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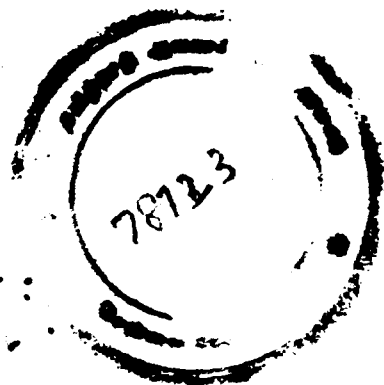
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THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

JULY 1, 1933

THE RIGHT ROAD TO WORLD ORDER

BY PROFESSOR A. ZIMMERN

THE conclusion of the revised Four Power Pact between France, Germany, Italy and Great Britain marks a decisive change of method in the conduct of international affairs. It is the indispensable preliminary to the negotiations between the Big Four in the final phase of the Disarmament Conference. It is equally indispensable to the attainment of practical results in the Economic Conference. The British public has been supplied with such a surfeit of covenants, pacts, protocols, agreements, and "doctrines" in recent years that it is inclined to dismiss them all with an equal measure of easy-going scepticism. Continental opinion, on the other hand, always more on its guard in such matters, has been quick to catch the significance of Signor Mussolini's initiative. But Continental observers have been slower to estimate at its full value the declaration of President Roosevelt, which has so opportunely supplemented it. It may therefore be worth while to set out briefly the combined effect of the pact and the declaration upon the post-War system of international relations and, more especially, upon the two Conferences now in session.

Let us begin by enunciating a few perfectly simple statements. The reader may smile at them as platitudes: but there has been so much loose thinking and over-clever writing, not to speak of interested propaganda, on these subjects that it may be useful to recall the obvious.

What has the world been suffering from since 1918? From the consequences of the War, economic, political, social and, not least, moral. Compared with the evil consequences of the War

itself, the evil consequences of the Peace Treaties and of other post-War policies have been of quite secondary importance. The main object of post-War statesmanship, therefore, should be not so much to correct this or that mistake in policy made since the War as to enable the world to recuperate steadily from the War itself.

Such a policy of recuperation cannot be carried through by governments acting individually. As the world now is, it requires co-operation between all the leading governments. If such co-operation is assured, mistakes of policy can be corrected, intellectual disagreements adjusted, and the technical obstacles to recuperation overcome. The welfare of the millions of men, women and children whose interests are bound up with world-recovery does not depend on anything so elusive as the "victory" of one particular economic system or form of government. It depends, quite simply, on whether or not there is steady and loyal co-operation between the leading governments in dealing with what are not simply their own affairs but the world's affairs. If the Great Powers act together, the world will recover. If they do not, the present crisis, with all its suffering, will continue until worse befalls.

Why has this co-operation, so obviously indispensable to the world's happiness, not been achieved in the years since 1918? Why, on the contrary, apart from brief intervals following the Washington and Locarno Agreements, has the world been in a state of chronic unrest, due to the lack of co-operation between the Powers?

That is the real question that should be put by those who are looking for the source of our present troubles, whether political, economic, or financial. For it is from the failure of the leading Powers to co-operate that our distresses have directly flowed. Failure to co-operate politically has led to constant tension in Europe and to war in the Far East. Failure to co-operate economically has led to selfish and irresponsible policies, culminating in the greatest depression in modern history.

Looking back over the devious and complicated record of the last fifteen years, we can detect three main causes for the failure of the governments to co-operate. The first in time, though not in importance, was the treatment of Germany before, during

and for some time after the Peace Conference. The second was the withdrawal of the United States from co-operation with the European Great Powers. The third was the setting up of the League of Nations without any clear idea as to the possibilities and limits of its activity.

In each of the three cases there has been in the first instance a defect in method, rather than in policy. The dictated peace of 1919 might, nevertheless, have been wisely framed. The United States, acting on their own account, might have embarked on policies promoting world-recovery. The League of Nations, in spite of the flaws in its constitution, might have worked satisfactorily. Theoretically, it is possible to distinguish methods from policies: and in domestic affairs we are indeed accustomed to do so because we have, by long experience, acquired the knack of adapting clumsy and old-fashioned instruments to up-to-date purposes. But in the sensitive atmosphere of international politics such adaptations are never easy and generally impossible. Questions of method and procedure are therefore of far greater importance, and defects of method almost inevitably result in mistaken policies. Hence, the attempt that has now been successfully made to remedy these three faults in method really goes to the root of the troubles of the post-War world.

We shall see this more clearly if we examine each of the three causes individually. It will be simplest to deal with them in inverse order, leaving the question of Germany to the last.

The Four Power Pact is being criticized in some quarters, both at home and abroad, as a blow aimed at "The League system". What is the League system? That is a question which does not admit of a precise theoretical answer; for there has never been agreement between the principal members of the League as to what the obligations of the Covenant are, and therefore as to what system should result from them. For practical purposes, however, we know what the League system is, for we can judge it from the way in which it has worked during the last eight and a half years, since the Foreign Secretaries of the European Great Powers began to attend the League Council.

There can be no doubt at all, in the mind of anyone who has watched that system from within, that it has not been successful

in promoting genuine co-operation between the Great Powers or between the members of the League as a whole. It has in fact been quite powerless to arrest the steady drift towards the formation of two hostile camps in Europe : indeed, so far from bringing the two sides together it has merely provided a vast manœuvring ground for their activities. There have been seventy-three sessions of the League Council, during which Great Britain, France, Italy and, since 1926, Germany have occupied adjoining chairs. But the idea that these regular meetings would result in co-operative policies, that to lay chairs alongside would mean laying minds alongside, has turned out to be fallacious. In the dangerous situation after the German elections last March no one looked to an emergency meeting of the League Council for relief. It was the Prime Minister's visit to Rome that turned the tide.

It is easy to see in retrospect how the "League system" has come to fall short of early expectations. The original British project for a Concert of the Great Powers equipped with a permanent Secretariat was nullified, first by the admission of a number of lesser states into the council, and then by the defection of the United States. In 1920 little remained of the original plan but the Secretariat. In its early years, when the League was weak and unregarded, the "Geneva spirit", as exemplified in a group of public servants who had learnt to know and trust one another during the war, stood for intelligent and disinterested team-work in the cause of world-recovery. But with changes in personnel, with the increased importance of the business entrusted to the League or otherwise transacted at Geneva, with the development of the *liaison* functions of the Secretariat side by side with its recognized technical tasks, the Geneva spirit gradually assumed another meaning. Geneva has not become a political capital in the true sense : for it is not a centre of government. No Cabinet or other body capable of taking decisions resides there. Nevertheless, it has become the world's chief diplomatic centre, and has thus acquired many of the displeasing features of a metropolis without the counterbalancing advantage of being a place where things get done. It has thus developed a technique of procrastination which would put any purely national Circumlocution Office to shame. And it has become a Whispering Gallery for the dissemination of

rumour on a scale hitherto unknown in international politics. Thus, after a short eight years, the League is today the seat of a species of diplomacy more subtle and complicated than Metternich or Talleyrand could ever have imagined ; for their chessboard was simple compared with that on which some sixty Governments are at play together, with a corresponding increase in the objects of barter and in the technical instruments available for the purpose.

If the Four Power Pact should cause a partial eclipse of Geneva as a diplomatic metropolis, it will be a blow at a number of vested interests, both national and personal : it will put a stop to a number of fascinating intrigues : but it will also save the world from a very real danger—the growing influence of a practically irresponsible bureaucracy upon the conduct of international relations. For the centralization of international business at Geneva has had the effect of throwing far too much power into the hands of the higher officials there. Technically they are civil servants, responsible to fifty-seven governments. In practice, they have constantly been compelled, in the absence of their masters, to frame executive decisions : and it is this which has led to the unseemly struggle between the Powers for the occupancy of this or that post by one of their own nationals. No particular blame can be assigned for this condition of affairs. It was bound to occur from the moment that Geneva became a political as opposed to a purely technical centre. The world is ripe for international technical institutions on a modest scale such as the Postal Union at Berne. It is not yet ripe—indeed even the British Commonwealth is not yet ripe—for common institutions dealing with more important matters. Institutions created in advance of the corporate spirit which alone can make them live are worse than useless : they are a positive encumbrance.

It is therefore not surprising that Signor Mussolini, who is anything but a sentimentalist, should wish for a more rapid and effective method of consultation between European statesmen, and that our own Prime Minister, who is a master of the technique of co-operation, should have viewed that part of his project with sympathy. True friends of the League should be equally well pleased, for when the League is once more left free for the tasks which it is fitted to perform, both technical and

conciliatory, the Geneva spirit of the early years will once more return.

The second great cause for the lack of co-operation between Governments has been the aloofness of the United States, now the strongest single Power in the world. No collective policy can be adopted, no collective decision taken, without her. Yet she stood outside the League of Nations, and for thirteen years no alternative plan was in sight. President Roosevelt's declaration solves the deadlock. It brings the United States back into the Concert of the Powers, and it does so in a manner which avoids, or rather, clears up once and for all, the ambiguity surrounding the obligations of Great Britain and other Powers under the Covenant.

What President Roosevelt has pledged the United States to do is, firstly, to join the other Powers in conference in the event of a crisis : secondly, not to hinder them in any action they may take, provided that the judgment of the American Government is in agreement with theirs. With one proviso, this is exactly what, on its own interpretation, the British Government is pledged to do under the Covenant. It is pledged to confer : it is left free to form its own judgment on the situation as thus revealed : the only difference between the British pledge under the Covenant and the American pledge of today is that Britain is pledged to take positive action whilst America is only pledged to refrain from interference with the positive action of others. But this difference only arises at the third stage of the common proceedings : and it is the first two stages, the stage of Conference and the stage of Judgment, which are all-important. Continental opinion, with its predilection for sanctions prescribed beforehand, may not yet realize what it means to be sure of American co-operation on equal terms in dealing with the next crisis. That is partly because there has been so much academic casuistry about the Covenant that the realities of international politics have been overlooked. If such a crisis as that of 1914 should recur, America will be there. That is not a " guarantee " in the Continental or Wilsonian sense. But it is the best safeguard for peace that the world has seen since the War.

We come now to the more difficult question of co-operation with Germany—with post-Weimarian Germany..

The Four Power Pact establishes a system of equal co-operation between Germany and the other European Great Powers. So far as European affairs are concerned, this involves a return to the system of the Concert of the Great Powers which existed between 1815 and 1914. In actual fact, the Concert has been re-established since 1926 when, through the Locarno Agreements, Germany entered the League of Nations with a permanent seat on the Council. But, as we have seen, the Council of the League has proved an unsatisfactory instrument for co-operation between the Great Powers, and private meetings in Geneva hotels in the intervals between its sittings are an equally unsatisfactory substitute. If the Great Powers are to meet to discuss their common affairs it is far better that they should do so under a recognized arrangement, such as the Pact provides.

It will no doubt be said that this is an ill-chosen moment for according a new and formal recognition to Germany as a Great Power. The answer is that in politics, especially in international politics, it is better to face facts. Europe is still the most important Continent in the world : and Germany is the most populous and potentially the most powerful country in Europe. She cannot be kept out of the European political system. To attempt to exclude her would be to invite her to form a system of her own, thus reproducing the conditions that existed previous to 1914. It would have been far better if Germany had been brought into a co-operative system long ago. The first chance was missed in October, 1918, when President Wilson failed to support Prince Max von Baden and forced Germany into a republican regime for which she was in no way prepared. The second was missed after the Armistice, when Mr. Lloyd George plunged this country into a vindictive General Election, and thus ruined the prospects of the Peace Conference before its opening. A third was missed when M. Poincaré refused Mr. Bortolotti's reparations offer and marched into the Ruhr. A fourth was missed when the plans of the Thoiry lunch party were allowed to drop. But it is no use going back over the past. Germany is what she is. Her present rulers have promised to keep the peace for ten years, in return for an equality of status amongst the other Great Powers which was half granted to her at Locarno but which, in fact, under the " League system " she, like Italy,

never enjoyed. Thus the Four Power Pact does actually bring Germany, so far as methods and procedure can do so, for the first time since the War, into full partnership with those whom she considers her diplomatic equals.

It is probable that, for Germany, especially in her present mood, the first experience of the new method will be disappointing. For the German people, in their intellectual isolation, have developed opinions on international politics which they will be astonished to find are not shared by their partners. Most Germans have come to believe that Germany bears no more responsibility for the War than France or Great Britain. They regard the Peace Treaties, and the present map of Europe, as cruelly unjust to them. They deny the moral claim of the Allies for the reparation of the damage inflicted by her armies. Above all, they consider that they are entitled under the Peace Treaties, not simply to equality of diplomatic status, but to an actual equality of armament which would make them once more the strongest military Power on the Continent.

None of these claims will be admitted by their partners, and the present rulers of Germany will find it necessary to make this clear to their people. This educative process will, no doubt, be the principal feature of the final phase of the disarmament Conference. Too many Germans have been regarding equality of status and liberty to re-arm as identical terms. There are even many who regard the demilitarized zone east of the Rhine as incompatible with their dignity as a Great Power. No doubt some also would like to re-fortify Heligoland. These would have been impossible claims at any time after the War : but they would be doubly impossible if put forward by the present government, which still has to live down its chauvinist record in opposition. The crisis of the Conference may therefore be expected to come on the question of instituting an effective control of armaments. It will be an equal control for all signatories of the convention : but it is bound to affect Germany, as also Hungary, very particularly, for it is an open secret that both these countries are no longer observing the stipulations of the existing treaties. On this point, the position taken up by M. Daladier is entirely reasonable : France will be ready to undertake an extensive reduction of her armaments if and when, after a period of some three years'

trial, the new system of control has proved its efficacy. The substitution by M. Daladier of this practical test for the demand for binding guarantees and a fixed definition of aggression involves on the French side an advance almost as great as that made by President Roosevelt on the American.

It is possible, of course, for sceptics to argue that it is Germany's fixed intention to re-arm with a view to aggression at the earliest moment, and that the engagements of the Pact are worth no more than the old Belgian Treaty. But that would imply that the rulers of Germany are devoid of all reason, and are determined to destroy their own country and the rest of the world with it. No doubt some of their utterances afford ground for such a supposition. But it is surely wiser to act upon their more sensible professions, whilst taking due precautions against possible aberrations. Such precautions would indeed have been necessary, owing to the peculiar conditions in republican Germany, against any German Government since 1919. We can be grateful to the present regime for educating public opinion in Great Britain, America and Italy as to their need.

There is a final question that needs to be answered. Is not the Four Power Pact, it will be asked, a return to the "Old Diplomacy"? Will not the Great Powers enforce their will upon the smaller states, as in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries? The answer is that the conditions of today are entirely different, owing to the fact that the Great Powers are not free to act as they like. They are bound by a charter, the Kellogg Pact, which limits the use of their force. No doubt they are strong enough—the two chief naval powers alone are strong enough—to transgress that charter with at least temporary impunity. But the best evidence that there is no practical danger of a tyranny of the great states over the small is afforded by the welcome given by the two most experienced statesmen of smaller states—M. Motta, of Switzerland, and Dr. Benesh, of Czechoslovakia, who have both been Foreign Ministers continuously since the War—to the new method of co-operation. Both of them recognize, as was said at the beginning of this article, that it is the failure of the Great Powers to co-operate which has been Europe's and the world's chief trouble since the War ; and they have no apprehensions that such co-operation, whether

in the political or the economic sphere, can be anything but beneficial to the smaller countries. It is not the responsible leaders among the lesser Powers who will object to better teamwork among the greater. They know that the return of prosperity, for which their peoples are waiting, will only come about when the statesmen of the Great Powers have the courage to confront powerful vested interests and to take crucial decisions. And they are therefore amongst those who consider that the adoption of this new method of work is the happiest omen for the success of the two Conferences through which a concerted effort is at last being made to promote world recovery.

LET US UNDERSTAND GERMANY

BY W. HORSFALL CARTER

IT was Mr. G. K. Chesterton, I believe—now complaining that the new Germany is the old Prussia writ large—who made the paradoxical but profoundly true observation that “a revolution is a return to tradition”. The very word implies the full circle. Exemplification of this truth may be found in every one of the revolutions that have taken place since 1914, not excluding the Russian. It is the quintessence of present happenings in Germany.

Many of the traits of that pre-War Prussianized Germany which we were taught to abominate are indeed discernible in the authority-State of today. They are possibly unduly accentuated during the process of cutting away the dead wood which is the necessary preliminary to restoring a healthy plant. To many decent Germans of the older generation, moreover, that particular “Prussian” tradition which makes Mr. Chesterton and other good individualists see red may well appear as a rock of salvation from the present irresponsible mob-rule. If Germans, by and large, however, enjoy regimentation, revel in drilling, marching, and military organization, and take a peculiar delight in work, which, they will tell you, is akin to the equally purposeless passion of the English for sport—hence the very real popularity of the compulsory national labour service, to begin next winter—that is their own affair. (The community-life of work-camps no less than the “togetherness” of such disciplined bodies makes a special appeal to those lacking an internal discipline.) What right have we to affirm that the service of freedom—which happens to be our own particular pride—is superior in the scale of values to the freedom of service? As human beings we are shocked by Nazi brutalities. But there is a danger that attention to the seamy side of National Socialism may preclude that dispassionate appreciation of the new phase of German history which is so

badly needed. Those who complain of the suppression of "liberty" or "democracy", meaning thereby what Englishmen or Frenchmen understand by the terms, seem to be totally oblivious to the moral imperialism of which they are guilty in seeking to impose their scale of values on a country possessing quite other values but of equally respectable tradition. The Treaty of Versailles, remember, was botched in the name of "democracy". Is it a wonder that Germans see only hypocrisy in our righteous indignation?

Within the last year or two, it is true, Prussian ex-officers, military and naval, and bureaucrats of the old school have emerged from obscurity in the reflected radiance of the gentlemen of the *Herrenklub* who appointed themselves keepers of the President's conscience. Last autumn the von Papen-Schleicher Government did their best to appeal to the people's sense of injustice and soldierly traditions, so that they should renounce their internal feuds and their manifest distaste for a revival of Junkerdom, and become united in passionate national hubris and xenophobia under the old pre-War caste. But we should remember that the "Government of Barons" was pretty soon driven out of office by a nation-wide protest, against which President Hindenburg's own preferences were unavailing—which hardly looks like a Prussianized, spiritless nation only anxious to welcome back its old masters. No one, in fact, who has lived among Germans since the War, and shared, in however small a degree, their privations and spiritual agony, can dismiss National Socialism as a cloak for "reaction". It is a passionate crusade for a regeneration from within, the whole force of which comes from below. Hitler himself is no more than a medium in the spiritistic sense. The outward and visible sign of the continuing revolution is the growing discomfiture of the powerful Herr Hugenberg and his Deutsch-National followers, and the impending elimination of Herr von Papen.

Now, every national tradition contains its good and its bad elements. And since nations do not live in a vacuum it depends above all on the antiseptic qualities of the prevailing world atmosphere at a given time whether constructive or destructive forces gain the upper hand. There is nothing inherently wicked in a popular national movement. If, therefore, the new German

nationalism, which is as unlike the pre-War Prussian *Kultur* as chalk from cheese, should ever flow back into the mould of a drill sergeant's paradise, the fault will lie with the other countries of Europe, who will have failed to meet—or even to understand—the German challenge.

To dismiss the National Socialist revolution on the other hand, as a mere variant of Fascism is to betray shocking ignorance of the cosmic processes which were set in motion by the "War" and the "Peace". The War, as we know only too well in England, destroyed for all time the comfortable faith of our fathers in an era of indefinite material progress made possible by the twin deities of Free Trade and the Gold Standard—the latter, of course, being administered by the wise men of the City on behalf of the world. We have since been deluding ourselves with the notion that the present distressful conditions of trade and employment are the consequence of the War—of a war that changed a harmonious universe into chaos by the transformation of the United States into a creditor country, and Germany, for all her prodigious capacity of production, into a debtor State. But in fact, the present stagnation of "world trade" is the logical outcome of the competitive struggle between the industrial nations: it follows from the great dispersion of industry made possible by general access to scientific knowledge and technical skill that were at first a monopoly.

Those who persist in prescribing an expansion of "foreign trade" for the health of the body economic—of any nation today—are surely blind to the actual development of the world. Free trade, with its accompanying financial machinery, made and perfected in Great Britain, has admirably fulfilled its function of opening up the resources of the globe. But nineteenth-century economics predicated on scarcity cannot be applicable to the twentieth century of plenty. The reality, whether we like it or not, is that the *Weltwirtschaft* of those halcyon days before 1914 has come to the end of its tether, and the nations are not ready with any world system to put in its place.

Superficially, of course, there are many points of resemblance between National Socialism and Italian Fascism. In both cases there is the revolt of youth against the perversion of individualism which has occurred everywhere except in countries like Great

Britain and France, where there is a solid substratum of common sense and century-old breeding. To many of the younger generation in every country the freedom of expression and thought and movement which their fathers secured for them have palled by the side of the utter insecurity, the sense of loneliness, of atomization, which the persistent economic crisis has meant for them. Sixty per cent. of every year's graduation from the German universities have not, for years, been able to find means of employment. Fifty per cent. of all Germans today between the ages of fifteen and thirty are excluded from the employment market.

As in Italy in 1922, so in Germany in 1933, loyal supporters of the victorious party are now slipping into posts from which men of the defeated regime are being bundled out. To us in England, in our armchair security, this seems to be an abominable proceeding. But we ought rather to accept it as an inevitable phenomenon of the present age of transition and go to the root of the trouble, which is the attempt of nations to live under conditions of power production with the impulsion of an obsolete financial dynamo.

When Signor Mussolini took the stage in 1922, it was too early for the carpenters to have ready the political furniture required for the twentieth century drama. The Italian pattern indeed represents little more than that "revolt of youth"—apart from the personality of *Il Duce* himself. Since then, however, the younger generation in Europe, and particularly in Germany, has become entirely conscious of the essential modifying factor of our times: namely, that science has created a world of abundance which is being ignored or traduced to make a bankers' holiday. Today the carpenters are ready: their names are Franklin Roosevelt and Adolf Hitler, both of whom, while paying lip-service to the notion of international co-operation through conference, are in reality leading their respective States to a condition of insulation (not isolation), involving a turning inwards to establish and consolidate a planned economic system, primarily serving the home market, instead of a continued pursuit of the international will-o'-the-wisp, economic nationalism. All this, under existing conditions, is indeed sheer common sense. For, as Sir Basil Blackett reminds us in his recent study, *Planned*

Money, in a world whose life is still lived spiritually in terms of independent political and economic units, it is the existence of the so-called international (really cosmopolitan) financial system which is really the anomaly.

Writing in this *Review* in March, 1932, I suggested that Liberalism in its economic and political aspects—and no less Marxian Socialism, its counterpart—was a spent force because it ignored the dynamic of emotion, of national sentiment. The spontaneous revulsion of the nations today, in the name of human realities, has been the inevitable consequence. If men and women cannot be made to a pattern, neither can nations. The European continent, particularly, is the home of unassailable diversity; it can never approach the kind of soulless unity posited by nineteenth-century Meccano "civilization".

Under the lure of money-making, inspired by false doctrines of utilitarianism and competition *à outrance*, which could only lead to inter-class and/or inter-State war, men have for two or three generations been pursuing false gods. There has been a continual lowering of all standards except those of material comfort; spiritual values have been cast to the winds, except, of course, among a select minority. That is an indictment against "capitalism"; but it is no less an indictment against Socialism, which has not so much denied that materialist scale of values as it has been concerned with a different distribution of the "wealth". In a word, the Social-Democratic Party of Germany, and Labour in this country, have forfeited any claim to represent the social conscience, which is the prerogative of no class or section of the community, in their anxiety to get as much as possible out of the till, for the so-called "working-classes". A reaction, sooner or later, was bound to set in. So in Italy, throughout Central Europe, and indeed in Soviet Russia, we are witnessing the integration of the national with a new genuinely Socialist idea.

It was in just such a mood of revulsion from the idols of material "prosperity" and Pan-German *Machtpolitik* that able-bodied Germans returned from the trenches. They glimpsed the prospect of a nation eschewing utilitarian principles and setting the example of a national life based on the fellowship and selfless service which had maintained the *morale* of the Army

through the four years' hell. Naïve indeed in their idealism, they imagined that the same process of regeneration had developed to a like extent among the younger generation in other countries, victims, like themselves, of the system that led to the War. They found, on the contrary, that in Germany "big business" was only intent to try and take up the threads where they had been snapped in 1914, whatever the cost to the rest of the community. And, on the other hand, they had the shock of seeing the Fourteen Points, in virtue of which Germany had laid down her arms, replaced as a basis of peace by a system of servitudes which seemed to be designed expressly to "keep Germany down".

Having themselves no consciousness of war-guilt, how was it to be expected that the mass of Germans, out of sympathy with their own war-mongers and profiteers, should see anything but flagrant injustice and the politics of force in the Treaty of Versailles? It was not simply the actual penalties—sinking of the German Fleet, confiscation of all her merchant shipping and private property abroad, and the stranglehold of Reparations—which rankled. There was, too, the rebellion of the sub-conscious against the deliberate attempt on the part of the Allied statesmen—e.g., President Wilson, who said he would only treat with a republican Germany, and Mr. Lloyd George, who insisted on replacing the indigenous system of compulsory military service by the professional army—to wrench the German oak, as it were, from its roots and plant it in an entirely different soil. As Herr Sieburg says in his brilliant defence of German nationalism *Es werde Deutschland*, the whole effect of the Versailles settlement and the Weimar Constitution (inseparable from it in the German mind), was to forbid the spontaneous expression of the national ethos. What happened in Germany from 1919 onwards was that the "nation" as a spiritual being continued along those lines of thought to which its healthy instinct impelled it, but entirely outside the official State which was left to be the tool of "big business", and its ally *malgré lui*, the Trade Union movement. Through all the subsequent distress and the mirage of prosperity in the years 1925-29, the same divorce between the nation and the State persisted. In the meantime, however, the inarticulate aspirations of the immediate post-War period began to take shape. Möeller van den Bruck

wrote his epoch-making book *Das Dritte Reich*, which has had the same degree of influence as, to another generation, Karl Marx's *Kapital*. The middle class, economically proletarianized by the inflation, became consciously revolutionary, ready to follow the leadership that was forthcoming from a revived *Jugendbewegung*. Since their cultural and social conditions marked them off completely from the organized workers bound to the party machine, they set out to prepare behind the façade of a moribund trade and finance system their own brave new world. There ensued a process of interpenetration over a period of ten years between the *Bünde*, voluntary co-operative associations of students and workers, and *Wehrverbände*, organizations of ex-service men, and thus a solid basis for the National Socialist movement was constructed. The national bond was fundamental—a feeling that in the hostile world around them, the German national being could only preserve its individuality by self-help; but with it went the aspiration to a real and living socialism designed to make the future German body politic (*das dritte Reich*), a co-operative commonwealth in which there should be no exploitation of class by class or of one section of the community by another section.

These men of whom I am speaking were, of course, an *élite*, the leaders and representatives of a new governing class, fitted not by birth or wealth, but by their unique sense of responsibility to the whole community. Their ideas might well have remained "dreams of German pre-Raphaelites", as Mr. Edgar Mowrer has called them, but for the simultaneous development of a mass-movement, in the fostering of which Adolf Hitler and Paul Goebbels made no bones about employing all the tricks of the trade of demagogy. One has to bear in mind all the time that the revolutionary movement in Germany has operated all along on two planes. The *Party* leaders now in the ascendant are typical products of that Revolt of the Masses of which Señor Ortega y Gasset has written so pungently; men but like Hans Zehrer and Ferdinand Fried, of *Die Tat*, are there all the time, with the thinking youth of Germany solidly behind them. At the time of General Schleicher's Government the Young Front, as it is called, endeavoured to link up with the trade unions under the ægis of more malleable Party leaders like Gregor Strasser.

Events moved too swiftly for them. But it is whispered that the Chancellor has now his "Brain Trust" among these brilliant young sociologists, while Geheimrat Hugenberg—and even the egregious Hjalmar Schacht—are simply being given rope with which to hang themselves. Like Dr. Brüning and so many before them, good men and true, their fate is bound up with a miraculous achievement of "international financial solidarity" and "recovery" on the old free market basis, which seems as far off as ever.

Chancellor Hitler's personal disinterestedness is admitted by his worst enemies. But that for him and his friends "the end justifies the means" is no less evident. That was why they thought nothing of taking money from some of the most prominent representatives of big business—who thought they saw a great chance of breaking the power of the trade unions—i.e. of that capitalism which both *Party* and *Movement* are sworn to destroy. (The distinction between Finance and Industry capital will hardly hold water today in Germany where events have already introduced considerable instalments of State-capitalism).

So long as there is any danger of the ex-Allied countries attempting to apply "sanctions"—e.g., Lord Hailsham's indiscretion—to a Germany refusing to stay under the harrow, it is as well for the Hitler Cabinet to include representatives of "capitalism" as well as worthy and trusted Government servants like Count Schwerin von Krosigk and Baron von Neurath. In the present phase of great expectations the Government's trump card is, of course, a man like Dr. Schacht; whatever his private opinions may be, he can be relied upon to play Germany's political game at the World Economic Conference long enough to saddle the U.S.A. or some other country with responsibility for failure.

President Roosevelt's language in his Inauguration Speech and his subsequent bold action along lines of economic nationalism should have torn away the scales from the eyes of people still clinging to the fetish of restoration of the era of large-scale foreign investment plus co-operation of central banks. That Germany can ever hope to pay off more than a fraction of her indebtedness, private and political, is no longer believed by anyone except a handful of born optimists among the creditors

themselves. To hope for the German problem to be solved, as Dr. Schacht seems to suggest, by a pumping in of further loan-money is surely midsummer madness.

Dr. Schacht, who must know that the prodigious export surplus required for Germany to retrieve her position on the old basis, will never be allowed by Germany's trade competitors may nevertheless throw down some such challenge at the Conference. The real challenge of the new Germany will come from those heretical ideas of Herr Hitler's economic experts which have been so much scoffed at by the wiseacres. I refer particularly to the distinction between creative and speculative capital (the German *schaffendes* and *raffendes* makes an effective antithesis) to the phenomenon of a State that will subsist on its own currency system and financial machinery, leaving commercial indebtedness abroad to be gradually liquidated; that will issue its own bonds on which a very small rate or no interest at all will be paid, a State taking over the banks and big combines, while leaving small business and crafts to individual incentive; a State, above all, which, by its control of foreign trade, will sponsor and not resist the inevitable process of drastic reduction of imports and exports, directing its main effort to expansion of the home market, to putting purchasing power in the hands of its own people.

At present, it is true, the German Revolution seems to be stuck in the Fascist phase. The first instalment of the four-year plan to make work, for instance, is patently a sorry compromise with orthodox finance. It spells controlled credit inflation based on a further gamble on future economic improvement. One of its amusing features, of course, is the sum set apart for loans to engaged couples, so that they may marry and set up house, and thus contribute to the sorely needed purchasing power. Clearly Herr Hitler cannot undertake any of his ambitious schemes for reconstruction so long as he does not dare to interfere with the delicate mechanism of finance. With Dr. Schacht as his chief adviser, ostensibly at least, he is hardly likely to take any drastic steps at present. In view of the tremendous pressure, however, from within the National Socialist movement, it seems likely that at the appropriate moment Dr. Schacht will be set aside, and the intelligentsia of the younger

generation, now discreetly in the wings, will move to the centre of the political stage, and within a very short time introduce that national and social state of which the ground-plan is prepared in every detail. Its fundamental principle is not dissimilar from the American experiment, so to control production as to adjust it to consumers' needs within Germany, foreign trade being not, as now, the pivot of the national economy, but merely an incidental instrument to this end. The attack on the thralldom of interest (*Zinsknechtschaft*) serves the double purpose of emphasizing the strangle-hold of finance—capital, much of it foreign and cosmopolitan, and of stirring up resentment against the Jews and their profession of usury.

I have said enough, probably, to indicate that National Socialism is not coterminous with the demagoguery of the party leaders, still less with Jew-baiting or Chauvinism. It has been in fact a *movement* of organic growth of which the Party has been no more than the spearhead. As such it has posed some very big problems before the world, not least that of the wandering Jew, a nation lacking a local habitation. On the admission of the Jews themselves, this question is an international one, which needs the dispassionate consideration of representatives of a healthy international society. Today such a thing does not exist. In countries like France and England, with a compact body politic, a nation united on fundamentals, the Jewish problem has not presented itself in an acute form. If it had, perhaps we should not so unhesitatingly condemn the discriminatory measures of the National Socialist State. As Mr. Rolf Gardiner, one of the few Englishmen who have remained in living contact with young Germany, says on this question, in the *New English Weekly* of June 8th :

Flooding certain professions, journalists, financiers, lawyers, artists, politicians; they brought a fever into German life. Sensational, analytic, clever, they were the eternal agitators and theorists of German society. They were behind every clever-clever piece of art or of Jazz culture; they were at once the idealists and cynics of German politics. But often they were not European. The Jewish view of culture is different from the Germanic; the one is intellectual, analytic, individualist; the other spiritual, mythic, religious. Utilising the German cachet for generalizations and abstract views of reality they did often have a disruptive and pernicious influence.

(On a recent visit to Berlin, I personally was amazed on looking

for a Press number in the telephone directory, to find 95 per cent. of the names in that category seemingly Jewish.)

That, despite old forms, the new Germany is willing to play her part in the building up of a new European order there can be no doubt. To arraign her as "militarist" because in fact very few Germans are prepared to subscribe to such sentiments as inspired the famous Oxford Resolution, is manifestly absurd. Until now, let it be admitted, the Germans have found other countries unwilling to shed the panoply of *Machtpolitik*; instead of the society of nations of President Wilson's vision, they have seen merely the ugly features of the old pre-War diplomacy, screened by the façade of Geneva.

To all intents and purposes disarmed, the State which, in virtue of its central geographical position, has the most reason to demand "security" in the traditional sense of military preparedness, waits for the other States to fulfil their solemn covenant to disarm likewise, and waits in vain. Governments, one and all, continue to match professions of peace with preparations for war, each clinging to its sovereign right to "security" through its own armed might. As long as that is so, and as long as a relationship between States is maintained which means and can only mean—human nature being what it is—the measuring of strength which leads to war, there are obvious dangers in the German claim to equality of status. If it is conceded, however, all the idealism and aspiration for a new and healthful economic and political order in Europe, which underlies the German revolution, will be turned to dross. Our problem to-day is not to change human nature, but so to change the context of inter-State political and economic life, that the good which is in men—and nations—may be liberated. And the first step may well be to get rid of the false antithesis in the public mind between nationalism and internationalism, which has been so long imposed by the rationalist thought of the nineteenth century.

DR. DILLON

BY MRS. W. L. COURTNEY*

EMILE JOSEPH DILLON, child of an Irish father and an English mother, was born in Dublin and seems in early life to have been intended for the Roman Catholic priesthood. His age, like much else about him, remained a mystery, but by the early 'eighties he had studied so widely and intensively in Continental Universities, Paris, Innsbruck, Leipzig, Tübingen, Louvain, St. Petersburg, that he was already Master of Oriental Languages in the University of St. Petersburg and Doctor of Oriental Languages in the University of Louvain. It is said that he had previously come in contact with Renan at the Collège de France and that this encounter turned his thoughts towards Oriental literature and diverted him from proceeding to the priesthood. Be that as it may, henceforward he devoted his great linguistic gifts to the study of Sanskrit, Hebrew and Persian and added on to these ancient tongues practically every European language.

In Russia for very many years he made his home, and it was not only his marriage in 1881 to a Russian lady but also some natural affinity with the Slavonic character, which gave him the instinctive comprehension of Russian and Balkan politics and personages, that was to make him the most famous foreign correspondent of his time. Two years after his marriage he was elected Master in Comparative Philology and Classical Languages at the University of Kharkov. To his academic period belong various learned works on theological subjects, *The Sceptics of the Old Testament*, *The Book of Job*, and a study of the place of Armenian amongst other Indo-European languages, which was written in Russian. He also produced more controversial work, such as

* This tribute to the famous foreign correspondent who for over forty years was so frequent a contributor to this *Review*, is based upon notes left behind him by the late W. L. Courtney, for 34 years the *Review's* Editor.

The Policy of the Pope, and a series of articles on religion signed "Voces Catholicæ." But though throughout life he retained something of the reticence, the secretiveness, the "inward" look of the priest, there seems no doubt that he never advanced very far in his preparation for the priesthood, and that at an early age he had abandoned his Catholic principles.

"Dr. Dillon" he continued to be called, but his "doctorate" was one of learning, not of medicine or theology. By the later 'eighties he was well established as a journalist. He himself relates, in *Russia To-day and Yesterday*,* how his own somewhat rash attacks in print upon University authorities prevented his election to a professorship at St. Petersburg and how his indignation at bureaucratic encroachments at Kharkov impelled him to resign his chair in that University. He migrated to Odessa, joined the staff of the *Odesski Vestnik*, was offered the editorship of the Liberal *Odesskia Novosti*, but after a successful year in that position fell out with the censor, and returned to St. Petersburg and to a society life, varied by sending contributions to the London Press, notably the *Daily Telegraph*, whose regular correspondent he became in 1886. Very soon after that he was contributing to the *Fortnightly Review*, then edited by Frank Harris, a series of the most penetrating studies on "Russian Characteristics". These appeared over the signature "E. B. Lanin", and purported to be written by various persons, who "for obvious reasons", as an editorial note explains, preferred to remain anonymous. But the remarkable similarity of style and treatment throughout pointed to a single authorship, and this he later admitted. "E. B. Lanin" regarded the Russians as by temperament shiftless, indolent and wholly innocent of truth-speaking; with no sense of incongruity, and capable, therefore, though superstitious, of the utmost irreverence; slaves to authority and especially to police tyranny; fundamentally dishonest and so destitute of any sense of commercial morality that fraud and wholesale corruption must be faced by anyone attempting to trade in Russia. Obviously the very frank and open expression of such views as these would have made continued residence in Russia impossible for Dillon if his identity had been disclosed.

* Published in London, 1930.

The articles appeared at intervals through 1889, 1890 and 1891, with a final one in 1892. One in particular, intended to refute the optimistic statements of Mme. Novikov and giving in full detail the horrors of the Russian prison system, is almost unbearable reading, and so roused the poet Swinburne that he sent Harris an "Ode to Russia" which almost brought the *Review* into serious conflict with the Foreign Office.

"Night hath but one red star—Tyrannicide"

and an adjuration to the murdered Tsar in hell there to await the speedy coming of his successor,

"Down the way of Tsars, awhile in vain deferred,
Bid the Second Alexander light the Third"

was strong meat even for the *Fortnightly* in the days of Mr. Harris's adventurous editorship.

Other topics in the series were Russia's treatment of Finland, her code of sexual morality and open parade of vice, Russian finance, the working of the censorship, and the ravages of famine and cholera.

