies that a rebuff would deepen Germany's banked up resentment.

Now it is a fact that Europe at large suffers danger from this resentment from a proud and powerful nation's prolonged humiliation. It is to the interest of Europe that Germany should somewhere, somehow, find some satisfaction. The English are, quite naturally, much more desirous than the French to see her find it; and the vitally necessary understanding between France and England is jeopardised because the English incline to think that France is sitting on the safety valve. But is this so? There are, indeed, some who think that France should be generous at the expense of Poland. England might join in sanctioning this vicarious sacrifice. Poland was once partitioned for the convenience of strangers and there is therefore a kind of precedent for cutting off the corridor—though it serves the same purpose as the tube which brings oxygen to a diver. That old iniquity of partition was of no service to Europe nor would this new one be. Moreover, Germans realise the strength of European opposition to any such alteration on the map. For that reason, though this is not realised in England, they are much inclined to dwell on what they consider the wanton denial of room to expand. All Germany's oversea possessions were taken from her, and divided in effect between France and the British. England and the Dominions have and hold German East Africa, German South-West and the German part of New Guinea. Those who are sedulous to meet Germany's wishes about the corridor make no proposal to alleviate German resentment by ceding what, after all, are not essentials to the British power. These acquisitions have so neatly rounded off and linked up British African domains that any such proposal would be very ill received. But the French can say the same of Togoland and German Cameroonia—and can add that these territories are less suited for any permanent settlement of white men. Neither of the

nations, in short, shows the least disposition to give up any of the spoils of victory. Neither is, therefore, in any state to condemn the other.

What remains? Removal of the restriction on Germany's right to arm? A singular prelude to the hoped-for reduction of armaments! It is an impasse. Yet a Germany, if not contented, at least no longer gnawed by indignation, cramped and hemmed in is necessary to the well-being of Europe. French or English, men are bound to consider the interests of their own country; but there is another obligation scarcely less paramount. "To be a good European is no mean patriotism."

This phrase is quoted from the second and newly published volume of Mr. F. S. Oliver's historical essay, *The Endless Adventure*, which has been welcomed **The Endless Adventure.** "as when a well-graced actor takes the stage." His public gladly hears more from one who has never fatigued them and who has never written better than in this latest instalment. To prove this, I quote what he has to say concerning our second and larger homeland—not Europe on the ordinary geographical sense for it is "clean cut off at the Russian frontier by influences not so much hostile as merely alien." It is—

"the territory that lies westward of a line from Odessa on the Black Sea to Königsberg on the Baltic . . . the richest humus that is anywhere to be found in the still living and working world; fertile from the striving of a hundred generations."

America also lies outside this "unacknowledged commonwealth"—incomplete indeed,

"but even the unfinished product is a stubborn and infrangible thing. Its knotted filaments and intertwined fibres are the legacies of tribes and peoples who have lived as neighbours, quarrelsome or kindly, since the days of Homer. The injuries they have done one another in the past as well as the benefits, their conquests and reconquests, groupings and regroupings, revolutions and reactions, rivalries and alliances, the occasional fierce antagonism of their idols or ideals, have welded them into union—a union which as yet is jealous and unincorporate, but which contains daemonic possibilities."

These sentences come from the central portion of this

volume, which deals with European complications during the War of the Polish Succession as they affected the career of Sir Robert Walpole. It is the least easily followed of the three parts. The first, dealing with the accession of George II, with his character and that of Queen Caroline (who governed England through Walpole) is infinitely more entertaining than all but the very best of books whose sole purpose is to entertain; and the third, describing Walpole's one great failure and his recovery from it, makes the history of a discarded Excise Bill and its consequences into a narrative worthy of Macaulay. But the main value of the book, for practical students of politics, as well as for those to whom the proceedings of governments and politicians are a fascinating comedy, lies in the passages of reflection, interspersed very much as Fielding mingled observations and life and conduct in his epic of *Tom Jones*. I have quoted, because it bore on my purpose, one where wisdom allows itself to be eloquent. Yet to be fully characteristic it should have shown the dry yet genial humour, the wit, never merely verbal, but depending on the turn of thought not of phrase, which blend in the bouquet of this mellow vintage.

The Royal Academy is, as always, much its old self: continually disparaged, like the *Times* or *Punch*, but like them assisted to bear up by a continuing **The Royal Academy.** popularity. Of course, there are too many pictures: nobody wants to see so many works of art at once, even if they were all accepted classics. But this cannot be helped, if the newcomer and the less known are to have their chance; and as one goes through, it is possible to pick out some of the less important or less conspicuous works which it would be a great delight to possess. For instance in the gallery of small pictures (Room IX) *The Gentle Lemur*, by Miss Billie Waters—a study of this engaging creature made conventional by its silver background, but observed with Japanese insight. Or in the first room, Mr. Charles Pears's *The Lee Rail Awash*, a picture of shipboard by night, the cordage rising from a wash of water white in the moonlight; the lift and send

of wave and vessel are admirably given, but above all the colour of that velvety dark. Or again, among the drawings, Mr. S. H. Vedder's study of *A Young Lion Eating*, which show in a few strokes the one characteristic fierce movement of a lion that most of us have the chance to observe. Or Mr. Middleton Todd's little sketch in water colour of Mr. David Lloyd Evans—but this is one of the most masterly things in the whole exhibition, worth acres of ordinary portraiture. Or Mr. Gerald Cooper's *Green Pasture*, with its ramping cart horse stallion and the heavy mare grazing quietly beside. Or Mr. Denis Fildes's picture of *The Victory goes to Sea*, with gentlemen and ladies in eighteenth century dress watching her do it: not much more than an amusing piece of decoration, but what a jolly panel for a hall it would make. Or again, if it is not impertinent to put it in this category, Mr. Terrick Williams's *Still Waters, Honfleur*. That old Norman town and the reflection of ships and houses in the harbour's mirror would be an enchantment to live with. Again, Mr. Robert Lyon's name is not familiar to me, but his two designs for tapestry, *The Hunter* and *The Chase*, seemed among the best compositions in the big gallery and perfect for their purpose.

Of the artists whose importance is not disputed, we have at the entrance two examples bought for the nation through the Chantrey bequest: Professor Tonks's *Spring Days*, a study of two girls in a room full of flowers, into which opalescent light pours, carries the mind back to Monet and the masters of that day, when people were trying to paint what is of all things least reproducible on canvas, yet were extracting beauty from it, as this teacher of many masters has done here. Walter Greaves's *Old Battersea Bridge* goes further back: but what a good picture! that long compacted line of woodwork is felt as a living organism, standing up against the wash of water, and even its sombre colour has the flush of whatever knows growth and decay.