Dillon's later articles for the *Fortnightly* were concerned with Europe more generally. In 1894 he writes on "The Triple Alliance in Danger"; in 1896 appear his first articles under Courtney's editorship, one on Armenia, which he had just visited for the *Daily Telegraph*, and one on "Germany's Foreign Policy". The next year he is in Crete and sends an article from there. A few years later he is in China and contributes a sketch of the old Dowager Empress, and from then onwards he writes, at fairly long intervals, on a variety of European questions, sometimes in his own name, sometimes anonymously.

This journey to Armenia in 1895 to get authentic information about the reported massacres was a very special achievement and is a good illustration of his methods. The *Daily Telegraph* had instructed him to go to Constantinople, see the Sultan if possible, and get first-hand information as to Turkish policy and intentions. But the Sultan refused to see him and he was referred to State documents for a statement of policy. He told the Grand Vizier that in that case he should go to Armenia and see for himself. He was assured that this was impossible. Undeterred, he proceeded to Tiflis, got a letter from the Russian Governor-General passing him through all the military districts

of the Caucasus, donned the uniform of a Cossack officer and was received by the Turks on the frontier with military honours and by the Armenians with curses. During his stay in Armenia he went out at night, sometimes disguised as a woman, sometimes as a Kurdish chief. By bribing a prison official he got into touch with a Kurd under sentence of death and from him learnt details of recent massacres. These he sent on to his paper, and on them Gladstone based his challenge to the Turks to deny the truth of the horrors reported.

In Armenia Dillon narrowly escaped death by poisoned coffee. In China he was within an ace of being drowned. In Russia, where he went about freely with his great friend, M. Witte, he almost daily risked assassination by revolver or bomb. But he was absolutely fearless; his one paramount instinct was to get by some means or other to the centre of news and the scene of big events. He was a correspondent born, the most typical, perhaps the last, of those foreign correspondents of drama and fiction (but also of real life in the romantic age which has passed), who in the spring, like Kipling's blind Dick Helder in *The Light that Failed*, feel the fever in their blood and hear "the sacred call of the war-trumpet" sounding in the Balkans.

It was certainly true of Dillon that by hook or by crook he got everywhere and learned everything. He knew personally almost every figure of note in European politics. He kept secretaries and emissaries in every European capital. As the years went on, and he could stage his mystery-dramas more richly, his surroundings took on an ambassadorial, or perhaps one should say "Chief of the Secret Service" character. I was asked once, some twenty years ago, to recommend a young woman to go to St. Petersburg as one of his secretaries. Her chief qualifications were to be good looks and a capacity to wear Worth dresses with distinction. Her duties appeared likely to be confined to sitting in an anteroom and receiving Ambassadors, generals, Prime Ministers and others, all humbly waiting for admission to the great journalist's inner sanctum. It is all very well to smile, but Dillon knew his Russia, and took the appropriate means to make his authority respected. That he could go anywhere and approach anyone, and that all doors flew open before him, was proved by the way in which at a nod the fortress

of St. Peter and St. Paul in St. Petersburg opened to him and a journalist companion who desired to see the preparations for the funeral of the Tsar Alexander III.

But he was much more than a foreign correspondent to newspapers; he was a definite force in European politics. There is no question that his intimate knowledge, both of Russia and of China, gave him such influence at the conference which closed the Russo-Japanese War that he was really the prime author of the Treaty of Portsmouth. Had he been listened to in 1915, we should have been better prepared for the Russian collapse, for he was already predicting it and telling those in high places that tens of thousands of Russian soldiers were deserting to go home and seize the land, and that the break-up, which a year or so later in fact occurred, was both imminent and inevitable. Equally, in the Balkan peninsula, he recognized the folly and waste of our belated attempt in 1915 to bolster up the Serbian army with inadequate forces. Writing in the *Fortnightly* in January, 1916, he relates how:—

“Not less than four hundred thousand men could solve the problem—if it were still soluble—and they must reach their destination within ten or fourteen days”, was the sentence uttered by one of the first military men in Europe. I sought to transmit it to London by telegraph, but it was deemed inopportune.

There followed the retreat of the Serbians to the sea, and the entry of Bulgaria into the War against the Allies.

Throughout the War years, and indeed over a very long preceding period, Dillon's views on foreign politics were familiar to readers of the *Fortnightly*. Courtney made extensive use of his unique sources of information and never more freely than during the World War. In 1916, for example, Dillon wrote as many as eight articles. In 1917 he contributed another eight, principally on Russia, a country which he was never to revisit until in 1928 he returned to see for himself what Bolshevik rule had made of his beloved St. Petersburg, passing like a ghost himself through streets and palaces, haunted for him by the ghosts of the Tsarist regime.

Throughout the War and after the peace he took a deeply pessimistic view of the future of Europe. At the beginning of 1918 he contributed to the *Fortnightly* an article which he called “The Twilight of the Ritzonians”, the generation who believed

in “muddle”, loved indolence, loathed system, shunned effort, showed contempt for merit and labour, and believed that nevertheless they would somehow win through. Such amateurism in politics roused his scornful indignation, and again and again he tried, both during the Paris Conference, where he strove in vain to modify some of the more dangerous tendencies, and afterwards in his writings, to rouse and instruct public opinion. In 1922, he wrote an article on Genoa, “The Thirteenth Conference”; but, failing to make the impression he wanted, he turned for a time his back on Europe and betook himself to Mexico. From there he sent an article to the *Fortnightly* late in 1924. A year or two later, broken in health, he returned to Europe and settled himself in Spain, where he resumed last year his old association with this *Review*.

It was in 1928 that he revisited Russia “after an absence of fourteen years”. Humble individuals, such as waiters, porters, and hotel servants recognized him—he had in this time been one of the best-known figures in St. Petersburg; but to Soviet officials his name seems to have conveyed nothing. “Nobody among the Sovietists knew anything about me. Nobody had an inkling of my career in Russia . . . and nobody, not even myself, knew that I would ever record my impressions.” The very fact of such ignorance illustrates the completeness of the Soviet break with a past which had not had time to become remote.

His account of Russian conditions under Soviet rule is deeply interesting. He seems to have had no difficulty in moving about, and to have incurred little personal danger, except that once in Moscow, when he got out of a smart, but hired, motor-car, dressed in a much-worn fur coat, he was obstructed and shoved about by a ragged and resentful crowd. Otherwise he mixed freely with Russians of all grades; talked with peasants of opposing views, some favourable, some unfavourable to the new regime; visited with astonishment and admiration the numerous Soviet book-shops; watched the women marketing and collected information as to cultural and social changes. Bolshevism itself he viewed with admiring respect. It was in his eyes a great world-force, taking its origin “in the unplumbed depths of being . . . It is amoral and inexorable because transcendental. It has come, as Christianity came, not for peace

but for the sword. . . . To me it seems to be the mightiest driving force for good or for evil in the world today. It is certainly a stern reality, smelling perhaps of sulphur and brimstone but with a mission on earth, and a mission which will undoubtedly be fulfilled". But in the process of fulfilling that mission it had destroyed the old Russia, the Russia that Dillon had known and loved. "That Russia to which" (as a returning pilgrim) "I had come to do homage, was but a memory. It has vanished for ever, together with its traditions, customs, ideals, beliefs, national virtues, vices, and its magic charm." And with that old Russia has passed, too, the last of the great foreign correspondents of a pre-War age, and with him a vanished conception of European diplomacy.

A DEFENCE OF DEMOCRACY

By J. H. HARLEY

"HE who intends to obtain supreme power," said Machiavelli in one of his most searching moods, "must decide upon the necessary cruelties and commit them at once." These terrible words, ominous in their import and implications, may almost be adopted as a summary description of the policies favoured by the anti-democratic movements which prevail in the civilized world of today. New leaders of the people, supremely comfortable on historic seats of power, appear to have completely repudiated the Victorian conception of a sure but ordered progress. Three of these creeds of violent and summary action—Fascism, Hitlerism, and Sovietism—are not ashamed to proclaim themselves as completely anti-democratic. Is it, on that account, true that democracy, acclaimed as a conquering power throughout the greater part of the nineteenth century, has now entered on a period of disillusionment and defeat? And has our British democratic system justified itself under the strain of the world crisis? Or must we share the view of those who, impressed by the tangible achievements under various Dictatorships, see in our free Constitution only a cumbrous and slow-moving instrument which paralyses effort and impedes necessary change?

Democracy itself is one of those protean conceptions which admit of much explanation and definition. In its broadest sense it may either be regarded as a spirit which, at certain times, or during certain turning-points of history, has animated the people, or, more prosaically because more concretely, as the particular embodiment of that spirit in a national constitution and laws. As spirit, it is the aspiration towards such a real equality between man and man and man and woman in all the relations of life, as is summed up by Bentham in the maxim that each is to count for one and none for more than one; or with Kant in the obligation to treat humanity in our own person and that of others

always as an end and never as a means. As constitutional practice it is in our own days specially applied to two types of government; first, the American system, where the Head of the State and the Houses of Congress, comprising the administrative and the legislative departments, are elected separately on a basis of universal suffrage and are specifically intended in some sort to balance and to neutralize each other; and, secondly, to systems of which that in our own country is the parent and still the most characteristic exemplar, where there is no such separation of administrative and legislative, but where the people's will is carried through Parliament to the administrative departments and again from the administration to Parliament and back once more to the people. The whole, in this latter system, thus forms an articulated unity which is intended, in Lincoln's hackneyed phrase, to secure "government of the people, by the people, and for the people."

In the years before the War, the United States of America stood forth before the world as the most formidable champion of Democracy in both these senses—first as the distinct inheritor of strong equalitarian traditions and, secondly, as having triumphantly worked a main type of constitutional democracy which in those days was commended by its apologists as having repaired some eighteenth-century defects which had been manifested in the British system. It was no doubt a proud consciousness of this fact that made ex-President Wilson express as the purpose of the late War to make the future world "safe for democracy". Certain it is that, when the War ended, and the newly emerged European nations set themselves in real earnest to carve out for themselves national constitutions, that each of them betrayed the influence of the previous constitutional democracies. Russia, of course, stood apart from her neighbours, but—to name three other of the most important and interesting—the description "democratic" might quite aptly be applied to the new constitutions of Germany, Poland and Czechoslovakia.

It must be observed, however, at the outset that all these three constitutions were based on British and French models and that almost none of the characteristic features of the American system were appropriated by their constituent assemblies. Indeed, when, as in the Weimar Constitution, the President of the Reich

is elected on the American analogy—by a separate plebiscite—this very fact has thrown him out of relation with Parliament and rendered it easier for him to tolerate its supersession. Still, they were each of them based on universal suffrage, male and female, at an early age; they had each elected Heads of the State; and they had each Houses of Parliament elected on a system of Proportional Representation where the Government was responsible and the Lower House, sometimes controlled by the Referendum, was more or less supreme. But, in addition to this, in the constitutions of Germany and Poland there were the faint beginnings of a system of industrial democracy as an integral part of the political arrangements. It had been pointed out that, if Equality is to be more than an empty idea, it must extend to the economic as well as to the political status of the members of a modern commonwealth and, though in neither Germany nor in Poland was this idea of an economic Parliament or Council developed into concrete details, it was something to have the conception of the need for economic deliberation and planning under the control of the popular vote acknowledged at such an early stage.

But as the years have passed and the War has receded gradually into the background, a change has come over the spirit of this democratic dream. The age of the Republics has been succeeded by the age of the Dictators. The Corporate State, with new and unexplored possibilities, is acclaimed as the legitimate successor of the Territorial State with its old popular traditions. The administration encroaches on the legislature. Violence stalks in the streets. Cruelty has hardened the soul. If you cannot persuade a man, you can at least silence him in his sleep of death. To that dread extremity has passed the philosophy of politics as it is now so often professed. Furthermore, the economic difficulties, of which those who drew up the first democratic constitutions after the War saw only the haziest outlines, had now increased and developed. The "invisible hand" as beheld by Adam Smith was now no longer writing its purposes on the wall. There was no self-acting mechanism in trade, and the State was called upon to act sternly and autocratically on some rigid economic plan if great industrial disaster were effectually to be warned off from civilization.

But does this mean that the spirit of persuasion is ultimately to be exorcised from the life of men and nations? Is Europe, if not America, to be ultimately lost to democracy? Or is it advisable to take refuge in the distinction which has previously been drawn between the spirit of democracy and its actual embodiment in concrete constitutional arrangements, and to say that while the spirit is still willing, the more material constitutional arrangements have proved themselves inadequate without some modification to meet the needs of a novel and troubled time?

What were the causes which induced nations of progressive instincts, trusting in the United States, France, or the United Kingdom for democratic suggestions, to exalt the executive and the administrative so decidedly over the legislative that they were plausibly described as having succumbed to a dictator? To answer this question it is necessary in summary fashion to consider the political problem in Europe which presented itself after the War.

When the map designers of Versailles, whom it is the fashion in these days unjustly to depreciate, set about their difficult task, they were confronted with little islets peopled by submerged races, and speaking almost forgotten tongues, which were all clamouring for what the American ex-President christened "self-determination". Which of these were to be incorporated as new States and which could only be made parts of a surrounding nationality? It was difficult to lay down any hard-and-fast rule, and the map makers had only to proceed as the exigencies demanded. Suffice it to say that not arbitrarily, but after much consideration by representative subcommittees, they came to certain conclusions. Of course, it was impossible to make these new States consist of men and women of a single race and creed. It was impossible even to avoid conglomerates of many races and creeds who had belonged to different autocracies and submitted to varying systems of law. But in order that minority races and creeds should be safeguarded as fully as possible, the larger States of Europe, who constituted themselves the map makers at Versailles, obliged the newer and smaller and some of the enemy States, to submit themselves to Minorities Treaties, which conferred equal political education, rights and opportunities,

and equal support from the public exchequer upon diverse races and creeds. No doubt it was in order to make some approach towards fulfilling the responsibilities so imposed that these new States took what proved to be the unfortunate step of adopting Proportional Representation as their system of election.

Now the Minorities Treaties were undoubtedly inspired by democratic idealism and by a genuine spirit of equality, but then it was a kind of equality which these larger States who dominated the situation at Versailles had in past days been unwilling to apply to their own political situation. Indeed, the tendency before the War had been to divide up Europe into large states with practically coterminous territories where men and women of different races had to be assimilated to the prevalent type of national life, where there was generally one dominant language, and where the adherents of one religion were quite indisposed to see any of its money, contributed as public funds, applied to the support and teaching of another religion. All this was changed for the new European State by the Minorities Treaties; and as Proportional Representation brought deputies belonging to these diverse races and creeds together in their national parliament, and as those of different race groups did not easily coalesce into two contending parties, these new States were practically confronted with a situation which made the vigorous legislation imperatively demanded by their economic situation practically impossible.

It was this legislative deadlock and not any decided anti-democratic tendencies that impelled the post-war democracy into that development of government by administrative order which, in the net result, led to Sovietism, Fascism and Hitlerism. The ex-officers disbanded after the war were eager to return to the normal life of the community, and they desired to have some place with analogous powers and responsibility, to that they had earned during the great conflict. They found their national parliaments split up into a number of contending races and groups. In the Italian Chamber of Deputies, the Reichstag, the Skupshchina, the Sejm, the attempts of the young Turks, there was no possibility of carrying out a fixed or coherent policy. Germany and Poland, as we have seen, had contemplated something of an

economic parliament, but as this had ultimately to work through the national parliament, it followed that the importance of the one entailed the impotence of the other. In Russia, indeed, there was no corresponding failure of a legislature; but it was the perception that a Kerensky regime would inevitably by its weakness have tended in the same direction that produced the unexpected triumph of Bolshevism.

Yet there was no desire at the beginning to develop in a decidedly anti-democratic direction. This can be detected at once by a consideration of the original programmes of Fascism, Hitlerism, and Sovietism. Count Sforza, for example, has disinterred, from the files of the *Popolo d' Italia*, the first programme which Mussolini wrote in 1919 for the inspiration of Fascism. It is full of an abstract desire for Equality. It calls for "a radical transformation of the political and economic basis of community life". It demands the abolition of the Senate, the abolition of all titles of nobility and the suppression of every kind of speculation. It asks for the "reorganization of production on a co-operative basis and direct sharing of all the workers in the profits". It presupposes liberty of association and the press. It desires the end of secret diplomacy and an international policy animated by the idea of the solidarity and independence of the peoples and their union in a Confederation of States. This original programme, it must be confessed, goes quite far enough for the most advanced present-day democrat, and Mussolini may well be excused from coming to the conclusion that his proposals could not be enacted with sufficient speed and determination by the Chamber of Deputies which functioned in the Italy of 1919.

On similar grounds, one could hardly conceive a Republican Reichstag carrying out with sufficient dispatch some of the articles of the Hitler programme which, as it was originally published, sounded likewise a distinctly democratic note. But the Hitler programme is later in time than that of the *Popolo d' Italia*. It is also more naïve and the grain in it is mingled with an intolerable superabundance of chaff. It is combined with misty speculation about a "Third Empire", and about the superiority of a mythical Germanism, and it sees a hidden Jew in every institution which it most cordially abhors. But, with all these reservations, what is one to make of "the abolition of

all income gained without work"; of the "nationalization of all industries and firms which are already not in the hand of the middle classes": of Land Reform, inclusive of a possible Nationalization; and of the emphasis laid on a solution of the problem of unemployment?

Sovietism, on the other hand, was at its inception more avowedly anti-democratic than either Fascism or Hitlerism. It could not be otherwise, for it is essentially the claim of a handful of Bolsheviks to know more of their country's destinies than a representative Constituent Assembly. But where it started to curse it at last condescended to bless. The system of Soviets, although formed by a series of indirect elections, is yet combined with a system of instruction of delegates, subsequently reporting to their constituents, which reminds us of all those ultra-democratic practices which Mr. Sydney Webb discovered in the day-to-day working of the British trade unions. And then it must be remembered that, according to Marxist principles, the dictatorship of the Proletariat is only a transitional regime. Can it therefore be ultimately said that, in its essential nature, Sovietism is hostile to the constitutional requirements of democracy? And was it not Lenin himself who declared that "every kitchen maid must learn to take a hand in administering the State".

It seems clear, then, that the original impulse towards administrative autocracy or towards what were called the regime of dictatorship was not derived from a reaction against the idea of democracy, but rather against the constitutional arrangements which during the post-war period were designed in order to realize that idea. Nor was it necessary in order that Parliament should proceed with more dispatch that the idea of democracy itself should be successfully attacked and refuted. In Poland, for example, where the legislative impotence of the Sejm to organize national reconstruction had, owing to the operation of the causes already noted, become a real menace, it was found that, principally owing to the influence of French models, the powers of the President in the original constitution had been somewhat too severely restricted. The President was not elected apart from Parliament, as on the American system. His Ministers, on whose advice he acted, were responsible to Parliament, while

he on the other hand, had no power over a Parliament which could only be dissolved by its own consent. Such a system completely subordinated the Administration to the Legislature and was directly opposed to the system in our own country, where the tendency had been to increase the influence of the Executive or Cabinet over Parliament, so that, if Parliament proves recalcitrant, or the Government cannot readily attain its objects, then it may in approved democratic fashion appeal to the people as a whole by asking for the dissolution of the Legislative Assembly. The knowledge of this fact has made the Executive strong because it has reduced to a minimum the danger of divided authority or powers in a grave national crisis.

In Poland, accordingly, the first step that was taken to reduce this parliamentary impotence was to strengthen the position of the President by giving him the power to dissolve Parliament, and also to promulgate Administrative Orders which had the force of laws subject also to their ultimate endorsement by Parliament itself. Thus there was no intention to dispense with Parliament, or to cut at the roots of democratic institutions, or even the Territorial State. And—most significant of all, as will yet appear in the course of this discussion—there was no intention of stamping out organized opposition or of reducing the Sejm to the workshop of a single party alone. Public meetings in opposition to the Government were not definitely banned. No systematic attack was launched against the freedom of the press. It was quite clear that, just as the normal Cabinet system was restored in Great Britain after its supersession during the Great War, so a normal democracy might function in Poland if the need passed away which had led to the more extended applications of a regime of administrative orders.

What, as contrasted with this, was the method of Mussolini? The evil to be removed was the same—the legislative impotence of Nitti and the older parliamentary regimes. Accordingly, in the July of 1923, the Duce promulgated a new Electoral Law which declared that out of 520 seats, 356 should be assigned to the list receiving the majority of suffrages, the remaining 179 seats to be distributed among all the non-successful lists in proportion to the number of votes recorded for each. Here was a drastic way of presenting the successful party—the party of the winning

list—with a sufficiently strong majority to enable it to realize its administrative will. Besides, this law did contemplate the existence of some sort of organized opposition—even though that opposition, like Mr. Lansbury and his friends, was compelled to rest satisfied with a sufficiently hopeless minority of adherents.

This was, however, only one stage on the road to a Fascist millenium. The leaders of the new movement were out to go much further still and to destroy the last remaining vestiges of Italian democracy. Already, on February 26, 1923, Fascists and Nationalists had been fused into a single organization, and already, according to Count Sforza, this combined party had realized the forecast of Machiavelli and became definitely a party of violence. In a speech delivered in the May of 1927 the Fascist leader categorically declared that he was in a position to stamp down any effort at resistance. "There are today in Italy," he said, "60,000 policemen, 20,000 police commissioners, 30,000 permanent militiamen, and these forces are equipped with 774 cars, 290 lorries, 198 motor cycles, 48 motor boats, and 12,000 bicycles". The transformation of a democratic into a police state had now become an accomplished event.

"Our aim", further declared Mussolini in December 1926, when describing the proposed parliament of this new police state, "is to create a Corporate Chamber without an opposition. We have no desire or need for any political opposition". And again, in May of 1927, he annotated his previous deliverance by maintaining that "the humbug of universal democratic suffrage has been solemnly buried in the Corporate State." But was Mussolini now opposed to the spirit as well as the letter of democracy? Might the Fascist Dictator not intend to reform democratic institutions so that he might be the prophet of a new and just world, just as the dictatorship of the proletariat is to usher in a classless Paradise and the henchmen of Hitler are to be the harbingers of a *Drittes Reich*?

To answer this question, it may be helpful to recur to the text of the Weimar Constitution, where there is a whole section dealing with "Fundamental Rights". Amongst such fundamental rights are included the liberty of association, the liberty of the press, and the liberty of free discussion. All these are indeed rights absolutely fundamental to anything like an equalitarian

state of society. If free association is barred, equalitarian democracy is dying; if all expression of contrary opinions is restrained by the use of violence, equalitarian democracy is already dead. In the Weimar Constitution, with all its progressive tendencies, there was from the first a sinister Clause 48, which gave the President power at a national emergency to suspend the exercise of even fundamental rights, and it was the indiscriminate use of this section by Dr. Brüning that undoubtedly showed the way to the worst excesses of Hitlerism. There is no liberty of association in the new Corporate State; or rather there is liberty of association only for a single favoured group. In Italy the Fascists, in Germany the Nazis, and in Russia the Communists are the sole voluntary societies to exercise any political influence. But when a Grand Council of Fascism is created to select the final list of deputies for a Fascist parliament, it is the Duce who has the power to nominate and recall the main body of its members, and it is the Duce who decides on what business and how often they must ultimately meet. In the new states movements are always directed from above; no real initiative is ever encouraged from below. The Hitlerites destroy the democratic character of the German trade unions and appoint a commissioner to keep their future activities in line with the opinions and desires of their masters. In Russia the Ogpu strikes violently at those who criticize the ruling regime. Who can venture to doubt, after all these developments, that Fascism, Sovietism and Hitlerism are not attacking simply the constitutional outworks of democracy but assailing a great historical movement at the very innermost court of its citadel?

Is, then, the democratic movement ultimately doomed to failure? Not if the previous course of this discussion be justified and a distinction be drawn between the real spirit of democracy and the temporary raiment in which for the time being this characteristic spirit may happen to be shrouded. History has its varying fashions of time and place, and the garment which suits at one season may appear strangely incongruous at the next. It has already been shown, in this connection, that the first step towards a regime of Administrative Orders to modify previous democratic practice arose quite naturally from the clamant needs of the situation. First, political difficulties arising out of the

multiplication of racial differences in the new state, and, secondly, economic troubles developing out of the failure of the old self-acting system of *laissez-faire*, inevitably necessitated a greater dispatch in parliamentary business. In these circumstances the doctrine of democratic checks and balances, which obtained such recognition from the founders of the American Commonwealth, inevitably suffered. The United States of America, where the President, as head of the Executive, found himself liable to be continually thwarted by Congress, was less able to face the foul weather of an economic crisis than in our own country, where the Executive had gained the power of dissolving the legislature and where, Lord Hewart notwithstanding, it was able to secure, again in contrast to the U.S.A., that its administrative orders might not be limited by some unfortunate decision of the judiciary.

Indeed, it must be maintained in the light of the post-War experience of Democratic constitutions that, so far as safeguarding the actual practice of Democracy is concerned, the British type has triumphed all along the line. The outstanding characteristic of the American type has been the lack of real contacts and communication between its separate parts. Administration and Legislatures parade on two parallel lines which conform to Euclidian law, and consequently never meet. If a President has lost the confidence of his country or if he has forfeited the support of Congress, he can languish on, if he so please, to the end of his allotted term. Similarly, if Congress overtly manifest its hostility by openly thwarting the Administration, the President has no way of sending the refractory body back again to the people to secure an authoritative decision between them.

How actively the democratic spirit is maintaining its influence may also be illustrated from the equalitarian movements on the side of industry. It has been pointed out that in Germany and in Poland the framers of these new democratic constitutions evidently contemplated industrial reconstruction under the control of the political power, and it is well known that the British Labour Party and the British trade unions are at present considering plans of industrial democracy. Mr. Herbert Morrison has recently advocated a scheme in his book, *Socialization and Transport*, whereby men who would put the public needs first and private interests second should be placed by the Govern-

ment at the head of the public utility corporations of the future. This scheme is meeting with a large amount of criticism from organised British trade unionism, because there is no provision in it for actively associating the workers with the promotion and the success of this new industrial government.

In another respect, too, there is at present evidence that those who organized the workers have a rooted objection to all that savours of autocracy. Sir Stafford Cripps and some of his friends have recently proposed that, in order to attain their objects with sufficient diligence, and to provide against the undoubted danger to British democracy of the British House of Lords, a Labour Government with a parliamentary majority must ask for an Enabling Act somewhat analogous to that which has been obtained by Hitler in Germany. Of course, it cannot be suspected that Sir Stafford has any real intention of putting the people in bondage, but it is an example of the vigorous survival of the democratic spirit that his proposals are being so closely and jealously scrutinized.

Yet, in the ultimate analysis, and taking everything else into account, the main guarantee for the future of democracy is the fact that only by safeguarding the power and influence of an instructed public opinion can the great and fatal disaster of war be averted from human civilization. At the beginning of the present century it was often pointed out that there was a majority of members in all the chief parliaments of Europe who were active supporters of peace, but that they were prevented from attaining their end by the domination of an autocratic executive. In the Fascist and Hitlerite states of today there is a similar menace to civilization, and the future can only be secured if the people are free to exercise their unfettered influence on those who hold place and power.

THE AUSTRIAN CRISIS

By C. F. MELVILLE

BEFORE the War Imperial Austria and Tsarist Russia intrigued and counter-intrigued for the mastery of the Balkans. Today Austria herself, no longer Imperial, is the ground upon which the new Imperialisms of Hitlerist Germany and Fascist Italy are contending for the mastery.

Hitler dreams of a Third Empire which shall include all the peoples of Germanic origin in Europe. Obviously a great deal of this dream is unrealizable, and doubtless Herr Hitler knows this as well as anybody. But a certain amount of it is realizable within the framework of a definite foreign policy—as is demonstrated by the Nazi regime already installed in the Free City of Danzig, and the attempts to bring about a similar regime in Austria. Herr Hitler, in a recent declaration, stated that it was his policy to bring into the German Reich all the German peoples at present outside it.

It was in pursuance of this dream of a greater Germany that Herr Hitler endeavoured to promote a Nazi *coup* in Austria which would bring about a *de facto Anschluss*, as a preliminary to the formal incorporation of Austria in the Reich when the propitious moment presents itself. The Nazi Chancellor of Germany awaits impatiently the time when he can send a Nazi Commissioner to govern Austria as a "*Land*" of the Reich, even as he has already done in the case of Bavaria.

In the meantime, as a preliminary move, there has been an infiltration of German Nazis into Austria as the leaders of the local Austrian Nazi Party, and these operations were organized from Munich. A certain measure of success has attended this manœuvre, particularly in Tirol and Styria, where the local population, discontented with their economic lot, have given considerable heed to the propaganda from over the Austro-German frontier. Already the local Styrian section of the

Heimwehr (the Clericalist "Green Fascist" organization, which supports the Christian-Social Government of Chancellor Dollfuss against the "Brown Fascists", or Nazis, and is opposed to the *Anschluss*) has transferred its allegiance to the Nazis.

On the other side is Fascist Italy, pursuing a policy which consists, in the main, of supporting Germany, Austria and Hungary against France and the Little Entente, while at the same time trying to prevent Germany from swallowing Austria, which would bring her to Italy's own border on the Brenner. Signor Mussolini has, of course, gone very far in his backing of Hitlerist Germany, as the original project for the Four-Power Pact, with which he dazzled Mr. Ramsay MacDonald in Rome, goes to show. But the Nazi threat to Austria, culminating in the "Frank" incident,* gave the Duce food for thought. Consequently, he has since endeavoured to modify the almost limitless aspirations of his German allies. This is borne out by what transpired during the two visits of Herr Dollfuss to Signor Mussolini. At Rome, early in June, the Duce re-affirmed his assurances of Italian support for Herr Dollfuss's policy of maintaining Austrian independence, and it is believed that he will endeavour to use his influence with Herr Hitler to modify Germany's threatening attitude towards Austria.

Herr Dollfuss, with the physical support of the Heimwehr, the moral support of the Vatican, and the diplomatic backing of Italy, is trying to carry on the policy of the late Mgr. Seipel, whose claims at Geneva for the right of the Germans and Austrians to unite were always qualified by reservations about the preservation of specifically Austrian traditions. Mgr. Seipel used to say: "*Die Interessen Oesterreichs gehen Donau abwärts, und nicht Donau aufwärts*" ("*The interests of Austria go down the Danube, not up it*"). And again: "The *Anschluss* is a thing constantly to demand but never to have". And now today, Herr Dollfuss, upon whose shoulders the mantle of Seipel has fallen, declares

* Dr. Frank, Nazi Minister of Justice in Bavaria, made a speech at Munich in which he virtually threatened Austria with invasion. When, later, he visited Vienna he was informed by the Austrian Government that his presence was unwelcome. Since then relations between Germany and Austria have been strained, the former making reprisals against the latter by stopping German tourists from going to Austria, and thus inflicting a heavy blow on one of Austria's main industries.

that Austria can better maintain her role by remaining as a "Second German State" outside the German Reich.

In all this, Herr Dollfuss is speaking in the time-hallowed traditions of the Ballplatz. The Germanism of Vienna, in his conception, as in that of his late master, Mgr. Seipel, differs from the Germanism of Berlin. Theoretically, the Austrian Clericals are not opposed to union with the German Reich, although in actual fact they do not want it. The official point of view is that Austria has the right herself to decide what kind of Reich she would be willing to join and upon what terms she would agree to union. The idea of joining a Hitlerist Reich is, of course, anathema to them. The Christian Social Government, therefore, is standing for the continued independence of Austria.

Although Herr Dollfuss and his Ministers do not openly pursue a Monarchist policy, nevertheless it is a fact that a strong movement for the restoration of the Monarchy is now in being in Austria, no less than in Hungary. The ex-empress Zita's ambitions for her son, the Archduke Otto, now burn more brightly than ever before. Discussions of an informal nature have taken place between the Monarchist elements in Austria and the Hungarian Legitimists concerning a scheme for a personal union between Austria and Hungary, both countries to retain their individual entities under a restored Hapsburg Monarchy. Herr Dollfuss, like Mgr. Seipel before him, maintains the monarchical idea in the background of his policy. At the same time the Monarchist hopes appear to have received something of a set-back from General Gömbös, the Hungarian Premier, who, desiring to be completely master in his own house, is opposed to the restoration of the Dual Monarchy. Admiral Horthy, the Hungarian Regent, is also opposed to it.

In Austria the Clericals are in favour of the monarchical idea, as I have indicated, and even the Social-Democrats, in spite of their public manifestos to the contrary, secretly would prefer a Clericalist Monarchy to a Hitlerist regime. Therefore, although the Social-Democrats are in most respects at daggers drawn with Herr Dollfuss, they refrain from pushing their opposition to him too far for fear of letting in the Nazis in his place. Their view would seem to be that Dollfuss is the lesser of two evils.

The "Green Fascists" may clip the wings of the workers' organizations, but the "Brown" Fascists would completely suppress them. Jewish elements are quite frankly ready to accept the Monarchy, for they know that such anti-Semitism as may exist traditionally in Clericalist circles is of a mild order.

The older generation in Austria, those with memories of the Austrian tradition, the aristocracy, and the higher *bourgeoisie*—amongst whom may be included the senior members of the civil service and the great part of the army—are in favour of the Monarchy. These elements, supported by the Heimwehr, mainly recruited from the agricultural areas, and led by the Prince Starhemberg, whose ancestor led the historic Austrian defence against the Turks, stand behind the Dollfuss Government. The Church, which in Germany is seeking a compromise with the Hitlerist Government, because there it is the established regime, in Austria has given its blessing to Herr Dollfuss and the Christian-Social Party.

On the other hand, student youth, which has grown up with no memories of the Austrian tradition, and which, like student youth in Germany, feels itself to be economically frustrated, is predominantly Nazi. The success of Hitlerism has had its effect upon them. Dazzled by its romantic racial appeal, and attracted by its economic promises, and hating also the circumscription of their lives and opportunities under existing conditions, they have rallied to the Hitlerist banner. Their battle cry is: "Without Judæa and without Rome we will build a great German edifice". Likewise the sons of the small shopkeeper class, and many of the farmers who have been feeling the pinch, have become Nazis, especially in Tirol and Styria. The police are uncertain. Many, but not all of them, are Nazi in sympathy.

Will Herr Dollfuss be able to hold the situation? Opinions are divided. Most observers seem to be of the opinion that in the near future Austria will have a Nazi regime. On the other hand, there is no doubt that Herr Dollfuss is evincing an energy and determination rare enough in the Austrian character. But most remarkable of all is the fact that he has succeeded to some extent in reviving the spirit of Austrian patriotism—a spirit which has been conspicuous by its absence in Austria during the post-war years; and he is doing this by extolling at one and the

same time the glory of German culture and the preservation of the specifically Austrian tradition.

It is not without significance—for externals mean a good deal in Danubian Europe—that when he reviewed the Heimwehr, on the occasion of the celebrations of Austria's victory over the Turks, he wore his war-time uniform of the old Imperial Army. It is reported, moreover, that his War-Minister, Herr Vaugoin, intends to abolish the present Austrian Army uniform, which is the same as the German Reichswehr's, and to re-introduce the uniforms of the old Imperial Army. The intention may be to provide a counter-attraction to the trappings of the Nazis. Most probably the change has a deeper symbolical meaning. At all events, Herr Dollfuss, returning home from Rome with Signor Mussolini's friendship in one pocket, and a concordat with the Vatican in the other, intends to create a new form of state administrative and legislative machinery, and, unless he should be overthrown, either from within or without, before he completes these plans, he has a fair chance of remaining master of the situation.

The attitude of the Little Entente States towards all these developments is one of watching and waiting. They would not welcome the *Anschluss*—particularly Czechoslovakia would not, as it would then be virtually surrounded by a "German sea". Yugoslavia would probably have less reason to fear the *Anschluss*, for German expansion policy would be a much greater menace to Italy than to Yugoslavia. Yugoslavia's objections to the *Anschluss* would, therefore, be doubtless less marked than her objections to a resurrected Dual Monarchy, for a restoration of Hapsburgism would be regarded by her, as by her Czechoslovak and Rumanian partners, as a potential threat to her national existence.

The Little Entente view of the solution of the Austrian problem was very well put recently by Dr. Benesh, the Czechoslovak Foreign Minister, who stated that "the Little Entente considers the problem of Austria as one which really could be solved in the interest of European peace by a future peaceful co-operation of Four Great Powers, and the Little Entente would accept the final solution arrived at in common with the Great Powers and in agreement with Austria. . . . It is a question of Austria

herself, in the first place, and of the whole of Europe ”.

Here, perhaps, is a pointer towards the best solution of the Austrian problem. The German Hitlerist scheme in regard to Austria is reprehensible because it implies the unwarranted interference of one State in the internal affairs of another. It would, moreover, inevitably lead to civil war in Austria, and might create international complications as well, for Italy could hardly adopt a passive attitude in the face of such a challenge. The alternative scheme, fostered by Italian diplomacy, for the resurrection in a new form of the Dual Monarchy, with Croatia-Slovenia detached from Yugoslavia and incorporated in a new Hapsburg State, would lead to war. All Yugoslavs, their internal political differences notwithstanding, would stand united to defend the Fatherland from dismemberment. Yet again it must be admitted that the method adopted by the Great Powers since the War, the method of keeping Austria alive in her present form by means of loans on the London and Paris money markets, unaccompanied by economic reconstruction, has proved a costly and, in the long run, disastrous policy both for the pockets of the international bankers and for the *morale* of Austria herself. The right solution of the Austrian problem is surely to treat it as a part of the larger Danubian problem.

In the long run, there will have to be some kind of Danubian Confederation, which ultimately might be the beginning of a wider European federation. Some such idea as this, in general terms, is, I believe, held by British and French diplomacy.

Herr Dollfuss is undoubtedly on the right lines when he declares that Austria's role can better be maintained outside the German Reich than in it. Austria is at once German and something more than German. Austria is a link between Germanism and Slavdom, and combines in herself something of both. Austria cannot make the natural and effective contribution to the political, economic and cultural life of the Danubian area and of Europe which it is in her to make, if she becomes merely a “*Land*” of Herr Hitler's *Dritte Reich*, or a pawn in the game of German or Italian diplomacy. Herr Dollfuss's spirited and gallant fight for the independence of Austria is therefore of more than local political importance. It is a major European interest.

WHAT WOMEN ARE LIKE NOW

BY H. PEARL ADAM

WOMEN pervade English life as they never did before ; and there is no sign—neither promise nor threat—that they have finished exploring, and either annexing or settling in, corners of the map where once they only appeared by accident, if ever. What, then, are these people like ? It is important to know, but the answer is probably only to be found in the Absolute. Women don't know ; men don't know ; any judge would gratefully raise judicial ignorance as a shield against such a question ; a jury would plead the conflicting nature of the evidence.

Of that evidence there is an amount which would make a Somerset House official fling his hands to Heaven. It is rendered all the more voluminous and all the more confusing because women are as busy as men in supplying it. In days when there were more men than women writers matters were easier. Misogynist and amorist had it each his own way, and the two versions on collation rendered something just recognizable as an intended portrait of Woman. By comparing this with individual women individual investigators amassed material on which to base their own opinions.