In the big room, Sir John Lavery and Mr. John provide, more or less as pendants, huge canvases of noblemen in those state robes which to our modern eyes carry an inevitable suggestion of masquerade. Lord Lonsdale is

there, dressed as a Knight of the Garter should be—but evidently Sir John Lavery felt that he could not fully express his sitter without, on the one hand, a view through an open door by which we see the famous yellow chariot and liveries—and on the other hand, a reluctantly relinquished cigar smouldering beside the plumed hat. Lord d'Abernon, as Mr. John has seen him, plays up more to his costume; he makes a leg, he spreads out his crimson robes—but the distrustful eyes convey somehow that he is not quite at his ease—not quite sure that this is really how an accomplished modern diplomat should let himself be seen.

Mr. John has less the air of amusing himself with his study of Mr. Yeats, seated in the open air, with Connemara mountains in the background. The portrait is entirely like (if that is still a recommendation of a portrait), yet somehow superficially like: there is nothing to suggest the poet, unless perhaps the turbulent waves of hair; and the effect of the treatment is to abolish solidity. It is like a ghost, blinking in the sunshine, not quite flesh and blood, but unmistakably Mr. Yeats. Only, it is not like a ghost of Mr. Yeats's coat; the coat is too terrestrial for the rest of the picture.

Sir William Orpen goes about his business of portrait painting in a more business-like way: his portrait of Mr. Edward Baron, for instance, is assuredly perfect for purposes of identification, probably also it gives satisfaction to Mr. Baron's tailor; moreover—what is beyond the terms of the contract, what the ordinary accomplished portrait painter does not undertake—he has given all the suppleness of the figure: he has painted what he does not see. Or again, in the portrait of Miss Alexander, he has certainly given delight to her old nurse (if she has one) by his rendering of the glossy combed out flaxen hair—though the only signs that he has himself been amused are in the painting of the toy dog perched on the young girl's knee. All this is Royal Academy to the nth. But go into Room III and you will find a quite different Sir William Orpen—making up pictures out of his head and flinging them on canvas, just to say something—or just out of *joie de vivre*. One of these (*Palm Sunday*) I have seen oddly described

as a religious picture ; it depicts an imbecile " voteen " sitting on a large toy donkey while unsubstantial creatures in robes are offering palms. I much prefer *Pavlova*, floating in from a decorative sea, and landing on a strand where gulls and their newly hatched chicks sit unperturbed. A third is *Eve*, presented to us much as is the Rokeby *Venus*—rounded hills of flesh solid yet shimmering—the eternal feminine and no mistake—a painting not of the nude but of the appeal of flesh. All three pictures have an oddly stratified composition ; but all three have clear singing colour that carries across a great space : they would be wonderful decoration for some big strongly lit apartment—a casino for choice. They are the expression of a man who has imagination and who can say with paint anything he has to say. But none of them suggests for a moment that it is the outcome of long brooding concentration—as any image must be, if it is really to last.

Another picture in that same room carries that suggestion, and it is by a new man, Mr. Bateman. It is called *Cows in the Rickyard*, and their lumbering movements are painted with a fidelity of observation that speaks of innumerable sketches. All these sketches have been fused into the intricate plan of a great composition ; conventionalised clouds warn you that he has no purpose of literal fidelity ; the scheme of colour he has chosen forces him to paint his grass almost black ; and the light in which his creatures move never was on land or sea. Yet the work has a Dutch accuracy of delineation, while the separate movements, and all the planes of the composition are brought into unison by a noble richness of tone. It is probable that Mr. Bateman may end by speaking a more modern language, and seeing less through fifteenth century spectacles : but he is a notable addition to the artists who count.

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor of the Fortnightly Review.

" POLITICAL UPHEAVAL."

SIR,

In your current issue there is an article by a Mr. C. F. Melville with the above heading. In spite of the fact that a mention is made of my name, I think this is an extraordinarily well-written article and it brings out many fresh and interesting ideas.

I had never compared the new Mosley Party with the German Hitlerist movement, and I feel that Mr. Melville has exaggerated somewhat the influence of the Mosley faction ; but it is nevertheless true that the electorate—both Labour and Capitalist—are heartily sick of the old party game and are tired of sending members to sit in the exclusive club of St. Stephen !

However, I do not believe that British people are prepared to accept any violently new political ideas. They are too proud of tradition. The changes so badly needed must come through one or all of the three old political parties. A National " bloc," as recommended by Mr. Garvin, of the *Observer*, and others, is vitally necessary, but I do not believe that the British characteristics would permit of such a National " bloc " being formed by new men or new parties. It must—and *will*—be initiated by one of the existent parties—whichever of them has the courage and energy to do so.

In any case, Mr. Melville's article is a brilliant sketch, and I am glad to see that, although he draws a parallel between the Mosley and the Hitlerist movement, such features in the Hitlerist movement as would be objectionable to British ideas are omitted from the Mosley programme.

Yours faithfully,

RONALD BRADEN.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

— 188 —

ADAM GOWANS WHITE, who contributes an article on the Weir Report this month, is well known to readers of the *Fortnightly Review* and needs no introduction. WILLIAM MCFEE, however, is a newcomer to these pages, but is known on both sides of the Atlantic for his vigorous stories of sea life.

VIRGINIA WOOLF, whose recent book *A Room of One's Own* was received with such enthusiasm by a discerning public, is now at work on another novel, which will be published by the Hogarth Press. V. S. PRITCHETT, a regular contributor to the *Fortnightly Review*, both as a reviewer and a writer of short stories, is also at work on a novel which will be published by Gollancz, probably in the autumn.

SIR JOHN MARRIOTT's first article on India, *Making a Constitution*, which appeared in the May issue, received very favourable press criticism. The *East London Observer*, indeed, said of it that it was the finest treatment of the vexed question that had yet appeared. *The History of Europe 1815-1923*, Sir John Marriott's latest book, which has just been published, is likely to realize large sales, as its author combines an historian's accuracy of detail with a delightful facility of style.

JOSSLEYN HENNESSY who writes with such clarity on the election of the French President, now lives permanently in Paris. He was for some years connected with the International Chamber of Commerce and has had good experience of the conservative French Deputy who could prefer a Doumer to a Briand.

O. M. GREEN has recently returned to England from China. He was, for twenty years, editor of the *North China Daily Review*, and has had the unusual privilege of knowing personally most of the leaders of the Chinese Revolution.

JUNE

1931

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

BOOK REVIEWS

and

PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS

INDEX TO BOOKS REVIEWED IN THIS ISSUE

- | | |
|--|---|
| NEW DISCOVERIES RELATING TO THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN, by Sir Arthur Keith. (<i>Williams & Norgate</i>) - 831 | THE 500 BEST ENGLISH LETTERS, ed. by the 1st Earl of Birkenhead. (<i>Cassell</i>) - - - - - 839 |
| EQUALITY, by R. H. Tawney. (<i>Allen & Unwin</i>) - - - - - 832 | NEW YORK, by Paul Morand. (<i>Heinemann</i>) - - - - - 840 |
| SAVAGE MESSIAH, by H. S. Ede. (<i>Heinemann</i>) - - - - - 833 | EUROPEAN ENCOUNTERS, by Hubert Griffith. (<i>The Bodley Head</i>) - 840 |
| OUT OF SOUNDINGS, by H. M. Tomlinson. (<i>Heinemann</i>) - - - - - 834 | THE SYRENS AND OTHER STORIES, by Azorin. (<i>Scholartis Press</i>) - - 842 |
| HALF WAY, by Cecil Roberts. (<i>Hutchinson & Co.</i>) - - - - 835 | THE SOUND AND THE FURY, by William Faulkner. (<i>Chatto & Windus</i>) - 842 |
| THE ART OF EGYPT THROUGH THE AGES, ed. by Sir E. Denison Ross. (<i>The Studio</i>) - - - - - 836 | FAREWELL, MANCHESTER, by Allan Monkhouse. (<i>Secker</i>) - - - - - 842 |
| THE SALE OF SAINT THOMAS, by Lascelles Abercrombie. (<i>Secker</i>) - - - 838 | THE ROYAL WOMAN, by Heinrich Mann. (<i>Elkin Mathews & Marrot</i>) - - 843 |
| | MODERN GERMANY, by Cicely Hamilton. (<i>Dent</i>) - - - - - 844 |

OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED.

- | | |
|--|--|
| HOW EUROPE GREW, by F. J. Adkins. (<i>Williams & Norgate</i> .) | PRIMITIVE MAN, by Cæsar de Vesme. (<i>Rider</i> .) |
| THE REALITY OF GOD, by Baron von Hugel. (<i>Dent</i> .) | THE LAND OF TROY AND TARSUS, by J. E. Wetherell. (<i>Religious Tract Society</i> .) |
| VOICE AND PERSONALITY, by T. H. Pear. (<i>Chapman & Hall</i> .) | THE MAN WITH TWO MIRRORS, by Edward Knoblock. (<i>Chapman & Hall</i> .) |
| EVERYDAY GARDENING, by J. C. Coutts. (<i>Ward, Lock</i> .) | SOLONGE STORIES, by F. Tennyson Jesse. (<i>Heinemann</i> .) |
| THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF CARL LAMMÉ, by John Drinkwater. (<i>Heinemann</i> .) | LO! by Charles Fort. (<i>Gollancz</i> .) |
| OCCUPIED, 1918-1930, by Ferdinand Houhy. (<i>Thornton Butterworth</i> .) | PITIFUL DUST, by Vernon Knowles. (<i>The Bodley Head</i> .) |
| THE PLAYS OF BERNARD SHAW. (<i>Constable</i> .) | GREEN WINE, by Owen Archer. (<i>The Bodley Head</i> .) |
| | GOD WITHOUT THUNDER, by John Crowe Ranson. (<i>Howe</i> .) |

THE BEDROCK OF MAN

by H. J. MASSINGHAM

NEW DISCOVERIES RELATING TO THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN, by Sir Arthur Keith, M.D., D.Sc., LL.D., F.R.C.S., F.R.S. *Williams and Norgate*. 21s.

THOUGH hampered in its form, since Sir Arthur has had to keep pace with one new discovery after another and so is confronted with serious difficulties of perspective, this new volume of his makes very good reading, even for a layman who will find many pages packed tight with anatomical detail. Sir Arthur is indeed almost too facile a writer, and his literary skill, while relieving his books of the *indigesta* moles of too many other scientific authors, does at times make us doubt, from their very persuasiveness, some of his conclusions.

We may briefly indicate those doubts. In discussing the Taungs skull (*Australopithecus*), for instance, Sir Arthur differs from the estimate of Professor Dart, its discoverer, which stresses its humanoid characteristics, and places it low down in the evolution of the main human stem. Sir Arthur, on the other hand, declares that the anthropoid affinities of the skull make the Taungs man an ape, an extinct cousin of the gorilla and chimpanzee. But he largely bases his findings upon the dimensions of the brain, which, as he himself so wisely points out elsewhere, is a standard of measurement which requires great caution in the handling. He himself acknowledges that the Taungs ape-man makes "an approach to the human state." Certainly, when superimposed upon a gorilla's skull, it does appear diagrammatically more akin to human beginnings than it is remote from the brain-case of a modern child. However that may be, Sir Arthur is certainly on

rather hazardous ground in rejecting Mr. Leakey's East African discoveries relating to the cultural relationships between certain of the Rift Valley types excavated in Gamble's Cave and elsewhere, and the Aurignacian culture in France and Spain. Mr. Leakey's case is a very strong one indeed, and we think that Sir Arthur is a little carried away by his own preferences for Asia as the original home of neanthropic man. In discussing the Galilee skull, a Neanderthaloid type which, as he convincingly suggests, is a racial variant of Mousterian man, Sir Arthur tells us that agriculture was almost certainly discovered somewhere in south-western Asia. His own bias in this direction is fortified by the excavations of Mr. Leonard Woolley and others on the site of Ur and other Sumerian settlements. Yet the earliest agricultural records of Mesopotamia do not take us within a thousand years of the Tasian or even the Badarian predynastic cultures of Egypt, which were beyond question agricultural. Sir Arthur ignores all evidence of African influence upon Sumer, and gives the priority to the Sumerians because they had big noses and prominent chins, which, in Sir Arthur's opinion, is an almost infallible sign of racial progressiveness.

In certain other directions, Sir Arthur questions the provisional scientific verdicts upon Peking man (*Sinanthropus*) the Cohuna skull of Australia and the "Lady of Lloyds," which he maintains is much older than the Neanderthal type with which she possessed certain affinities and he places her very much nearer to Piltdown man (*Eoanthropus*), even though they greatly differ in the thickness of the skull, which is a pretty definite sign of extreme primitiveness.

It will thus be seen that Sir Arthur is always a stimulating force upon the reader, while at times he reveals flashes of insight which carry us into a fresher air than one is likely to get among the caves of the excavators or the laboratories of the anatomists. He tells us, for example, how our estimates of comparative anatomy are governed by the kind of brain and the kind of ability that a world "ruled by rigid economic standards" requires. Size and shape of head are dubious guides to the mental capacity of mankind because the brain developed in our artificial and special conditions is a quite different one from the large-brained primitive type best qualified for the enjoyment of life rather than success in the economic market. This is a very illuminating comment, if it much complexifies the already formidable difficulties of research.

The plan of the author is to travel Africa, Asia, Australia and America before proceeding to the latest European discoveries, such as the remains of the Moravian mammoth-hunters and the Neandethaloid Ehringsdorf skull, the oldest representative of the Moustertian type. It is a good plan, but we should have welcomed something in the nature of a more comprehensive summing-up of the tendencies of modern research into the antiquity of man as a finale.

EQUALITY, by R. H. Tawney. *Allen and Unwin.* 7s. 6d.

THE arguments against economic equality are so obvious, and have such heavy backing from tradition, that no one is more ready to deny it as an ideal than the average Labour-Socialist, who finds it an uncomfortable position to defend. But Professor Tawney is not an average Labour-Socialist, and the case which he puts up is a very good one.