It was simple, and quite accurate enough to act as a standard of measurement for a subject in which every enquiry is likely to produce variations of a perfectly unprognosticable nature. These were usually given to the public far more swiftly than the findings of any Royal Commission. There may have been poets who thought they were suffering in silence, but few indeed who went to the length of doing it without saying so. “*Mon âme a son mystère ; mon cœur a son secret*”. Every kind of woman born of man was described by various kinds of man born of woman. A distinguished exception was the author of the entry in the first edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

which reads, in its entirety: "Woman: the female of Man. See Homo."

This prudent, almost pusillanimous, writer would today be forced to expand his remarks, if indeed he were not in some respects forced to question his solitary fact. Women have taken in hand the task of describing themselves, and are pursuing it with zest. Their excuse is acceptable. The task had often been abominably mishandled by men, even in their most complimentary mood. There was a tendency to tabulation which was most misleading. Women naturally felt it uncomfortable to be crammed into pigeon-holes labelled with the names of Boadicea or Joan of Arc, Dora or Agnes Copperfield, Mrs. Pendennis or Ethel Newcome, Guinevere or Elaine. They were hardly given a choice between saving their country or swooning on a sofa, betraying a man or dying for him. Always they did needlework in between, or crooned to their children.

In addition to the heavy burden of praise laid upon them they had to bear the age-long jokes of which even the generic headings cannot be cited quickly enough to avoid a sick boredom—Mothers-in-law, brides' cookery, new hats, sitting up for husbands, etc., etc., etc.

For these reasons the social changes which have brought women into that "public market place" so much evoked during the bitter Suffrage War of 1907-14 have also set them at the task of explaining themselves. From the beginning of social intercourse this has been recognized as a very dangerous and usually treacherous undertaking. It is not belying its traditional character. The women are making pretty much the same hash of it as men. The daughters of Mrs. Aphra Behn and Mrs. Beeton write astounding nonsense about women and cookery, but the Cooked-Food Counter can be a help in the second department, while there is but little first-aid for the portraits of women which furnish forth such dreadful canvasses and such unbelievable tales.

The main trouble is the sex-freedom of this age. It would not matter so much if women only refrained from taking their petticoat off to make a banner for nudism. The swing of the pendulum from Victorian reticence gives us the ill-bred shouting which would hardly accompany an achieved intellectual freedom.

Dreadful as it is to think of being married to either Dora or Agnes Copperfield, it is even worse to imagine oneself for ever bound to the modern heroine, who doesn't know sex from intellect, and is ridden and belaboured by both.

If one takes the equator and either pole one can see how this works. Miss Dell's heroines are prudes so sex-ridden that they would hardly like to think there should be a bedroom in a honeymoon house. In the Aldous Huxley school we come upon some ladies who would settle down quite easily in a farm-yard, but there are many more who think a bed is only a settee, if one views it intellectually. One way or another, whether directly or in guise of protest, sex is the chief subject of the fiction of today, more particularly in aspects which used to be confined on the one hand to pathological libraries, and on the other to the music-hall stage and the cheaper comic press.

At the same time, while publishers and authors and readers are in great measure concentrating on the sex-relationship of men and women who belong to this period, the women are certainly doing other jobs as well. The United States has sent a Woman Minister to the Legation at Copenhagen. Amy Mollison's name needs no comment. A similar level of achievement is notable everywhere. Herr Hitler is doing all he can to send women back to the fireside, by way perhaps of a return to the three K's of the Kaiserliche regime—*Kinder, Küche, und Kirche*. It seems unlikely that he will induce the young German woman to forgo the nation-consciousness he himself has induced in her. To her fireside, complete with kettle and cradle, she will perhaps go, as most women would if they could have one such equipment to themselves, and not on charity terms as dependents; but she will not be able to withdraw her mind from the conflict if she withdraws her person from the economic struggle; nor would her husband like it if she did. The ideal husband of today is the ideal husband of all time; he has changed only in this—he does not expect his wife to be a nit-wit, and sometimes does not wish she were.

Then, what is this woman like, that votes, that flies, that boasts of broad-mindedness in love, and sometimes has it, that requires personal and mental liberty herself, and is not very anxious to abuse it; what is she like? Does anyone know?

Her appearance is important in inverse ratio to her size. Dressed in grey on a grey day she would be very nearly invisible, for she is, so far as she can manage it, a mere straight line, having neither depth nor breadth, a one-dimensional nonentity. Lest extinction overtake her, as it threatened Alice, she takes a bite on the other side of the mushroom, and becomes more visible than is just. Her ideal is a totem-pole; of all tall, slender things no other than she and it can cram into so little space so many lines, straight, crossed, in chevron, in echelon, plaided; a jazzy rectangular. Almost, indeed, a return to the Sargent model; before that, to the Botticelli figure; but in modern clothes.

She has more hair than she had. When she cut off her Lilith tresses she became enamoured of the shape of her head. Sometimes it was worthy of affection, sometime one could not love it. Until the Eton crop had appeared, and then left the field to the very few whom it suited, the successive stages of the short-hair period owed their chief distinction to the time when the neat little silver-haired heads of the eighteenth century (Sacha Guitry's production of *Mozart* was a living example) were reflected in the close-lying waves of hair of the twentieth century girl.

It is impossible to consider the appearance of woman today without recognizing the power of the mask. In the matter of make-up, as in dress, the aim is rather effectiveness than naturalism. The face is painted to conform to a changing standard of unreality. The lips are the principal points in the scheme—they must always stand out, sometimes to the point of being startling. No lipstick yet invented being proof against the onslaughts of climate, the caresses of the tongue, the exigencies of eating, and the demonstrations of affection, it follows that the pigment used must be frequently renewed. The ideal followed being art rather than nature, and deception being thus marked out completely, it follows that the process of renewal has become public, with much else connected with the toilet that used to be secret, including large areas of the person concerned.

Clothes also are to be smart rather than becoming. One must certainly pay a tribute to the ready-made dress trade of England. It has in comparatively few years made strides in cut, colour,

and texture, which have lifted the standard of dress to most respectable heights. For instance; brown has been in fashion for a year; and the English lanes and streets have been as full of nut-brown maydes as any autumn hedge of blackberries, thanks to the efforts of stocking-makers, dyers, weavers, and wholesale clothes-manufacturers, which have enabled women to dress, as they could never have done before at five times the money, with a harmony of colour and purity of line which are wholly admirable.

This is a pleasure to the eye, and an economic advantage. Moreover, it should be noticed that the power of dressing well militates against class-warfare by obliterating class distinctions. The Sunday Best has vanished from the British wardrobe. Save in the matter of quality or material and cut the servant is as well dressed now—can be, at any rate—as any woman in England.

The ready-made trade must have the chief credit for this. The rest goes to the cinema. Mary Jane in Tooting knows as soon as Lady Mary in W.1 what is going to be worn, thanks to Hollywood's habit of dressing its sirens six months in advance of the fashions.

This might have caused extra expenditure, but it works the other way. Everyone must have noticed that Mary Jane (Lady Mary may be left to her own devices) now wears a reasonably well-made tailor-made that lasts as long as three "best dresses", because she knew what to choose.

In colour, women may certainly be said to be decorative. The feeling at the moment is for the primary colours, either plain or in design; the Brangwyn Panels pale before some of the results. As a change the lady takes to sable. It is so much of a change that one might almost describe her as going into vivid black.

Something of violence is necessary in her appearance, because it is apparent in her manners. These are difficult to define, because they are as serrated as the peaks of a partly-submerged mountain-range; sometimes there is one, and sometimes there is not; one can only guess (hopefully) that beneath the surface there is solid land, and that the contour map is known to the person principally concerned. The serrations are sharp, and abruptly visible. They represent vestiges of a past era. One

can see the casual modern becoming polite when he or she chooses, as one can see a cook go to the cupboard for an ingredient. "Heavens! I've forgotten the sugar!" is written on the face of both. But the new code of manners is quite as efficient among those who follow it as was ever the courtly school. It was said during the suffrage war that women could hardly expect to have at once the privileges of men and of women. That is a logical and acceptable argument, and it would be absurd to resent it. The young people of today treat each other, and often their elders, with an impersonal brand of rudeness which is rather harsh on the palate, but has nothing worse in it than that. People smoke while drinking port now; in terms of behaviour they do exactly the same thing. If Mr. Sandeman sheds a private tear there's whoopee in the tobacco-fields.

Indeed, this generation is perfectly consistent with itself, and that is a great thing. In its dress, its speech, its amusements, its manner, its mask, its general conduct of life, it has managed to crush the incompatible into homogeneity. It stretches a torn stocking over a cocktail glass to be darned. It goes to a slimming-diet dinner with incarnadined nails that suggest a successful evening kill. Its eyebrows offend it and it plucks them out; its lips it paints to passionate hues, and with them imprints passionless kisses on numbers of faces. It invents dreadful games like "Murder", and reads detective stories in which only a corpse, or some corpses, will satisfy its blood-lust; but it goes to the cinema to see by preference films that should more rightly have come from the oil-gushing areas of the western States than from the reputedly healthy slopes of California.

This double-harness antithesis is particularly noticeable in the modern woman's attitude to love and sex. In the days when it was fashionable to be love-sick, though one might prefer people to be love-well, it was good manners to be reserved about one's feelings. Public caresses and endearments were left to those who had no privacy for which to reserve them. But it was generally understood and expected that those who thus behaved did it entirely in the name of good breeding; that it was, in fact, a sacrifice to the comfort of the general company, to those feelings in other breasts which dictated not only the acts of courtesy but the minutiae of politeness. It was not expected to have any

roots in reality. A Victorian father, due to give his Edwardian daughter away as a bride in an hour or so, and meanwhile presiding over a luncheon he could not touch, responded to her request for some cold beef with the unguarded cry: "My God! I thought you cared for him!" To his mind her last appearance at the table, thus decked in the satin of departure, should have been decorously carried through with normal composure, but without the brutality of appetite. That she might have been less hungry if about to marry a man she disliked did not, till she pointed it out, occur to him.

Nowadays ladylike reserve is not much practised. Reserve is; but being a lady is, in current phraseology, "definitely not done. Absolutely no". People who are ladies follow the rules which lay it down that gentlehood is known chiefly by its being inconspicuous. They are ladies as secretly as they are in love. Both are old-fashioned. Both are a bit of a nuisance, old dear, what? Most poetry supports the second leg of the proposition. The young couple of today makes of the April in its heart a secret darker than most blackmailers or poisoners would keep about their plans. "Don't be a fool, darling", or "Shut up, you idiot!" are phrases which now seem to speak with the tongues of nightingales.

Love is much more efficiently hidden under such phrases than ever it was under the "Yes, my love!" or "Please, dear Lionel!" of the Inlaid Whatnot period. But sex can claim no such retirement. The facts that the world couldn't exist without it, and that our grandfathers said our grandmothers must not mention it, have produced a violence of movement in the pendulum.

Everyone talks of sex, preferably in its perverse aspects. Even when it is quite unnecessary sex appears in a conversation, if only to show—very often only to show—that the speaker is quite up-to-date in having no prejudices against such a topic. People who have been away for a week-end together conceal the presence of parents or spouses as they might be expected to invent it. The black bat Night, far from having flown, is expected to be present before Maud is likely to accept any invitation to the garden. She will also probably require an adequate system of lighting—and shading; a wireless set, and a telephone. At least, she will say so.

Just as one was once expected to postulate innocence of sex-relationship between any two people, so does the conversation of the young postulate its possibility now. They are not seeking to fasten upon themselves any responsibility, for their whole point is that no responsibility attaches to it. Still less any culpability. This being the case, why not make the most of a job you won't call bad? Stage, library, cinema, Press, conversation, clothes, make-up, all propose the thesis that the sex-act is not an accident of passion nor an article in the Decalogue, still less a theme of reprobation; but rather such a normal, free-will, inevitable affair as must be taken for granted like an axiom in Euclid—and if the interlocutors will do that much, thank Heaven we can get on to something else.

Camaraderie is at once an excellent cause and an excellent result of this swing of the pendulum, this insisting on what was hidden. It produces some unpleasant results, but far more benefits. A man can talk, swim, dance, motor, fly with a woman without either supposing that they will have to get married because they have been seen doing these things. It was a rule, no longer ago than at the beginning of the century, that a girl was "making herself conspicuous" if she danced more than three times in one evening with the same man. When the dancing-partner theory came along about 1909, and incidentally killed the chaperon to her infinite content, the new era set it. The war only confirmed it, it was invented before that. The girl who worked outside the home saw the world outside the home. That kind of girl needed no watchdog.

Besides, the watchdog was getting younger or older. She wanted to dance herself, or else she wanted to go to bed. It has been a quick transition from that cleft in the rank of the chaperons to the perfectly competent girl who is as old at twenty, in the matter of taking care of herself, as the chaperon was at forty.

English life, and therefore the English woman, has changed very greatly since the war. People eat less and go out more; the servant difficulty has forced both husband and wife to be almost as handy and ready in domestic matters as Americans, and the Englishwoman knows now that she can have well-kept hands although she does the washing-up, and wear dainty,

diaphanous frocks although she cooks and serves the dinner.

There are many advantages about the new state of things. The English are now free of the eight-course dinner and of the butler.

These were two of the most fear-inspiring aspects of life in a very solid period. One has only to read the menu of an ordinary dinner-party in an ordinary well-to-do house to feel that a leaf of lettuce and a glass of grape-fruit juice would be all one would require for days. This meal was eaten in a room with dark woodwork, wallpaper the colour of dried blood, mahogany furniture, a Turkey carpet, and dark red plush curtains; with heavy gold framed pictures of yet more food, this time not even skinned, nor deprived of the dead eye with which the painted birds and beasts regarded the diners.

Dickens has described one or two wonderful parties of the Victorian period; and that kind of entertaining lasted with but little modification, through Edwardian up to Georgian times, and even till the war. The dinner-party was used to further social and business relationships; it is a wonder that it did not kill them, and that the hostess survived.

As for the butler, he has almost gone too. He was always regarded with something approaching personal terror by all who could not afford to employ him, and sometimes by those lordly ones as well. In the last ten years Hollywood has enjoyed itself making fun of the English butler; it makes him out even more impossibly ducal, impassive, well-bred, and arrogantly respectful, than even the native article ever could be.

The dinner-party and its attendant spirit—or ruling autocrat—being gone, the Englishwoman's home life is free to arrange itself to her liking. In 1933 her house or flat is a miracle of labour-saving, time-saving, service-saving, money-saving and space-saving.

The Englishwoman has taken very kindly to the cocktail-party type of entertaining, even though it has not, as in America, the charm of the illicit. The hostess who sends out cards for such a party, say from five to seven, is careful to see that there is something to eat in the refrigerator; a good cocktail-party is sure to end in a picnic of Heaven knows how many people, all anxious to help in preparing it, and thereby hindering to an extent which can hardly be measured. This sort of free-and-

easy hospitality suits the English down to the ground. They pass for cold and reserved all over the globe, because they are shy, and terribly afraid of butting-in on the privacy of others, whether in their minds or their lives; but where all are friends together nobody will be more whole-heartedly jolly, more irresponsibly ready for anything, more delighted by the most idiotic joke or game or enterprise, than the English man or woman who has over-stepped the prison-wall of diffidence.

In these revels the kitchen, all enamel and chromium and clean bright colours, plays a great part. It is a symbol of the great revolution in English life. Once it was an awful holy of holies that nobody ever even mentioned in the presence of guests. It was kept on a chain downstairs like a watch-dog. An ill-tempered cook ruled it (even an angel's temper would have frayed down there), and a black iron kettle spat on a large black iron stove. A black cat sat on a black fender before it. At night black beetles held army reviews all over the floor. On a winter morning one might go down into this den of darkness and have the nerves thrown from the saddle by seeing a double row of teeth suspended in mid-air and saying " 'Morning, mum ". It was the sweep, having just completed his protective colouring by emptying the chimney of its soot.

Now the kitchen has joined the household party and is being treated like one of the family. This means that the hostess-cook is free of the ill-tempered despot, as well as of all the other dark paraphernalia, with the result that she entertains more and also goes out a great deal more. When the preparation of a meal meant a seclusion of three hours it was a dull affair, especially as it was not to be spoken of afterwards. Now that the kitchen and its works are as public as a newspaper, and sometimes more amusing, the English home is a pleasant place, wherein the hard times are affectionately treated as a faithful kind of joke that doesn't wear out and isn't likely to.

The housewife of today is helped by the fact that, even if she is among the wives who don't work, she probably was a business girl before marriage. That gave her a notion of the terrible drag between income and expense, a tussle only comparable to that of the moon and the sea. It is a wise woman who watches the tide-tables.

Her children are subjects of the keenest and most open speculation to her long before they are born. With an off-hand air she looks after them in childhood and she is philosophical about them as they grow up. She lets them go their own way. This is just as well, as they would certainly do it, even if she didn't let them. But she is doing it with a good grace, perhaps because she has more of a way of her own to go now than she had. She is undoubtedly younger for her age than ever she was, and the middle-aged parents of yesteryear, left beside the fire to dote upon family albums, are now perfectly ready for an evening out together, enjoying themselves and each other, and with quite as much to tell the young ones as the young ones have to tell them; perhaps even as much to keep to themselves.

On the whole, the Englishwoman, model 1933, is an improvement. She dresses better, holds herself better, is more interested in things outside her personal life, and faces the many difficulties of existence under this peace with a fine spirit of good-humoured endurance. She has a much more amusing social life than she had, on a much smaller income. Her interest in sport is one of the most important windows in her outlook. She may use two hot-water bottles in her bed in June, but she will sit in December for two hours watching a football match. She swims in the lunch-hour, and upholds her house-team, if she is a business girl; and in spite of cocktails and cigarettes can put up a good show on the river in an idler environment.

Above all the small motor-car has changed for the better the life of the woman who has risen to a responsible post, or need not work, or has married a man with an adequate income. Even if she only uses it to extend the range of the afternoon bridge-parties to be attended, or to drive more often into town on a shopping expedition, it has added a new interest to her life. Englishwomen are discovering that they are excellent mechanics, and sparking-plugs have begun to enliven many a home which was beginning to settle into the silence of those who are coming to an end of their conversation. The little house on the new by-pass road, with a garage tucked away under the bath-room, and a minute car in it that could almost be stuck into a mackintosh pocket, has taken the place of the town flat in thousands of cases. All that is required is for employers to provide extra pegs, on

which to hang cars during business hours, and there would hardly be a town-dweller left among the garden-loving English.

Among the products of the small car is the New Pub. It varies from the all-night hostelry of the by-pass roads, on which, and therefore near which, speed is considerable, to the real pub which has made its saloon bar and the kitchen garden into a resort for all visitors of what one may call the whisky-and-soda classes. On approaching one of these "Green Man" inns which deliberately become "Ye Olde Greene Manne", a fellow-hiker will say: "Let's go into the bar, the saloon's gone all county." The presence of women in both parts of the public-house is new to English life, save in the towns.

It is all part of a new freedom which has certainly brought with it a new ugliness, as the opponents of the suffrage said it would. But it has also brought a new independence, and in a few years that will have grown into a good plant.

The women of today are to some painted ("a chap doesn't know where he is!"), half-naked, loud-voiced, bad-mannered, and selfish beings. But they require less of the cotton-wool kind of petting, can manage their own affairs, and expect less rectitude of morals from men. They know more about sex than they did, and talk about it far too much. Their lipstick leaves traces which would be more embarrassing if they did not do so much of their kissing in public. They have the vote, and use it, or don't, very much as men do, or don't. But they are as much ashamed of their best sentiments as any man could be, and many of them are as unreasonable and old-fashioned as the heroines of Victorian novels. Most of them are strident young hussies, shamelessly bipped, crudely coloured, gloriously healthy, delightfully high-spirited; they laugh too loud, but they enjoy life, and that is better than the discontented repose of that hateful woman, Lady Clare Vere de Vere. They are splendid friends, all men are their brothers, even when they are in love with each other; they are as silent as the grave about all that is best in their wifedom and motherhood; they are better daughters than they like to make out, and they harbour sentiments to which they would not own unless they can be "trotted out" as a joke. Lovable, very; but it would not be safe to tell them so. It's definitely not done. Absolutely.

THE DEPRESSION IN LANCASHIRE

BY SIR GERALD HURST, K.C., M.P.

IN no part of England has the prevailing depression been more keenly felt than in Lancashire. Its old self-confidence has gone with its splendid wealth. The process by which its cotton goods have gradually been shut out from oversea markets is only too typical of all modern economic history. First, countries on the European continent protected their own textiles within their own boundaries and those of their colonies. Then, India built up manufactures, bought the best mill machinery obtainable in Lancashire, and secured from its executive the imposition of high duties on competitive English goods. Lastly, Japan, exploiting labour, especially women's labour, by long hours and paltry wages, produced and is now producing a huge output with which it can flood every market with cotton cloths to be sold in many instances at prices below the cost of production in any other country except Japan.

No ingenuity either in workmanship or policy could withstand the effects of this persistent and growing invasion of world markets. The protection of the home trade against foreign goods, however useful, is clearly a wholly inadequate set-off against the loss of the main outlets of the cotton industry. Lancashire has for nearly a century enjoyed a high standard of comfort and fostered large-scale social services which bear no relation to the dwindling exports and vanishing incomes of today. Indeed, much of the orthodox political economy in which Lancashire people have believed for generations is now as much out of date as the dialectic of seventeenth or eighteenth century theological controversies. Their classic theory that all will be well if the cost of production is brought down to a minimum (to which England has largely to attribute the long duration of free trade) has no application in an era when the nature of Japanese competition makes any reduction in rates of wages or

overhead charges perfectly negligible. Much eloquence has been devoted by economists and politicians to "rationalization", "reorganization", "combination"; but except for the obvious fact that as some firms perish owing to the hard times, there is a little more chance for the survivors, none of these phrases touch the roots of our decline. Combination may throw more men out of work and thus lead to economy in costs; but it cannot preserve markets. Nor has the view that the manufacturer will sell more by seeking foreign customers for himself than by utilizing the experience of middlemen been substantiated by results on any broad field. The workers have obstinately resisted mechanical improvements in the industry. Their feelings are natural. When their ancestors withstood similar advances in method a century ago, they were met by the true argument that any temporary displacement of labour would soon be richly compensated by the concurrent expansion of foreign markets. Such an argument would be untrue today. Their rigid attitude is, however, incompatible with success against less conservative competitors abroad. Indeed, their judgment is curiously feeble. Women operatives who cheered Gandhi when he visited Lancashire, and men operatives who still devote their time at factory workers' conferences to passing resolutions in vindication of "the Meerut prisoners" are not alive to the realities of their age.

No one can revisit the scenes in which this greatest of British textile industries once reigned opulent and paramount, and see the sky undimmed by the smoke of a thousand chimneys, without a sense of grief and disillusion. Until late years it was rare for any employee of the merchant houses in Manchester to lose his job. These establishments seemed to be the most secure in the country. Largely created in the early and middle years of Queen Victoria by the enterprise and capital of German Jews and other traders, who came over to this country already familiar with the tastes, needs and languages of foreign nations, they served as invaluable links between the Lancashire manufacturer and the oversea buyer. Today they barely survive; and the main streets of Manchester are full of empty offices and warehouses to be let. About a third of the better class shops have closed down. An army of clerks, buyers and salesmen who

have never before known that shifting and unstable world of benefit and dole with which the manual labourer is only too familiar, cannot find work. Outside Manchester itself the whole complicated and highly skilled mechanism of the cotton trade, in which are bound up the prosperity of millions of people and the security of immense capital, is largely paralyzed. Mills have not merely stopped working. They have been largely dismantled, the machinery being sold as scrap. The whole of East Lancashire is in acute distress.

It is natural to ask whether Parliament can do anything to help. Lancashire people are disappointed that the County has gained less advantages than many other areas from the Ottawa agreements and from the recent trade pacts negotiated so successfully by Mr. Runciman. It is, however, difficult to induce other States, whether within or without the Empire, to refuse the claims of their own vested interests to keep up a considerable measure of protection against our cotton goods. The British Government cannot *make* oversea consumers buy British commodities. Nor can it, unfortunately, without grave difficulties disengage even some of the Crown colonies from the entanglement of treaties and conditions of cession that were allowed to accumulate in an age which did not foresee the rise of Japan and in which the Lancashire cotton spinner himself believed in the blessings of universal free imports. Fears are being canvassed in Lancashire by the newly-created Cotton Trade League that any Indian constitution, drafted on the lines of the white paper, will even tend to diminish our existing capacity to sell in India. The unhappy "convention" (so-called) which grew up without any formal basis or sanction, but which has enabled successive Indian Governments to impose high duties on British cotton goods, regardless of the interests of the great masses of Indian consumers, is not apparently to be further reinforced; and it seems probable that the good sense and goodwill of India will not allow the erection of further barriers. Moreover, British goods have not been systematically boycotted, nor has violence been meted out to their sellers or buyers in India in the last few years. Yet, at the same time, if such fears may be undue, there appears to be even less ground for expecting a revival there of the old demand for Lancashire goods. The most hopeful form

of State help has appeared to some to be the negotiation of some agreement with Japan by which its shipments of cotton goods to all Empire markets and to certain Eastern markets can be rationed on a quota basis. For this purpose the British Government possesses considerable bargaining power now that the existing Anglo-Japanese treaties have been denounced, and the quota might well be small, having regard to the trifling amount of goods bought by Japan from British Crown colonies and dependencies, and to her wish to develop other export trades rather than to concentrate on cotton alone. On the other hand, the terms on which the Japanese have so far stated their willingness to negotiate are wholly discouraging.

Meanwhile Japan still draws some advantage from the depreciated yen. Though her range of patterns and colourings is short, she enjoys in specialized types of yarn and cloth the benefit of large scale production and merchanting in the hands of comparatively few companies. Operatives are housed and often fed by spinning and weaving concerns, the heads of which are far less distracted than are their English competitors by the weight of taxation and by labour difficulties.

Lancashire employers realize the gravity of the problem. The various organizations of the cotton trade and the Manchester Chamber of Commerce have impressed their views on the Government and have suggested palliatives for the depression. The Cotton Trade League has agitated in favour of actions which tend to go beyond what a British Government can be expected to take in 1933, for a return to the old colonial system is now impossible. In fact, the Government gave notice in May, 1933, to terminate the application of the Anglo-Japanese agreement to West Africa, a step which will enable Nigeria and the Gold Coast to give the British trader such preferences as he already enjoys in Sierra Leone and Gambia ; but preferences are far less effective than quotas. Meanwhile, according to Dr. Burgin (May 19th, 1933) the consumption of cotton in England sank from three million bales in 1929, to two and a half in 1930, and to just over two in 1931.

It is hoped that the many economic and social advantages offered within the County will attract new trades which will absorb some of its surplus labour. Capital has been widely

written off. Where migration has been possible, families have migrated. It is a sign of Lancashire self-confidence that the spinners have unanimously supported the continuation of the levy for helping the research work of the Empire Cotton Growing Corporation by the Cotton Industry Bill of 1933. It shows that they can still contemplate a time when their raw material will be drawn largely from Empire cotton fields, and when they will no longer be so enormously dependent on supplies from America.

We can only seek comfort from the thought that in the long run character tells. It may well be that Lancashire men, with their wonderful heritage of hard work and self-reliance, will carve out their own salvation in ways which no politician or economist can now imagine and which no mere onlooker will venture to predict. Indeed, in no part of the industrial North have the manhood and *morale* of the people been less undermined by Socialist theories. If there is today *any* way of escape, Lancashire men will find it. If there is not, Lancashire will become a desert.

IRELAND IN THE DOLDRUMS

BY HUGH A. LAW

MY Dictionary defines the doldrums thus: "Low spirits; the dumps; (*nautical*) the parts of the ocean near the equator that abound in calms, squalls and light baffling winds." The word seems apt to describe the present condition of Ireland, north and south; for in the six counties as in other industrial centres only a fitful breeze stirs the dark waters of unemployment. As for the Free State, I have never known my countrymen, whether keen students of politics or people whose thoughts are centred on the domestic hearth, so thoroughly in the dumps. Not that we fear a tempest, but rather that we seem to have drifted into strange and dangerous seas, and have no great confidence (many of us) in the captain, and even doubt if he himself knows to what port he would steer.

The elections of January last confounded the prophets, an oft-deceived but resilient tribe, in point of date and of result. Few, not being of the household of his faith, believed that Mr. de Valera would so soon demand another popular verdict in his favour; fewer still that he would obtain it. For, brief as was the interval between the two elections, it was long enough to make the hopes and promises of 1932 look mighty foolish. The Ottawa Conference had come and gone, leaving us, as was inevitable, upon the wrong side of the fence. The new British policy of quotas for agricultural produce, from which our geographical position and the magnitude of our imports from Great Britain would in happier circumstances entitle us to expect great benefit, was being steadily developed. We had been assured that John Bull would never

Quarrel with minced-pies and disparage
His best and dearest friend, plumb-porridge."

It may be so. His fortitude was not put to the test; for we had plenty of rivals in the British market only too ready to take our

place. Week by week our trade was falling. The taxes which were to have been diminished had increased. And yet—we returned Mr. de Valera to power once more, and with an increased majority.

Perhaps it will be worth while to ask why we did this, distinguishing if we can between the causes which were evidently ephemeral and those which appear likely to operate for some time to come. The dissolution was announced just when people were beginning to talk of a National Union of all the groups opposed to Mr. de Valera's policy, and premature publication of an inchoate plan is thought by some to have lowered the prestige of Mr. Cosgrave's party, which was wrongly supposed to have lost confidence in itself. An uglier incident of the Election was the intimidation exercised in some constituencies, where concerted efforts to break up opposition meetings were only frustrated by the resolute action of the Civic Guard, aided by the young stalwarts of the Army Comrades' Association, and where voters and presiding officers were subjected to illegal pressure. More widespread and of greater consequence was the personation of voters. A friend whose knowledge of the city and its inhabitants is perhaps unrivalled tells me that, from his own observation, he believes the number of such offences in Dublin alone to have been not less than 3,000. Others put them higher. Unhappily there is nothing in our traditions to render the charge improbable or to assure us against the repetition of such action in the future. Only the other day a follower of Mr. de Valera informed the Dáil that he saw no harm in voting on behalf of a person whose political opinions one knew. If, said he, a poor man were sick, or were absent by reason of death or other disability, "surely it was doing him a good turn." I should not care to wager that these sentiments were not common to many of his hearers. One of the most curious traits of the Irish peasant is this: however honest he himself may be (and there are few countries where ordinary debts are more scrupulously met, or where one can with such perfect confidence leave one's door unbolted day and night), he cannot but admire him who "bests" his opponent by superior cunning. Especially is this true of the polling-booth and of the law-court. For we regard

politics and litigation as a battle of wits, a game of skill, of which the rules sanction hard swearing and roguery. How it comes that a race whose heroic legends show so many examples of magnanimity, whose chieftains even in historic times disdained night attacks as offering them an unfair advantage over their enemies, should be thus tolerant of trickery in public affairs, I am unable to determine. But so it is.

Nevertheless it would be a mistake to think that Fianna Fáil's victory did not, when due allowance is made for all this, fairly enough represent the mood of the moment, or that that mood has since greatly changed. For two factors of far greater consequence now fall to be considered. In the first place this was a war-time election, at which Mr. de Valera was able to present himself as the champion of Irish rights. "Choose your own government: don't let John Bull choose it for you" was a slogan far more effective than the reasoned arguments and carefully compiled statistics of the Opposition. Those who expected the electors to seek safety first reckoned without that willingness to suffer punishment rather than admit oneself beaten, without which no war could be long sustained. Many were in the mood to endure sacrifice, and many more to enforce sacrifice upon their neighbour.

For here comes in the second factor: the nature of our present-day electorate. If there is one man more responsible for our present troubles than Mr. de Valera, that man is Mr. Lloyd George. Were some other qualification for the franchise still required than to have attained one's twenty-first year, no Irish Government would have dared take such risks with the livelihood of its citizens. The farmers and heads of families would have seen to that. As it is, the Act of 1918 not only encompassed the immediate ruin of Constitutional Nationalism (of which continued union of the Crowns was as much a part as separation of the Legislatures), but threw power into the hands of the least stable and responsible section of our people, that least appreciative of economic argument and most susceptible to political rhetoric. Nor was the evil thus done either transitory or confined to economics. For it is precisely among the young that the flame of republicanism burns most fiercely. The contrary would, I know, appear more probable. There was a time when

patriotic Irishmen might well have despaired of redress of grievances otherwise than through separation. Elderly people like myself remember days when the abuses of a land system which no one now defends were in full operation, and it is but the other day that the Legislative Union, which few would now restore, was abolished. Men not yet of middle age have bitter personal memories of the Black and Tan regime.

But it is not chiefly by participants in the last Anglo-Irish struggle, still less by older folk, that the demand is now made that Ireland should withdraw from the Commonwealth; but by those who were schoolchildren when the Treaty was signed in 1921. Since, year by year, these and their successors must grow more numerous on the Parliamentary Register, many cool observers now regard the proclamation of a Twenty-Six County Republic as inevitable. Some would even welcome it, arguing that only by yet bitterer experience of the fruits of separation can its advocates be disillusioned and the reintegration of a united Ireland as an active and heart-whole partner in the British Commonwealth of Nations be accomplished. For myself, I distrust the thesis (which so long misled a section of French Royalists) that things must be worse before they can be better. Looking at it simply as an Irishman, I see enormous evils which must immediately result, and I have no great confidence in the ultimate cure. Nor do I yet despair of the existing constitution. Loyalty and liberty are not always opposed, nor is an extremist necessarily an irreconcilable. Two at least of the late Ministry, which did so much to re-establish good relations between the Free State and Britain, were at one time members of the Irish Republican Brotherhood and leaders of the pre-truce I.R.A. Mr. Cosgrave himself was out in 1916; but this is what he said to a recent gathering in Dublin:

A republic for twenty-six counties can be had for what it is worth immediately and without parliamentary difficulty. Who wants it? . . . This party has always had and still has a policy of national union. . . . Unity can come, but only through goodwill towards our fellow-countrymen in the north. It can never be accomplished by swashbuckling or by sabre-rattling or by empty speeches. It can only be accomplished through our membership of the British Commonwealth of Nations and the institutions based on the freedom guaranteed by such membership.

In this Mr. Cosgrave undoubtedly expressed the mind not only

of his own party, the second largest in the State, but also of a great number of other citizens, ranging in political opinion from die-hard Unionists to Republicans of the older school. These last must inevitably regard the acceptance of any settlement which does not embrace the whole of Ireland as an even greater betrayal of National Faith than the Treaty they have so often denounced.

Nor can I believe that the Irish clergy would willingly accept an arrangement by which the arch-diocese of Armagh, the See of St. Patrick, would be divided, not merely as at present between two distinct but between two alien States; nor yet one which threatens us with such a species of Government as we now see in Spain. Of late years the Church has withdrawn from any share in purely political affairs; but, notwithstanding this wise refusal to be embroiled in party strife, several of the Catholic Bishops, seeing the growing insolence of revolutionary organizations, have again felt constrained to issue grave warnings to the young men of the country.

"It is the duty of every Irishman, whether of military age or not, to avoid the I.R.A.," said Dr. O'Doherty of Galway in a recent address to his people. "The two organizations (the I.R.A. and Saor Eire) to which we have referred are sinful and irreligious, and no Catholic can be a member of them. . . . A member of the I.R.A. when ordered to kill, must kill or be killed. The Church says the act is murder. If they shoot you down, they are murderers." Prominent leaders of the I.R.A., declared the Bishop of Kerry a few days later, were among those who were endeavouring to organize a Communist Party in Ireland; and the I.R.A. itself "had given public expression to Communist policy, a policy opposed both to the authority of the country and to the teaching of Christ." Moreover they were administering oaths purporting to bind recruits. "I must tell you that any oath of that kind is not binding. It is a sin to take it and a sin to keep it."

While therefore it would be improper and untruthful to claim the clergy, or a majority of them, as attached to any political party, we can plainly count upon them to help in preventing us from being simply bullied into republicanism. Moreover the I.R.A. is by no means having things all its own way with the younger

generation. Much of its attraction for youth lies in the glamour attaching to a semi-military organization; an attraction equally to be found in the ranks of the Army Comrades' Association, a body originally founded to serve the interests of ex-Service men, but now open to all males of good character who are prepared to pledge themselves to resist Republican-Communism. From what I can hear it would seem that the A.C.A. is making steady progress in all parts of the country, and is now both in number and spirit quite a match for its opponents.

Meanwhile Mr. de Valera still lives in that twilight world of his own, where nothing is clear-cut, where everything both is and is not at the same moment. He hopes, so he has told the Dáil, to proclaim "the Republic" when "the people" shall have intimated their pleasure on that behalf. But whether the "Republic" is to extend to the whole of Ireland, and whether the "People" whose suffrage shall determine the issue are, or are not, to include the electorate of the six counties, is left as uncertain as ever. "Let it be made clear" he exclaimed in another recent speech "that we yield no willing assent to any form or symbol that is out of keeping with Ireland's right as a sovereign nation. Let us remove these forms one by one, so that this State that we control may be a Republic in fact, and that when the time comes, the proclaiming of the Republic may be no more than a ceremony, the formal application of a status already attained."

This is a most characteristic utterance, both in the emphasis placed on "forms and symbols" and inasmuch as the more it is studied the more obscure it becomes. No one knows better than Mr. de Valera, who in opposition was often heard on this theme, that "Ireland" and "this state that we control" are not synonymous. You may aim at ending partition or at establishing a twenty-six county Republic, but you cannot aim at both together, since the two targets are leagues apart. It may well be indeed that here is a rock on which the Republican movement will sooner or later split. This being so, it is easy to see why Mr. de Valera should be careful to avoid too precise a definition of his purpose. Yet with him one can never say how much is shrewd calculation and how much the natural reflection of a mind resembling the monsters dear to the old illuminators of Irish

manuscripts which, after writhing this way and that, end by swallowing their own tails. Thinking of him I am often reminded of the words in which a distinguished French writer sums up the peculiarities of ancient Irish art :

Analyser cet art subtil et fluide qui aime—comme on bâterait un paradoxe—à équilibrer une masse par son contraire, dont le jeu habituel est de faire paraître obscur ce qui est clair et net ce qui est embrouillé, qui se délecte à donner un air de folie à ses constructions les plus raisonnables, et qui préfère d'emblée les fantaisies de l'esprit aux formes de la nature, n'est-ce pas jusqu'à un certain point définir et résumer ce que nous savons des Celtes ? *

Under such guidance who can say in what direction we are being led ? Two things only are clear. The first is that the resources, material as well as moral, painfully built up during the first ten years of the State's existence, have already been squandered and the future put in pawn ; the second that, as is happening elsewhere, personal liberty is in ever greater peril at the hands of the State. No farmer can now count upon being permitted to grow the crops he finds most suitable to his land, nor even—if forecasts of the new Land Bill are approximately accurate—of being allowed to retain his lands at all. No business man knows at what moment the Government may not wreck his business by sudden departures in fiscal policy or ill-considered regulation. No rentier can be sure that he may not be arbitrarily deprived of half his income ; no trustee that the funds he administers may not be taken from him. By a Bill now before Parliament, it is actually proposed to reduce enormously the capital of the Great Southern Railway, not even the debenture stock being spared ; and to do this without any consultation with the shareholders and against the protests of the directors, who, by the way, are to be displaced to make room, apparently, for nominees of the Executive Council. When it is remembered that the prior stocks of this company are among the very few Irish investments in which trustees and charitable institutions were permitted, indeed, encouraged by the Courts, to invest moneys, and that hundreds of people are wholly dependent upon the income thus derived, the extraordinary nature of these proposals will be appreciated.