First, however, he has some qualifications to make, and since this is the

side of egalitarian doctrine which is most easily misunderstood it is worth while quoting at some length. The method proposed, and in fact already practised, for diminishing inequality

"is not the division of the nation's income, or any part of it, into eight million fragments, to be distributed . . . among its eight million families. It is, on the contrary, the pooling of its *surplus* resources by means of taxation, and the use of the funds thus obtained to make accessible to all, *irrespective of their income*, occupation, or social position, the condition of civilization which, in the absence of such measures, would be enjoyed only by the rich."

The italics are ours, and serve to make plain Professor Tawney's implication, that inequality of income, as an incentive to ambition, would be retained by most egalitarians. They would, however, make sure that such inequality does not, as at present, endanger or destroy the freedom or the capacity for full development of any member of the community.

His arguments for the necessity of equality are not less striking. According to him inequality, in the form of handicaps to development and of class misunderstanding, destroy both the capacity for effective large scale co-operation and the respect for intellect, both of them conditions of survival for a modern industrial community.

Under the spell of Professor Tawney's irony and persuasiveness, and his writing, which never allows us to forget that his subject is not Sociology but men and women, we can become eager even to outstrip him in such sentiments and in such policy. When we afterwards recollect "the inevitability of gradualness" we can still be grateful to him for laying before us again so clearly the perpetual objects of any worthy and enduring society.

ALAN M. WELLS.

HOUSE OF STRIFE

BY T. EARLE WELBY

SAVAGE MESSIAH, by H. S. Ede. *Heinemann.* 10s. 6d.

NOR since Verlaine and Rimbaud sojourned in Howland Street can there have been anything so unnatural, squalid, vehemently disturbed by sudden and senseless quarrels, as the life together in Paulton's Square and in Fulham Road of Henri Gaudier and Sophie Breszka. The parallel has not occurred to Mr. Ede, but it is strangely close. If in Howland Street there was positive perversity, and in Chelsea only the negative perversity of Sophie denying Henri the opportunities of the bed they shared, the situation was very nearly as unnatural. The rows and reconciliations were, with both couples, insanely motivated. There is in common even the ludicrous detail of flinging fish at each other, though Arthur seems to have pelted Pauvre Lélian with herrings whenever out of temper and Henri to have done the like to Sophie only rarely. The disparity in age is notable in both ménages.

The capital difference is that in Howland Street each of the partners had genius, in Paulton's Square only one. Sophie Breszka was a violent creature, embittered by great mental and physical suffering, and at times possessed by the Devil, yet fitfully capable in her relation to Henri Gaudier of the utmost generosity. She was thirty-eight when, in 1910, Henri Gaudier, a mere boy, met her in the library in Paris at which she was carrying out her frantic and futile literary research for the books that were never achieved and he studying anatomy in the interests of his art. He had been in England, with a scholarship giving him a short time in London, then with another to Bristol University, and presently as a clerk

in a firm of Cardiff coal merchants, whose discerning and humane director, Mr. Ching, singularly encouraged him to draw instead of grieving that the boy's "mind was not altogether in his work." Henri persuaded Sophie to leave Paris for London with him at the end of 1910. He appended her name to his own, which was nevertheless destined to remain in a certain sense his maiden name, becoming Henri Gaudier-Breszka. Except to a few intimates, they passed as brother and sister, though she looked very decidedly Slav, and he in some degree French. To the intimates he lyingly said, sometimes in her presence and regardless of her contradictions, that she had been or was his mistress.

Gaudier had left France partly or chiefly to evade military service. In 1914, at great risk, he went to France to serve, was imprisoned, escaped from prison back to London, and then contrived to get back to France under official guarantee that if he were shot it would be by the enemy. He showed gallantry at the front, was highly esteemed as a soldier and man by his company commander and comrades, and was killed in action. The last letter he had received from Sophie Breszka was one of bitter reproach. She thought it had led him to expose himself recklessly. Remorse preyed on a mind always unbalanced. For some while she was still seen in London, a figure to excite curiosity in the streets she traversed, muttering to herself, a strange-eyed, prematurely aged woman, bare-headed, wearing sandals. She ended in a madhouse. She had lived in one with Henri.

Whatever his actual rank as a sculptor, and he did attain in a very short life to an extraordinary power

of suggesting the transitions implied in movement, he had personality and mind. There can be no question of the "masculine, persuasive force," to borrow Donne's phrase, of a dozen passages about art in the letters included by Mr. Ede in his excellent, unobtrusively skilful biography, a biography done with a sympathy the more telling because it is almost always tacit. To have genius does not necessarily mean that the possessor will achieve work commensurate with that genius; but Gaudier-Breszka had genius, not least in his letters, which reveal a profound if narrow view of his art. Sophie Breszka, and it was a considerable part of the trouble between them, was literary, in the second-best sense, peevishly unable to understand the fundamental thing he said in objecting to the sentimental confusion of one art with another. What his art would have come to, that is a question; his mind would unquestionably have come in some sort to greatness.

OUT OF SOUNDINGS, by H. M. Tomlinson. Heinemann. 6s.

At the present time there are few writers who possess so enviable a reputation for ability and sincerity as Mr. H. M. Tomlinson. Scarcely ever does a slipshod phrase escape from his careful pen, and his comments on people and things merit attention by reason of the author's wide experience of his fellow men, his toleration even for the weaker brethren and the unswerving highmindedness that is apparent in every line he has written. For a writer to achieve substantial success nowadays it is almost essential for him to publish a novel. *All Our Yesterdays* and *Gallion's Reach* were both published as fiction, but it seems to me that they were both rather unwieldy extensions of the descriptive essay or sketch in which medium

Mr. Tomlinson is certainly at his happiest. *Gifts of Fortune*, *Tidemarks*, and *Old Junk* reveal his powers at their best, and now, most opportunely, *Out of Soundings* appears to be added to their number. It is a collection of essays, reminiscent, commemorative and largely descriptive. Mr. Tomlinson begins with a remarkable study in observation on the doings of a brown owl and ends with a tribute to the personality and genius of Thomas Hardy. Throughout the book the reader is brought into direct contact with the essayist's likes and dislikes, his almost jealous love for the beauty that is passing so rapidly from the face of England, and his unfailing appreciation of all that is best in human nature. In *Out of Soundings*, Mr. Tomlinson laughs more easily at himself and at other people than ever before, but there is not a spice of uncharitableness in his sense of humour. The delightful *Interlude* which describes a visit to Switzerland and a first experience on skis (named rather surprisingly Castor and Pollux) shows him at his lightest, and *The Gift* reveals the demoralising effect of a presentation microscope upon a Nonconformist parson. A *Footnote to the War Books* shows Mr. Tomlinson to be a staunch admirer of the work of C. E. Montague and Mr. R. H. Mottram.

Beauty and unusual powers of perception characterise every page of the book so that whether Mr. Tomlinson is describing a little tropic island or an ancient of 'ninety-five or so drinking his beer in an inn parlour his admirably persuasive manner compels the reader's sympathy and agreement. In a short notice it is impossible to do justice to the many-sided excellence of *Out of Soundings*. It should be enough to say that it shows the author at his very best and it deserves to be read by every lover of the English essay.

ERIC GILLET.

HALF WAY, by Cecil Roberts. Hutchinson & Co., Ltd. 10s. 6d.

EMULATING the method of Mr. H. G. Wells's *Mr. Lewisham*, Mr. Cecil Roberts at the age of twenty-one forecast what he expected to have achieved by his thirty-fifth birthday. Thirty-five is half of three score-and-ten, the allotted span of human life, and at thirty-five Mr. Roberts hoped to have attained fame, to have travelled the world, to have saved £20,000, to be established as a novelist, and to be the legitimate father of two sons and a daughter. He has now reached that half-way house, and the "schema" has not worked out exactly to schedule. But if Mr. Roberts is not contented with the experience he has garnered, the success he has achieved, and the reputation he enjoys, he must be very difficult to please. For here is the record of his

journey so far, and it is the record of a personality full of power. He has seen an immense amount of life, and laid up lots of worldly wisdom; and the secret of his progress has been his inexhaustible confidence, ready to take his chances, to drop whatever proved unattractive, and to plunge independently into the unknown. It is not the sort of programme that the average father would recommend to his son; but then Mr. Roberts is not an average sort of son. He is a man of exceptional qualities, to whose courage *Fortune* has a way of proving kind. Greatly daring, he has been rewarded according to his works.

Mr. Roberts began life in a government office at Nottingham, and at the age of twenty-one he threw up his job. "You have another position?" asked his chief. No, but he had his

WITH MYSTICS AND MAGICIANS IN TIBET

Illustrated. By ALEXANDRA DAVID-NEEL 15s. net

The author, who has spent fourteen years in Tibet and is a practising Buddhist, gives a varied and often exciting account of her experiences there. Her chapters on the Lamas and their customs, on the mystical theories and psychic training of the Tibetans, will be intensely interesting even to the general reader and specially to all students of Eastern mysticism.

EASTWARD HO!

The First English Adventurers to the Orient

Illustrated. By FOSTER RHEA DULLES 12s. 6d. net

"The story of five men who during the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries set out on separate voyages towards the east. I read the book right through and if you like these books of adventure I recommend you to do likewise."

VITA SACKVILLE-WEST in a *broadcast review*.

JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD LTD., VIGO STREET, W.1

youth for capital, and he was going to invest it. "I admire you," said the man of authority. "Good luck." His next adventure was as assistant in a preparatory school, where he wrote a novel, under the distractions of the boys' piano-practising in the next room. Soon after, he had escaped into the staff of a Liverpool newspaper, and had made his initials a feature of the leader-page. He wrote a play, called on "George Alexander, and induced him to listen to it. He also got some good advice on how to tackle theatrical mandarins. Up to the outbreak of war, perhaps his most notable achievement was the extraction of a cheque for £2,000 from Sir Jesse Boot, to enable a theatrical venture in Nottingham to keep its doors open. Then came the war, and, first, as a naval correspondent, and later, on the Western front, he saw all that there was to see, learnt that golden lesson of the modern Kinglake, "The less said the better," and is able, thanks to a refreshing sense of humour, to "remember the comradeship long after the misery has faded."

The war chapters are among the most vital in this very vital book; they are written with a zest which has no suggestions of pose or "showing-off." The author gives everywhere the impression of being one of those fortunate creatures who are able to enjoy experience for its own sake, and to form their judgment of a situation in the very moment in which it is developing. And no one who reads it is likely to forget his record of Sir Douglas Haig, dismissing the war-correspondents, with his characteristic *laurel*. "For my part, I sincerely hope that in our time of victory we may not lose our heads, as the Germans lost theirs after 1870, with the result that we are here."

Since that day, Mr. Roberts has travelled far, and seen much. His pictures of journalism in England and

America, his holidays in Italy, business excursions to Texas, conversations with a President, every kind of quick apperception of character and life suggest that the second half of Mr. Roberts's pilgrimage will be every bit as fresh and exciting as the first. He has the one gift that makes a man's life worth reading about, the capacity for enjoying it as it has been lived. The zest that comes from the savour of personality, that is the secret of an absorbing autobiography.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

THE ART OF EGYPT THROUGH THE AGES: edited by Sir E. Denison Ross. *The Studio, Ltd.* 42s.

LEARNED persons may be able to find fault with this book; I can only praise it. Unfortunately, it is expensive, but, seeing that it contains more than three hundred excellent reproductions, it could probably not have been issued at a lower price. The pictures are introduced by a group of essays, the most attractive of which are signed by P. E. Newberry (The New Kingdom), Howard Carter (Tutankhamen) and K. A. C. Creswell (Muslim Architecture).

Here, then, is a record of Egyptian art—from a vast temple to a tiny jewel-box—during six thousand years. Turning the pages, we can see what the men of that country most loved or revered from prehistoric days to the time of Queen Elizabeth. We progress from rudimentary efforts to model a figure, through the solemn work of the Old Kingdom, the power and brilliance of the Middle Kingdom, the astonishing wave of naturalism in the reign of Ikhnaton, the unsurpassable splendour of Tutankhamen's relics, the intimate portraiture of the Græco-Roman period and the Christianised art of the Copts, to the ornate and self-confident architecture which ensued upon the triumph of Mohammed's ideas and personality.

If anyone still supposes that Egyptian art is monotonous, rigid and unsympathetic, a study of these pictures will disprejudice him forever. Here he may look into the faces of men and women who died many centuries before Rome was even founded, and may know their characters as clearly as though they had bequeathed to us their diaries. The integrity and the intellectual strength of the men (in the examples of which I am thinking) are as manifest as the breeding, the tenderness and the grace of the women. For some time past, the world has been captivated by the intelligence and the sensibility of the irresistible Nefretiti, recognising that her face is to us not only more sympathetic and more alluring than any face carved by a Grecian sculptor but also might stand as the feminine ideal of the present age. This volume, however, shows that innumerable Egyptian ladies must have been almost as fascinating as she. It is, indeed, a memorial of such overpowering beauty or magnificence, once fashioned by sculptors, architects, carpenters, painters and potters, that a man must be devoid of imagination if he does not feel that the people of the Middle and New Kingdoms had made life as lovely as it can ever have been.

If the Egyptian Government should some day be able to organise a representative exhibition of Egyptian art, the world, if it is not now incapable of æsthetic inspiration, is likely to experience a revitalisation as startling and as influential as that which came to the men of the Renaissance when they rediscovered the glory of Greek art. Notable and invigorating as they were, the recent exhibitions of Persian, Dutch, and even Italian art would probably seem to most people to have been almost trivial if Burlington House were to show us a fifth part of the grace and the grandeur of which the pictures in this book are a shadowy intimation.

CLIFFORD BAX.



HEREFORDSHIRE

Volume I: South-West.