* *La Sculpture Irlandaise, pendant les douze premiers siècles de l'Ere Chrétienne. Par Françoise Henry.*

No doubt interference with the established rights of farmer, trader and investor could be justified as a part of a well-conceived plan of national reconstruction. But of such a plan there is no sign whatever. Rather we have the incoherence of a nightmare. It is true that the Minister for Industry and Commerce boasts of hundreds of new factories established under his fostering care ; but he deems it “ not in the public interest ” to reveal where they are, what they produce, or how many hands they employ. It is true that our export trade has not yet been entirely extinguished, the Government being driven, in flat opposition to its own previously declared policy, to keep it alive by bounties and subsidies which, by April 30th, had already cost the Irish taxpayer £1,500,000. Some of the consequences are remarkable. Thus, in order that English people may have Irish butter at eightpence or ninepence a pound, the Irish consumer must first pay its exporter eighty-three shillings a hundredweight, and then purchase what remains on the home market at 1s. 4d. a lb. Thus again, having laid an import duty of five shillings a ton on British coal, our Government solemnly proceeds to offer a subsidy to Irish-owned colliers, while placing such limits on the vessel's tonnage as to insure that they can go no farther than British ports.

Small wonder that Mr. J. M. Keynes should have begged a Dublin audience to consider whether the Free State was “ a large enough unit, with sufficiently diversified natural resources, for more than a very modest measure of national self-sufficiency to be feasible without a disastrous reduction in a standard of life already none too high ” ; and, if they answered this question in the affirmative, to make sure by a slow series of experiments that they were on the right road. For, as he said, “ no one has a right to gamble with the resources of a people by going blindly into technical changes imperfectly understood ” ; all the more because “ agricultural processes have deep roots, are resistant to change and disobedient to administrative order, and yet are frail and delicate, so that when they have suffered injury they are not easily restored.” Small wonder, too, that Mr. Hogan, late Minister of Agriculture, should have told the Dáil a few days ago that “ three-fourths of the farmers of the country are reaching the position when they do not expect to live out of farms but out of doles.”

More and yet more subsidies on the one hand ; more and yet more state control upon the other ; in these two phrases may be summed up the domestic policy of the present Government. How long this can continue without precipitating a catastrophe I do not pretend to guess. Perhaps there will be no catastrophe, but only such a gradual lowering of the standard of life as Mr. Keynes feared. Only today I was talking with a man, one still able for a harder day's work than most of the juniors, who told me that in his youth in this district tea was commonly sold by the half-ounce and sometimes by ha'pennyworths. On week days it was then drunk only by the oldest member of a family, the young (even though adult) having to be content, when milk was not to be had, with sips of sweetened water. He used to long, he said, for Sunday to come round, so that he might have a share of the teapot. As things are going, we may very well find ourselves back in the economic conditions that obtained just after (Heaven send it be not in those that obtained just before) the Great Famine.

But let me end on a more cheerful note. I am thankful to be able to record that, despite all these distresses, public order is well maintained. Indeed, I do not remember any time when agrarian or political crime (illegal drilling excepted) was less prevalent. Let me add that, if any Englishman contemplating a visit to this country fears to meet with hostility, he will on arrival be agreeably surprised. In nothing, perhaps, are the ways of the two islands more contrary than in this : that the English, who are unable to sustain a healthy hatred of any other nation for long together, can never quite bring themselves in social commerce to do more than tolerate a foreigner ; while we, who will nurse a public grievance for three centuries, delight in the company of strangers, often preferring it to that of our own countrymen. In which thing, at least, as you will readily allow, we show ourselves to be persons of taste and nice discrimination.

CHRISTS IN THE TIROL

BY D. H. LAWRENCE

THE real Tirol seems to come not far south of the Brenner, and to extend right north to the Starnberger See. Even at Sterzing the rather gloomy atmosphere of the Tirolese Alps is dispersing, the approach of the south is felt. And strangely enough, the roadside crucifixes become less and less interesting after Sterzing. Walking from Munich down to Italy, I have looked at hundreds of *Martertafeln*, and now I miss them ; these painted shrines on Lake Garda are not the same.

I, who see a tragedy in every cow, began by seeing one in the Secession pictures in Munich. All these new paintings seemed so shrill and restless. Those that were meant for joy shrieked joy, and sorrow was dished as a sensation, curiously, subtly spiced. I thought of some of our English artists, that seem to suck their sadness like a mournful lollipop. That is, at any rate, a more comfortable way. And then, for miles and endless miles, one must walk past crucifixes.

I got rather scared of them in the end. At first they were mostly factory-made, so that I did not notice them, any more than I noticed the boards with warnings, except just to observe they were there. And then, coming among the others carved in wood by the peasant artists, I began to notice. They create almost an atmosphere, an atmosphere of their own on the countryside.

The first I really *saw*, and the one that startled me into awareness, was in a marshy place at the foot of the mountains. A dead Christ hung in an old shrine. He was broad and handsome, he was a Bavarian peasant. I looked at his body and at his limbs, and recognized him almost as one of the men I had seen in the Gasthaus the evening before : a peasant farmer, working himself to the bone, but not giving in. His plain, rudimentary face stared straight in front, and the neck was stiffened. He might

have said: "Yes, I am suffering. I look at you, and you can see me. Perhaps something will happen, will help. If not, I'll stick it". I loved him. He seemed stubborn and struggling from the root of his soul, his human soul. No Godship had been thrust upon him. He was human clay, a peasant Prometheus Christ, his poor soul bound in him, blind, but stubborn, struggling against the fact of the nails.

And after him, when I see so many Christs posing on the Cross, à la Guido Reni, I recognize them as the more conventional symbol, as devoid of personal meaning as is our St. George and the Dragon, and I go by.

But then there are so many Christs that are men, carved by men. In the Zemna valley, right in the middle of the Tirol, there are half-a-dozen crucifixes, evidently by the same worker. They have all got the same body and the same face, though one has a fair beard. The largest of them is more than life-size. He has a strangely brutal face, that aches with weariness of pain, and he looks as if he were just dead. He has fallen forwards on the cross, the weight of his full-grown mature body tearing his hands on the nails. And on his rather ugly, passionate mouth is despair and bitterness and death. The peasants, as they drive their pack-horses along the dark valley, take off their hats in passing, half afraid. It is sombre and damp, and there hangs the falling body of the man who has died in bitterness of spirit. There is something dreadful about the bitter despair of the crucifix. I think of the man that carved it. He was afraid. They were nearly all afraid, when they carved and erected these monuments to physical pain, just as the sturdy peasants are afraid, as they take off their hats in the mountain gloom.

They are afraid of physical pain. It terrifies them. They raise, in their startled helplessness of suffering, these Christs, these human attempts at deciphering the riddle of pain. In the same way, more or less, they paint the little pictures of some calamity—a man drowned in a stream, or killed by a falling tree—and nail it up near the spot where the accident occurred. There are thousands of these pictures, painted just as a child would do them. A man is seen immersed in water up to the waist, his hands in the air. The water flows wildly, a bridge stands serenely, the man must either have his feet on the bottom

or must be performing some rare swimming miracle. But it says the bridge broke beneath him and he was drowned. Yet he is seen hallooing wildly, the water not up to his breast. His neighbour painted the picture, partly out of a curious love of sensational mishap, partly out of genuine dread lest a bridge should fall under himself also. His family nailed the picture to the tree at the end of the broken bridge, partly to get prayers for his soul, partly to insist on the fact that "in the midst of life we are in death". And we, as we look at it—when we are not amused—wonder if we have as great a horror and terror of death and pain as these people have; or if our horror and terror are only a little more complex; and if all art is not a kind of accustoming ourselves to the idea of suffering and death, so that we can more and more comprehend them, even if we do not really understand.

I can do with all the Christs that have a bit of fight in them, or some stillness of soul. But I hate the Christs who just suffer, or who just whine. Some of them look up to heaven, turn their eyes skyward and pull down the corners of their mouths. Then I say: "You haven't got it bad enough, my dear fellow. Your cross isn't much more than an ailment for you to whine about". Some of them look pale and done-for, and I think: "Poor devil, he hadn't got much spunk". And then, some are just nothing. Indeed, I used to think I never should see a Christus who was anything but neutral. In their attempts at drawing Jesus the artists have made so many bloodless creatures, neither man nor woman, and a good deal less interesting than either. They have extracted so many mundane qualities, that they have left nothing but a fishy neutrality, usually with curled hair, and offered it to us as a picture of Jesus.

I return to my peasant Christs, that I love. I have mentioned the stubborn, Prometheus Christ, and the bitter, despairing Christ, and the Christ like a pale, dead young man who has suffered too much, and the rather sentimental Christ: all of them men, and rather real.

Then, in a tiny glass case beside a high-road in the mountains, sits another Christ that half makes me laugh and half makes me want to sit down and weep. His little head rests on his hand, his elbow on his knee, and he meditates, half wearily. I am

strongly reminded of Walther von der Vogelweide, and the German mediæval spirit. Detached, he sits and dreams and broods, in his little golden crown of thorns and his little red flannel cloak, that some peasant woman has stitched. "*Couvre-toi de gloire—couvre-toi de flannelle*", I think to myself. But he sits and dreams and broods. I think he is the forefather of the warm-hearted German philosopher and professor.

Beyond the Brenner, there seems again a kind of falsity in the Christs. The wayside chapels became fearfully ornate and florid, the Christus neutral, or sensational. There is in a chapel near St. Jakob the most ghastly Christus it is possible to imagine. He is seated, after the crucifixion, and in the most dreadful bloody mess. His eyes, which are turned slightly to look at you, are bloodshot till they are scarlet and glistening, and the very iris seems crimsoned. Where the skin is torn away at the wounds, the living red muscles are bare, and one can almost see the intestines, red with blood, bulging from the hole in the side. And the misery, and the almost low hate, the almost criminal look on the bloody disfigured face, is shocking. That is a Christ of the new, sensational sort.

I have not seen anyone salute the Christus, south of the Brenner, in the Austrian Tirol. There is a queer feeling about Austria, as if it were waiting to take its impression from some other nation. On the Franco-German frontier, one feels two distinct and antagonistic nationalities, mixing but not mingling. But Austria merges into Germany on one side, and merges into Italy on the other, till one looks for Austria, and wonders where it is. And Austria seems to be looking for itself. Its soldiers have no more nationality than the Chocolate Soldier's, and the Austrian official uniform is worthy of an essay to itself. It creates a dandy and a decent fellow, but no impression of office. At the back of the German official is Germany, at the back of an Austrian official—a gentle deprecation.

So, in Austria, I have seen a fallen Christus. It was on the Taufen, not so very far from Meran. I was looking at the snow, and descending through the cold morning air, when I noticed a little Christus shed, very old. It was all of aged, silvery-grey wood, covered on the top with a thicket of grey-green lichen. And on the rocks at the foot of the cross was

the armless Christus who had tumbled down, and lay on his back, in a weird attitude. It was one of the old peasant Christs, carved out of wood, with the curious long, wedge-shaped shins that are characteristic. The arms had broken off at the shoulders, and hung on their nails, as the *ex voto* limbs are hung in the shrines. But these dangled from their palms, upside-down, the muscles carved in wood looking startling. And the icy-cold wind blew them backwards and forwards. I dared not touch the fallen image, nor the arms. I wish a priest would go and make it right. And I wish he would wash off the nasty and sensational streams of blood that flow from the brow and knees and feet, hundreds of red stripes, down the body of so many Austrian Christs. They hide the man, and make a messy horror.

And I suppose most of the carvers of these wayside crucifixes were right. There was a Christ who rebelled against his suffering, and one who was bitter with a sense of futility, and one who gave in to his misery, and one who hated the persecutors, and one who dreamed wistfully, all on the same cross. And perhaps there was one who was peaceful in his sense of right, and one who was ashamed for having let the crowd make beasts of themselves, batten on his suffering, and one who thought: "I am of you, I might be among you, yelling at myself in the same cruel way. But I am not, and that is something——".

All those Christs, like a populace, hang in the mountains under their little sheds. And perhaps they are falling, one by one. And I suppose our Christs in England are such as Hamlet and Tom Jones and Jude the Obscure.

THE DECLINE OF THE JURY SYSTEM

BY C. H. S. FIFOOT

IT may seem a paradox to say that the real difficulty in the administration of justice lies, not so much in the application of the law, as in the discovery of the facts. It does not, however, need much experience of the courts to establish the truth of this statement. The rules of law applicable to any particular case may, with tolerable ease, be deduced from general principles, and the ingenuity of the judges is excited rather than exhausted by the evasion of inconvenient decisions. To unravel complicated issues of fact, to assess the value of imperfectly recorded evidence, to tread delicately through a maze of perjury and misunderstanding, these tasks demand at once patience, experience and an appreciation of psychology. Yet these are the tasks which, under the system of Trial by Jury, have been entrusted to the "twelve reasonable persons" selected at random and required, in an unfamiliar atmosphere, to evolve order out of chaos.

The jury, though regarded as a typically English institution, is not indigenous in our soil. It was introduced by the Norman and Angevin Kings to supplement the deficiencies of more barbarous methods of trial. The characteristic of all these earlier processes was their recognition of human impotence in the face of disputed issues of fact. The knot was too hard for base mortals to untie: it must be cut by the hand of God. Trial by Ordeal presents the most obvious illustration of this attitude. It might take many forms. If the ordeal were by hot water, the accused plunged his hand or his arm, according to the gravity of his alleged offence, into a bowl of boiling water and picked out a stone which was suspended in it. If his hand or arm came out uninjured, it was assumed that heaven had worked a miracle to declare his innocence: otherwise he was guilty. In the ordeal of cold water, he was tied with his thumbs to his toes and thrown

into a stream. If he sank, he was innocent, if he floated he was guilty. In both cases the trial would seem to have been conducted on the principle, "Heads I win, Tails you lose". In yet another instance, the accused was given a piece of bread from the altar. If he swallowed it, he was innocent; if, like Macbeth's Amen, it stuck in his throat, he was guilty. A similar intervention of providence was anticipated in the case of Trial by Battle. It was not a mere gladiatorial combat, but a direct appeal to heaven, and God would defend the right.

These methods of trial, however spiritually satisfying, could not withstand, even in the Middle Ages, the advance of human scepticism. The idea of catechising neighbours on disputed questions of fact, the answers to which they might be expected to know, was used under Henry II to assist the administration of justice, and it is from this time that the history of the jury in England can be said to date. From the first the jury took two forms. On the one hand, there was the Grand Jury or Jury of Presentment, whose duty was, not to try cases, but to "present" accusations of crime. This it might do either from its own knowledge or, more often, by examining the evidence of witnesses and endorsing or rejecting their suspicions, as it thought fit. If it endorsed them, it was said to "present a true bill" against the accused, if it rejected them, it "ignored" the bill and the charge was dropped. On the other hand, there was the Petty Jury, the twelve persons who actually tried the case and found for or against the defendant. Their services were available as early as the thirteenth century both in civil and in criminal cases, but in the latter the consent of the accused was technically required. The "consent", however, was extorted by a process known as the "peine forte et dure", whose employment casts an indelible stain on the administration of English justice and tempers the complacency with which we are accustomed to assert that the use of torture has been unknown in our history. Chief Justice Danby, in describing it to an unfortunate prisoner in 1464, thus explained it. "You will be sent", he said, "to the prison from which you came to us and will have on your body a weight of stones and iron as great as you can bear *and greater*; and you will eat one day brown bread and drink the next day stagnant water, until you be dead". This barbarity

was actually practised as late as 1734, and was introduced as a welcome symbol of European civilization into Massachusetts at the close of the seventeenth century. It may seem incredible that any persons should choose to undergo such torture rather than submit to trial by jury. The explanation lies in the fact that if a prisoner avoided a formal judgment of guilty, his property would not be forfeited to the Crown, and his family would escape destitution. Despite the occasional necessity of such official "persuasion", the jury, once introduced, rapidly became a familiar factor in the machinery of English justice, and, by the close of the seventeenth century, was regarded as almost inevitable. It had meanwhile travelled with the Pilgrim Fathers to America, where it was eventually guaranteed in all criminal cases, and in all civil cases in which the amount at stake exceeded twenty dollars, by the United States Constitution. It was introduced into France in 1791, and has since been adopted by most Continental countries. But though our national complacency may be flattered by so general an acceptance of an institution which, though not indigenous, has long been naturalized and cultivated on our soil, foreign lawyers are by no means enthusiastic in their estimate of its efficiency. A distinguished French lawyer, M. Barthélemy, has offered severe criticism. "It produces", he says, "the most amazing results. Composed for the most part of *petits bourgeois*, it manifests extreme severity in dealing with crimes against property and an equally astonishing indulgence towards personal offences. It would be futile to suggest that it concerns itself with the legal consequences of its verdict, and, in the result, crimes for which the theoretical penalty is severe are permitted to pass almost unpunished: as, for example, crimes of passion, infanticide and arson. In political cases, more especially in trials for defamation, it would be better to hazard one's cause on a throw of the dice than on the decision of the jury."

It is not necessary to go even as far afield as France to obtain criticism of the jury. In Ireland it has never proved a success. Serjeant Sullivan, than whom no more practised or competent observer could be found, has recorded his impressions in the *Cambridge Law Journal* in a series of damning, if amusing, anecdotes. "Whatever the evidence might be", he says, "a

Limerick court would acquit anybody", and he reinforces his statement with a typical incident. "In acquitting a man of stabbing, in spite of the evidence, the judge stood up and, pointing to the jury on his left, said: 'These twelve gentlemen on my left say you are not guilty, so I have to discharge you, and I would invite you, Michael, to take a good look at them so that you will know them afterwards, because I promise you this: if you treat any one of them as you have treated the prosecutor in this case, you will not receive one day's imprisonment from me, even if you are convicted of it'."

It may be argued with some plausibility that, if the jury is not a success in other countries, the fault lies, not in any defect inherent in the jury itself, but in the national characteristics of the people for whose use it has been borrowed. In the words of Sir William Holdsworth, "while it is easy to transplant an institution like the jury, it is not possible to transplant the environment in which it was developed and in which it flourishes". It may be that there is some element in the English character, some reverence for the solemn processes of the law, a sanctified litigiousness, which generates an atmosphere favourable to the employment of the jury. There is at least a long line of eminent legal authority, from Fortescue to Coke and from Blackstone to Sir William Holdsworth, ready to approve and defend it. Modern judges, on the other hand, express a much more qualified approval, and the layman, for whose use it presumably exists and from whose ranks its members are drawn, is certainly sceptical of its qualities. During the last twenty years various committees, both of commercial men and of lawyers, have sat to assess its utility in the modern state, the most recent of which is the Business of the Courts Committee appointed by Lord Sankey in 1932 under the chairmanship of Lord Hanworth, the Master of the Rolls. As a result of the interim report of this latter Committee, a Bill called the Administration of Justice (Miscellaneous Provisions) Bill has been introduced by Lord Sankey into the House of Lords, abolishing the Grand Jury and, with certain exceptions, giving the judge an absolute discretion in all civil cases to say whether a Petty Jury shall be called or not. The Bill has received some criticism, both at the hands of magistrates and of the Bar Council, and perhaps the best method of estimating its value

is to consider separately the cases of the Grand and of the Petty Jury.

The arguments in favour of the retention of the Grand Jury have been summarized by Sir William Holdsworth in a series of lectures delivered in 1928 to the North-Western University in Chicago and reprinted under the title of *Some Lessons from our Legal History*. He lays stress, in the first place, on its historical significance as a safeguard against groundless or political prosecutions. Thus the attempt of Charles II to convict Lord Shaftesbury of High Treason was defeated because the Grand Jury refused to return a True Bill against him. Sir William Holdsworth cites in support of his contention a verse from Defoe's *True Born Englishman* :

"The meanest English Plowman studies law
And keeps thereby the magistrates in awe,
Will boldly tell them what they ought to do
And sometimes punish their omissions too."

The verse is a tribute to the enthusiasm with which Englishmen of all ages have welcomed any recognition of the sturdy independence of their character ; but it would be interesting to speculate whether the ploughman of the eighteenth century would have been the more astonished at the invitation to sit with his betters in the Grand Jury or at the prospect of teaching law to the Squire. In the second place, Sir William Holdsworth suggests that the opportunity of meeting in the Grand Jury and discussing questions of law with the judge has always proved of great value to the Justices of the Peace in educating them to an adequate appreciation of their own duties in Quarter or Petty Sessions.

It is submitted that neither of these arguments, however cogent they may have been in the past, possesses validity today. The truth is, as was pointed out by the supporters of the new Bill on its second reading in the House of Lords, that the existence, in the modern legal system, of the preliminary examination conducted by the magistrates in all cases where persons are indicted for an offence has rendered the retention of the Grand Jury an unnecessary luxury. If a man is charged with a serious crime, he is now brought before a Bench of magistrates who hear the witnesses for the prosecution and give the defendant a chance of showing his defence. If the magistrates think that

the prosecution have not made out a *prima facie* case, the prisoner is discharged : if they think the case is sufficiently suspicious to warrant further investigation, they commit him for trial at Assizes or Quarter Sessions. Such a procedure, it might be thought, guarantees English subjects against the possibility of groundless prosecutions. But, as the law now stands, the whole process is repeated before the Grand Jury at the expense both of money and of time. Moreover, as Lord Sankey pointed out, the number of cases thrown out by Grand Juries is infinitesimal, and, even when this step is taken, it is always adopted under the directions of the judge. Lord Darling stated that he could not recall a single instance in which a Grand Jury said that there was no True Bill unless the judge had plainly indicated the expediency of such a course. The educative value of the procedure to the magistrates is still more doubtful. Such an argument would, at the most, apply only to the case of Assizes and not to that of Quarter Sessions, where a Judge is not present to offer his advice, and if Justices of the Peace are unable to conduct their business without the very scanty experience they derive as members of a Grand Jury, it is time they were replaced in every case by a professional judge. To achieve so doubtful an end no fewer than 22,272 persons were summoned to attend the courts in 1931. In the words of Lord Darling, "it is hardly worth while putting so many people to trouble and expense simply in order that some of the grand jurors may receive what is equal to a University education".

The balance of arguments would seem to be strongly in favour of the abolition of the Grand Jury. The encroachments made by the new Bill on the sphere of the Petty Jury arouse more controversy. To appreciate their significance it would be as well to indicate somewhat more precisely the part at present played by the jury in the machinery of justice. Crimes are divided into "summary offences", tried by the Justices of the Peace in what are popularly called the Police Courts, and "indictable offences", or more serious charges, tried at the Assizes or Quarter Sessions. The former are never heard by a jury, the latter always. No change is proposed in either system. In the sphere of the civil or non-criminal law, the jury is more or less employed according to the court in which the case is heard. A vast amount of litiga-

tion is conducted in the various county courts scattered all over the country. In 1931 the total number of cases so heard was 25,721, and of these only 486 were tried with a jury. The rest of the work is done by the Judges of the High Court, sitting either as Judges of the King's Bench Division, of the Chancery Division, or of the somewhat curiously constituted Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division. A jury is used in the majority of the cases tried in the King's Bench Division, but only rarely in either of the other Divisions. The institution is not, therefore, the cherished and inevitable symbol of independence which its protagonists would suggest. For all practical purposes its regular use in civil litigation is confined to the King's Bench Division, and it is here, therefore, that the new Bill suggests a diminution of its sphere. The suggestion is to leave its employment to the discretion of the judge save in cases of defamation, malicious prosecution, fraud, seduction and breach of promise of marriage. The Bill represents, in fact, the outcome of a steady and progressive tendency towards encroachment rather than the impetus of a new and revolutionary movement.

There is little doubt that the trial of actions by a judge sitting alone without a jury would reduce the excessive cost of litigation of which so much and so just complaint has been heard in recent years. In the first place, it has been estimated both by the Lord Chancellor and by Lord Hanworth's Committee that a case heard before a jury takes at least twice and possibly three times as long to decide as a case heard by a judge alone. The evidence takes longer to elicit, speeches are made by counsel whose protracted eloquence, while possibly required to impress or obscure the minds of the jury, would be at once unnecessary and dangerous if directed to the judge; while the judge himself has to occupy patient hours in marshalling the facts for the opinion of the jury and relieving the case of the embarrassments with which the misdirected enthusiasm of counsel has surrounded it.

In the second place, not only does this expenditure of time mean a corresponding expenditure of money, but it is obvious that counsel are briefed because of their reputation for eloquence or for their powers of attracting or dazzling the minds of the jury, and their fees are not unnaturally in proportion to their forensic abilities. It would perhaps be uncharitable to attribute to a

prospective loss of income the opposition which the Bar Council has manifested to the proposals in the Bill, but at least Lord Darling said of this opposition in the House of Lords, "I am not surprised to hear of it. There are a number of people who practice in the common law courts who are good at addressing juries, and I have no doubt that they would prefer to have what they have now, the chance of influencing a jury". In the third place, the presence of the jury often produces a series of dilatory and expensive appeals which might otherwise be avoided. It is true that no judge can upset the verdict of a jury merely because he does not like it or would himself have come to a different conclusion. But the judgment can be reversed on the ground that "no reasonable person could possibly have arrived at the verdict which has in fact been given". The somewhat subtle distinction between these two attitudes enables disappointed litigants with a sufficiently long purse to take their case from the King's Bench Division to the Court of Appeal and thence to the House of Lords, in the hope of stimulating a superior and more favourable manifestation of the reasonable mind.

What are the arguments which can be mustered against these undeniable economies in time and money? The supporters of the jury may be ranged in two classes: those who would resist all encroachments on its sphere and those who, while admitting that it should undergo some restriction, maintain that the proposals in the present Bill are too drastic. Its more determined protagonists point, as in the case of the Grand Jury, to its traditional value as a safeguard against political tyranny. Illustrations of such a function are, of course, familiar, from the trial of the Seven Bishops to the acquittal of Thomas Hardy in 1794, an incident which, as Professor Trevelyan claims, "saved England from a course of bloodshed and perhaps ultimately from a retributive revolution". These illustrations, however, are not merely historical: they are archaic. Today the judges provide the most effective bulwark against executive tyranny: it was left to the Lord Chief Justice to publish a warning against the "new despotism" which, in the guise of administrative regulation, is consciously or unconsciously threatening the liberty of the subject. Even if the Bench were tempted to forsake its wonted and acknowledged impartiality, the existence of a vigilant

and powerful Press would prevent a return to the more doubtful precedents of the seventeenth century.

These arguments are supported by more practical considerations. It is suggested that the presence of the jury is required to keep the law in touch with the facts of ordinary life. In the words of Sir William Holdsworth, "the jury system has for some hundreds of years been constantly bringing the rule of law to the touchstone of contemporary common sense". The argument would imply that the judges are in some way removed from contact with practical affairs, that they are relieved from the pre-occupations of a baser humanity and enabled, by some fantastic process, to pursue their deliberations in a moral and mental vacuum. The contention has barely to be stated to be rejected. A judge, who has spent the whole of his life in examining disputed issues of fact and is familiar with every facet of human ingenuity, would appear to be at least as capable as twelve rather bewildered laymen of deciding at what pace a car was travelling or how stupid was the pedestrian with whom it collided.

It is further argued that the presence of the jury assists the precise formulation of legal principles by the necessity under which the judge labours of explaining the law to the jury in clear and simple language. An inspection of the Law Reports would scarcely support this statement. There are few rules of the common law the difficulty of which is so familiar and so exasperating to students as the so-called doctrine of contributory negligence, by which an attempt is made to assess the respective liability of plaintiff and defendant in a running-down case where both parties have been in some measure to blame. Such cases provide 70 per cent. of the common jury actions tried in the English courts, and the complexities of the law are largely due to the attempts of the judges to explain its vagaries to the lay mind. A judge sitting without a jury would be able to apply principles to facts without the danger of misapprehension, and litigants would be spared the expense of appeals due only to the failure of the jury to understand a point of law.

It remains to consider the contentions of those who, while admitting that some restriction of the jury's activities is required, think that the present proposals are too drastic. Their arguments are in fact summarised in the statement of Lord Atkin

to the House of Lords that, whenever the character of a person is in issue, he has a right to have it cleared by the judgment of his fellows. It is presumably for this reason that the cases of defamation, malicious prosecution, seduction and breach of promise of marriage are excepted from the operation of the Bill, and there is some force in the argument that there is no reason for applying its provisions to actions of a similar nature. Thus, it is suggested, a jury might well be employed to decide cases of fraud, of wrongful dismissal and of insurance when the underwriter alleges dishonesty on the part of the assured.

On examination, however, the argument loses its force. In the first place, it is by no means certain that a jury might not be allowed in such actions. The judge is to exercise his discretion as to its employment, and it is not necessary to suppose that he would refuse it in an appropriate instance. In the second place, there are many cases in which questions of personal character are involved, which even to-day are tried by a judge alone, to the acknowledged satisfaction of the litigants. Cases of fraud are tried daily both by County Court judges and by the judges of the Chancery Division sitting without a jury—cases which often involve issues of the utmost importance to the reputation and property both of company directors and of the firms which they represent. It has never been suggested that any better result would be produced if they were to be tried by a jury. It might indeed be argued, not that the list of exceptions to the Bill should be enlarged, but that there should be no exceptions at all: that all civil actions, whether for defamation, for fraud or for negligence, should be heard by a judge alone. In truth, when one reflects upon the difficulties under which the jury labours, the wonder is, as Dr. Johnson said of the woman preaching, not that it does not do its work better, but that it can do it at all. The time perhaps has come when, as far as civil proceedings are concerned, it is to be regarded as an anachronism, and, however deeply the historian may regret its passing, the present cost of litigation is too heavy a price to pay for an article of merely sentimental value.

A GHOST IN HAMPSTEAD

BY TERENCE DENNIS AND WALDO STONE

IN the *Memoirs* of Oliver Camden there is a famous description of an excursion into some suburb (with the de Goncourts and Huysmans), wherein, to the accompaniment of brilliant conversation, the *literati* breakfast under the limes.

As I turned from the terraces of Hampstead and went towards the Heath, I began to think of Camden's youth in Paris, of the people he had known—the glowing phantasmagoria of his memoirs that is suggestive somehow of coloured domes and pinnacles.

I cannot imagine why that unaccountable vision of an aged author's youth should have assailed me as I searched for a room in Hampstead. It may have been that the street of tall houses into which I had unthinkingly plunged, recalled certain wayward passages in Camden. Be that as it may, I realized that my quest for a *pension* had ended when Madame Dys opened her front door and hopefully regarded my dusty shoes.

She swept me into her house, and her greenish black silk rustled up the staircase before me, a torrent of words streaming from her eager lips. This was a relief, coming as it did on top of my encounters with those taciturn, withered ladies who owned so many of the houses in Hampstead.

When she arrived at the little landing, Madame knocked upon a door. Receiving no reply, she led me into a room about which were scattered several strange garments. A large, half-packed trunk hid the fireplace. Because the day was excessively warm, the room cool, and the search for lodgings seemingly interminable, I decided to become the guest of Madame Dys.

"I would not let this room to everyone", she said, as I went to the window and surveyed three poplars that rose like green candles against a background of glittering roofs.

"Not to everyone", she repeated, "but you, sir, well—it is different. We shall get on famously. I may be French——"

"But you speak English so well", I muttered, feigning an interest in a Temptation of Saint Anthony depicted in Berlin wool above the bed.

"I may be French, but how I adore the English hygiene. This house, now, is so clean! And my father, you must know, is buried in the Queen City of the West."

"Where is that?"

An expression of incredulity blurred the calm of her well-preserved face; as a sword of lightning will expose a ruin at night with an intensity that cannot happen by day, so did I realize that Madame Dys must have been over seventy.

The sword flashed and was gone; she regained her composure and once more became ageless. Raising her eyebrows and smiling at my question, she seemed inclined to withhold the name of the city. Although she stood upon a little pile of soiled clothes I could tell that it was with such coquetties she must have charmed her husband half-a-century ago. Lacking, however, the grace of youth, this deliberate archness suggested a skeleton whose bones rattled in the wind—albeit the bones prevailed, and with a little scream of triumphant laughter she informed me that Bath was the city.

The room, she said, would be ready for me by the time I returned with my luggage. Beneath her steady appraisement a graceful leave-taking seemed to be impossible. The room did not appeal to me, but the house had character.

"So it is settled, sir. We dine at seven-thirty", she said at last. Released from her scrutiny I went downstairs, while she rustled after me, crying: "The view! the view! Never, sir, will you find a more taking panorama of London."

The front-door was open, and I fled out into the sunlight.

* * *

The house with its slated roof and little pots of greenery suspended above the entrance was redolent of Madame Dys. It had an air of overwhelming respectability, yet at the same time a suggestion of raffishness. The heavily curtained windows were like faces covered with those veils that my hostess must at one time have worn. We stood in the drawing-room, where the gilded solidity of the nineties mingled with the bravura of the

Second Empire. The marble pedestals were at variance with the photographs of fabulous-looking ladies with aigrettes in their hair. Six wooden-backed chairs with yellow sateen seats restlessly waited upon the green carpet.

"You are admiring my furniture, sir", cried Madame. She turned towards the draped piano.

"I have no more the time for music", she lamented, "but there, how I love it. Chopin! What a master!"

It was useless to regret having chosen this house for my abode, and in order to terminate the memories of piano-playing on winter afternoons evoked by Madame, I besought her to lead me to the bathroom.

"A-a-ah", Madame exclaimed, almost singing the ejaculation, "I will bring you some hot water and a basin this instant. Now, I must tell you how it is. The Persian gentleman who was to have left to-day has unfortunately missed his connection. *Quel salaud!* I told him that he would not make it; nor did the boat-train wait. He is obliged to sleep here but one more night. It is your room, you understand, which he was to have vacated. Never, *never* will I have Orientals again. He comes from a coarse country, and does not comprehend the cultured lands."

"But surely the Persians . . . ?"

"*Non, non, non,*" she cried, with a final gesture of despair towards the piano. "You have not had to work your fingers to the bone for one of them. Japanese, Cochin Chinas, Mongols—I tell you they are all of a like. So you see how it is that I ask you to sleep one night in the salon?"

A gleam came into her eyes, and she pointed a finger at me.

"You are a good sport", she cried. "*C'est ça. A good sport.*"

She shook her head, and the playfulness changed into admiration as she glanced at the display of starched, family countenances set in silver frames that overflowed from the mantelpiece on to walls and tables.

"But where shall I sleep?"

She gave an outraged laugh.

"Ah, bed!" she exclaimed. Caressing the cretonne-covered sofa, she flashed, "If you do not mind using this just for *ce soir*. Indeed, it is as soft as——" Wildly she searched for a simile, only to end by repeating, "soft."

I accepted with a bad grace.

"*Vous n'êtes pas gentil*", she said. "It is but for a few hours." A few hours! I sniffed the chill, musty air of the salon. A procession of brides, buttoned into tight dresses that flowed about their feet, sparkled from a dark corner. Madame's nieces, I supposed, while I endeavoured to ignore the photographs. Had not a thousand pounds been offered to anyone who would spend a night in the Chamber of Horrors?

"*Lavez*", purred Madame, returning to this fantastic room, with a blue basin and a towel.

Already she had changed into a formless dress of grey silk; pinkish tulle floated about her shoulders. She set down the basin, and secured the tulle to her bosom with a diamond scarf-pin.

"You will find us downstairs", she said.

The prospect of a tedious evening produced a nostalgia which was akin to that suffered by small boys upon their return to school. It was unavailing to argue that schoolboys were prisoners, whereas I was free to come and go. I felt insufferably weary and the coffin-like sofa held no promise of relief; moreover, I feared that I would be drowned in a sea of broken English.

The thought of my books packed away in a friend's flat served to increase my melancholy. At that time I had no praise for any author save Oliver Camden, and I reproached myself for the negligence that had permitted me to leave Camden's *Memoirs* with the rest of my library.

Instead of reading Camden, I must descend the stairs to Madame's dining-room, and as I entered the dimly illumined room, Madame rose from her chair.

Seated at the table were two young girls and a rubicund clergyman. "They are here to learn English", explained Madame, indicating the girls. The clergyman (to whom Madame introduced me with the words, "The Reverend Mr. Hector Bostock—holiday making in London, he tells me——") said very loudly, "I am happy to see a stranger in our midst. Some more of this excellent sauce, please."

Just then there sounded a gurgle from the floor above. Madame rose and flashed at us, "The Persian gentleman—it is a sign that he wishes to eat".

"But does he not dine with us?"

"He eats in his room", said Madame, "it is altogether better so."

She hurried from the table, waving her hands, and saying: "What time do I get to teach the language? It is only at dinner——"

"Extraordinary, extraordinary", muttered the clergyman, helping himself to pickled cabbage. "Life in a French home! My wife will be most interested." He shouted across the table, for the young women were screaming with amusement at some secret joke.

When Madame came downstairs she sighed. "He tells me his father is an orange-dealer. But enough of dull things, my friends. Come, let us laugh and enjoy ourselves. I will speak to you all about my little life here in London."

Throwing back her head and swelling her bosom, she plunged into a conversational whirlpool. Remorseless (as only the French can be) in her pursuit of domestic minutiae, inexorable in her determination to gain sympathy, she talked until the food congealed upon the dishes. As she spoke of her family I could see the photographs in the salon staring vacantly at the sofa upon which I must try to sleep.

"I could never, never stomach an insult——" Madame was saying. I raised my head. Good heavens! Eleven o'clock! The Reverend Hector Bostock must have gone to bed long ago, worn down, no doubt by Madame's ceaseless flow. As for the girls, they had rushed upstairs at the conclusion of dinner.

It was clear that for Madame the night had but begun. When I looked at the clock she made a little movement of protest.

"Never stomach an insult", she repeated menacingly, her eyes glittering. "I recall years ago at the Café Blanc——"

So she had known the Café Blanc. The beloved caravanserai of Zola, and later, Camden.

"Tell me about the Café Blanc, Madame."

She shook her head, and a silence enveloped us. The clock ticked aggressively. A fly settled upon Madame's nose.

"Paris has changed", she said. "It is all fox-trot and American swear-words they tell me."

If she would not speak of the Café Blanc.—Yet I continued to sit in the plush arm-chair, held captive by the picture of an

endless winter night, during which my hostess was condemned to the dismal task of washing the dishes, of removing dirt from clothes and plates.