THIS volume, the latest compiled by the *Royal Commission on Historical Monuments* in England, comprises matter of exceptional value. It contains the first complete survey on modern lines of the Cathedral of Hereford, revealing a number of features of unusual interest, and describes a remarkable group of 12th century parish churches of which Kilpeck is the best known example; it discloses the presence of an unusual number of early Norman earthworks that were constructed to protect the Welsh Marches, and records the remains of later stone border castles such as those at Goodrich, Longtown, Snodhill and Clifford. Lastly it notes many examples of local types of timber building, both mediæval and later, which are distinctive of this area.

The volume is fully illustrated by photographs taken especially for this survey.

Demy quarto, cloth. XLVIII and 295 pages, frontispiece, map, 2 folding plans and 201 plates. 30s. net. Post free 30s. 9d.

Ask for the illustrated prospectus.

HIS MAJESTY'S STATIONERY OFFICE

LONDON: Adastral House, Kingsway, W.C.2.
EDINBURGH: 120 George Street.
MANCHESTER: York Street.

CARDIFF: 1 St. Andrew's Crescent.

BELFAST: 15 Donegal Square West.

AMERICA: British Library of Information, 10th Floor, French Building, 3 East 45th Street, NEW YORK.
Or through any Bookseller.

POETIC DRAMA

by RICHARD CHURCH

THE SALE OF SAINT THOMAS, by Lascelles Abercrombie. Secker. Limited edition of 480 signed copies. 15s.

TWENTY years ago Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie published privately a one-act poem-play, called *The Sale of Saint Thomas*. A few fortunate people possess that first edition of the noble fragment. For such it was; complete in itself so far as it portrayed the prologue to St. Thomas's mission to proselytise India for the faith of his Master. The scene is laid on the quay of an Arabian port. St. Thomas is discovered musing, victimised by his usual doubts and prudent qualms. He curses the lot which has chosen him for this fantastic task. The ship's captain, a gruff realist inspired by a macabre sense of humour, adds to the saint's distress by spinning a yarn about the exquisite tortures invented by the King of India, and of the monstrous climate, fauna, and flora, of that fabulous continent. Thomas decides to let the ship go without him, but his resolution is spoiled by a kingly stranger who appears, chides him, and pretending to the captain that this man is an escaped slave, sells him for service as a carpenter in the ship.

So Thomas is trapped. The captain can now set sail, because he will be able to meet the levy imposed by the King of India, who demands from each incoming vessel a carpenter in order that the palace of his dreams may be built.

This part of the poem was written on the first flood of Mr. Abercrombie's mature style. It is full of his characteristic richness of intellectual force, and the reflection of that power in his style; a packed, vigorous, gothic

diction and a subtle and fecund play of rhythm. Informing this work is a spiritual and religious vision that makes Mr. Abercrombie a major poet whose flight almost exhausts the reader, so much disciplined attention does it demand. The poem ends on such a height.

"But send desire often forth to scan
The immense night which is thy
greater soul;
Knowing the possible, see thou try
beyond it
Into impossible things, unlikely
ends;
And thou shalt find thy knowledge-
able desire
Grow large as all the regions of thy
soul,
Whose firmament doth cover the
whole of Being,
And of created purposes reach the
end."

The poet's conception did not end there. For twenty years he has kept in mind the results of that diving treachery by which St. Thomas was sold into the service of the Master whom he could not quite bring himself voluntarily to serve. We now have the rest of the story, completed in five more "acts," each a complete dramatic poem. The continuity of idea, mood, and style is remarkable. Inevitable with advancing years, Mr. Abercrombie's emphasis has shifted slightly from a religious and theological to a moral and ethical base. Thomas reaches India to find the people groaning under the burden of taxation imposed by the King, who is gathering the means to fulfil his proud dream. Thomas discovers also that his own doubts are dispersed, one or two

coincidences of event convincing him that Christ is militant within him, and arming his soul with mental fire, and his mind with a spiritual sword. In this strength he persuades the King that he can build the palace. The King goes off to war, leaving Thomas free to empty the vast treasury for the embodiment of the King's useless ambition. Prince Gad, the King's Treasurer and brother, foresees disaster, and his misgivings are justified, for Thomas begins at once to spend the wealth on works to ameliorate the results of famine and despotism. He feeds the people, he stocks their ground with seed; he behaves, in short, as a social reformer, and puts aside, as temporarily irrelevant, his first purpose, which was to convert India to Christianity.

Gad is so horrified that he falls ill, and dies just as the King returns. Thomas is about to be tortured and killed, when the dead prince stirs and speaks, proclaiming that he has seen the purpose behind Thomas's apparent squander-mania, and that, indeed, the apostle has built a palace of souls which will remain as a memorial to the King's greatness for all time. The prince relapses into death, and the grief-stricken King submits himself to the genius and vision of the saint, recognising him as a mason of souls, serving Christ, the only builder of the Palace that shall outlast the corruption of Time.

The poem is a noble whole, welded to unity by an imagination that has not flagged over the journey of so many years.

THE 500 BEST ENGLISH LETTERS.

Selected and edited by the 1st Earl of Birkenhead. Cassell. 8s. 6d.

THE late Lord Birkenhead was a connoisseur both of life and of letters.

A man of brilliant gifts and prodigious energy, in the midst of a crowded career at the Bar, in Parliament, in Ulster politics, in Cabinets, on the Woolsack, he yet found time for a vast amount of miscellaneous writing and reading, and he indulged to the full his taste as a bibliophile. Hence this collection, selected and arranged by himself, though death prematurely overtook him before it could issue from the Press.

Best is a challenging epithet; but perhaps the number here saves it. Amongst five hundred almost everyone may hope to find his, or her, favourites. As to *English*, it seems to signify "written by Englishmen" (including Scotsmen and Irishmen, witness Carlyle and Swift), not "written in English." Otherwise where are such contemporary masterpieces as the letters of Walter Hines Page, and a few

VOICE AND PERSONALITY

By T. H. PEAR, M.A., B.Sc., Professor of Psychology in the University of Manchester; Fellow of King's College, London. Demy 8vo., 10s. 6d. net. This book, though originally suggested by broadcasting, touches upon many problems of the voice as an expression of personality. The criteria by which we often unconsciously judge voices, the dominance of certain vocal stereotypes in England, local and social partialities for voices, accents and dialects, are all discussed with numerous illustrations. "Radio Drama from the Listener's End" describes some original experiments upon these new subjects. Many of the four thousand listeners, who, by judging the voices broadcast in the B.B.C. experiment on "radio-personality," helped the author so enthusiastically, may be interested to see the full report of the investigations and some of their own impressions in this book.

CHAPMAN & HALL, LTD.

of those of Henry James? But, keeping to Englishmen, there seem also some odd omissions. If you come down as late as to Maurice Baring, why omit Edmund Gosse, that prince of letter-writers, or the letters of Katherine Mansfield, with their poignant, pathetic interest?