"You are tired", she said at last. There was reproof in her tone. "I, too, used to get tired when I started my little life over here. But now, it is different. After washing-up I play my patiences. Then there are many letters to be written to the dear ones in France."

"But the Café . . ." I persevered. My hostess sighed, "*Bon soir, bonne nuit*".

I left her sitting in a regal attitude before the dirty dishes; to-night, I felt convinced, she would write nothing to the dear ones in France.

* * *

In Stravinsky's *Sacre du Printemps* there is a Ritual Dance in which bars of $\frac{5}{16}$, $\frac{3}{16}$, $\frac{4}{16}$ succeed each other with wild unreason; so, as I lay stretched upon the sofa, did my thoughts, with Madame Dys for a theme, jerk from rhythm to rhythm. Sleep was impossible. Madame would have blossomed into an unforgettable character had she appeared in one of Camden's novels. He would have plucked the dead flowers from her, have cut away the suckers that clustered at her roots. Proust might have pinned her on to paper, dissected her, and insisted that her banalities were interesting; but Camden would have brought her, dead as she was, to life.

A moon raised its pale form, illumining dark corners in my mind, and I saw that it had the face of Madame Dys. In that phantom-like apartment my laughter had a mirthless sound. The moon became a twisted tree that was for ever shedding dead leaves, but even the tree had once been young.

Alas, I could not stay with Madame, I reflected, as I breathed the musty air of the salon. I remembered the three poplar candles and glittering roofs, but one does not remain in a London suburb because of roofs and poplars. Madame had spoken truly. Never would I find those things elsewhere—but I would have to find a house in which sleep was possible.

Above my head hung the vast chandelier with its ring of saffron candles. The furniture assumed monstrous proportions, floating towards the ceiling . . .

Presently I heard a series of rustlings coming from the hall. Madame was retiring. The necessity to speak to someone (even one word) brought to my over-exhausted brain a plan.

"Madame", I cried (with that urgency which such situations will engender) as I opened the salon door. "Madame, I cannot sleep. Have you a book that you can lend me?"

"With pleasure, sir", she replied. "Come, you shall see my library." Already she had let down her hair, and her dress hung loosely, unbuttoned, no doubt, in some strange place.

Her bedroom was next to the salon. It was in an even more disordered state than the room I had first seen, where outside the window burnt the poplars. As in that room, there were clothes in disarray, but here, wherever there was any space, dirty cups and plates stood upon torn pieces of newspaper.

Yet it was here that I chose to have an impression of Madame Dys wearing those tiresome long gloves which from time to time become fashionable, dancing to the strains of Offenbach.

She seemed oblivious of the muddle. "*Voilà!*" she said, pointing to a walnut bookshelf which bore (in poker-work) the inscription: CULTURE AND PIETY.

"Between dinner and now", she said, before I was able to select a volume, "is the only time I have, sir. All day I sweep and clean and buy vegetables and meat. It is at night that I cease to think of such things."

"You are fortunate, Madame, to be able to forget them so easily."

"It is not always so easy. I have one fear that I shall be left without guests. Last winter I had only one. A young Italian boy. He was so difficult to please. He was for ever inviting his cousins to this house, always new ones, you understand, and he would not eat his food. If I cannot get guests——" she paused, and added, "It is my great wish to return to France one day, later on, you must know, when I have saved enough money".

Without doubting her sincerity, it was evident that she had spoken such words as these for many years. At the word *money*, I was filled with a strange fear, not of my own emotions, but of Madame Dys herself.

I turned to the bookshelf, and was on the point of taking a volume at random (for I did not care what it was), when to my

astonishment I saw, wedged between the *Sorrows of Satan* and *Bars of Iron*, a copy of *Diana Lister*. It was a first edition. Inspection disclosed two more of Camden's works, one of which I had never heard of before.

"I will take this book, Madame, if I may."

My nervous exhaustion had vanished as though by magic.

"Camden", she said, glancing at the cover, "he is not a serious writer. This book is better—see—it is by Wentworth-Jones. No matter, take the other if you wish it."

Once more in the salon I opened the book. It was privately printed, evidently a first attempt at that form of memoir to which he had given so much time.

As I read on it became clear that he had used a great deal of the material in this book for *Early Life*.

There was a chapter entitled, "Cécile Marny."

"An exquisite girl was this Cécile. She lived in the rue des Abbesses, and used to wear white dresses with mauve ribbons".

I turned a page. She became extravagant:

"Every afternoon Cécile drove to the Bois in a fine carriage drawn by Arabian horses. She forsook old haunts . . ."

Extravagant and capricious in the grand manner of the courtesan——

"At that time she was as beautiful as one of her Arab horses. It was at the Café Blanc that Cécile made her appearance, driving up one evening in the traditional manner. A young man, whom she had befriended in the Montmartre days, started up from among the tables and accused Cécile of having betrayed her old friends. 'Such women as you', he cried, 'brought France to corruption long ago'.

"'I came here to-night so that you could give me your blessing,' replied Cécile, 'for to-morrow I am leaving Paris.'"

Further on I learned by a casual reference that Cécile Marny had become Cécile Dys, and had settled in London. The dates indicated that she would have been the age of my present landlady.

* * *

"You are leaving us?" said Madame, as she officiated at the breakfast table. She wore an old-fashioned black hat which, she averred, inspired her with confidence.

"I so often wish to sleep at this early hour," she explained. Doubtless she had sat up until three in the morning for many

years. I asked her if she would let me buy the book I had borrowed upon the previous evening. I said that I would give her five pounds. "Monsieur", she answered, "I could not take five thousand pounds for that book. I did not comprehend until after you had gone which volume you had taken. That book I had intended to burn long ago, and to-day I shall do so. But you may have the other two books of Camden."

Nor would Madame Dys accept any money for the subsequent volumes. That is why I often tell people that there are some things Frenchwomen will not sell.

MEMORIES OF THE VALAIS

BY SIR ARTHUR HORT

A TRIP taken in 1931 to two of the most frequented resorts in the Canton Valais has stirred memories of forty years back and more, and tempts me to some discursive reminiscences. In the long interval I have, though an almost fanatical lover of mountains, avoided Switzerland for a combination of reasons which it would be tedious to enumerate. The French Pyrenees have lured me a dozen times, and I have made some acquaintance with the French and Italian Alps, Dauphiny, Savoy, Piedmont, South Tirol. One reason for the choice of Alps outside Switzerland may be mentioned: I confess to a foolish habit of collecting alpine plants and endeavouring, with varying success, to grow them. Now it happens that the flora of the Eastern and Western ends of the chain is on the whole richer than that of the Central Alps. It happens also that it has become less easy to take plants from territory under Swiss rule on account of recent prohibitive legislation: at all events, one has to go to the trouble of convincing the authorities that one uses the trowel with due discretion, and does not, like the heedless persons whom the law was framed to restrain, tear up plants indiscriminately without regard to their rarity or to the possibility of acclimatising them.

But to turn back from recent experience to the now distant years of which it has refreshed the memory. I first crossed the Channel in 1885 with my father, having just taken my degree. He had been an expert climber and was one of the founders of the Alpine Club, the idea of which was first broached in a letter to him from Mr. W. Mathews. Since he had perforce given up climbing he had continued to visit the Alps almost every summer, and his knowledge of the mountains and their less obvious hostelries was thorough. Many years before 1885 he had noticed the wonderful possibilities as an Alpine station of

Fée on a shelf above the Saasthal ; and at Saas-Fée, as the place had now come to be called (inaccurately, as the late Mr. Coolidge informed me), he now proposed that we should make our principal stay : the first hotel had been opened the year before.

I was first however to see something of the Bernese Oberland giants, and we walked over the Gemmi by the horrible dusty zigzags down to Leukerbad. Here it was our duty to see the sights of the place, the patients taking their cure all together in a large bath : they stood up to their necks in water and took light refreshments from floating trays. As we entered, we were greeted with shouts from the bathers. I could not detect what they were saying, but our guide explained that the shouts were aimed at me and that the words were " Chapeaux ! Chapeaux ! il y a des dames ici ". I removed my hat and received a round of cheers. I wonder if this mild jest still continues : the Lötschberg short cut to the upper part of the Rhone Valley has probably deprived Leukerbad of many visitors. From the baths we drove down to Leuk in that stifling hollow, and thence trained to Visp, where we passed a hot, uncomfortable night. The next day my father rode a mule and I walked up the Saasthal to Saas Fée : now and for these many years you train as far as Stalden and escape the hottest and dustiest stage. In a few more years' time you (if you wish it—the prospect does not allure me) will be able to drive all the way by the new road now under construction.

The long tramp (we took all day over it, stopping for rest and refreshment at Stalden and Saas-im-Grund) was enlivened for me by the wayside sights of gorgeous butterflies, lizards, and huge crimson crickets, and by the eating of sour barberries. There were then two hotels at Fée, one only just finished. The company at the older hotel, where we stayed, was mainly English. It included, at or soon after the time of our arrival, G. H. Rendall, afterwards headmaster of Charterhouse ; A. W. Verrall, most revolutionary of critics of Attic tragedy and most lovable of men, with his wife, also a distinguished classical scholar ; Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Leaf, with their two sons, Walter, the brilliant Hellenist, and equally eminent as a man of business ; and Herbert, beloved of many generations of boys who, like myself, were educated at Marlborough—where happily he still lives.

Thus Cambridge scholarship was strongly represented. Walter Leaf had been senior classic, Rendall third in the same year, Verrall was second in the year in which S. H. Butcher was senior. There was also the much respected Bursar of Marlborough, J. S. Thomas, with his family. " Respected " is perhaps hardly a strong enough word. I remember that once, when a boy had the hardihood to write him a letter, to which however he had not the courage to append his name, complaining of the school dietary, the answer was a notice on the school board : " The boy who writes anonymous letters to the Bursar is advised to take the more manly course of a personal interview ". It was felt that the manliest of Marlburians might have flinched from such an encounter.

Our stay lasted some weeks. My father, a Divinity Professor at Cambridge, had, as always, much engrossing literary work on hand : I had just begun to read Ancient Philosophy for the second part of the Classical Tripos, and my Swiss trip, it was understood, was a sort of Long Vacation term. Accordingly I spent most of my mornings puzzling over Aristotle's *Metaphysics* in the pleasant Almagell Wood, where an occasional debauch of bilberries diversified my philosophical studies. I did however essay one or two mild ascents : that of the Plattjen, up which there is a path, hardly counts as a climb : I went up it to gather edelweiss, as my diary records, the page being still marked with three quite recognizable sprigs of that curiously overrated plant. There is now a hotel near the top of the Plattjen, and the edelweiss is no longer obvious.

Gerald Rendall took me with two other novices up the Eggnerhorn, which, I understand, is a tyro's peak : One does however go with guides and a rope and start in the dark. I also ascended the Klein Allalinhorn with the two Leafs and Thomas : and this further experience, joyous as it was, confirmed me in the sad conviction that I was not born a climber, but in this regard, as in all others, was a degenerate son of my father. This conclusion was not entirely due to the fact that on the way down, when I was last on the rope, presumably because it was now hardly required, as we crossed an easy piece of glacier, I slipped and fell prone ; and since I was unable to make the others hear, as they trotted down at a smart pace, I was for some time dragged

ignominiously on my front, being jerked down again by the rope whenever I tried to get on my feet. But it was glorious fun : I can hear now Walter Leaf's cries of exuberant delight, as he heaved boulders over from the top on to the glacier below—a reprehensible pastime, but in this case there was no danger except to a possible chamois : we did see one crossing the ice.

I attempted no more heights with guide and rope at Fée that year : but I accomplished one memorable expedition to which I was challenged by Verrall. This was a nocturnal walk to the Monte Moro Pass to see Monte Rosa in the colours of sunrise. We set off after dinner (this detail is not without significance), and, as we stumbled over tree-roots by deceptive moonlight in the Almagell Wood (there is now a handsome eight-foot road, and the wood has lost its mystery and charm) my companion, who was usually full of good talk, fell strangely silent, and presently was taken very poorly. But with characteristic unselfishness he refused to give up the expedition, and, sitting down on a log, pulled out and filled an enormous black pipe, saying that, if he could smoke it through with impunity, he would be all right. He survived the test, and at 1.45 a.m. we reached Mattmark, whence we supped (or breakfasted) and hired a boy with a lantern to guide us for the remaining two hours up the rather uncertain path. He seemed to think that the light was only intended for his own use, and we toiled after him with cries of *langsamer, langsamer*. It was a cloudless frosty night, and, as we got near the top of the pass, whence the bridle-path (now closed by the Italian government) descends sharply to Macugnaga, the stars waned, the lantern was extinguished, and we feared we should be too late. However we reached the top with twenty minutes to spare, which we spent in running about among the rocks, the cold being severe (the pass is nearly 9,400 feet), till at length the indescribable pageant began : we faced the stupendous cliffs of Monte Rosa, whose serried peaks became flushed with rose—let me leave it at that : it was, I believe, a rare experience to have a cloudless morning for the spectacle. Verrall yelled with delight : anyone who knew him will not consider the word libellous. Then we returned gaily to a second breakfast at Mattmark at 5.30 : Verrall said that his system and the occasion demanded champagne, and we

shared unequally a bottle of the Swiss vintage so labelled.

This completed Verrall's restoration to health, and, as we meandered back to Fée, his talk, always brilliant, surpassed itself. It sparkled like the champagne, but was of drier quality. As we got near home, we met people from our hotel out for their morning walks : one and another looked at us curiously, and at length one enquired after our health. It then came out that some scores of visitors were down with ptomaine poisoning from tinned lobster served at dinner the evening before. I had escaped the tainted part, and so to my great relief I found had my father, while Verrall had been saved by the walk and the consequent episode in the Almagell Wood. The man, delicate and highly strung as he was, was compact of pluck. Many years later, when he was tortured with rheumatism and could not move from his sofa, he told me of the difficulty which a lady friend, who was a Christian Scientist, had in asking after his health without doing violence to her principles : " You see, she can't ask my wife how I am, so she says ' I hope Dr. Verrall is happy '—and, of course, I'm always that " : this with that indescribable mixture of a chuckle and a scream which Trinity men of my generation and of others loved and in vain tried to imitate.

From Fée we went for a few days to Zermatt and the Riffel, so that I might see the Matterhorn and its majestic neighbours. The journey down one branch of the valley and up the other took us twelve hours. There was as yet no railway up the St. Nicolas Valley : we walked, aided by a mule, down to Stalden where this valley meets the Saasthal, and thence up to St. Nicolas, whence we drove to Zermatt. After a night at the Monte Rosa Hotel, where I looked with veneration on the row of guides sitting on the historic wall, pipe in mouth, awaiting engagements, and where we called on old Melchior Anderegg, my father's famous guide, we moved up to the Riffelalp. Here also was an interesting company of English visitors, including Archbishop and Mrs. Benson with their son Fred (Arthur was expected presently with designs on the Matterhorn), C. B. Hutchinson, of Rugby, E. M. Young, headmaster of Sherborne, and his wife. Dr. H. M. Butler, then still headmaster of Harrow, had, I think, just left. We heard how these reverend seniors had a few days

before renewed their youth by making an ascent of the Cima di Jazzi (12,527 feet), not, I believe, a peak presenting any great difficulty, but classed by Baedeker as "fatiguing".

Then there was A. C. Tosswill, a Harrow master of commanding presence, whose colleague I was to become three years later. He held the record for pace up the Matterhorn, and was most generous in giving instruction to young aspirants: he had been fifty times up the Riffelhorn, a crag projecting over the Gorner Glacier, which, in his opinion, afforded just the training in scaling rocks which is required for the Matterhorn. Having no such ambition I declined his offer to take me up it, but he guided E. F. Benson and me up the Stockhorn, returning by the Hohtäligrat, a walk which, I see, Baedeker says is for "tolerably steady heads". The Gorner Grat was more in my line: I went up it two days running, the second time on a brilliant day with an American of my own age. We lay for three hours on the top discussing all things in heaven and earth and watching the gyrations of an eagle till, as he soared, he became a star and then vanished into the blue.

We did not see a single human being all the time, which may seem strange to those who know what crowds press up that bridle path now in the season, to say nothing of those who go up by train. The day before a transatlantic party from the Riffelalp had insisted on a guide and a rope, for which they must have found it difficult to devise a use. In 1931, forty-six years later, I took the same incomparable walk with my wife and daughter. We declined to use the railway beyond the Riffelalp, and the walk itself was much as of yore, except for the constant stream of walkers up and down. The stony track, bordered with short turf, gleamed with the ordinary jewels of the high Alps, which in my unregenerate youth had made no individual impression. The flowers and the astounding panorama of peak and glacier have suffered no change, but a Victorian can hardly accept with equanimity the castellated Gorner Grat Hotel, the railway and its station, the levelled platform, like a gun-emplacement, planted with telescopes and bristling with Kodaks.

EBB AND FLOW

A Monthly Commentary

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

THERE is rumour of peaceful understanding between the Soviets and Japan; and if it comes to fruition, China will certainly recognize the inevitable and accept the separation of Manchukuo. This follows significantly on Japan's separation from the restraints imposed by membership of the League of Nations. Is it not probable that the League can only be of service between peoples who for their own sake accept its principles cordially, just as the citizens of a civilized community endeavour to forward the law of their land, not from altruism, but from enlightened self-interest? Yet ordinary law could never have come into being simply by mutual agreement. Some central force had to impose upon recalcitrants what the public sense recognized as generally serviceable.

In Europe, everybody recognizes the expediency and even the necessity of the League: but in practice all shrink from the abandonment of complete sovereignty which acceptance of an international law entails. Presumably Mussolini's idea of the Four Power Pact was to provide a body which could in practice deal with recalcitrants as the monarch with stubborn barons. Since the Four definitely pledge themselves to avoid war for ten years, they will certainly see to it that nobody else in Europe indulges in that diversion. The thing to seek is a solid base in self-interest. America's advocacy of peace was inspired by altruism so pure that when the League was formed, she denied herself the benefits of it in order to be clear of the responsibilities. Since then, her attempts to assist Europe in favouring the League's purposes have, not to voice it profanely, increased the muddle. They have encouraged England in its characteristic

hesitancy, and still keep it waiting for some effective joint action of the "Anglo-Saxon" world.

There should be an end of this. No American of our period had a clearer brain or one more stored with knowledge than Theodore Roosevelt, and none realized more fully that America's interests demanded peace between civilized nations. But none was more emphatic that part of the peace machinery was a big stick. I do not believe that in the present conditions he would have been prepared to let America's big stick pass out of strictly American control, because the conditions are not sufficiently threatening to American security. England, though by no means equally secure, is equally determined not to put her navy at the orders of any international body. The only states which are willing to pool their military resources are those continental powers which feel themselves threatened—France at the head of them. While America and England maintain their attitude, no serious degree of disarmament can be hoped for, there can be no general guarantee of peace. But a breathing space from immediate apprehension should give the economic stringency a chance to dictate wisdom; and the Four Power Pact may possibly provide it. In that case a further grouping of the smaller powers around the Baltic will probably strengthen the existing order—which, as Mr. Benesh has reminded Europe, can certainly not be disturbed without war, unless as a result of gradual and pacific negotiation.

But military guarantees are not the only ones. Great Britain has used against Russia (though without thoroughness) the weapon of economic war as a protest against the treatment of British subjects under the forms of Russian law. Many of us believe that the men owe their lives and their liberation to this step, although its penal consequences have been very limited, and it has chiefly had value as an expression of British feeling. But a general embargo upon trade with a nation declared the aggressor in war would be very seriously felt; and the Roosevelt of today has certainly moved a step forward in suggesting that in such non-military coercion America might take a hand. The guardedness of his offer is almost comic, especially when it is made to a

**America
and Blockade**

Europe that still remembers how America, having drafted the League of Nations, refused to have hand or part in it. Yet in fact, if the Powers of Europe single out one Power as an aggressor and declare an embargo on trade with that Power, then it may be trusted that American public opinion will not tolerate that the American navy should be employed to break a blockade imposed for such a reason. Therefore one may take it that a general economic blockade would be possible and that Great Britain in particular is liberated from the fear of being involved in war with the United States because she is fulfilling her role as a member of the League. Even small mercies are worth acknowledging.

Meantime Herr Hitler continues to hold attention. His speech to the specially summoned Reichstag differed in so many ways from his other utterances that people, observing contrary to his usage, that he read it, believed it to have been written for him.

**A Surprising
Hitler**

It seems that he knows very little of foreign politics, and was astonished and distressed by the reactions of civilized countries to his somewhat mediæval purge of the State and to Herr von Papen's glorification of the war gods. His changed tone has been met, at least in this country, with an attempt at comprehension—notably in a brilliant impression by Miss Enid Bagnold, published in *The Times*. The fact appears to be that Germans in general welcome the new regime because it satisfies their sentiment. The flag of the Republic, so associated with defeat, has disappeared; and England can understand how the Union Jack would be received if it had been for a time banished. Moreover, Herr Hitler himself is believed to be honest, sincere, moderate in his way of life, not self-seeking, and he is respected for these qualities, (as is Mr. de Valera) by many who by no means share all his views. Again, since to one who remembers the Germany of a quarter of a century ago the streets show amazingly devoid of uniforms, it is clear why Germans are honestly outraged at being suspect of militarism, while a very skilful propaganda teaches the nation to regard itself as totally unarmed in the middle of a ring of steel: propagandist postcards show a formidable array of soldiers, guns, and tanks, massed on the French frontier

and on the Polish, while the sea is solid with warships, pointing at the German ports. Further, in the upper and middle class there appears to have been a panic dread of Communism; and from that Hitler is regarded as the deliverer. If he has given satisfaction to the mind of Germany, that in a sense makes for peace in Europe.

On the other hand, the external effect of his energies is remarkable. He would appear to have killed the movement for the *Anschluss*. To keep Austria permanently apart from Germany while there was general desire in Austria for the union would be difficult; but to include Austria against the will of even a strong minority would be hopeless, and whoever stands for Dollfuss stands against Hitlerism. The Austrian idea of civilization is very remote from Herr von Papen's, and here again, by removing a possibility which both Italy and France resented, perhaps Herr Hitler has lessened the danger to Europe. The Corridor remains a menace; but the Nazi leader in Danzig has shown a wise disposition to conciliate in the moment of success, which was all the more welcome because unlooked for.

Nevertheless if the prospects of a favourable result at the Economic Conference depend upon an immediate agreement to

reduce armaments, they cannot be called hopeful.

**Without
America?**

Yet President Roosevelt has reiterated that if America is to help the world in this crisis, Europe must satisfy American opinion in the matter of reduction. Tariffs and currency must therefore be discussed in relation to armament. They must not be discussed in relation to the debt which England and France contracted to pay in bullion to America for supplies received during the war, when they were America's allies. When the critical date of June 15th arrived England presented America with an English decision on this matter. This was desirable because it is increasingly clear that even when a President has such powers as Mr. Roosevelt has secured, the United States is ill-equipped to take drastic and intelligent action. That nation moves like a fleet whose pace is determined by the slowest vessel in it, with the most obsolete steering-gear. Whether Europe can make any advance without America is uncertain; it seems certain that Europe's best chance is to try

and leave this outlier of Europe to adapt its course as best it can to the facts of the post-war world.

The news of an attempt on the life of M. Venizelos makes one realize how much Europe has, in spite of the new rampant nationalism, become internationalized. Any man of real eminence, even when his immediate sphere lies in a State of the second order, matters to Europe today as he never did before the War. M. Venizelos in Greece, M. Benesh (to whom fitting tribute was paid in the last number of this *Review*), perhaps also Herr Dollfuss in Austria, are of import to all our Western order; and the criminals who attempted the life of this great Greek (with a fine modern disregard of the fact that his wife was with him) were criminal against Europe's civilization, and let us hope they are hung as high as Haman. It is distressing to think that among the Four Great Powers no man but Signor Mussolini stands incontestably in this class. Briand is dead; we are yet far from having grounds to put Herr Hitler among the great. If the English-speaking world can show a name among those actually in government to rank with the leaders of Europe, he is only English-speaking by acquirement; but General Smuts, who at the Cape has won, by great sacrifice of his personal ambition, a victory for the more moderate nationalism, is a member of the London Conference. We are apt nowadays to exaggerate the difficulties, the schisms and revulsions produced by the fierce insurgence of national feeling; we overlook the fact that when a nation, or even as in South Africa, one strain of a nation, produces a great man, his service can be, and even must be, rendered to the whole of European civilization, in Europe and outside of Europe.

The birthday honours list had some items of interest to students of literature and politics. Major-General Seely, one of those capable, enjoying Englishmen who make the world feel that it is not at all a bad place, adds a peerage to the other satisfactions of his career; an appropriate reward for persistent and efficient optimism; and the House of Lords wanted cheering up. Sir John Squire's knighthood is an honour to literature; he has been

**The Honours
List**

more of a centre than any man of letters in his generation (the Edwardian) and the whole "squirearchy" will be gratified. I do not think that any critic whose work began in this century has approached him in range of reading or in sanity of judgment. Very few who know the post-war literature seem to know anything else; and it is not easy for those brought up (as he so evidently was) in the earlier tradition, to adapt his appreciation, as he can, to the new. Yet, when a thing is incomprehensible, he does not hesitate to point out that it makes no sense—which is almost an audacity nowadays.—The Companionship of Honour given to Miss Horniman is a distinction singularly deserved. In the development of intelligent interest in the drama (much more noticeable out of London than in it) she has had a great hand. Her support made materially possible the pioneer success of the Irish National Theatre. Her concern with that venture was purely artistic, for neither Ireland nor Irish nationalism meant much to her, and she found a field perhaps more sympathetic in Birmingham. Ireland owes her most; but many Irishmen and Irishwomen will rejoice to see her receive tribute from her own nation.

I permit myself also to rejoice as an Irishman over an honour that has come to one, not Irish born, who did his utmost to serve Ireland. Professor George Adams, long associated with Sir Horace Plunkett in work for Irish agriculture, served in Mr. Lloyd George's secretariat while attempts were made to straighten out the Irish difficulties. Failure came, not through any fault of any one man or one party; but if success could have been achieved by real knowledge and generous comprehension, the presence of Professor Adams might have determined it. He goes now as Warden of All Souls, to a post where his qualities can display themselves to the great advantage of his University. I never realized the significance of All Souls till some few years ago a very able Frenchman came back from spending a week-end there. He himself had been, like so many Frenchmen distinguished in politics and diplomacy, a professor to begin with; he had known the strenuousness and utilitarian simplicity of French academic life. It was a delight to hear him describe those build-

All
Souls

ings venerably gilded with a touch of antique lichen: that Gothic solemnity, that august ordering of life, from the usage which prescribed (to his delight) that the youngest Fellow should superintend in person the fetching up of wine from the cellar; the ritual of dinner, the withdrawal to one room for after dinner wine, and to another still for coffee; all this and the company so variously distinguished, enchanted him, as a sublimation of the English academic idea. But what capped the climax was—no undergraduates. No concession, not even the least, to mere utility. This he thought superb, knowing in his large experience of life (which began in the home of a country craftsman) how much is the value of what can least be translated into statistics. No other place in Oxford can so completely give Oxford's welcome to the distinguished stranger; and no man in Oxford is better at welcoming than the new Warden, whose personal simplicity will show up so admirably against that opulent and ceremonious setting. So some of the old Popes (perhaps indeed the present one), must have made a significant contrast to their background, even when they accepted and gloried in all the splendid trappings of their heritage.

Miss Helen Waddell, who has made the Middle Ages alive to thousands, now ceases to be expositor and translator and becomes the novelist. Her theme is Abelard, illustrious among "famous and unlucky names". She enters no unbroken field; even since the war, to go no further back, we have Mr. George Moore's *Heloise and Abelard*, and only last year Mr. Roger Lloyd wrote *The Stricken Lute*, an account of Abelard and his philosophy, scholarly and sympathetic; which I commend to everybody who wishes fully to understand the controversies which, very wisely, Miss Waddell does not pause to elucidate. None the less, she knows, as Mr. Lloyd does, where lay the essence of the man. Abelard was a great teacher; Mr. Lloyd thinks, one of the greatest that ever lived; he drew students about him like bees about their queen. Mr. Moore was aware of this historic fact just as he knew that there was controversy about nominalist and realist; but, less wise than Miss Waddell, he attempted to show us the teacher teaching—as if one should try to bring Gladstone alive

Abelard

by printing two or three columns of his speeches. It is significant to compare what the two novelists have invented in order to fill out the skeleton of accepted fact. To Mr. Moore that was the period of courts of love; Abelard was a poet; therefore he invents adventures for Abelard as a wandering gleeman—for which there is no authority whatever. What Miss Waddell invents is a group of students and scholars among whom Abelard worked; she gives us a sense of the teaching by a picture of the enthusiasts it bred. Perhaps the very best scene in her book is one in which neither Abelard nor Héloïse appears; it passes, like so many of her scenes, in the house of Gilles, canon of Notre Dame, gross of body and appetite, refined of mind, humorous and lovable, with whom there sits a young student, Pierre de Montboissier, indicated by his birth to be the next Abbot of Cluny; they wait for news, and then comes Geoffrey, Bishop of Chartres, dusty with spurring from the council at Soissons, where he has failed to save Abelard from condemnation as a heretic. The whole sense of the time is there, given as if by one who had lived in it; and the essential last word is put into the young man's mouth when, breaking away from the two elders who love Abelard as well as he, he cries, "You know nothing about him. He was never your master".

Of all this Mr. Moore gives no hint. To him it is simply a love story, and in the main the story of an ardent woman, who for the sake of her lover's ambition consented to enter a convent, and wait years for the physical reunion to which she looked forward. To him the climax of the tragedy comes when Héloïse learns that her husband and lover has been mutilated out of manhood by the revenge of her uncle in whose house he became her lover. Historically, Héloïse's prolonged ignorance is inconceivable. She had taken the veil at Argenteuil, half a dozen miles from Paris; and in Paris when the deed was done, the alarm bell rang, and Miss Waddell tells us how the students came out in a raging pack and tore the eyes as well as the members from Fulbert's hired ruffians. Convents were not places of such seclusion that no word of all this could cross the walls. But, after all, credibility is not the first matter. The very essence of the Abelard theme, is a double tragedy of thwarted intellect and thwarted love; and each thwarted after the

fullest development and by brutal force from outside—Fulbert's hired knives and the Council's book-burning. Miss Waddell does not complete the theme. In the close, one may hope that love and intellect were each ultimately reconciled to a different fulfilment, and by converging sacrifices. Yet, were they converging? Abelard finds peace at the last, (we are told by Mr. Lloyd) in the final shelter of Cluny; Miss Waddell shows him to us in at least a momentary fruition of peace, for he has, before her book closes, as the phrase is, seen God. But Héloïse? Not by her own choice she has entered the cloister, but to do Abelard's bidding. She has followed his lead: he, I suppose, has followed God's; and in the last chapter of the novel, we see her by the bedside of old Gilles listening while he reads the letter telling of Abelard's new peace—and waiting for the word about her that does not come. For her there is no peaceful ending: acceptance only becomes bearable when she sees old Gilles breaking his heart for her sorrow, and is no longer desolate in her pain.

The truth is that strong natures desiring the closest union can only keep it by accepting the law that each must pursue to the full his own inner instinct, even if that leads to physical separation. Yet Abelard goes because he must; Héloïse conforms, because her strongest instinct is to be his servant. Yet because the will she follows is not her own, she, unlike him, finds no satisfaction. If fulfilment was ever hers, it must have been only in that final stage when Pierre de Montboissier, become Peter the Venerable of Cluny, wrote to Héloïse, then Abbess of the Paraclete, a letter which survives. Mr. Lloyd (adorning so often his pages with Miss Waddell's prose), gives her rendering of it. Here is the last sentence: I italicize the words which give the personal note, so amazing in that context:

Him therefore, O sister most dear, him to whom you once clung in the union of the flesh and now in that stronger finer bond of the divine affection, with whom and under whom you have long served the Lord, him, I say, *in your place or as another you*, hath Christ taken to His breast to comfort him, and there shall keep him, till at the coming of the Lord, the voice of the archangel and the trump of God descending, He shall restore him to your heart again.

In another book perhaps Miss Waddell may write the later chapters of the story; yet what she has written, reaches a real

end or resting place. Since Mr. Moore's novel has been so highly rated, I think right to give reasons for my very strong preference for this other. There is, to begin with, immeasurable difference in familiarity with the period and its literature: it is not by report only nor through encyclopædias that Miss Waddell knows Abelard as poet or as dialectician. But even in knowledge of humanity she seems greatly to exceed the elder novelist. Whether Abelard at thirty-seven was an experienced lover or a mature man swept by a sudden insurgence of new desire—whether Héloïse herself preferred taking the veil or went to it submissive only for love's sake—these are matters on which historically there may be doubt; but a novelist, recreating what happened, must have no doubt, for the whole structure is affected. On both Mr. Moore fluctuates; on both Miss Waddell is clear beyond yea or nay. He leaves the story a good deal smeared, but its central savagery is shirked; she, showing as the record tells her how the passion of the lovers respected no decencies of place, yet leaves it a clean force. And in the mere telling, while he is tedious as tapestry, her book has the swiftness and variety of that rare thing, a good film. There remains the style, and though I lack appreciation either for Pater or this imitator of his, I still can see that Mr. Moore's prose plays about the figures of his scene, enlivening them like the jets over a piece of fountain sculpture. But his is a piped and filtered flow; hers is wild water, carrying with it stray leaves and twigs, reflecting woodland, heather and whin bushes and the open sky. Her mind, so nourished on books, never loses its tang of the country; just as now and then there comes into her writing some idiom, or it may be only some cadence, of homely Ulster speech.

In one thing only, their account of the journeyings down to Brittany, I should be disposed to give the palm to Mr. Moore: his sail down the Loire is enchanting, and whenever he begins to write of horse and horsemanship, languid echoes of Pater cease and we meet the man who wrote *Hail and Farewell*. Besides, his Madelon, Fulbert's old housekeeper and Héloïse's foster-mother, is a figure full of sap—though not more, if in ways most different, than Miss Waddell's portrait of Abelard's sister, the Breton housewife, Denise.



THE ENGLISH IN AUSTRALASIA

by G. R. STIRLING TAYLOR.

THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORY OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE; vol. VII: part I, Australia (30s.); part II, New Zealand (15s.).

AT the present period in the history of human civilization, a very critical race is being run between two principles which cannot always be reconciled to live together in peaceful unison. On the one hand, there is the noble principle of democratic liberty, expressed by a free vote in the decisions of the governing power; on the other side, there is the urgent principle that the most highly skilled knowledge can alone deal with the very technical problems that now face the executive officers of every modern state. It is a life-and-death struggle whether democracy can be sufficiently educated before its ignorant selection of governors shall have ruined the nations by inefficient ruling. These two new volumes of the Cambridge Histories are very valuable aids in training the people for the aforesaid momentous race. The American colonies were lost because the ruling oligarchy of the eighteenth century had not sufficient knowledge and wit to prevent the catastrophe. It is not yet perfectly certain that an ignorant democracy may not lose the rest of the British Empire in the twentieth.

Here, in these two beautifully produced volumes, are presented the facts which will inform the minds of the electors who

have to vote on imperial questions. Fortunately, the formal constitutional bonds which now bind the British Empire together are very few; we learned our lesson in North America; and the constitutional history of these two volumes is the story of the severing of impossible bonds. In practice, the great colonies are now independent states. Purely constitutional law is always the duller part of history; just as the formal struggles of political parties are the most misleading chapters in historical works. It may even be suggested of this work that it might have given a clearer indication, in its detailed story of the partisan battles of its political sects, that the surface does not always adequately represent the very sordid intrigues (for self-interest of individual and class) that lie beneath.

These volumes are of particular value as showing how easily a modern democratic system can take to itself most, if not more, of the evils of the earlier oligarchies and feudalisms. The story of the "Squatters" of the 'sixties is remarkably reminiscent of the medieval barons who "held up" the state to suit their own convenience: "The squatters were content to let matters remain as they were, relying on their superior command of money, and ability to meet fraud by fraud, to defeat the free selector who menaced their runs."

Again, the bushrangers were very near cousins of the barons of King Stephen's days; though probably few Norman lords would have dared to evict their tenants as ruthlessly as some of the Australasian settlers pushed the aborigines out of their way.

The evolution of the land laws of these new settlements, both in Australia and New Zealand, is a most valuable piece of sociological history. One realises how deep rooted are the evils of a vicious land law. We read how the squatter's blunders and stubbornness corrupted the whole social life: "its moral effects brought about the undoing of every educational effort to raise the standards of a wild country population." By this selfish folly thirty-nine million acres had been given away for a gain of only 21,000 new settlers; 96 favoured landlords had got an average of 84,000 acres each. And this was the result: "Perjury was a commonplace in the lives of all settlers, young and old; the countryside was studded with dens in which horse stealers found harbour and sympathy; and the Land Act of 1861, on the evidence of all observers, impeded the hand of the State in its repression of the bushranging which broke out afresh in the 'sixties." It is an important fact that these "Squatters," who so nearly ruined their new home, were "largely recruited from the army and the universities."

On the other hand, it can be a matter of legitimate pride to read how persistently the earlier governors and officials, sent out from England, struggled against the selfish ruthlessness of the land-grabbers and traders who came out to make their fortunes regardless of all moral laws. These governors protected the natives, both in Australia and in New Zealand; and when our regular soldiers found themselves in action against the Maoris, they openly admired these chivalrous foes, and despised the

inferior Whites who were using the army to steal the Maori lands. Even when the Maoris killed a dozen Englishmen in cold blood, after capturing them as prisoners, the British governor and his legal advisers took the Maori side, on the grounds that the Whites were the unlawful first aggressors.

The early history of the New South Wales convict settlement is a valuable picture of primitive social organization; it reveals the deep rooted human instincts which are the predominant factors in all social problems. It is a most vital fact to learn that the convicts were, on the whole, reasonable and reliable men and women, and rapidly responded to rational treatment. Whereas the colony was almost brought to disaster by the completely unscrupulous and criminal behaviour of the officers of the military department sent to keep order. These men sold illicit spirits, and made their fortunes thereby; and when the governor attempted to stop their crimes, they mutinied and deposed him!

In short, these volumes are of peculiar value because, by suddenly putting the modern man amongst primitive surroundings, all sorts of fundamental facts are revealed which escape detection in more normal conditions. The reader will learn English, as well as colonial, history in these books. Incidentally, he will get a great deal of the romance of travel and adventure.

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STATIONERY

THE CONQUEST OF THE DESERT

by KENNETH WILLIAMS.

THE EMPTY QUARTER, by H. St. J. B. Philby. Constable. 21s.

CARAVANS OF THE OLD SAHARA, by E. W. Bovill. Oxford University Press. 21s.

THESE two books deal respectively with what is certainly the least known, and what is probably the best known, desert in the world: the Rub' al Khali, or Great Southern Desert of Arabia, and the African Sahara. The lure and significance of deserts are being increasingly emphasised in our modern generation, and in these two books an admirable exposition of each of these properties is contained.

It was in 1917-1918 that Mr. St. John Philby was sent by the British authorities at Baghdad on a mission to Ibn Sa'ud, who, though to-day King of the greater part of the Arabian Peninsula, was then not even Sultan of Nejd. That war-time journey fired Mr. Philby with two passions: one for the cause of the Wahhabis (of whom Ibn Sa'ud was and is the head), and the other for the conquest of a great desert at whose fringes he gazed in 1918—the Rub' al Khali, or *Empty Quarter* of Arabia.

But in his ambition of being a pioneer across this unknown waste he was forestalled by Mr. Bertram Thomas in 1931.

"The Empty Quarter" is the story of his assault in 1932 on this Great Southern Desert. Like all Mr. Philby's books, it is a mine of information on Arab geography, Arab life and customs. No detail in his fourteen weeks' sojourn in the barren oceans of sand and gravel

was too insignificant for his notice: to future explorers in these regions his diary will be priceless.

Mr. Philby, travelling as a King's (that is, Ibn Sa'ud's) man and as a Muslim, started from the north, in the Hasa, hoping to traverse the desert and to reach the Hadhramaut, on the Indian Ocean. For penetration into the southern sands and steppe, however, he lacked the necessary guides, and so near a place called Shanna (a spot surely remembered by all readers of Mr. Thomas's *Arabia Felix*) he had perforce to relinquish his aim of crossing the Rub' al Khali—at any rate of crossing it as he had designed. He decided to make the trek westwards to Sulaiyil over more than 350 miles of absolutely waterless country. In this utter waste—Mr. Philby denies the title of "Empty Quarter" to any other section of what has hitherto been known as the Rub' al Khali—there was barely pasture enough to take his camels through. But by hard driving, determination, and powers of endurance which many younger men would envy, Mr. Philby brought his party back to civilization: an extremely fine performance, the merits of which find no exaggeration in his smooth-flowing pages.

If the Rub' al Khali successfully preserved its secrets from inquisitive Europeans until the year 1931, the Sahara has been known, in part, at any rate, for upwards of three thousand years. Unlike the south Arabian desert, its conquest was a commercial necessity, and

although its crossing was never to be lightly essayed, camels have been trekking across it for centuries. Its real conquest, however, like that of the African Continent itself, was delayed until the nineteenth century. Probably it would have come earlier, mainly through the agency of the enterprising Portuguese in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, but for the monopolising discovery of America and the route to India via the Cape.

Mr. Bovill's book, which traces the history of the Sahara, and of its contact with the Barbary States of the north and with the Sudan in the south, from the Vandal invasion of the fifth century A.D. to the discovery of the course of the Niger river a hundred years ago, is a model of sound scholarship and balance. He is familiar with all the authorities, both Arabic and European, and the picture which he has represented is as complete and rounded as possible. It is likely to remain for some time the best work in English on the subject, and is very worthily published under the auspices of the International Institute of African Languages and Cultures. He is to be heartily congratulated on having filled a gap which has long been felt.

THE MODERN STATE, edited by Mary Adams. *Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d.*

THIS book is a reprint of the lectures broadcast by Mr. Leonard Woolf and others in the "Changing World" symposium over a year ago. Most of the sections therefore have the patiently explanatory air to which we are accustomed if we listen in frequently. They are not, however, too elementary to be worth publication, and although there is not the same urgency about them as the same writers would probably express today, they are concerned with the same problems, of which the principle one is the question of whether it is possible to evolve stable and responsible govern-

ment out of modern democracy, or whether we shall relapse into some other form or into barbarism.

All the co-authors are optimists, if of a qualified sort. Indeed, if they were not, would they be likely to think it worth while to write about politics? All of them, too, retain their faith in democracy as the only possible means of salvation, provided, of course, that the people who compose the democracy can be persuaded to think better and more often. Only Sir Arthur Salter seems to put his faith more in the power of growth inherent in institutions, and he is the least hopeful of the five, though, or perhaps because, he is the most practical. He alone seems to be concerned with what is likely to occur rather than with what may be made to occur if certain hypotheses are fulfilled.

The most remarkable thing about the book is the unity of the assumptions underlying it. Lord Eustace Percy is a Conservative and Mrs. Sydney Webb, of course, a Socialist. Yet both assume the same, practically Benthamite, criteria of the worth of a given form of society, and both believe that the same means, reliance in the last resort on the good sense and good will of the human race, will bring about the society which satisfies them. They are content that the work of statesmen should be judged by those who cannot understand what they are doing, for the very reason that they cannot know, can never know, all the reasons for their doing it. It is judgment by results, and the final abandonment of the mystical attitude to political ideals, upon which they therefore rely. Recent events on the Continent of Europe throw a very dark shadow over this faith, though they do not necessarily disprove it. The next few months should furnish some important evidence as to whether it is true or not.

ALAN M. WELLS.

LITERATURE AND PULPIT IN MEDIAEVAL ENGLAND, by G. R. Owst, D.Litt. *Cambridge University Press. 30s.*

NOT even the most bitter and determined rationalist would deny to the sermon a place in the temple of literature. He could not escape from such names as John Donne, Jeremy Taylor, and John Henry Newman. But these are the names of giants, and, as such, inescapable. Most sermons are and have always been preached by those who have little of the giant about them, and it would occur to few to make large claims in any literary sense for the sermons preached down the ages by the unknown multitudes of clerks. Yet, according to Dr. Owst, precisely such average and commonplace orations have a high and noble place in the history of literary evolution. They are a "long thin line . . . holding the fort of our English tongue" throughout the Middle Ages, preserving intact for Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Bunyan the vernacular tongue, with all its vivid images. They do more: they present to the giants the very images, symbols, and figures of speech which they most frequently use.

One example out of very many will explain Dr. Owst's thesis and method. Everybody knows the phrase: "The Ship of State". It is taken direct from mediæval sermon books. "The symbolic Ship will serve to show how the pulpit comes eventually to influence the vernacular poet." Anselm first used the symbol, and after him a twelfth century Abbot of St. Victor. Thereafter the Ship appears in dozens of sermons in each generation. Until the fifteenth century the symbolism is virtually unchanged. The Ship is the Church, built of the planks of Holy Scripture and steered by the rudder of the theologians. The Sea is the World, with all its stormy pomps and vanities; and the Captain is usually our Lord, but sometimes the

Pope. In the fifteenth century a change comes over the symbol. The preacher declaims: "A great ship which sailed for many a day in the sea of Prosperity is that plenteous realm, the realm of England. May God, for His Passion's sake, save and preserve it". This Ship has three parts. The fore-castle is the clergy, the body is the commons and merchants, the hind-castle is the nobility, and the master mariner is "oure sovereyn lord" the King. Dr. Owst quotes at great length from this sermon, and draws out its parallels with later political poetry. Space forbids an indication of these parallels, but no one who reads his book can doubt for a minute that he has made good his claim that the literary symbol of the Ship of State, with its long and still continuing history, has its source in the quite ordinary sermons of mediæval parish churches. He does the same thing as convincingly with the symbol of the Castle or Fortress, showing how great is Bunyan's debt for his Mansoul in "The Holy War" to the mediæval preacher's fondness for the Vulgate text: *Intravit Jesus in Castellum* (Luke x, 38).

How full of possibilities Dr. Owst's thesis is can be seen from the number of different points of view from which he attacks it. He deals with isolated symbols, as in the Ship. He writes two vast chapters on "Satire and Complaint"; he describes the influence of the Sermon on Renaissance Drama; he makes a full use of the innumerable cautionary tales with which preachers of every age are wont to salt their discourses; and he shows clearly how the fondness of a village preacher for drawing his examples from the common life about him "brings us very close to those familiar interludes in the contemporary religious drama which pave the way for the yet more vulgar, homely and comic scenes of the greater Elizabethan dramatists". The amount of

research lying behind this elaboration of an unusual thesis is terrific and almost frightening. He pauses sometimes in his stride to demonstrate rather combatively the errors of other scholars who have in their blindness underestimated the literary influence of the mediæval pulpit, but for the rest all his six hundred pages rest on a solid foundation of hard years of patient and laborious study of the MSS. themselves. Though it is, alas, true that all this labour will only make his name known to a tiny circle, it is hard to believe that within the limits of that circle it will not be imperishable.

Sermons are preached for the purpose of edifying; as such primarily they should be judged. But, as Dr. Owst sets out to show, they are material also for the literary historian. Yet, while he certainly makes good his claims, the ordinary scholarly reader will turn most often to those pages in which Dr. Owst demonstrates yet another way of reading sermons—for the provision of direct and vivid evidence of the common manner of life in their period. Here, direct from the sermons, is the mediæval house:

"A peep within the domestic hall, itself 'blakyed wyth smoke', shows us the hall fire that now 'brennyth fayr', now 'quengethe and smokethe', the 'catte that sitteth nyhe the fyre' and 'brenneth ofte hire hippes'. We learn here the mysteries of house cleaning. The woman 'taketh a besom and dryveth togethur all the unclennes of the household; and, lest that the duste ascende and encumber the place, she springeth it with water; and whan that she hath gadred all to-thethur, she casteth it with gret violence owte of the dore'. As every modern housewife knows, it is a task that is never ended: 'For, on Saturday at afternonn the servauntes shall swepe the hous and caste all the donge and the fylth be-hynde the dore on

an hepe. But what than? Cometh the capons and the hennes and scrapeth it abroad, and makethe it as il as it was before'."

Many pages are devoted to such charming verisimilitude, and it is perhaps true that our debt to Dr. Owst is the greatest for such pictures as these, and the artistry with which he has transcribed them from the dusty and yellowing sermon books of preachers dead and forgotten for centuries.

ROGER B. LLOYD.

CHRISTIANITY AND THE CRISIS.

Edited by Dr. Percy Dearmer.
Gollancz. 5s.

THE Bishop of Croydon speaks for practically all his fellow-contributors to this symposium when he writes: "The main contention of this book is that, faced with a world-crisis of unparalleled magnitude, Christianity has something commanding, something creative to say; that, desperate though the world's ills may be, there is that in Christianity which can provide the remedy." Even more definitely, it is contended that Christianity is the only remedy—save possibly a Communism relying upon force, and denying both God and the value of individuality, though by no means devoid of power to inspire almost religious devotion. Our present civilization, in its subordination of human to economic values, is denounced as little better than "satanic", and the demand is made for its "moralization" on every plane and in every sphere by a Christianity become socially and nationally active. Lip-service, it is implied, has been paid long enough to the principles of Jesus; we have now to implement, embody, them.

Most of this has, of course, been said before, without marked effect. As one contributor to this volume admits, a prime argument against the truth of

Christianity is "the record of the Christian Church". Too many good intentions have fallen into the gap between precept and practice. Not a few readers will turn these pages most eagerly to discover at what point the Established and Free Churches (both represented here) are prepared to make an uncompromising stand upon their principles. They may be a little disappointed. The attitude to the subject of War is fairly typical. In Dr. A. Herbert Gray's view "Jesus and war belong to different worlds"—the Christian can neither serve as soldier nor plan to kill others for any reason. This is clearly in line with Mr. E. N. Porter Goff's demand for abolition of our Air Force, whatever other nations may do. "Christ did not preach a conditional morality; he did not tell us to live the good life only if we could be quite certain that our neighbours were going to do likewise." The Archbishop of Canterbury offers vague support to some such attitude, but the more realist Archbishop of York, while "respecting" the pacifist, finds a place for war well within the Christian scheme. There is, in fact, no "united front" even on a point on which one had thought the words of Jesus most clear.

It is unfortunate—the more so in being not unrepresentative. This compilation of some 600 pages by some thirty-odd contributors covers a very wide range of subjects relating to the present world-situation, the nature and history of Christianity, and the Christian attitude to many problems; practically all the essays have merit and interest—the book deserves to be read by almost everyone. But if it points the way it gives too little conviction of that leadership which would draw after it not only avowed Christians but the great number of men of goodwill whose humbler title is that of followers of the man Jesus.

GEOFFREY WEST.

THE LIFE OF JOHN COLET, by Sir J. A. R. Marriott. *Methuen.* 6s.

COMING across this book by chance, one might perhaps be excused for asking at first sight what demand there is for a life of Colet at the present time. His, as Sir John Marriott admits, is a figure strangely, perhaps unjustly, obscured by the fame of contemporaries certainly no greater and even, one might say, disciples of his. Which all goes to show that if one would live in the memory of after ages, something conspicuous must be done or some great and abiding body of work be left for the wonder of posterity. Colet, his latest biographer tells us, was not the man to care for these things.

Yet Colet's influence lives today more surely than that of his friend Erasmus, whether we consider first the most obvious of his bequests to posterity, St. Paul's School, whose founder he was, or the far from insignificant part he played as forerunner of the English Reformation, or yet again his initiation of "a rational exposition of the Scriptures". Never a seeker of office or of fame, he yet became by the sanctity and devotion of his life, as much as by his great learning and the fearlessness of his conviction, an inspiration to his many friends, a teacher and preacher of profound influence, even a counsellor of the throne.

The present work is not intended as in any way an exhaustive or official biography, but as a stop-gap to fill the void till the standard biography is reissued. But brief and unpretentious as it is, it paints an unforgettable portrait of a subject well worthy such warmth of portrayal. Colet is seen in relation not only to his own times, in which his influence was admitted by such men as More, Erasmus, even on occasion by Henry VIII himself, but in his (less direct) relation to the Reformation which swept away the very abuses which Colet

had been the first to challenge openly. A portrait, this, of a liberal churchman, more zealous for reform from within than for revolution and changes imposed on the Church from without; of a Catholic as true in spirit as in act, protesting, not against Catholic doctrine and dogma, but against the rank abuses inherent in a church over-ensnared in things temporal; lastly, a portrait of a man, greatly gifted, beloved of his friends, blest with riches which he dedicated, like his whole life, to the service of his Master. Not, perhaps, one of the greatest of Englishmen, he occupies a quiet but by no means unimportant niche of his own. Small as it is, Sir John Marriott's tribute leaves us in no doubt as to the inward greatness of the man and the wide extent of his influence.

JOHN LINNELL.

COUNTRYWOMEN IN COUNCIL, by Janet E. Courtney, O.B.E. *Humphrey Milford*. 3s. 6d.

THOSE who already know Mrs. W. L. Courtney's powers as a writer through her recollections of a varied and interesting career, will expect her book on the Women's Institute movement to be, as it is, a competent piece of work. It begins with a survey of the English village community, particularly the life and statics of countrywomen in the past, based on historical, social and literary records. These make the background, and supply the reason, for the great achievements of the movement in our own day; though the immediate impetus came from "the new consciousness of the value of corporate effort, born of the general emancipation of women and specially of their work in the War."

Mrs. Courtney traces the activities of

women in agriculture back to the fifteenth century, and gives a brief sketch of their revival in the Land Army of 1917-1919. The Women's Institute movement, as an organization, did not reach England till 1915, and then through Canadian influence. The first Institute had been formed in Ontario eighteen years earlier, and from that small beginning these unions in the cause of "Home and Country" spread slowly to other districts, and to the United States, where they developed on different lines and under another name.

The movement in Britain might have failed "had not people of vision in high places recognized in it an incomparable instrument for rousing and marshalling the woman power of the nation." Having proved their extraordinary capacity for service in the War years, the Institutes have gone steadily forward since. Every English county now has its Federation, and the total number of Institutes at the end of 1932 was nearly 5,000. By degrees these have become associated with every kind of official or voluntary agency for promoting education, health and welfare, rural crafts, and County Libraries for distributing books in the villages.

The leaders of the movement have consistently fostered agricultural and horticultural interests, and co-operative schemes of production and marketing, on the principle expressed in the Japanese saying: "One who owns rice villages holds the life of the nation in his hand."

Though mainly concerned with the evolution of the Institutes in the rural areas of England, Wales and Scotland, Mrs. Courtney gives her last chapter to their enterprises overseas—in Canada, New Zealand, South Africa, and even in India, where they were founded as a memorial of Saroj Nalini Dutt's devoted work on behalf of village women.

MURIEL KENT.

THE WORLD EXPLAINED TO CHILDREN

by NAOMI MITCHISON.

THE HOME OF MANKIND, by Hendrik Van Loon. *Harrap*. 12s. 6d.

THE MODERN WORLD, by H. C. Knapp-Fisher. *Gollancz*. 5s.

CHILDREN have very little excuse for finding things dull nowadays, unless, of course, they are saddled with parents or schoolteachers who believe that what was thought good enough twenty years ago is still good enough. Here are two books, both at times gloriously and humanly inaccurate and prejudiced, but both infinitely readable. Neither need be read whole from beginning to end, but both can be dipped into indefinitely, and Hendrik Van Loon's is bound to start the intelligent reader, from 9 to 90 years old, off on wild trains of thought and disagreement and imagination. *The Home of Mankind* is a geography book, but includes a lot of fascinatingly potted history. After all, geography is what mankind has made it, and here, although the reader is made to see things on a world scale and from such a distance that sea-bottoms become as clearly part of earth's surface as mountain ranges, yet there is a feeling of pride and hopefulness about the whole thing. Here and there we have dealt with nature; if we do not prove ourselves to be utter fools, we can make the kind of world where geography is all lovely: no plague spots, no areas of ugliness and waste and misery, nothing to be ashamed of; no frontiers, no spotting of the map with one colour or another. It will be geography without tears then, because it will be geography without hate.

In my childhood there were two kinds of geography: the completely unreal atlas geography, where north was always

at the top, and if one always looked at maps in a classroom facing south, south became firmly fixed in one's mind as north—and geography about peoples of many lands, who wore different clothes and skins from one's own, and with whom one felt no kind of contact. There was clearly no reason for them, and, the younger one is, the more one likes a nice solid reason. But Hendrik Van Loon gives plenty of reasons, and geography becomes real. Also, he has drawn lots of pictures all through the book; some of them are a little silly, but some are most impressive, and make one suddenly see things which had before only been mildly acquiesced in theories. I had meant to send this book to my son at school, but I'm going to keep it for myself—he's sure to grab it during the holidays!

The Modern World is a less exciting book, but again, it is a new book, not one of the old ones re-written. It is a kind of world parade, showing, calmly and intelligently, what lies behind the head-lines and prejudice of the newspapers which children as well as adults find in their hands from day to day. Who are Hitler, Gandhi, Roosevelt? What are tariffs? It is all plain enough for a child of ten or twelve to understand, and where possible ideas and events are dramatized, but on the whole it is not too over-simplified. The general point of view is sane and decent; there is an underlying belief in justice and freedom and kindness. Whether these beliefs alone are enough to change the world is another matter; yet children should be allowed hope; they, at least, may believe that all things are

possible, that when they grow up they may be able to save the world from the idiocies and cruelties that are ruining it. Their best chance is, surely, understanding; only those who do not understand can be cruel and work against the future. It seems a pity that this book should sometimes shy away from the truth. One does not mind so much that Mr. Knapp-Fisher should put a better face on the League of Nations

than it has—some day there may be a real League of Nations, and children should grow up with the idea. But neither he, nor for that matter Hendrik van Loon, seems quite able to get away from the respectable point of view about the U.S.S.R., though he is fairer than many writers. However, this is on the whole an excellent book, and I wish there had been something of the sort in my time!

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF MRS. SIDDONS, by Naomi Royde-Smith. *Gollancz*. 12s. 6d.

MISS ROYDE-SMITH calls her essay in biography "a psychological investigation", but unless for "psychological" one may read "imaginative" it is a little difficult to fit the description to the result. To begin with, she is at so great pains to define her proposed method, that she takes fifty pages to do it in, and when she does actually get to her subject she still devotes another hundred and fifty to painting in the background and the surroundings. Still, after this leisurely approach, we do get a narrative that moves with all the swiftness and intensity of the best imaginative fiction. Only is it fiction, or is it fact?

Mrs. Siddons' actions, we are told, whether she knew it or not, were governed by a sort of *Œdipus* complex reversed. For ten years of her life, and those the most formative for her art, she had the devotion of the young Thomas Lawrence, who loved to sit in admiration of her beauty and to transfer it to canvas. Impeccably virtuous as was his sitter, there did pass from him to her an electric stimulus; it was part of his fatal charm that he almost at once established this intimate relation with every sitter he painted. The years passed, the young Siddons girls came

home from their school in France, and the painter, who had played with them as children, fell in love with them, one after the other. Or rather he fell in love with Sally, the elder, in all the wonderful beauty of a peerless eighteen; and Maria, the mischievous younger sister, set herself to capture him and did it so successfully that the mother, who thought herself acting as Sally's protector, found herself unexpectedly helping to frustrate an attachment that was for some obscure reason distasteful to her by its transference to a rival too young to be taken seriously. Allowed to regard himself as the affianced of Maria, Lawrence's wayward heart strayed back to Sally, and when both were sent out of his reach, he once more haunted their mother's footsteps ostensibly to get news of his Sally. But frail, delicate and emotional as the two girls were, love was the death of them both. The only survivors of the tragical complex were the too successful Court painter and the statuesque woman who, in her old age sat dreaming in the house in Upper Baker Street, and saw in memory the ardent boy who had painted her when she was young and lovely, and whom, all unsuspected by herself, she had loved with a love that she could not bear to see invaded even by her own loved children.

That is the story, as Miss Royde

Smith conceives it. Has she any real evidence to support it? If she has, she does not produce it. As she tells it she is so convincing that she carries her readers along, but that may as well be a tribute to her art as to her veracity. Stopping to think, one wonders whether the matter-of-fact, level-headed woman that doubled the great actress was capable of these modern complexities, whether the psychological analysts of our own day do not to a great extent invent the tangles they then proceed to unravel. But veracious or not, Miss Royde-Smith's story is as enthralling as any of her excellent novels. And she has brought to her task an immense knowledge of the theatrical history of the period. Though her first hundred and fifty pages may have little to do with the "private life" of Mrs. Siddons, they fill in the background and drape the sitter as carefully and completely as could the brush of any eighteenth century painter. True to life or not, the painter's treatment is at least true to the conception she has formed of her subject and harmonious in its execution.

JANET E. COURTNEY.

THE ENGLISH ECCENTRICS, by Edith Sitwell. *Faber & Faber*. 15s.

THE cover design is just right. It nicely recalls the illustrations which "Phiz" made for Dickens—the greatest creator of English eccentrics. The inside is something of a disappointment. It would have been too much to expect Miss Sitwell to produce serious rivals to Mr. Micawber, Joe Gargery or that immortal pair Messrs. Wegg and Boffin; but she is lacking in that nice taste which is required to distinguish the eccentric from the lunatic, the rogue or the romantic. They are all jumbled up here in these pages—Sarah Whitehead, the woman who believed that the Bank

of England had robbed her of a fortune; Huntington, the coalheaver preacher, who shamelessly exploited the admirers of his pious eloquence; and Mary Baker, the Devon servant-girl, who found it more amusing to pose as the Princess Caraboo. Good stories all, but void of eccentricity in its proper sense. Among the genuine eccentrics one of the best is Baron Ferdinand de Geramb, who fought a duel on the crater of Mount Etna and whose gold braid and magnificent whiskers were the envy of the Prince Regent—but, then, he was not English; and there is Margaret Fuller, the American founder of the movement for the emancipation of women, who was neither English nor (except in the vulgar sense of one who is fifty years ahead of his time) eccentric. Her life, a strange compound of courage and pathos, would be well worth writing; but not much can be told in a series of now picturesque, now ludicrous, incidents. Finally, in an appendix, there is the story of the digging up in the church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, in the year 1790, of a coffin and skeleton reputed by some to be those of Milton. It is a curious episode, though not particularly amusing in itself. But what on earth has it to do with English, or any other, eccentricity?

Among your true exponents of eccentricity, the palm must go, on Miss Sitwell's showing, to country squires and men of learning. The amazing Squire Waterton, who kept a sloth in his bedroom and a female chimpanzee in a cage, and who "when beyond seventy years of age, would hop on one leg along the brink of a rock forming the highest terrace in the grotto, while the other leg was dangling over the chasm below", is matched by Squire Mytton, who cured himself of the hiccoughs by setting fire to his night-shirt and who, when a fellow-traveller confessed that he had never been upset in a gig, ejaculated: "What, never upset in a gig? what a

damned slow fellow you must have been all your life", and running the near wheel up the bank, rectified the omission. Professor Porson "once confined the wife of Dr. Goodall, of Eton, to the breakfast table throughout the whole of a Sunday morning" while he finished six pots of porter (though he preferred port); and when invited out to dinner, he had the disconcerting habit of monologuing to his drowsy hosts until well after daybreak. The question of relativity often arises in connection with these studies in eccentricity. To dine at 4 o'clock, like Dr. Fordyce, on "half a boiled chicken, a pound and a half of rump-steak, a tankard of ale, a bottle of port and a quarter of a pint of

brandy", was less eccentric in the eighteenth century than it might seem today. Conversely, it was about the same period that Lord Rokeby "discouraged the consumption of exotics of every description, from an idea that the productions of our island were competent to the support of its inhabitants"—an opinion which then entitled him to the reputation of an eccentric, but would now rather qualify him for Cabinet rank.

In short, this is a pleasant, formless collection of curious anecdotes. But it scarcely justifies its title; and it seems rather light weight both for the publisher's price of fifteen shillings and for Miss Sitwell's sophisticated muse.

JOHN HALLETT.

PLAIN TALES FROM THE SEA

MUTINY! by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall. *Chapman & Hall.* 7s. 6d.

LOG OF THE SEA, by Felix Riesenberg. *Cape.* 10s. 6d.

MOTHER SEA, by Felix Riesenberg. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.

Mutiny is the story of the "Bounty" written up in the form of fiction, the narrator being one, "Roger Byam", a midshipman, commissioned to compile a dictionary of the South Sea Island language. The authors have made a thoroughly good job of it; lively and imaginative, yet solid, complete and conscientious, without any tedious tendency to improve on the truth, in the Hollywood "historical picture" style. There is an added "love interest", it is true; but Mr. Byam would have been a curious exception amongst the "Bounty's" company had there not been, I suppose. At any rate, his own story is not what particularly matters, his presence on board being merely a convenience for setting out the full facts of what actually occurred, as nearly

as might be judged from all available documents.

In fact, if you don't happen to have any of the "Bounty" records before you, this "romance" will certainly give you a much better idea of the whole truth than any one of those, taken by itself. New facts have come to light since Sir John Barrow's narrative. As for actual survivors' records, these, though without any intention on the writer's part to deceive, may sometimes be amazingly misleading.

I remember, for instance, when first reading Bligh's narrative, being struck by the extreme dignity, modesty, and calm dispassionate temper of the intrepid Lieutenant's style. Here was the perfect sea-commander, one would have said, victim of a dastardly and utterly unlooked-for outbreak on the part of a pack of low, ungrateful wretches, chief amongst them the master's mate himself, the treacherous villain Christian. Without ever using a harsh word, Bligh seemed all the time to be asking, gentle and bewildered, "How could they have

done this thing to me?" And never a hint of the other side of the picture, the violent Captain storming up and down his decks, raging at officers and men alike. "By God, sirs, I'll have the lot of you flogged round the fleet to within an inch of your worthless lives, you scoundrels! Seize that man up there, master-at-arms, three dozen lashes! The ungrateful dog! By God, but we'll soon see who's master here! Mr. Christian! God damn you for a nursemaid, sir! All hands on deck! Three of my coconuts have been stolen, and by heavens! I intend to find the scoundrel if it means—" etc. Bligh's verbal style was certainly quite unlike his literary.

The authors, however, have wisely left the narrative of the launch's marvellous voyage to Timor unchallenged, their Mr. Byam remaining amongst the mutineers, to be condemned through an innocent, but apparently sinister, association with Christian. Their portrait of Christian himself, the slight, seems to me the best thing in the book; leaving this moody, dark, young English sailor somehow the central figure of the tragedy, of whom so little is known.

Mother Sea, Captain Riesenberg's novel, is another book in which fact and fiction are thus interwoven; some of the same ships and characters, even entire episodes, appearing in the novel as we find in his *Log of the Sea*, used in the one book as a link in the story, in the other as an odd sketch. However, this is nothing to complain of. Between the two books, both in different ways autobiographical, Captain Riesenberg gives us a gorgeous marine medley and panorama, from the days of the great old racing clipper ships right up to the present. There is no space to outline the plot of *Mother Sea*. Its scenes are continually shifting, from New York to Southampton and the China ports, and its characters number a hundred and

one. But you should read it, if only for the sake of Captain Glade, "the old spouter", with his dog and steadfast philosophy in the face of misfortune, "It can't last—nothing does", and for the fine, sympathetic and subtle studies of two or three sailors' wives. As for *Log of the Sea*, "ten years in the making and fifty years in the living of it", this is a book to keep and dip into whenever you feel in the mood for it—which is the vagabond mood. Thus, opening at random, page 297, we find a note on tattooing. "Professor Jack Gavitt, of the Sands Street Tattooing Academy, has clients . . . striving for permanence in the marking of anchors and hearts with loved initials; we admire their faith. However, a few steps farther along is the significant sign, 'Tattooing Removed by Electricity'."

HAMISH MACLAREN.

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SELECTED FICTION

TO MAKE MY BREAD, by Grace Lumpkin. *Gollancz.* 8s. 6d.

DESCRIBE A CIRCLE, by Martin Hare. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.

FLO, by F. C. Boden. *Dent.* 7s. 6d.

FEW THINGS ARE NEEDFUL, by G. McPherson. *Lovat Dickson.* 7s. 6d.

WASPS, by Caradoc Evans. *Rich & Cowan.* 7s. 6d.

RELIABLE American critics assign an exceedingly high rank to the fiction of Miss Grace Lumpkin, and it has been said that her work is as important as that of Mr. William Faulkner and Mr. T. S. Stribling. It seems to me that Miss Lumpkin has imposed such a severe handicap upon herself in *To Make My Bread* that she has not allowed a full opportunity for the exercise of her powers. It is a kind of formless chronicle of life in a remote rural community, beginning with the present century and recording, as the years pass, the inevitable changes in the lives of her people. The characters are numerous. The scene changes frequently. There is too much diffusion of interest. All the same, *To Make My Bread* is an impressive performance and Miss Lumpkin succeeds well enough in showing the absolute simplicity of the lives of these people, who are often upon the borderline of starvation and seem to be entirely without intellectual occupation and, at the same time, lacking in the mother-wit of the good rustic. This, perhaps, is the reason for the impression of monotony which a reading of this book gave me. It lacks the compelling power of really good fiction.

Miss Martin Hare's *Describe A Circle* provides a complete contrast to *To Make My Bread*. Miss Hare views life with a critical and sardonic eye and attacks with the barbed darts of satire many aspects of life in a big shop.

Fanny le Fanu preferred to work in Copling's than to live on her father's estate in Ireland, and both she and her friend, Bernard, extracted much amusement from the unending intrigues and delicate social distinctions of life at Copling's. The trouble began when Fanny decided to end her liaison with Sir Max Copling and embark upon a career of her own. Unfortunately she was totally unfitted to do anything of the kind, and, after a series of adventures with peculiar amorists, she became engaged to a pleasant young Irish doctor. The prospect of marriage proved unattractive to Fanny, who, at the end of the book, seems to be about to resume her affair with Sir Max.

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maker, bishop and jingo politician may be
shamed by them in time."
Frank Kendon in *The Fortnightly Review*.

There is no doubt that Miss Hare's principal talent lies in her acid commentary on the passing show of life. She is often unjust, but almost invariably amusing.

Mr. F. C. Boden earned praise from discriminating critics when his first book, *Miner*, was published. *Flo* does not seem to me to be as good a book, but Mr. Boden has the power of giving vivid life to a simple story, and although his characters are inclined to jump hurriedly into important and decisive actions without adequate motive, the account of their drab lives is altogether convincing. *Flo*, the farmer's daughter, loves Raymond, who is something of a waster. He runs away with the wife of the friend, Jim Warren, at whose house he occupies lodgings. Jim is killed in an accident. Elsie leaves Raymond, and *Flo* forgives him. These incidents comprise the story, which is told colourfully and in detail. The characterization deserves a special word of praise. *Flo*, her parents, and her young sister are particularly well drawn.

If only Mr. Boden will be persuaded, to allow a situation to develop in due course and upon natural lines he should have an interesting career as a novelist.

Few Things Are Needful is a first novel of some promise, which is concerned mainly with the longing for quiet and beauty. Miss McPherson treats this natural reaction from the noise and turmoil of contemporary life with understanding, but most of her characters are amateurs of life, and Michael Donnelly, who lived in a cottage upon the seashore and had an utter disregard for the ordinary social observances, is an irritating dilettante.

The people in this book do not behave naturally. It is, for example, unlikely that Margaret Peters, a respectable spinster nearing middle-age, would accept the casual invitation of a strange young man at Piccadilly Tube station to

spend the night at his seaside cottage. The book abounds in improbabilities of this kind, but the writing is not without distinction, and the dialogue has its merits, although it is often reminiscent of the vague stuff talked by half-baked intellectuals, but that, perhaps, is done by the author's deliberate intention. Nothing very much happens. There are a few unimportant amours, and, in the end, Michael is shown leaving his cottage, which, one is told, he regarded with mingled feelings of affection and dislike.

I believe that Miss McPherson has talent which might be more happily displayed if she were to write more directly and deal with less unlikely people.

Mr. Caradoc Evans's Welsh men and women are fortunately safely confined inside the pages of his books, and in the aptly named *Wasps* they reveal all the old unpleasantness of speech and action. The publisher informs us that in this book Mr. Evans "deals with that little-known group of people who move between the well-to-do middle-class and county," and I confess that I find the statement bewildering. Mr. Evans's characterization is as distinctive as the idiom in which his stories are written and these impossible people are mouth-pieces for the display of the author's keen mind and curious imagination.

ERIC GILLET.

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THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

AUGUST 1, 1933

THE NEW NATIONAL PLANNING

BY G. R. STIRLING TAYLOR

IT is probable that the historians of the future will record that about the years 1920 to 1940 the rulers of the great States began a new development in the art of governing. These writers will go on to explain that the new epoch in national economic and political affairs appears to have started in the Mediterranean land of Italy and the mid-continental state of Russia, and that a few years later it burst forth into sudden action—too sudden action—in the land of Germany, lying mid-way between the two former states, from which it had possibly caught the infection. The historians will then mention that almost at the same moment as the flaring up in Germany, this idea of the State control of industry, or national planning, appeared in the United States of America, quite outside Europe, on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean. Meanwhile the same political views were reaching Great Britain, an island which had always prided itself on its isolation from all those fantastic notions which were common among the more excitable continental races. The chapter in the history book recording these facts will probably bear some such title as "The Epoch of State Planning". Historians will probably tell their students that this revolution was of far greater importance in the development of human culture than the much over-rated episode of the French Revolutionary period over a century earlier. The French Revolution was mainly the work of hysterical idealists, a few homicidal maniacs, and a great many vulgar self-seekers. The Planning Epoch is more likely to be controlled by people of intellect, seeing that it is a work of construction and not destruction.

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The essential and fundamental similarity in all these varied experiments is, somewhat paradoxically, revealed most quickly if we consider their vast differences; and ask what the fierce Italian protest against its "Red" opponents can have in common with the equally violent Russian tyranny over "the Whites"; and what either of these rigid economic theories and practices can possibly share with the anarchy of Germany. Or what any of these three national experiments can have to do with the recently announced policy of the new President of the United States, the great home of self-assertive individual liberty, which has always resented, with criminal vigour, any interference by the ruling hand of the central state. The "gunmen" and the "bootleggers"—those unruly rebels against law and order—are by no means the worst expressions of the contempt the American citizen has almost always expressed for any control by the ruling power, when it had endeavoured to act for the public good. The United States of America, only a few months ago, might have been truly put down in the sociological text-books as the most complete example of that individualist system which of late years has been going steadily nearer anarchy. The North American citizen has probably demanded more civic and economic liberty—and got less of it—than any other nation in the modern world.

The common factor in all those diverse national experiments, indeed the very heart of each and all of them, is this very sudden declaration by the ruling persons or councils of these nations that they intend to take the leading part in the industrial affairs of their communities, and therefore, it follows, the leading part in guiding the national life.

The Russian Communist Republic has gone farthest; having in theory, at least, abolished all private capitalism in the large industries. The export and import trade in Russia is also entirely in the hands of the central government while the normal worker is employed by the State, and his and her wages and hours and conditions of work are controlled by the State, as we in Great Britain control our soldiers and sailors in the Army and Navy.

In Italy a different method is followed. In theory the private capitalist continues to exist; and private enterprise is held as essential for the best and biggest output. But in practice a large part of the private employer is absorbed in public and semi-

public corporations of various syndicalist or guild kinds, in which bodies the wage earners are also incorporated in some more or less intimate way; and the whole trade, thus transformed into a sort of national guild or state industrial unit, is so closely controlled and manipulated by the central governing power, that only a part of individualism is left.

The German form of national socialism is too immature to be worth much study so far. One does not expect to find any maturity of mind in a puppy that is rushing all over the garden, breaking everything that it can knock over in its wild plunges. It is not yet certain whether the animal is mad or merely juvenile. But its theory so far is stated clearly enough—in the most dictatorial terms: in Germany everything is to stand on one side and await the orders of the nearest armed policeman, representing the all powerful and all glorious Fatherland.

But the most startling part of this new phenomenon of State control is being developed in the United States of America. It is not the concern of this essay to discuss the recent chaos in that land which, only a few years ago, had a robust hope that it had discovered the key to the earthly Paradise. Its citizens would seem to have visualized civilization as a gigantic dollar-in-the-slot-machine, wherein they had only to insert the national coin and receive in return whatever they desired. They have now discovered that the Utopian life is not so automatic a process. Our present interest in the United States starts with the positively amazing fact that the new President, Mr. Roosevelt, has demanded and been granted powers of control over banking and manufacture and commerce that, if exercised in full—with efficiency and success—would turn the hitherto extreme individualism of that country into a Socialist Utopia or Purgatory, according to the economic faith of the observer.

One does not want to discuss the matter in the rather inflated language of political idealists, whether of the Right or the Left. The idealist has so often a fanatical determination to cover up the facts in a flood of rhetoric which ends nearer fantasy than reality. But there is no need to discuss rhetorically the matter of the new policy in the United States. For it has long since reached the columns which are written by financial editors in the big newspapers. For example, the Wall Street financial corres-

ponent of the *Observer* (April 30th, 1933), wrote: "The Administration [of the U.S.A] now proposes to take over complete control of industry through the creation of a National Board". The reason given for this astonishing change of American trading habits would have been of tepid interest had it come from a party politician; but it is altogether more arresting when written by this Wall Street pen; which wrote that the revolutionary new economic plan "is now evidently welcomed by many large commercial interests", the reason being, he added, that although it was realized that this national control meant the limitation of profits by law—the greatest of heresies the Western world has yet heard—yet the profit-makers were now convinced that the present financial collapse would probably never be overcome by unassisted natural processes, as other temporary crises had always gradually regained their balance and reverted to normal trading once more. Therefore, "many are enthralled with the hope that the plan holds out for even a small profit in place of continually mounting deficits".