One might, however, go on for ever noting omissions; it is better to give thanks for what we have got. We have five hundred pages devoted to the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, and nearly five hundred to the centuries preceding. Here, except for an isolated epistle from King Alfred to a Saxon bishop and one from Henry VII to his mother, we start with selections from the Paston Letters, covering eighty years of the fifteenth century. Next we get Cardinal Wolsey writing to Cromwell, a letter which one fancies Shakespeare must have had before him when he wrote Wolsey's dying speech.

Among the eighteenth century letters we have Swift's to Stella, relating the fatal end of the duel between Lord Mohns and the Duke of Hamilton, which Thackeray has immortalised in *Esmond*.

In the nineteenth century there is one only from Thackeray, on the occasion of his rejection by the Athenæum Club, an ill-judged action on their part soon reversed.

But from Dickens there are several, well-selected. George Eliot is represented by five, only one of them, a beautiful letter on Death (p. 769), really worthy of her or justifying the almost extravagant eulogy contained in a letter from Lord Acton to Mary Gladstone, here given on p. 828: "If Sophocles or Cervantes had lived in the light of our culture, if Dante had prospered like Manzoni, George Eliot might have had a rival!" But before registering either assent or dissent

from such a judgment let the reader weigh the merits as a whole of this great body of English letter writers.

JANET E. COURTNEY.

NEW YORK, by Paul Morand. Translated by Hamish Miles. Illustrated by Joquin Vaquero. *Leinemann* 7s. 6d.

EUROPEAN ENCOUNTERS, by Hubert Griffith. *Lane*. 8s. 6d.

THE appearance of a new travel book by M. Paul Morand, translated in his usual masterly fashion by Mr. Hamish Miles, suggests one obvious speculation. Can this distinguished and persuasive French writer beguile his countrymen, at present the most stay-at-home of all civilised nations, into a return to their old love of travel? Where Pierre Loti failed, can he succeed? He will if anyone could. He has the thing in his blood—the insatiable appetite for strange sights and new cities, which is the motive power of all good travel. And he has that cool Gallic detachment and ironic wit, which always makes us regret that French writers will never consent to travel even half as much as the English ones do. Yet, as an apostle of travel, he has one serious defect—that he writes so amazingly vividly that his French readers may very well argue that they can obtain from him all the sensation of having been to New York without ever leaving the sacred soil of France.

M. Morand conveys New York to us, not only in telling us about it, but in the manner of the telling. He clatters along, noisily and excitedly, picking out for emphasis a street here, a skyscraper there, a bank, a library, a speak-easy. The electric quality of the air of the place is instinct in every sentence. He does not bother much about his facts—he makes some

surprising statements about Captain Kidd, for instance—but he does get the "atmosphere," he does "put New York across," as few other writers ever have. "It is a place where everyone lives violently, haggard with excitement, dashing to their work, dashing to their entertainments, bolting their food, "alarmingly punctual: terrifyingly polite." It is indeed a place where you only *live* :—

"You aren't born there (a pregnant woman is never seen in the streets); and you don't die there either. As soon as anyone has breathed his last, he is immediately driven off very fast in a Packard to the funeral parlour, where he is laid out and painted up. So if ever you see a very restful, very pink face in New York, it belongs to a corpse."

M. Morand only realised the fullness of New York's frenzy when he met a cat. It was the only creature he had seen during his stay which did not move, and preserved its inner life intact. "I chased it away like a pang of remorse," he says, for M. Morand loves New York (he tells us so rather suspiciously often). He delights in its wealth and its crude vitality. Mother Europe sent all her undesirables there, Huguenots, Quakers, Jews. "She thought she was shutting them up in a dark closet, and it turned out to be the jam cupboard." Only three things really disgusted him—the number of wealthy Jews, the fake Bohemianism, and the Californian Chianti. He has written a delightful and stimulating book, which no Englishman could have written; for, as M. Morand perceives, we are too near to them.

Mr. Hubert Griffith's "travel notebook," as he calls it, affords an almost startling contrast in style. In the course of a tour which included Berlin,

Riga, Cracow, Warsaw, Vienna, Budapest and Constantinople, he kept a daily journal in which, inevitably, the ordinary vicissitudes of travel and the disconnected, rambling observations of a tourist take foremost place. But there is a political motif running through the book. Mr. Griffith, like every sane person, is opposed to war; but sees to his sorrow that Europe is still an armed camp. His suggestions for remedying the situation unfortunately do more credit to his heart than his head. He would have only one "particularly lethal" army, which would rush about the world endeavouring to prevent the others from fighting. In fact precisely the method employed by the Chicago police against the gunmen, and likely to have about the same measure of success.

CLENNELL WILKINSON.

UNIVERSITY PRESS OF LIVERPOOL

A SHEAF OF PAPERS. By OLIVER ELTON, M.A., D.Litt., LL.D. 6s. 6d. net

THE SEA IN ENGLISH LITERATURE FROM BEOWULF TO DONNE. By A. TRENEER, M.A. 10s. 6d. net

PIRACY IN THE ANCIENT WORLD: An Essay in Mediterranean History. By H. A. ORMEROD, M.A. 10s. 6d. net

THE GROWTH OF THE CITY STATE: Lectures on Greek and Roman History. By W. R. HALLIDAY, B.Litt. 7s. 6d. net

A GEOGRAPHICAL STUDY OF COAL AND IRON IN CHINA. By WILFRED SMITH, M.A. With illustrative maps and figures, and an Introductory Note by Professor P. M. ROXBOROUGH. 5s. net

ELEMENTS OF MATHEMATICS FOR STUDENTS OF ECONOMICS AND STATISTICS. By D. CARODOG JONES, M.A. and G. W. DANIELS, M.A. Illustrated by numerous diagrams. 8s. 6d. net

HODDER & STOUGHTON, Ltd., LONDON

SELECTED FICTION

THE SYRENS, AND OTHER STORIES, by Azorin. *Scholartis Press.* 7s. 6d.

THE SOUND AND THE FURY, by William Faulkner. *Chatto & Windus.* 7s. 6d.

FAREWELL, MANCHESTER, by Allan Monkhouse. *Secker.* 7s. 6d.

THESE three books have no single quality in common. Their origins are Spain, America, and England; but the differences go deeper than that. Azorin's collection of stories is a poet's book, and it belongs really to the last century, though the date of its writing is 1929. *The Sound and the Fury* is an attempt to catch beauty in the "streams of consciousness" of an idiot, a suicide, and a sadist. *Farewell, Manchester* is—well, Manchester with its morning coffee, repertory theatres, hard-headed business men and vague humanitarian Liberalism. You may like all three in various degrees, as I did; but you will like each of them for a different reason.