But it is not the purpose of this article to discuss the American position in any detail. What is desirable is that we in Great Britain should appreciate the general facts which the American crisis, and now the London Economic Conference, have together forced on our attention during the last few weeks. The facts were, indeed, obvious before, but they have now suddenly arrived at the point of public notoriety.

The first obvious fact is that during the last few years the existing economic structure—usually termed the Capitalist System—has nearly ceased to function as an efficiently working machine. The manufacturers cannot sell their goods, the bankers cannot sell their credit. The paradox is that the capitalist system does not find itself in this economic morass because it has failed to produce the wealth which is its chief end in life; it has collapsed because it has succeeded so completely that it can produce more wealth than it can sell in the capitalist markets. This statement, of course, does not contradict the equally obvious fact that there are countless millions who are in want because the economic roads are so blocked that the unemployed cannot reach the markets which would willingly supply their needs. That is one of the fundamental facts in the present economic crisis. The machine

is producing more than the man who works it can afford to buy—under the present, unplanned, rules of the economic world. It no longer pays to grow wheat or to make cotton goods (and therefore to grow cotton plants) because there is so much of these things in existence that the competitive profit to be gained by selling them has nearly reached zero.

Now, there are certain theorists who imagine that this embarrassing condition of affairs has happened merely, or mainly, because the War Debts and Reparations have upset the balance of the banking system. They point to such facts as the accumulation of gold in the central banks of France and the United States, where nearly three quarters of the gold supply of the world is held. Therefore, the argument continues, it is impossible to get a free circulation of goods because the monetary power which could buy them is almost wholly in these two national hands. Therefore, the other nations, lacking gold and credit, cannot enter the world market as buyers.

There is a great deal of truth in this theory. A world trade that mainly pivoted on gold naturally ceased to turn when the gold was hoarded by one or two national misers who hid it in the cellars of banks. If the world had been intelligent enough to sell its gold to dentists and jewellers, perhaps keeping enough for international exchange, then the present ridiculous gold standard problem would not be wasting the time of an embarrassed world. The monetary factor has hitherto received far too much attention. It is an important, but probably not the most important, factor in the problems of the bankrupt industrial world. The vital factor is the production and distribution of real—not token—wealth.

The London Economic Conference has perhaps done its most valuable service in suggesting that the need for monetary stability may not be so fundamental as other economic reforms. When it came to the point of stabilizing the international currency (which had been one of the first objects in calling the Conference) President Roosevelt curtly announced—with no apologies for his change of plans or the instability of his own mind—that he was so much concerned with starting the wheels of the productive industrial machines at home, that he did not intend to trouble about monetary stability until it conveniently fitted in with his industrial plans.

Whether President Roosevelt or his so-called economic advisers have any intellectual grasp of the position, or whether they are merely obeying the orders of the great financial controllers, need not be discussed here. The substantial fact is that they are very wise in their present action. For the moment they are chiefly interested in plans for controlling the home industrial machinery. They say, in brief, that when they get trade going again they will then attend to the other matters of a stable dollar, and so on. France has long been a nation of stable brains, where the industrial system has never got out of control; where agriculture has always been carefully balanced with factories, and where the hysteria of Wall Street is unknown. So, of course, France, not having its industry to reorganize from the roots upwards, as they have in the United States, is annoyed by this American refusal to stabilize the currency; for the French, having already a comparatively sane internal economic structure, are mainly concerned with a reformed international currency which will enable them to sell abroad the goods they do not need at home. Until recently France had scarcely any unemployed workers; it was, indeed, importing labour from abroad. The United States, on the other hand, is a chaotic mob struggling for work. Hence perhaps the excited interest of the States in industrial reorganization first; and the comparative calm of France on this matter, and its interest in currency instead.

It is suggested that the failure of the Economic Conference to sail smoothly across the stormy sea of international finance may be a turning point in the present economic crisis. It may convince other nations that it may be better to stay at home, attending to their own national industrial and currency reforms first; hoping (not without good reason) that the international currency-sea will be less stormy when the national units have put their own affairs in order.

It has been already pointed out that Italy, Russia, and now (in a sadly unruly and crude manner) Germany, have all announced extensive plans for national reconstruction; while in Great Britain, with our historical caution (it may be mental dullness) we have only made a timid beginning with the recent Agricultural and Transport Acts. But those two Acts may be a turning point in British national politics and economy.

The important question to be answered is whether Great Britain will now produce a national plan by which the State will take a controlling part in the reorganization of industry and economic life in general. A few years ago any such possibility would have been ruled out as opposed to the individualist traditions of the nation. But there has been a marked change of late. There has been an unexpected readiness on the part of the industrialists and merchants to turn toward the State for assistance. The old theoretical objection that anything performed by the State is Socialism (and therefore necessarily objectionable) is now rarely put in this crude way. There are not many directors of railway companies or coal mines or ship-building yards who would curtly dismiss a State offer to assist them, in return for a right to exercise a reasonable control over their management. In an economic world where trade is skating on the thinnest ice, which may crack at any moment, it would not appear ruin to be given national bonds, paying 3 per cent. interest, in return for private shares which are not paying anything. State assistance is now not regarded as an economic or political heresy, but often as a hope of salvation.

There is another important new factor in our social affairs. The problem of Individualism, as against Collectivism or Socialism, has taken a very different form since the individual capitalist has found himself an almost helpless creature, at the mercy of raging forces over which he has almost no control. It is no longer a world of merchant-princes and captains of industry, who are masters of their own fate, as well as their servants.

The units of trade and finance are getting larger and larger. The national group has become the international combine; and now Russia, potentially one of the richest areas in the world, has become a trading unit organized as a whole. If it succeeds—and that is a perfectly possible commercial event, however disastrous the effect on the individual psychology—it will be the greatest trading company in the world; an industrial combine which will compete with almost every other trade on a scale of organized competitive strength greater than any traders have yet seen for a rival. This enormous industrial national Russian company does not hesitate to shoot any peasants or old-fashioned persons who do not agree with its new methods. Now, an

industrial company which has the ruthless fanaticism and morbid insane cruelty of the Inquisition, and also the military strength of a Mongolian despot, may be a very serious economic rival in world trade. It is very possible that the only way of holding one's own against such a competitor as the Russian National-Capitalist Manufacturing and Agricultural Company, Limited—for that is what this new State is in economic terms—will be other national combines to negotiate with it.

The danger of the economic situation is so imminent that there is no further time for prolonged discussions concerning theories. A remedy of some kind must translate itself from theory into practice. One would not discuss a thesis on wind pressure when a ship was on the point of overturning in a gale. In the face of urgent clamorous facts, arguments concerning the difference between Toryism and Socialism are almost academic trifling.

Again, Autocracy *versus* Democracy appears to be no longer a dividing line in political debates. For a Labour Party which spends its time in pleading for its Russian friends, who have repeatedly been ruthlessly cruel to those who dared to object to their theories, cannot sincerely believe in democracy; and when this same Labour Party heroically allowed itself to be annihilated at the last general election in defence of *laissez-faire* Free Trade, then it is equally clear that the new Labour Party does not even believe in State control. Therefore, the old party labels are of little importance in this new situation. There are many Tories, and a few Liberals, who are better democrats and more intelligent Socialists than the men who tell us that they teach the pure milk of the gospel.

If the above estimate of recent changes be right, then the way is clear to consider the national problem free from many of the side issues, both political and economic, which have so much hampered the subject hitherto. The national problem is one of economic fact. It must be discussed regardless of class or political interests which may conflict with the interests of the whole nation. The solution must depend on facts, and not on prejudices.

The problem before all statesmen is the planning of the national life (which involves a large part of international life, naturally); which can no longer—as the harsh facts make obvious

—be safely left to the haphazard wishes of individual persons or companies. Social life is now far too complex for the individual to find a safe road across it without assistance.

It is this complexity of social life that has made it impossible for democracy to work in practice, as enthusiastic philosophers and orators on tubs and in lecture rooms once hoped. So long as democracy performed its duties and exercised its privileges on the village green, there were reasonable hopes that it would succeed in its noble purposes of protecting the liberty and advancing the wealth and happiness of the people. But when the officers of the people multiplied their activities, and moved into more commodious premises in Westminster and Whitehall, then the situation was very different. It would not be true to say that the present rule by Westminster and Whitehall is, or can ever be, democracy in any accurate sense of that word.

Take the case of the privilege of Parliament. The individual member of the Houses has as much liberty of action as a bird in a cage; and if the parliamentary system continues its present "democratic" development, the single member will soon only have the liberty of a butterfly pinned on a board in a collector's box. The private representative is an insignificant scrap of Party machinery and it is childish to go on pretending he is anything else. English parliamentary "democracy" has become a convenient method of placing all real power in the hands of professional politicians, who march to absolute power to the tune of popular melodies.

But that the present House of Commons should fail to give real democratic liberty to the debater and the legislator is only an insignificant part of its defects. The more important failure is that the old cumbersome Parliamentary procedure has made it inefficient for the latest developments of the modern governing machine; for much the same reason that an industrial company or a bank could not be managed by shareholders' meetings.

Parliament has still its supreme political function of the final court of appeal; but, whether in full sittings or in committee, it cannot be an efficient body to discuss the innumerable points of technical detail which form the detailed subject matter of modern government. When a municipal council wishes to build a new town hall, or to reconstruct the drains, it does not draw

up the designs itself. It refers the matter to a committee, which in turn asks professional architects and engineers and builders to send in plans and estimates. So likewise Parliament at present has only a general power to apply a commonsense judgment to the advice given by the officials of departments in Whitehall. When a departmental proposal is once examined, and one plan accepted rather than another, then again the action is taken out of the hands of the popularly elected assembly, and the work (whether it be the building of a Navy or the organization of an army) is left to the management of engineers and service officials.

But the building of a Navy or Army is a simple matter compared with the complex problems that will face a modern State when it attempts to control the immensely difficult matters of industry and commerce. The chief point in this new national planning in Italy and Russia and the United States is that it proposes to undertake the most delicate operations in social life. It is comparatively easy to lay drains or dig canals; and such public works are already often undertaken by town councils and national governments. It is altogether another matter when the operations are the very complex negotiations which must be carried out in the processes of modern industrial and commercial undertakings.

The varieties of possible national economic machinery are very many; and this is not the place to discuss them in detail. Suffice it to say that no wise planner will wish to place more power in the hands of a bureaucracy than is necessary; the initiative of the individual should be encouraged as much as possible. But we are faced by a situation where the individual, whether a person or a great industrial or financial combine, has become powerless in the face of national or international forces which are beyond the strength of private persons or companies. It must not be forgotten that it is the Capitalist System which has collapsed in its present form. It is not only the workers who need public assistance or a dole. So also do the millionaires.

How the State will take a hand in the organization of industry cannot be a matter of very precise theory. The National Board that will endeavour to save the coal mines will obviously not necessarily be very like the Council that endeavours to manage currency. The fundamental principle will probably be that the

National Board must consist in large part of the persons who are already engaged in the trade. To hand over the control to a body of officials from Whitehall will be scarcely likely to improve the situation. The old Board of Agriculture gave no sign that it would ever revive the farming industry. Major Walter Elliot is very wisely telling the farmers that they must save themselves, by co-operating in a national scheme.

The probability is that the subject of national control of trade will take a form that will be radically different from what the old-fashioned Socialists—who are already out of date—imagined it would be; though it may result in democratic equality and wealth and liberty that will probably all exceed the Socialists' hopes. The orthodox Socialists generally forgot that vital factor, the human mind. Bureaucracy would make that delicate instrument a sterile, non-productive automaton. The new planning—except in Russia—will endeavour to guide rather than to order. There will be less State property than the Marxians hoped; but there will also be more control than the Liberal plutocrats tolerated. Industry and trade will be *planned*, rather than performed by State officials.

But if these national boards, appointed in whatever form, to assist and plan the re-organization of their respective departments of the national life, cannot be committees either of Westminster or Whitehall, yet if they are to work successfully or permanently in a nation like Great Britain they must keep in close touch with the national Parliament. Whatever Italy or Russia or the United States may accept in the way of a dictatorship, such a method of government is against the British tradition; and respect for deep-rooted traditions is one of the basic rules of sound political action. One does not necessarily like every tradition; but one has to accept most of them as one accepts the law of gravitation. We have been for good or evil (probably for both) accustomed to representative Government since the Anglo-Saxon period. Even Oliver Cromwell, or the eighteenth century oligarchy of country gentlemen, or the nineteenth century Liberal plutocracy, have not crushed that sense of political liberty.

So that the ultimate court of appeal will rightly remain the Houses of Parliament. The various Boards of National Control will be created by Parliament; and in the last resort they will be

responsible to it. But with equal certainty it must be realized that their work cannot be done in Westminster or even in Whitehall ; and they must be entirely free from Parliamentary procedure which may be suitable for a debating chamber of orators and politicians, but is completely useless for executive work. Parliament is there to represent the commonsense desires of the national mind ; but the work of planning the national trade and economic life must be placed in the hands of very highly trained persons. The chief duty of Parliament at the present time is to find those men and set them to their business of planning, before they find, too late, that it is impossible to build a great structure out of dust and ashes. The Planned State will be the triumph of intellect over slovenly carelessness.

THE LONG DESIGNS OF JAPAN.

BY W. WATKIN DAVIES

THE grave inroads upon our trade suffered by the competition of low-paid Japanese labour have closely occupied the attention of the Government, even during the anxieties of the Economic Conference. Lancashire is alarmed ; India is planning protective measures ; and Sir John Simon has conferred with the Japanese Ambassador in the hope of arriving at a trade agreement. These signs that the challenge of the industrial rise of Japan has now been brought to our doors afford a convenient opportunity of considering the whole policy of Japan in a wider perspective. Even realistic observers found it difficult to grasp, before the Japanese troops over-ran Manchuria, that the statesmen of Tokyo were prepared to defy the unanimous opinion of the whole world ; but when the ultimate aims of Japan are more deeply studied, Manchuria sinks into an episode, and far-reaching designs are disclosed which, if realized, will profoundly change the balance of world-power.

When England built her vast empire, founded upon colonization and commercial supremacy, she invented something totally new in the history of the world. She had no pattern to guide her ; and it is a truism to say that she followed no thought-out plan. In the case of Japan it is very different. She has a genius for planning and for adaptation, a dogged perseverance unknown in the West, and withal a clear vision of the whole path which she intends to tread. No one who has pondered at all deeply over the history of the Far East in the past sixty years can doubt all this.

Briefly speaking, Japan would appear to have had two chief aims : First, to win complete racial equality for herself ; and in virtue of that triumph to be acclaimed as the leader of all yellow peoples. Second, to achieve hegemony in the Pacific and in Eastern Asia.

The Japanese borrowed from many lands, but the nation which they always have had in their mind's eye as the prototype of what Japan is to become is England. This is not due to any love on their part for ourselves, but to a recognition of the fact that between the two countries there is a great similarity. England had begun its career as a tiny island set against a great, and far more populous, continent. But by utilizing its resources, and through the energy and enterprise of its people, it had become the world's greatest trading nation, and had at the same time built up a vast empire. Well might the Japanese say to themselves—"Why should not we increase and multiply? Why should we not capture the entire trade of the East? And why should we not build an empire in the Pacific?" To every Japanese it seemed natural and possible that Japan should do all this; and no sooner was the objective clearly perceived than the nation set itself to attain it.

The Japanese regarded their resounding military triumphs not as the culmination, but as the beginning, of a spectacular career. The country overflowed with optimism. The population began to leap upwards. Industry hummed; wealth accumulated; and there was an efflorescence of literary production comparable with that of Elizabethan England. Nevertheless, the leading statesmen were far too wise to be deluded into the belief that a victory won at the expense of decrepit China and corrupt Russia was enough to endow the little island empire with the title deeds of a Great Power; for that, and nothing less, Japan had resolved to be. They explored the foundations of national greatness; and discovered, quite rightly, that no country could hope to play a leading part in world affairs without a big population, a big trade, and a big revenue. And once they had grasped the fact, they proceeded to investigate the conditions likely to make those things possible for Japan.

The dilemma of the average modern state is, that if it restricts its population to the food supplies available in the homeland it cannot be a Great Power; and that if it encourages the increase in population necessary for making it a Great Power it will find itself unable to feed all the new hungry mouths. England's path to greatness had been smoothed by a quite extraordinary assemblage of favouring conditions. With all her advantages,

England could afford to multiply her population by ten, for when pressure began to be felt, there was a magnificent and well-nigh inexhaustible assortment of minerals ready to be turned into goods, a world-wide and greedy market ready to absorb the products of her factories, and a limitless empire which could absorb any surplus labourers there might be.

But Japan had not gone far before she discovered how inferior she was to England in all natural advantages. As in the case of England, her population began to leap upwards. By the close of the third decade of the present century it had reached sixty millions; and it was estimated that by 1950 the population of the home islands would be eighty millions, the largest number, the experts said, that the land could possibly support. By 1920 even there was a shortage of food and of raw materials, and they had to be imported in considerable quantities. Unfortunately, however, Japan's ability to pay for these necessities did not keep pace with the need, owing to the fact that a rise in her own standard of living had made her products more costly, and that the Asiatic lands had begun to supply their own needs for manufactured goods of the low grade that Japan had been making.

Faced with the fact that her goods were too highly priced for the poor people of India and China to be able to afford them; and furthermore that those countries were learning to supply their own wants, Japan felt that her only hope lay in embarking upon world-wide competition with the leading manufacturing nations, and so reorganizing her industries for the increased skill which success in such an enterprise demanded. But in this new direction again her efforts were foiled; for she soon discovered that economic nationalism was on the throne, and that the countries to which she intended to sell her goods were determined to employ the instrument of high tariffs for the express purpose of excluding them.

For Japan the remedy of emigration to colonies of her own was not available; for she had come so late on to the world stage that every inch of the earth's surface that was not already thickly populated had been taken possession of by some Great Power. About the land greed of the European states Japan may grumble, but it is largely done for show, and to surround herself with a sympathetic atmosphere for the prosecution of other designs.

For the truth is that the Japanese do not want to emigrate. At the most they are willing to go abroad as directors of capital and enterprise. As farmers they will not go : and the farmer is your only true colonist. At present the Government is doing everything in its power to induce them to settle in Manchuria, representing that as a patriotic act of the first order. It is probable that such an appeal will meet with some response ; for the world contains no more patriotic people than the Japanese. But the fact that the matter has to be urged in this way only proves how much against the grain it is for them to leave their native soil.

Nevertheless, it would be unwise to dismiss Japan's protests against the selfish imperialism of other nations, and against the anti-immigration laws of many of them, as mere empty sound. The Japanese may not wish to go abroad ; but they do not want to be told that they must not, and especially that they must not because their skins are yellow. In other words, prestige and national honour are at stake. Japan had one big demand to put before the Peace Conference in 1919, and that was the affirmation of the principle of racial equality. The demand was rejected, mainly at the instigation of the United States and the British Dominions ; and Japan has ever since fiercely resented the rebuff. This failure to win a prize which they have striven so long for, and which they felt that they fully deserved, coupled with the abandonment by England of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance in 1922, and the plans for the construction of a naval base at Singapore, induced a complete change of heart in the people. It made them anti-European. Since then they have believed that Japan, if she is to have any future at all, must plough a lonely furrow ; and, at all cost, make herself strong enough to tear the Far East out of the grip of the white invaders.

The latest chapter in Japan's policy begins, then, in 1922. She is to stand alone, but as the champion of all Eastern peoples. To do so successfully her power must be increased ; and that can only be by further addition to the population, the guaranteeing of adequate food supplies and raw materials, and the securing of a sound strategic position in case of a war against a first-class Power.

With regard to the main objectives, it would probably be true to say that the Japanese people are almost unanimous. But

when it comes to deciding upon the appropriate means, several rival schools emerge. The more " orthodox " school, the school which controlled the policy of the country in the ten years after 1918, took the same view of the situation as was taken by Stresemann in Germany. Like him, its members were intensely patriotic ; but they believed that, in the changed conditions of the post-war world, more was to be gained by pacts, conferences, and the pacific fostering of trade by means of the " Open Door ", than by an unpopular clinging to the older methods of isolation, monopoly, and war. Quite rightly this school emphasized the immense importance to Japan of trade with China and the United States ; and they rightly feared that any symptoms of impenitent jingoism would lead to the boycott of Japanese goods on the part of China, and to a vigorous assertion of the policy of the " Open Door " on the part of the United States, far and away the most powerful of Japan's neighbours. The triumph of this school is marked by the Nine Power Pact, and by the whole-hearted adherence of Japan to the League of Nations, at least down to 1930.

This view of Japanese policy was, however, sharply challenged by two rival schools. Both of these agreed in regarding the League of Nations with complete mistrust. It was, they maintained, simply an iron ring constructed and upheld by the " haves " for the express purpose of keeping the " have nots " in their proper place of subordination. It would always endeavour to preserve the *status quo*, and to crystallize the existing balance of power, the very things, in fact, that spelt disaster for Japan. The Japanese who hold these opinions argue that every great people must pass through three stages of development, viz., a stage of preparation, a stage of expansion, and a stage of satiety. The great colonizing nations of Europe have reached the third stage ; and for them the policy of the League is doubtless the right one. But Japan has barely entered upon the second stage ; and it is consequently preposterous to expect her to find advantage in a policy which does not in the least suit her needs. The candid outsider will probably admit that this criticism is substantially sound ; and if the leading Powers of the world have nothing better than the *status quo* to offer, if they cannot devise a method for doing pacifically what wars of expansion did

in the past, they will be rudely disappointed if they expect new and coming nations to acquiesce tamely, and to sheathe the sword.

While an increasing number of people in Japan took this view of the League, and advocated a definite breach with the whole policy for which it stands, they did not agree as to the alternative policy which Japan ought to pursue. Broadly speaking, the rival policies took two forms. The naval school looked to the creation of a maritime empire, consisting not only of what Japan has already got, but of the whole chain of thousands of islands stretching from Bering Straits to Australia, and including the Philippines (soon to be given independence by the United States), Hawaii (already thickly peopled with Japanese who obstinately refuse to be Americanised; but also the cross-roads of the Pacific, and the main outpost of American power), Guam, part of the Dutch East Indies, and British Guinea.

But not even the most optimistic supporters of this policy expect it to be achieved without war with America; for even if the great Republic were willing to see its Pacific possessions seized by another nation, it is inconceivable that it would agree to a violation of the "Open Door" in the Far East. Recently Secretary Stimson, in a letter to Senator Borah, gave emphatic and ominous re-statement of that doctrine; and Japan quite evidently understood him to mean that America was committed to the *status quo* in the Pacific. It is interesting to note that, from that moment, Japan became more aggressive, and more careless of her international engagements; and not less interesting that America is now engaged on greatly strengthening her navy.

One also wonders whether Britain would submit without a struggle to the loss of her valuable Asiatic markets. In 1932 the value to Lancashire of its trade with China amounted to £2 million. Between 1930 and 1933 more than two million coolies in the Yangtse valley were converted from being rice eaters into consumers of wheat—a fact that is of vital importance for Australian farmers, as well as for those of Russia, both of whom hope to capture the new market.

In Japanese army circles, however, penetration into the Asiatic mainland would appear to be the policy most in favour. That policy has tradition, as well as the seal of success, to recommend it. It was in pursuance of it that Japan first extorted

recognition from the proud nations of the West; that she won the wars of 1895 and 1904; that she won her invaluable rights in South Manchuria; that she annexed Korea; that she participated in the Allied invasion of Siberia in 1918. In justification of her interference on the mainland, Japan advances the claim to a "Monroe Doctrine" of the Far East; and in support of it she can quote not only the example of the United States, but the approval, expressed in words, of the late President Roosevelt. Moreover, this is the interpretation which Japanese statesmen put upon the terms of the famous Ishii-Lansing Notes, with their explicit admission that "territorial propinquity creates special relations between countries".

We should grievously misunderstand the significance of the Manchurian imbroglio if we were to assume that all that Japan has in mind is the safeguarding of her rights there as defined by treaty. No, Japan is moving forward to a new stage of her great plan; and the only limits she will now recognize are those of Far Eastern hegemony. And the all-important fact to bear in mind with regard to Manchuria is that it is not a self-contained region, but simply the vital flank of Mongolia. Rightly regarded, Manchuria is not a hinterland to be approached from the sea, but a land that Nature has fashioned to be the outlet of Central Asia towards the ocean. This is no mere academic distinction, but a difference in point of view upon which the whole situation hinges. We have thought too much about it in terms of ports, railways, and concessions. A struggle in Manchuria can be only the prelude to a bigger one in Mongolia; and it is idle to "settle" the smaller without regard to the larger. Assuredly the whole of Mongolia is the prize that Japan has set out to win. Now Mongolia is not only a region over which China has certain ancient rights, but also the frontier between Russia and Asia, and the home, at the present moment, of an unusually interesting national revival. It is the Poland of the Far East.

Everywhere in Central Asia, from the Pamirs to the Pacific, the Russians are on the move; and this movement is, beyond compare, the most important combined migration of people and culture in the modern world. Alarmed at the rapid approach of an old foe, and realizing that the stake is nothing less than the hegemony of the East, Japan feverishly seeks to entrench herself

in Manchuria. At present the key positions are not unequally distributed between the rivals. Russian territory encircles Manchuria on the northern side. The Soviet is also supreme in Outer Mongolia. On the other hand, it is a far cry from Moscow to Vladivostok ; and it will be a long time before the Trans-Siberian Railway can be made into an efficient feeder of armies operating at so great a distance from their base. And, in fact, the negotiations now proceeding for the sale to Japan of the Chinese Eastern Railway seem to show that Russia recognizes the impossibility of the position. This means that Japan has won the first round ; and it is difficult to see how Russia can now hope for long to retain any part of the Far Eastern maritime provinces.

Supreme already in Manchuria, Korea, and the Yellow Sea, Japan is now making a bid for the support of the Mongols of Inner Mongolia. She has won the sympathy of the Mongols who inhabit the western fringe of Manchuria, as well as Jehol, by recognizing them as a separate people, and according them a measure of autonomy. In this effort, Japan's difficulty is to find a way of conciliating the Mongols without at the same time offending the Chinese who inhabit Manchuria ; for between Chinese and Mongols the deepest antipathy prevails. In the final round with Russia, a great deal will, of course, depend upon the extent to which Communism and (and this is not quite the same thing) subservience to Moscow will have come to prevail in China. Meanwhile, till the internal conditions of China finally declare themselves, the Japanese will entrench themselves impregably in Manchuria, preparing themselves for a struggle, which need not be hurried, with Russia some day. All recent reports which reach us about the Japanese army indicate that it is becoming an instrument of marvellous efficiency. Two things should, however, be remembered before we assume too confidently that Japan must be victorious. One is, that there does exist in the world a public opinion, which, when roused, can be deadly. It destroyed the finest army that the earth had ever seen in 1918. And the other is, that rumours also reach us of the colossal numbers, the enormous efficiency, and the wholly original technique of the armies of the Soviets.

But it is not only as a strategic base for operations against Russia or China that Japan thinks of Manchuria : the first great

war of the future may be fought with the United States, the stakes in that case being supremacy in the Pacific, and a monopoly of Far Eastern trade. Brief mention has already been made of the insufficiency of Japan's own mineral and other resources. If solely dependent upon them she could never hope to engage in a war with any first-class Power. In a war with Russia, all the oceanic trade routes of the world would, presumably, be open to Japan ; but in a war with America they might very well be closed. The ocean highways between herself and Manchuria are the only ones that the Japanese navy could, with a reasonable degree of certitude, expect to keep control of in the event of a war against a great naval Power, such as England or the United States. To gain unfettered control of the resources of Manchuria is consequently regarded as an imperative need, not only from the point of view of the feeding of the peace-time industries of Japan, but also from the point of view of waging war.

Quite obviously no nation can be a Great Power unless it enjoys exclusive control over an adequate range of raw materials, That Japan knows ; and she turns angry eyes at her own poverty of resources, and the better endowment of her rivals. If Japan were to embark upon a policy of industrialization on the same scale as that of England, she would completely use up her stores of good coal in ten years, and of inferior coal in from thirty to forty years. Britain has 150 times as much iron reserves as Japan. And, while not destitute of oil, at the British rate of consumption the Japanese supply would give out in fifteen years. From this difficulty Manchuria offers an escape. Japan draws her supplies of iron ore from China, Johore, and Manchuria ; and only the last named source can be protected by her fleet. Her experts also give a generous estimate of the coal deposits of Manchuria ; and it is known that there is even more in Inner Mongolia.

The problem of oil is more difficult ; but even here the ingenuity of Japanese engineers seems destined to triumph, for they have already worked wonders in obtaining various products from the shale oil of the Fushun district. Manchuria is rich also in other valuable materials, such as magnesium (used for making fire-proof bricks, linoleum, and aeroplanes), aluminium and sulphate of ammonia ; not to speak of the famous soya bean, which not only constitutes an excellent food in its natural state,

but is also the basis of a wide range of by-products, such as bean oil (for sauce, soap, lubricant, ink, and lacquer) and bean cake (for fertilizers and cattle food.) This marvellous bean is the new universal provider. A German scientist has declared that it contains all the food elements necessary for healthy growth, and that it is the only seed which possesses them. The nutritive value of one pound of soya bean flour is equal to that of two pounds of meat added to a quarter of a pound of wheat flour. Moreover, it is extremely cheap, the cost being only about one-thirtieth that of beef. Manchuria already produces some 70 per cent. of the world's crop of soya, and there is land in plenty there for the production of more.

It would be no exaggeration to say that the possession of Manchuria has doubled the mineral resources and the food supplies of Japan; and furthermore, that the control which its possession ensures of coal, iron ore, magnesium, soda ash, and soya bean, may easily turn the scale in Japan's favour in the event of a war being fought in furtherance of imperialistic designs against a first-class Power. In the years between 1920 and 1928 it looked as if Japan's industries were doomed. The population was expanding rapidly; food supplies were already insufficient; markets for the product of an increasing and essential industrialization were seriously shrinking. The over-crowding of the land was the all-absorbing topic of every political party in the election of 1928; yet every suggestion tending to the voluntary restriction of births was scathingly denounced as unpatriotic. In 1888, only 13 per cent. of the population lived in towns of over ten thousand inhabitants; but by 1925 about 37 per cent. were doing so. Class struggles were becoming frequent and violent. On almost every rice field there were quarrels between landlord and tenant. And worse even than the unemployment among manual workers was the dearth of occupation for young people of the middle class, who, pouring in their thousands every year out of the colleges, were able to find nothing whatsoever to do except engage in political subversive propaganda.

Of late, however, there have been signs of a lifting of the clouds. At least compared with the other great trading nations of the world, Japan seems to have solid ground for optimism. The Tokyo Correspondent of the *Economist* was modest when he

wrote in January last that "The course of foreign trade continues to be encouraging". Alone among the countries of the world, Japan has actually improved her industrial position since the great depression began. In 1912 India imported 98 per cent. of its cotton goods in the grey from England, and less than 1 per cent. from Japan; while in 1931 only 56 per cent. was obtained from England, and nearly 46 per cent. from Japan. Today Japanese mills are purchasing more cotton from India than England is, and sending it back in the form of manufactured goods. The same tale comes to us from Malaya, where Japanese goods are sold at one-sixth the price of English goods of similar quality. Already the British rayon market has been hard hit by the artificial silk industry of Japan; an industry which was only recently introduced there, but has made phenomenal progress.

A potent tonic was administered to the trade of Japan by the departure of the country from the gold standard in 1932; and there was actually a minor boom there at the time when all other nations were in the trough of the wave.

Let there be no mistake about this: Japan intends to drive all her white competitors from the Far East; and the destruction of their trade is to be the first lever employed for that purpose. So long as she lacked essential raw materials, the prospect appeared to be a hopeless one; but, as we have seen, the possession of Manchuria has altered all that. At one time it also seemed as if the Japanese workman were going to prove less efficient than his European and American competitor. It was noted, with selfish but natural gratification, by outside observers, that a delicate machine had a shorter life in Japan than in England; that the finished product was of poorer quality; and that, despite the low wage level prevailing in Japanese factories, owing to these things Japanese goods cost more than the same articles manufactured in Western Europe. But here again we shall deceive ourselves if we seek comfort in this direction; for the above facts, true enough though they doubtless were, even a decade ago, are true no longer. As one would have expected, a people with centuries of tradition as skilled craftsmen, have easily learnt the new technique; and there is no longer reason to suppose that a given article will be inferior in quality, or

manufactured at greater cost to the plant, when its maker is a Japanese and not an Englishman.

The disadvantages from which Japan was suffering as an industrial nation are gradually vanishing, while the advantages remain. And among these advantages, we must reckon cheap labour. The average wage of a female operative in a silk filature is ninepence a day. The highest average daily wage quoted in the official "Report on Economic Conditions in Japan", issued in the present year, is that paid to bricklayers; and it is two shillings and ninepence a day. In the same Report we read that the highest recorded wage in December, 1932, was seven shillings a day; while the lowest recorded average—i.e., that of girl workers in match factories—was between sevenpence and eightpence a day. In many fields the Japanese manufacturer is today producing a better article than his white competitor, and that at far less cost. Can we then wonder that Japanese goods are flooding the markets of the world? And be it noted that, while she multiplies her own exports, Japan offers less and less as a market for the goods of others.

The fly in the Japanese commercial ointment is the difficulty of retaining the Chinese and the American markets in the absence of cordial political relationships with those countries; and it is scarcely conceivable that other markets could be found in sufficient plenty to make up for the loss of these. With America, Japan could probably afford to quarrel if she could be sure of improving her position in China, and of expanding in Manchuria. That, no doubt, is how Japan would like things to work out. For at bottom she is fighting for a Yellow Asia. The white man has closed his world (and it is a world which comprises some nine-tenths of the earth's surface) against the yellow races. Japan's would-be reply is to close the Far Eastern world at least against all races that are not yellow. "Hands off Asia" is her reply to the Lytton Report. And, in pursuance of that policy, she goes her own way in Manchuria, and gives the anxious world much reason to fear that the "Open Door" will not much longer remain open. She is fully determined that China shall not become the prey of the white races; and until the Chinese open their eyes to their own true interests, and perceive who is their real friend, they will simply have to be bludgeoned into acquiescence.

The impartial student of world forces will surely conclude that upon her success or failure in conciliating the Chinese, and inducing them to regard Japan as the spear-head of the oriental thrust against Western arrogance and aggression, the ultimate fate of Japan depends. If she fails, and if China decides to rank itself with her foes, inevitably she will sink into the position of a third-rate Power; for the rising tide of Chinese fecundity is already beating down surrounding barriers, and everywhere, from Lake Baikal to Malaya, and from India to Hawaii, winning real mastery over the earth. Against the hundreds of millions of China, especially when they come to be equipped with modern technique and animated with true patriotism, and with the limitless resources of their vast country at their disposal, the scores of millions of Japanese cannot ultimately prevail.

Will Japan succeed in persuading China to forgive and forget, and in getting herself acknowledged as the champion of Asia? Who can tell? She is even now fitting herself for the role of champion, in all things at least save friendship with China. Already she repents of a too ready compliance with the ways of Europe at Geneva. Already she serves upon Russia notice to quit in Manchuria, and will soon extend its scope to the surrounding territories. Already she is preparing to bang and bolt the "Open Door" in the Far East. Already she is driving the Great Powers out of eastern markets. Already she is demanding naval parity with England and the United States. It is surely patent that these are but the necessary steps towards the accomplishment of the greater design. But the Far Eastern key is in the hands of China. Yet while freely admitting that, in the long run, the success of Japan's long designs are dependent upon the goodwill of China, it may well be that, in the immediate future, and for a limited period, Japan's own might will suffice.

At all events what we should make haste to recognize is that a new portent has appeared in the world, challenging at many points some of its most comfortable assumptions. The right of the white man to wander at will, while coloured folk are to be restricted to certain areas; the right of the white nations to levy toll upon the raw materials of the whole earth, and to compel the weak to buy their goods; the right of the Great Powers of Europe and America to privileged position in virtue of victories

won generations ago ; the right of the same white races to a standard of living vastly higher than that of the rest of the world—all these rights are going to be sharply challenged, and that in the near future. When the Japanese statesman Count Okuma wrote in 1919—"by marching westward to the Balkans, to Germany, to France, to Italy, the greater part of the world may be brought under our sway", the few in the West who read his words must have smiled incredulously. Yet in 1916 another Japanese writer had indited the following amazing sentences :—

"We now have China. China is our steed ! Far shall we ride upon her ! So our fifty millions become five hundred millions ; so our hundreds of millions of gold grow into billions. How our strength has grown and still grows ! In 1895 we conquered China ; Russia, Germany, and France stole the booty from us. In ten years we punished Russia and took back our own ; in twenty we were quits with Germany ; with France there is no need for haste. She knows that her Oriental possessions are ours for the taking. As for America, that fatuous booby with much money and sentiment but no cohesion and no brains of government, were she alone we should not need our China steed. America is an immense melon, ripe for cutting. North America will support a thousand million people. They shall be Japanese, with their slaves."

Even Dean Inge, who first brought these, and similar, alarming utterances to the notice of the British public, dismissed them as "rodomontade which is of some importance as symptom of a new spirit !" The Dean, however, was writing eleven years ago, in the days of the Washington Conference, when Japan appeared to be particularly docile and conciliatory. But much has happened since then ; and very bold, or very ignorant, would be the man who today held that such grandiose schemes are not being taken seriously in Japan.

In 1922 the victorious Allies, associated at Geneva with scores of little nations all of them strongly prejudiced against warlike adventures, seemed invincible ; and when America as well joined with them in dictating a new policy for the Far East, no wonder that Japan was for the moment appalled. But everything that has happened since then has gone to prove to her that the imposing outward front presented by the white peoples is really full of cracks. A new civil war of the white nations has not seemed improbable ; and Japan rightly supposes that from such another contest only their mangled remains would emerge. The industrial and financial depressions, humbling in the dust as they have done

even the dizzy edifice of American prosperity, have shown that the foundations upon which the wealth and power of the West appeared to be impregably built are, in fact, in an advanced stage of decay.

Last, and most important of all, a lack of self-confidence, and unwillingness to hold firmly the reins of empire, a defeatist spirit, has plainly manifested itself among the peoples who used so bravely to march from end to end of the earth, fully convinced that they had a mission to govern all the numerous "lesser breeds". Japan knows all these things, and ponders them in her heart. Hope revives ; there is a longing to wipe out the humiliation of Washington, and the forward policy, reluctantly abandoned ten years ago, is resumed, this time with the resolve that Japan shall win through to her goal or perish in the attempt.