The Syrens is exquisite. The sunsets, bowls of chrysanthemums, slim-fingered dreamy poets, mysterious griefs and longings, strange meetings in trains, malicious gossip of café, bedside or boardroom, all are exquisite. Even the macabre scenes of a death or a fall in old age are exquisitely presented. Azorin uses a poet's daydreams, contrasts them with actuality, and plays with both for the sake of prettiness. He is in his own words the "collector of twilights, critic of fine shades, connoisseur of almost imperceptible emotions." The interplay of sensitive psychological description and brief commentary dialogue—"what the world says"—is in several of these stories most effective. Daydreaming is perhaps the theme of the book, and Azorin gives it a marvellous airy

distinctness quite new to me. The disdainful girl sitting in a Paris hotel with a copy of Baudelaire in her lap, staring at the full-length mirror and dreaming of herself and the Mediterranean; the poet recovering from illness, enjoying the cool sheets and fits of pettishness; another poet sentimentalising to himself over his creations: they are daydreams charmingly drawn. I wish that the characters were less often poets: they humour their fancies as invalids do the symptoms of their diseases. But though the colours are mostly half-shades, these stories are brief, distinct, light as bubbles, and whimsically and humorously told. Behind them there is a poet's philosophy which the reader never more than half grasps; a little mystery remains over, which several readings will not dissipate.

The Sound and the Fury is a difficult book. I have conscientiously read every word of it, partly because I know Mr. Faulkner to be a good writer, and partly because his obscurity seems to be essential to the genuine original beauty of his work. This novel is divided into four parts, each describing a day in 1910 and 1928. The first day (1928) is seen through the eyes of a deaf-mute imbecile of thirty-three whose perceptions are those of a child unrelated by reason or sense of time. The second day (1910) describes the last actions and thoughts of a brother who committed suicide as an undergraduate at Harvard. The third and fourth days are back in 1928 and give a clear picture of this unfortunate family, a girl who is driven on to the streets by bullying, a self-pitying mother, and the negroes in the kitchen. Thus the book gradually clears as you read more of it; the thought-streams of the earlier pages are replaced by

pin-sharp pictures of all these characters who previously have loomed in the fog; and it ends after a hundred pages of magnificent straightforward writing, leaving one with the sense that after all the weather has cleared. I cannot do justice in a short space to the beauty which Mr. Faulkner has been able to find in these lives of imbeciles, criminals, and unfortunates. The beauty is there, original, and rather disturbing. It is a book which should be read more than once; and yet I hesitate to read it again.

Farewell, Manchester is a quiet, honest and traditional novel about a Manchester family, which suffers from continual understatement and a sort of spiritual self-consciousness. It is the story of two brothers, sons of a cotton manufacturer, who after the war drift, one into the Church, the other into the cotton business. The word "prig" occurs often in the book, and it applies to these brothers. Walter and Jack are both prigs, and their sister Laura, who is supposed to be a nit-wit by comparison, is infinitely more human and interesting. Mr. Monkhouse, however, never quite makes up his mind that they are prigs, and the result is that the reader occasionally takes the characters in the wrong way till the author pulls him up. Some of the serious purpose of the book, its *vale* to Liberalism and Lancashire business, is thus lost. Its subdued and unostentatious picture of family life remains true, and particular to Manchester.

G. W. STONIER.

THE ROYAL WOMAN, by Heinrich Mann. *Elkin Mathews & Marrot.* 7s. 6d.

The Royal Woman is the story of Gabriele, the attractive young French wife of Consul West, in whose character the aged poet Heine finds the inspiration for his Eugénie, as he draws his Napoleon III from the sinister figure of Pidohn the

speculator. Gabriele is to act Eugénie, Pidohn Napoleon, while the Consul and Emmy, his cousin, with two young officers take the subsidiary parts in the drama. The interaction of play and players is worked out with great subtlety, and the atmosphere of fatal foreboding in which the story soon surrounds itself is well maintained; while those who take delight in unravelling the allegories of the *Faerie Queens* may happily trace through these pages the Emperor and the Empress of the French. *The Royal Woman* is a very German book. The translation appears to be quite competent—though I should prefer "lime trees" to "linden trees"—but the characters and sentiments never seem quite at home in English and frequently fail to compel the reader's attention. In manner it is very reminiscent of parts of *Wilhelm Meister*, but unhappily it is not illumined by the genius of Goethe.

HELEN GOSSE.

KENNERLEY

FROM SURTEES TO SASSOON

By F. J. HARVEY DARTON

6s. net

The book deserves to become a classic—
"Ill. Sporting & Dramatic News."

Has performed a very real service both to sport and letters... a model of what criticism should be—
"The Bookman."

SEED ON THE WIND

By REX STOUT

7/6

Chosen by Mrs. Bertrand Russell as one of the best books of the year.

This American novel is a contribution to literature... We know of nothing quite like this book— "Everyman."

22 ESSEX ST., W.C.2

MODERN GERMANIES, by Cicely Hamilton. Dent. 7s. 6d.

Miss HAMILTON's book is a piece of popular, workmanlike journalism but differs from others of its kind in catering for the foot-slogging tourist with designs on the German countryside rather than on the night-life of Berlin. She tells us little of the newer work in the German theatres beyond an interesting glimpse of a Piscator production in Stuttgart and nothing whatever of pictorial art. Why no news of Georg Grosz, Paul Klee, Kollwitz, and others more recent still? But Miss Hamilton, true to the open-air character of her book, restricts her disquisitions on art to buildings, ancient and modern.

She opens with a chapter on *The Cult of the Bare*, not by way of exciting a newspaper "stunt" on "orgies," but in order to develop her interesting analogy of Germany's method of reconstruction by influence first on the

unvarnished essentials. From sun-bathing, orderly and *gemütlich*, as you might expect from Germans, she proceeds to show the same predilection for Spartan simplicity underlying their most recent architecture. Undoubtedly it was something of the same revulsion from the over-ornamented, sordidly mechanical way of living that gave rise to the Youth Movement, so-called, now over-shadowed by politics. Miss Hamilton sings no pæans to demagogy of any kind but records with a shade of regret the tendency of democracy to become formalised when disciplined.

Sensibly she appraises the appeal of the National Socialist movement to a younger generation. It is not difficult to imagine their feelings, impatient alike of stereotyped politics, whether it comes from the old fashioned Conservatives or the Scheidemann-Ebert type of Marxist.

BERNARD CAUSTON

78720 CORRESPONDENCE

SIR, To the Editor of the Fortnightly Review.

Janet E. Courtney's very cordial review of my book, *The Suffragette Movement* (Longmans), is the more pleasing because she tells that she was a member of the anti-Suffrage Society, and admits very handsomely that the antis were wrong.

This makes me regret the manifest inaccuracies which are contained in the review, some of which are obvious enough to most readers who may not have read my book. Obviously my father did not take LL.D. with gold medal at the Manchester University in 1863, as the Manchester University was not then founded; he took these at the London University. Mrs. Pankhurst was not co-opted to the Manchester Education Committee before her husband's death in 1898, but subsequently. The Education Committees were not formed in 1898.

Two other points only I will mention further: firstly, Mrs. Pankhurst was not "left a widow with small means," but a widow without means. Secondly, her business "Emerson's" was not "mostly left" to me at any time; Mrs. Pankhurst managed it herself—and no one took other than a very minor share in helping her. My book makes this perfectly clear and indicates how little I had to do with it.

Yours, etc.,

E. SYLVIA PANKHURST.