NOT A "FAILURE"

BY GEORGE GLASGOW

ONE of the satisfactory things about the World Monetary and Economic Conference was that after a month's experience no people in the world, except some of the doctrinaire economists, appeared to be depressed. In the stock markets there had developed something like a boom in equities. The incorrigibly down-hearted people, it is true, said that the boom was a delusion (are booms, or slumps for that matter, ever anything else?) that in particular Mr. Roosevelt's "artificial" inflation was dangerous and would lead to a bigger smash than ever. The pure economist—by pure economist one means the man or woman who dogmatizes in a scholarly spirit about past facts in international commerce and thence deduces present remedies and future probabilities—was as pure and as depressing as ever. He said that co-operation between the governments of the world was essential to the financial and economic welfare of the world. He regretted the "failure" of the World Conference, suggested that it had not been prepared enough in advance, nor intelligently conducted in the event. His own oddity was that he did apparently believe it to be possible that the politicians of sixty-six nations should be collectively effective in a constructive sense.

Moreover, there was no evidence that the Conference did harm by its failure to agree upon any single matter before it. Rather was it a cause for congratulation that it thus failed. If the American, British and French politicians had agreed among themselves that their currencies should be "stabilized", or should be hedged within certain agreed narrow limits of fluctuation by means of market operations on the part of their central banks and Treasuries, many serious merchants throughout the world would have been assailed by feelings nearer to panic than to pleasure. The merchant needs stable currencies on which to

base his calculations; but that is only another way of saying that he needs stable conditions and a normal interchange of the world's goods. Stable currencies are the result of stable commercial conditions. If the politicians had put upon paper a commitment that their central banks and Treasuries would by market operations counter the currency fluctuations that result from unstable commercial conditions, they would have been attempting to do violence to natural cause and effect. The achievement would have been as gratifying as would be a political agreement to prevent the advent of next Christmas by stopping all the clocks in the Geological Museum. It would have been even less satisfactory, for the stopping of the clocks could have no effect upon the seasons, whereas the political pegging of the exchanges might do a little temporary harm to commerce. Only a little, however. The politicians nowadays are placed in so equivocal a position by the comprehensiveness of what they are expected to do, that many serious people have begun to question the practical value of what they attempt. If the politicians fail to do what they set out to do, then no harm seems to be done; if they do it, then one is patient and hopes for the best.

It is difficult to forget a certain aspect of the Genoa Conference of ten years ago, now thrown into relief by what has happened in London. Ten years ago it was the politicians of only twenty-nine European countries and of the British Empire that met to talk about financial and economic "problems". One attaches a certain irony to the word "problems" because the ups and downs of international finance and trade are not really problems at all, except in so far as they typify the vicissitudes of all human activity. The politicians assembled in Genoa failed to agree upon any principle except that of the desirability of a general return to the gold standard. The governments proceeded to act upon that principle without reference to the fact, soon destined to be proved, that neither the gold standard nor any other means of common convenience in commerce could work while the normal operation of commerce was baulked by political interference, in this case by the service of the political debts. Political debts are the very symbol of what the politicians do to trade. They postulate *ex cathedra* the transfer of national currencies across the exchanges. Now, currencies cannot be transferred across

frontiers, except in so far as they result from trade balances, without damaging both parties concerned. The politicians in effect decreed that such transfers be made, although it was obvious what the consequences would be. The net balance of the political payments being in favour of the United States and France, the world's supply of monetary gold was steadily accumulated in New York and Paris, because the very hypothesis of the transactions was that the payments had no relation to trade and could not be made in goods or services. In the long run, therefore, they could be made only in gold. How could the gold standard work when the politicians who decided to work it at the same time made it unworkable? The only agreement reached, therefore, at Genoa was in its effect disastrous.

The difference—an ambiguous difference, as will appear below—is that in London the politicians have failed to agree upon currency stabilization. If they had agreed upon it, the resultant disaster would have been of precisely the like kind, inevitably resulting from the imposition upon international commerce of a factor not deriving from the workings of international commerce itself. The fact that the experience of Genoa had not been appreciated when the politicians met in London, created a danger from which the world was accidentally saved by one of the politicians themselves, namely by Mr. Roosevelt, who happened not to be at the Conference, and was so immersed in something else that he neither knew, nor apparently cared, what his own delegation at the Conference had been saying; for on June 13th Mr. Cordell Hull outlined a policy which Mr. Roosevelt on July 3rd indignantly rebutted.

During the past twenty years, many students of "civilization", that is of the political method of organizing nations in their ostensibly common material interests, have been puzzled by the pace at which political competence has grown. They have been disturbed by the results of political power. They have been puzzled because it is obviously absurd to condemn the politicians or to wish that there were no politicians. To such students a sense of relief has gradually dawned as the discovery has been made that the very nature of the political method has acted as a safeguard against its own worst dangers. The fact seems to be that the wider the competence given to politics and the greater

the number of politicians thereby engaged, the less becomes the chance that they will achieve any positive purpose. They do not agree. They cancel each other out. That cheerful attribute of the politicians is well illustrated by the Conference that began on June 12th.

At the outset it looked impressive as a possibly constructive enterprise. Most of those who were present in the Museum when the Conference opened will confess as much. As the King mounted the platform and the delegates of sixty-six nations rose from their benches in a silent ceremony, it was difficult not to feel that this really was a big occasion. The large gathering represented the concentrated essence of the whole political world. One even felt that under the stress of a common adversity those delegates might be spurred to serve a common interest by agreeing, for instance, to the lowering of tariffs or to the establishment of maximum gold reserves beyond which the several central banks could not accumulate gold. Such a line of expectation proved to be illusory. The Conference did indeed start in an expectant spirit of such a kind, encouraged by an initial exposition from the British King and the British Prime Minister of the rosy possibilities of joint political action.

It was at once decided that the work should be conducted by the apparently business-like means of two commissions, the one for essentially economic, the other for essentially monetary matters. From the outset it was regarded as axiomatic that currencies must be stabilized before tariffs could be even discussed. Every major delegation, including the American, agreed to that axiom. Within a week certain precise limits of dollar, franc and pound stabilization were being discussed as a provisional measure for the duration of the Conference, and to enable the Conference to proceed to its further business. When the scheme was drafted, it was submitted to Mr. Roosevelt, who in effect answered that he would have none of it. His answer was even couched in the style of one who "tells the world". He said: "Such action, such diversion, shows a singular lack of proportion and a failure to remember the larger purposes for which the Economic Conference originally was called together". One was reminded of Lord Snowden's style when, at the Hague Conference in August, 1929, he told a certain Continental European politician, who had

a taste for more polished form, that his substance was "grotesque and ridiculous".

It would be hardly interesting to recall the work of the Conference in its detailed sequence. It is more illuminating to attempt to place it as an integral part of the post-war political attempts, which were begun at Genoa and were continued at Geneva, to organize what by their authors were regarded as remedial measures against the economic and financial disturbances created by the war of 1914-18. In this matter it is not necessary for the intelligent student to be equipped with the economist's formulæ. He need never have heard, for instance, of Professor Cassel's theory, now accepted by economists in general as a good working principle: the principle of "purchasing power parity", whereby the currencies of two countries may be regarded as stable if their exchange value corresponds to their actual purchasing value in each of the countries concerned. Economists themselves apply the Cassel theory to widely discrepant purposes. What the plain man wants to know is whether the governments of the world are harmless, or whether they make worse the distress caused by that recurrent gap between prices and costs which constitutes a slump. Slumps themselves will no doubt alternate with booms in the future, as they have in the past. The two phases of economic and financial vicissitude are clearly complementary. They are the opposite extremes of the same pendulum. The swing of the pendulum is not only inevitable—unless human nature itself can be changed—but is good for business. The question is whether the politicians do harm or good by trying at one time to stop, at another time to accelerate, the pendulum. The post-war history aforementioned, culminating in the World Monetary and Economic Conference, throws some light upon that line of enquiry.

Even before the Genoa Conference met, the League of Nations had started the political quest for what was regarded as a better working of international finance and trade. The first Brussels Conference (1920) organized by the League of Nations, laid down certain principles of sound finance, among them a general restoration of the gold standard and of balanced budgets. After the orgy of the war, physical, financial and economic, men were disposed to revert, if possible, to pre-war habits. After the

Genoa Conference there did set in a general movement towards gold, with the result that in 1927 nearly every country in the world was based upon the gold standard. In that year the League of Nations convened in Geneva what really was the first world economic and financial conference. Currency inflation at that time was a freshly remembered bogey. The rouble and the mark alone had caused enough disturbance to frighten people from governmental printing presses for a long time ahead. It was that fright that was partly responsible for the loans raised by the League of Nations for such danger spots as Vienna and Budapest. Also the German danger had been lessened by the Dawes Plan of 1925, which not only lightened an unbearable burden, but stipulated that Germany's remaining liability be discharged in marks, the effect of which stipulation was to place the burden of exchange transfer upon the creditor countries.

The 1927 conference, therefore, was given as easy a start as any international conference can have. Its main concern was to stop the economic war, as Mr. Wilson's concern in 1918 had been to stop the physical war. The one proved more difficult than the other, partly no doubt because economic war is less spectacularly frightful than physical war. The 1927 conference was composed of non-political people, business men and experts, appointed by governments, but not answerable to governments. Their main recommendation, that tariffs were a stupidity and that international economic cooperation was a more profitable principle than economic nationalism, was ignored by the governments who had appointed them. In spite of the continuing work of the League of Nations Economic Committee, which tried to cultivate a disposition on the part of governments to "disarm" economically, no progress was made in that sense.

By the time, therefore, that the World Monetary and Economic Conference met in London in June of this year, the position was that for thirteen years the political attempt had been continued to remove the political barriers to the normal flow of trade, but no progress had been made. As if to improve the chance that the big conference now about to assemble would belie the political tradition that had been thus established, the Geneva Preparatory Commission put into writing the most solemn warning against further failure. In effect the Commission tried to frighten the

world's politicians. It wrote, for example: "The crisis has caused national measures, defensively intended, to breed virtual economic warfare. Failure to resolve this conflict of national economies will shake the system of international finance to its foundations, standards of living will be lowered, and the social system as we know it can hardly survive".

The League of Nations had prepared an excellent agenda. It was both an agenda and a full answer to all the questions it raised. If the World Conference had been able to do anything constructive, it need only have adopted in full the League's annotated agenda. The fact that such a thing proved impossible, merely expresses the fact that international cooperation is as hopeless an ideal (if ideal it be) now as it ever was. Even the same people quickly changed their view of the same thing. Mr. Roosevelt had sent a message to the Disarmament Conference at Geneva on May 16th, in which he said: "The World Economic Conference will meet soon, and must come to its conclusions quickly. The world cannot await deliberations long drawn out. The Conference must establish order out of the present chaos by stabilization of currency, by freeing the flow of world trade, and by international action to raise price levels. It must, in short, substitute for individual domestic programmes economic recovery by wise and considered international action". Yet the same man, on July 3rd, said in a message to the Conference in London: "The world will not long be lulled by the specious fallacy of achieving a temporary and probably an artificial stability in foreign exchange on the part of a few large countries only. The sound internal economic system of a nation is a greater factor in its well-being than the price of its currency in changing terms of the currencies of other nations".

In his second statement, it is true, he was making a distinction between temporary and permanent stabilization. Later in the same message he even wrote: "Our broad purpose is the permanent stabilization of every nation's currency". But it was clear from the whole statement that his immediate object was to prevent stabilization. It would be odd if a man who really wanted permanent stabilization were to refuse temporary stabilization. If one wanted the sun to shine permanently one would hardly object to its shining in the meantime. Moreover, everybody

knew that in the matter of currencies the distinction between temporary and permanent stabilization was likely to be one of words only. If the dollar, pound and franc were stabilized for the duration of the Conference they would thereby be stabilized as permanently as anything can be permanent in this transitory life.

The really interesting fact is that the World Conference met, was presented with the printed edition of what exactly it had to do, and refused to do it. Why was it that a world conference, brought together by a disordered condition of world trade, and presented with clear, simple remedies ready for its adoption, did not simply adopt them? The answer to that question is probably the answer to the general problem raised by politics. The question can be varied in many forms. Why did M. Litvinov and Sir John Simon take three months to agree to do what both had wanted to do all the time, namely to release the Moscow prisoners and to restart trade? Why did the Estonian and British authorities take three weeks in June and July to agree upon an exchange of British herrings against Estonian butter when both sides wanted the exchange all the time? Why did the politicians of the world for the four and a half years 1914-1918 engage in war against their every common interest? Why do dogs fight? It seems to be true to all human and animal experience that in so far as individuals make contact with each other they disagree. The human mind is so inexact an instrument that in different people it registers different impressions of the same thing. From infancy upwards the contact of any two people produces disagreement, great or small, expressed or not expressed. If the scope be extended beyond two people, the possible divergences of thought, feeling, prejudice, habits, breeding, principle, become so large that the "permutations and combinations" of one's schooldays come back to one's mind.

Is it surprising that diplomacy—the business of registering the relationship between different nations comprising millions of people—is a chaotic business? Nor need the obvious deduction be interpreted in a merely negative sense. The babel of tongues serves a purpose, for it bids a man mind his own business rather than that of others. Socialism, which means the maximum confusion of everybody with everybody, the interference by

everybody in everybody's business, is the reduction to absurdity of politics. The supremely salutary lesson of the World Monetary and Economic Conference sitting in London, as of the World Disarmament Conference sitting in Geneva, and of every other world conference that has ever sat anywhere for any purpose is that the greater the scope of collective human enterprise of an intellectual quality the greater the muddle.

THE WORLD'S WHEAT PROBLEM

BY ROBERT MACHRAY

WHEAT has bulked largely and pretty constantly "in the news" for some time. And with good reason, for in politics, as in economics, it has revealed itself as the most important commodity in the world. It had become a commonplace to say that we were all suffering from the very plenitude of the products of the earth. That superabundance, so far as wheat is concerned, is passing; and it is of the highest interest to understand the significance of this change in stimulating recovery from the world depression.

It is not altogether strange that in these islands little or no interest was taken generally in wheat, for the supply of our daily bread was, or seemed to be, unfailing. The plight of British agriculture in these days, however, has drawn renewed attention to the politics of wheat—hence the quota, as some sort of remedy, though not exactly justified by economic law. But agriculture has been depressed everywhere; this was sometimes represented as just a part of the depression, and for quite a while there was no suspicion that it was the basic element in the whole tragic business. It is only during the last two years that politicians and economists have united in telling us, even here in England, that the depression can be cured by raising the price of primary commodities, and much the greatest of these is wheat. The same doctrine has been preached, with sharper emphasis, in the United States. How this is to be achieved is the world's wheat problem of the moment.

The problem has taken different shapes at different times. At a meeting of the British Association held at Bristol in 1898, Sir William Crookes, its President that year, said that "a scarcity of wheat is within measurable distance", and he added that he thought the "shadow of famine" would begin to fall on the world in 1931. Now, in the last-named year, the world was

suffering not from a scarcity of wheat, but from such a plethora of it that his remarks occasioned some rather wry-mouthed amusement. Yet only six years before—it was early in 1925—wheat in Winnipeg sold at two dollars and twenty-two cents a bushel for the May option, that is, at more than nine shillings a bushel. A shortage was thought to be imminent.

But since 1925 there has been no real fear of a scarcity of wheat. The trouble has been the other way. The largest crop in the history of the world was reaped in 1928; in round figures it amounted to close on 4,600 million bushels, which was something like 400 million bushels more than was registered for the preceding year. I have always thought that immense crop of 1928 was the real beginning, if not the actual cause at the time, of the world depression. At any rate, the surplus of that year has overhung the world ever since that date. Not a few people said that what was wanted was a world "bad crop". There was no missing the frightful irony that the plenitude of wheat was beginning to be regarded not as a blessing, but as a curse.

But in 1930, so far from the world crop showing a decrease it showed an increase. It was well below that of 1928, but well above that of 1929. There was no reduction in the prodigious "Overhang"—rather the contrary, and the trend of prices naturally was downward. The bulk of the Overhang was held in the United States, and from its huge agricultural community of twenty-five million souls there came the most poignant cries of distress. Even Washington saw that something, and something big, ought to be done for the farmers. The political side of wheat was once more in the ascendant.

Mr. Hoover was then President, and early in 1930 a determined effort was made to control the price of wheat, through buying "high enough to help the farmer", without regard to the market, and by storing the wheat. A Federal Farm Board was created and enormous quantities of wheat were bought. At that time the Overhang still amounted to 400 million bushels, and the Board purchased upwards of 100 million bushels—which was taken off the market, on the understanding that it would be disposed of when suitable opportunities presented themselves, and not till then. Speaking broadly, these suitable opportunities never arrived; the Board was forced to buy more and more

wheat, but its immense holdings were in reality a depressing factor all the time, as everybody knew they were held for a rise, and everybody therefore was chary in buying. During the last two years they were sold out, but at heavy loss. This liquidation was another "bear" influence on the course of markets up to the end of last year.

But what in the main determined the price of wheat was world production as related to world consumption, which remained practically constant. What lay behind the Farm Board's colossal deals in the cereal was the expectation that world production would fall, the Overhang be absorbed, and the price rise of itself, owing to short crops. This expectation, however, was not realized. The world harvests of 1931 and 1932 were large—in fact, bountiful, and as a natural consequence the price fell, and the attempt of the Hoover Administration ended in disastrous failure. The American farmer was worse off than ever before, and was correspondingly clamant. Before the World War his ideal, not often realized, was "dollar wheat"—wheat at the selling price to him of a dollar a bushel. But during the War he got two dollars or more for his wheat, and he came to regard dollar wheat as something that had for ever been left behind. As the price remained high for a considerable time after the War he was disillusioned rather slowly, but the process was completed during the 1929-1932 period, the final stage, as now seems probable, being reached when in December last bottom was touched at Chicago around forty cents a bushel.

The American farmers had very hard times. During the years when prices had been high or fairly high their standard of living had been raised proportionately. They built new houses and barns, developed and improved their equipment, the tractor replacing the horse, paid off their mortgages, and added to their acreage. They sent their sons and daughters to high schools and colleges, and they themselves were helped by the "hired man". They rode about in fine "autos", the homely Ford having been rejected for the splendid Cadillac. Their prosperity made the whole country prosperous. The saying so common in some European States that "when the peasants (farmers) have money, everybody has money", was paralleled in America. There was no prevision that the opposite—"when the peasants

have no money, nobody has any"—might also come true. It came true in terms of American economics, just as in terms of European. It also came true of world economics.

With the turn of the tide, mortgages reappeared, the hired man was dispensed with, the sons and daughters of the farm went to work again in the fields, the horse was seen instead of the tractor, and the Ford was once more in use. Let it be said that the American farmer faced the changed situation bravely, but as time went on, and that fatal Wheat Overhang still remained immovable, it proved too much for him. In the early days of the Farm Board that body had sent its missionaries throughout the Middle West exhorting him to restrict his acreage as *the* means of checking and defeating over-production, but as a rule he would not listen to this counsel—that was in 1930. His difficulties multiplied and became more and more burdensome and intimidating as prices went on dropping to lower and lower levels. Finally he found himself unable to meet the interest on the mortgage or pay his taxes; the local "store" and the local bank, both seriously embarrassed through him, were compelled to refuse credit; the mortgage was foreclosed or the land sold for the taxes. His plight was indeed desperate, heart-breaking, thanks chiefly to "too much wheat".

Politically he reacted, not unnaturally, with some violence; there were not only many meetings of stormy protest, but also strikes and a show of force, with some shooting. He carried his case again to Washington, and was especially active and urgent in presenting it in the autumn of last year, but the United States was then in the depths of the depression, and though there was much talk and some plans to assist him, very little was done in his aid. Yet the strength of his case was recognized, and in the Presidential Election in November, 1932, farm relief was one of the most prominent issues. Roosevelt preached and promised a "New Deal", and Hoover went down in the dust before him. At the moment of this writing the New Deal, so far as the American farmer is concerned, must be said to be developing most favourably for him, but before considering it we must take a look at the other great wheat-producing countries.

North and north-west of the Middle West of the United States lies the vast wheat-producing area of Canada—the Prairie Pro-

vinces of Manitoba, Alberta and Saskatchewan, capable of a crop in good years of upwards of 500 million bushels of the excellent hard wheat generally known as "Manitoba", with by far the greater quantity of it available for export, but at prices dependent to a large extent on those ruling in the American market. The feature of the world wheat situation in 1932 was the enormous harvest reaped in these provinces; it was that big Canadian crop which made any marked impression on the Overhang simply impossible.

Before the War a Canadian Wheat Pool existed, its aim being to keep prices up as much as possible for the benefit of the farmer; it was not a Government affair but an aggregation of farmers on the co-operative principle, and it worked fairly well. After the War the system continued to function, but, with the heavy slump in American, and therefore in world prices, the interested Governments had to step in and finance it—to hold the market from going to pieces utterly. Immense sums had to be advanced or guaranteed; at the beginning of this year the losses were very serious, and caused these Governments deep anxiety. The plight of the Canadian farmer was much the same as that of the American.

Argentina and Australia are the other big wheat-producing countries, and prices fell there as elsewhere, but in Australia Government guarantees have helped the farmer. The largeness or smallness of their crops does, of course, affect the world market, but has not the dominating influence exercised on it by the American and Canadian crops. Much of their surplus, as of the Canadian, finds its way to England. Neither Argentine nor Australian production reduced in practice the Overhang in the beginning of this year—it was the same deadly menace to farmers in the southern hemisphere as it was to those in the northern.

Before the War Russia was a tremendous factor, usually as a producer, in the world wheat market; under Soviet rule the exportation of Russian wheat has more than once disturbed the market, and may do so again; but it has to be said that the Soviet Government's action is more distinctly political than that of any other Government in this as in other respects, and can scarcely be forecast. At present, however, all reports agree in describing Russian agriculture as being in a ruinous or ruined condition,

and it does not seem at all probable that Soviet Russia will be a considerable selling element in the world wheat position, at least for some time to come. On the other hand, it is possible that she may be driven to import grain, instead of again appearing in the role of a large producer for which she is cast by nature.

In 1929 the "agrarian" States of Europe were swept by the wave of depression caused by falling prices in the United States and Canada. Poland felt the impact in the late autumn of 1928, when the Overhang was first evident. In the next year the States of the Danube Basin, with wheat and other products to sell, found poor markets or none at all. In 1930, when, it must be remembered, the world price of wheat was at least twice as high as in 1932, various conferences of these and other States similarly situated were held, but their result was negligible. Meanwhile, as that terrible Overhang was still as formidable as before, prices went down and down. There was great distress in consequence in the agricultural States of Europe; the worst of it was that there seemed to be nothing that could be done to remedy or even relieve the situation, and the outlook of these States as they entered the present year was undeniably gloomy.

All the world lay groaning and travailing under the weight of wheat. True, there was the World Monetary and Economic Conference to look forward to for relief, but the date of its assembling had not then been fixed; when it was, might it not prove to be a saviour? But—so many nations, so many minds! There certainly would be great difficulties to surmount, yet, surely, with the necessity so clear for some downright general action by agreement, something would be done. Or so it was hoped. A few practical people, who were less politically minded, found ground for confidence in a conference of representatives of the four great wheat-producing States that was to be held in London in the summer. But in all lands earnest men wrestled with the problem, and put forward solutions.

One solution, which seemed obvious enough, was the destruction of the Overhang. In America this had warm advocates. On American farms wheat had actually been destroyed—it was burned in place of coal, which was much dearer. Perhaps some day it will seem exceedingly strange that there was small support for the opposite policy of conserving the wheat against a period

of dearth. It was believed that sufficient crops would always be produced, and that a world "bad crop" was impossible; it was alleged that man's ingenuity in applying chemicals and machinery to the cultivation of the soil would be adequate. Moreover, it was urged that there were serious obstacles to conservation, since wheat could not be kept indefinitely, and anyhow elevator costs, which were not low, would tell heavily against it. The idea that human ingenuity could cope with these obstacles was scouted. Those who ventured to talk of cycles of good and bad years were scorned, and it undoubtedly was the fact that up to 1928—the year of the Overhang—production had on the average balanced consumption, whether the seasons had been good or bad in the various wheat lands. Still, the possibility remains that in some year world production may, owing to weather conditions, fall well below the average, perhaps even 400 million bushels below, instead of above it as in 1928: an Underhang, so to speak, instead of an Overhang. Then, what about it?

Another solution was to increase consumption. The Far East was pointed out as a promising field, wheat taking the place of rice. It was known that the Chinese had been acquiring the taste for wheaten bread, and China lay open to further exploitation, but unfortunately her internal condition prevented her from buying wheat, cheap as it was; rice was still cheaper, and on the spot. America, however, succeeded in working off some of her wheat in a deal with the Nanking Government. For the rest, the chronic consumer of wheat in the shape of bread was already eating as much as he wanted—and his stomach, like other human stomachs, had only a certain, rather inelastic capacity.

But the solution which was most generally offered was the curtailment of production: wheat birth-control! Some people thought there was something "immoral" about the destruction solution; but this evidently applied in a much less degree to restriction at the source. As already noted, the American farmer had not been keen about adopting restriction in 1930, but his subsequent impoverishment forced his hand, and his winter wheat sowing last year was limited by his lack of means. It must be admitted, I think, that there is a good deal to be said in favour of restriction. At all events the conference of the four great wheat-producing States, held in London last month, agreed in

principle " on the policy of temporary adjustment of production and world trade demands, with a view to improving the price of wheat and liquidating the surplus stocks now overhanging the market". The Overhang was put at 350 million bushels at that date. The official announcement added: " We recognize, however, that the solution of the wheat problem depends on the co-operation of the European countries ". The reference was to the lowering of tariffs. It was understood that the plan for adjustment was definitely limited to restriction of production as regards the 1934 and 1935 crops. Its effect can hardly be immediate if taken by itself. But all this is in advance of the course of my article, and I must go back to the situation as it stood in the early months of this year—a situation so gloomy that there was little room for hope, unless something extraordinary occurred, such as the making of the " New Deal " of which Roosevelt had spoken in his candidature for the American Presidency.

Very little impression had been made on the Overhang, the world's immediate wheat problem. It still exists. Ignoring, or going round it, President Roosevelt's policy, and his various actions implementing his policy, constitute the New Deal. It applies to his own country in particular, but as its fundamentals involve the raising of the prices of primary commodities, especially of wheat, in a big way, it stretches out to the whole world, especially to the wheat-producing States. Wheat cannot go up to a dollar or more in Chicago without rising correspondingly in Winnipeg, Sydney and Buenos Aires. It is hardly too much to say that Roosevelt has saved the Prairie Provinces of Canada from bankruptcy. To criticize his policy, which everyone knows is frankly inflationary, is outside the scope of this article; my purpose is to note its effect on the price of primary commodities, with wheat in the van, in America: wheat stands for all of them.

In February last wheat had touched another " low " record in Chicago—around forty cents a bushel—but no sooner was Roosevelt installed at Washington and had begun to make good his promise of the New Deal, than an upward movement started in the market which in a few weeks carried the price of the May option to nearly seventy cents a bushel. The President and his policy were behind this big advance, but it is true that it was

materially assisted by the poor prospects of the American winter wheat crop, which was reported to be the worst for some thirty years. At that time the American spring wheat crop, of which the seed was hardly sown, was not in evidence, but as it is always much smaller than the other, experts, taking it at an average figure, came to the conclusion then that the total yield for 1933 would fall below the nation's requirement by at least 150 million bushels—which, of course, would have to come out of the Overhang.

Since May the price of wheat has reached and passed the dollar mark in Chicago. To cut a long story short, it is perhaps enough to say that the influences which have led to this result are the intensification of the President's policy and the strong support given to it by the very poor prospects of *both* the winter and spring wheat crops in America. A third, if outside, factor is the doubtful position of the Canadian crop from unsuitable weather and grasshopper (locust) infestation. Without question it looks as if there must be a big inroad into the Overhang; it may be cut by more than a half. And it is always possible that the world is entering on a cycle of " bad years ". That would certainly give a complete solution to the world wheat problem in its present aspect, though it would raise it in another: a shortage of wheat instead of a surplus.

As the American crop is bound to be so short, the American farmer will get a high price for what he can send to market. In the winter wheat belt, where the harvest is being garnered, he is already being paid seventy-five to eighty cents a bushel instead of the twenty-five he received last year. It must seem something of a miracle to him. But he has much less wheat to sell, and he is still a very poor man. Those terrible years of too much wheat! Not the least remarkable feature of the President's policy—the " stupendous experiment ", as Sir Herbert Samuel called it the other day—is what he is doing in cash to tide his farmers over their troubles. They are to get a money bonus of one thousand million dollars a year in exchange for curtailing their acreage, the funds being raised by a tax of thirty cents a bushel on " processors ", millers, and so on. A hundred million dollars are promised to the wheat farmers on September 1st. Under another provision of the Farm Relief Act, two thousand million dollars will be spent in re-financing farm mortgages.

Meanwhile farmers everywhere may lift up their heads. Wheat has got well out of that deep, deep rut in which it seemed to be stuck—this is now the dominant fact in the situation, and its beneficent influence is reaching out to all commodities and everything else. It surely will never be forgotten that while others talked, Roosevelt acted; this was what not only the world wheat problem required, but what was needed to lift the whole world out of the depression which has devastated it so long.

By the time this article is published the World Monetary and Economic Conference will have adjourned—to some date probably in the late autumn, but whether it will really reassemble seems rather uncertain. In any case the Conference, which quite a number of people appear to regard as something between a farce and a fiasco, was largely superseded by the course of events, one of its main objects having already been achieved quite apart from its discussions. It is one of the most striking ironies of our age that the Conference was in session when the great lifting up of the prices of wheat and other primary commodities occurred—without the Conference having anything whatever to do with the rise. The depression is passing, and the world is moving on to better times, Conference or no Conference. This is not to say however, that a world conference can do nothing, on the contrary, it should be an encouragement to further effort in helping on and making good the advance in all directions.

AMONG NIGERIAN CANNIBALS*

BY FRANK PENN-SMITH

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY NOTE BY RICHARD HUGHES

"Wanderings in many regions. Scenes of pleasure and privation. A life of contrasts. England in the seventies: the France of the Third Empire. And then, difficulties with cannibals, business-men, witch-doctors, governments, and wild beasts. Kings. Gold. Always the unexpected result—not the thing aimed at, but something to suffice, in a queer way . . ."

That is how Mr. Penn-Smith himself sums up his seventy years. It is his adventures in West Africa, among the cannibals of the Sara Peaks, which the following pages describe.

Lives of adventure, such as this one, are not perhaps uncommon, nor descriptions of them necessarily interesting. But has such a life ever before been lived by a man who was by nature a poet and an artist, driven to a life of action by Necessity, not Inclination? He took to the wild parts of the world that sensitive eye we are used to associating with scenes of quiet and security. He looked on lions with the same eye that Wordsworth looked on wild-flowers: on cannibals as Gray looked on the worthies of Stoke Poges. Has any other man combined with a new and beautiful way of handling English such insight into the minds of savages, such a charming tolerance of lions? It is this, in my opinion, which renders his work unique. He is not an old inarticulate adventurer, dragged from his retirement to mumble about his great doings: he is a brilliant new author, discovered at the age of seventy.

RICHARD HUGHES.

THE air was like a warm, wet muffler over the mouth. The tasteless breeze hitherto made by the pace of our ship had now ceased. We were at the wharf at Lagos, plunged into the atmosphere of a steaming bath without soap. Artificial-looking palms spaced along the front, white buildings streaked with damp and mould, showed that we were indeed in tropical West Africa. The asylum-like Portland cement palace of the Governor showed to what Power all this belonged.

The year 1911. We put up at the only hotel, an *auberge* in a slum. After a stifling night came the train. Through the great forests of the west coast we curved our way upward, stopping at

* From *The Unexpected*, an autobiography, to be published shortly.

intervals where a wide motor-road sliced an avenue through the densities towards some native town. Ultimately the capital of the northern province was reached—Zungeru, a little Government headquarters of bungalows and offices (since removed to Kaduna). It was a joke in Zungeru that two German commercial travellers, arriving once at Lagos with their wives, telegraphed up to this northern capital for the two best suites of rooms in the chief hotel. They received a reply that the only accommodation offering was two empty mud huts with grass roofs!

As for myself, prepared if necessary to camp in my own tent, I was elated to find myself in a roomy, cool rest-house of mud. Ensconced in this, I regarded my new surroundings. Soon various features appeared. Time, always relative, had its own peculiar aspect in this place. It existed—which is hardly the case in some places—but chiefly under the aspect of procrastination. The sun, elsewhere the benign means of sun-bathing, was here (between ten and four o'clock) the author of sunstroke, paralysis, madness—if you forgot your helmet. Atmospheric conditions were incredible. The whole of humanity, official and unofficial, were victims of the disease called "West Coast Head". They forgot everything.

The difficulties of a new country, suddenly expanding, often under rapidly changing men, made the conditions experimental, and sudden legislative changes took place. Now came my first difficulty—in appearance insuperable. I found myself confronted with one of these pieces of sudden, unforeseen legislation. The Bauchi Plateau (the tin lands) had been closed against pegging, by special proclamation—prospecting forbidden.

Were the people who had sent me, then, for this very purpose of finding them tin, to lose the whole of their expenditure on outfit and expenses?

I was determined not; and sat down to besiege the autocracy. The proclamation had been suddenly made while I was on the sea, with no idea of such action: therefore I insisted on my rights to a prospector's licence, and a right to peg in the closed area. This last was declared impossible, and so a long struggle began. In this there was one advantage on my side over the secretariat. I had a complete set of nerves, while theirs were all more or less broken down. I used to go over to the Government offices

every morning, politely insistent, asking, "What about my rights?"

Through the open window I could see them shrinking away on my approach. Their powers were great, but did not extend to expelling me from the country since my words and manner were uniformly correct.

Confronted with apparently unconquerable obstacles, I decided that my only chance lay in breaking through these, by going out, pegging something, and fighting it out with the Government afterwards. To London I cabled that I was about to set out. This brought a reply forbidding me to do this, unless with written consent of the Government.

Only one thing now remained: to defy everybody, my own company included. But this with all the politeness possible.

The penalty of failure would be severe. Entire success alone could excuse such a course, and the odds were heavily against that. I had never had the sack, and wondered what it would feel like. Instead of cabling again, I simply wrote saying that I was sorry not to agree with the Board, and, for their sake as well as my own, was leaving on my projected trip to the plateau.

The sense of insecurity during the next month or two will not easily be forgotten. I was quite unaware that one part of the battle was being fought for me at that very time by my South African director, who arrived in London just then. He told the Board: "If you have no confidence in him, recall him. But if you have confidence, trust to the man on the spot. How can you know the position at this distance?" The Board acted on this, and did not break me.

So time was gained.

Taking the train for Zaria, I established myself in the rest-house there, in order to make local inquiries and determine what part of the plateau to attack. How was I to find payable tin straight off? I, a stranger to the country. The plateau ransacked by engineers.

I heard of a pagan region that might contain tin. The Sara Peaks, the eastern boundary of the plateau. It was then a danger zone of unsubdued tribes. The Government had warned white men off it. This attracted me. A place avoided by others and quite untried might give me my opportunity, if only I could make friends of the savages.

"Pack up!" said I to my headman. "We go towards Chadda." Lake Chad, the navel of the West Sudan—away *beyond* my real objective.

* * *

We set forth, a ramshackle lot. A winding snake of a crowd, carrying Heaven knows what. Too much. At Bauchi a white man on horseback, leaving the town, met us, and laughed aloud at the invading stranger.

"There you go!" he cried. "Carrying everything that you *don't* want!" And indeed our thirty carriers were themselves impediments. The more men, the more trouble, in Nigeria.

On hearing of our arrival, the Resident invited me to tea. Since every one must account for himself, I indicated that we were aiming towards Pankshin, which lies south of our objective.

"Then you will pass the Sara Mountains," he observed. "You don't go in there, of course. It is a danger zone. No one can go in there."

To this I returned nothing but a polite "Oh!" (It was *he*, after all, who said I would not go there.)

Partly to change the conversation, I said:

"Tell me, what is the poison that those people put on their arrows, in the Sara Mountains? What is the antidote?"

"The poison is made of all the nasty things they can think of," said he. "Snake poison. The juice of putrid meat. Herbal poison, and so on. It finishes you off in a jiffy."

"And the antidote?"

"Oh, quite simple! Not very effective, of course, but of some use—with ligatures——"

"Yes, but what is it?"

"Oh—ah—I really forget at the moment. That simple thing—you know!"

"No, I don't know. I *want* to know!"

"Oh—that very simple thing!"

"Permanganate?"

"No. No use. That other very simple thing——" But he could not remember it.

I left, for I could not confide to him how much I longed for the missing word (which was tannin, as I learnt long afterwards).

So we wended our slow way beneath the burning sun. Some-

times through bleached fields, furrowed for cotton or ground-nuts, sometimes through sparse woodland. We were now fairly in Pagan country—conquered Pagans, peaceful in their inferiority. Every now and then we stopped to examine the neighbourhood for tin. Prospecting in Nigeria presented a different aspect from anything I had experienced before. It may be said to have begun with a procession and ended in pig-rooting.

We passed through the country in a long line of carriers in single file—thirty was the usual number—the tail of which was brought up by my interpreter, his wife (carrying a child) and his sewing machine, borne by a servitor.

People exclaimed, "Why, you take a child with you!" My reply was, "Why not? It pleases others. It does not worry me. It reassures the cannibals".

"But a *sewing machine*!"

"Why not?" again would be the reply. "It gives a domesticated look. My interpreter is held by it. In his spare moments he sews raiment, which he sells to passers-by and to the carriers."

Not but that sometimes it was an anxiety, notably once when crossing a river. It—or its box, began falling to pieces from the head of the man who carried it.

"Stand still!" shrieked its owner in Hausa. The terrified carrier stood stock-still in the middle of the river. One by one the sides of the machine box, loosened by previous damp, fell off into the water and floated away. Only the machine remained, nakedly exposed on the bottom wood, on the head of the trembling man. The whole crowd watched the process fascinated. "*Madallah!*" they cried, when the bearer cautiously stole forward to the bank, and out.

II

My tent was pitched on a parched flat beside the pagan village of Taffchin. The whole place was dominated by these mysterious Sara Mountains; inhabited by the Wadi, whose sanctuaries had never been invaded by the white man. The highest peaks in Nigeria.

The Pagans kept away from us, among their stony places. Boys, tending sheep, peeped at us, between boulders with suspicion and curiosity. We, too, felt alien, and suspicious of them.

Weary with heat and glare, decision hesitated. What next? Delay. The mountains, from close at hand, looked most forbidding. Up there lay the unknown villages of the Bijimwa, places untrodden save by the Pagan and leopard.

It was this that tempted me to the place. The mountains were still untouched, and might well be the home of tin. The more open Bauchi Plateau was, by now, overpegged. Time was an object. If only I could explore and annex some of those *rafins* (Hausa word), or ravines, that could be seen wedging downward, darkly timbered, like the limb-hollows of a sleeping monster!

Success in this adventure seemed to lie in suddenly invading these stranger-haters, discreetly patting them on the back, as it were, and slipping the bridle of the white man into their cannibalistic jaws, before they were well aware.

And then, a bad mistake.

I had taken for granted that all the plain belonged to the Taffchinwa, and had put boys there to sink holes to look for tin shed from the heights. But it turned out that the hillmen's ground came near the village. Riding out to see results, I saw my Hausas drop their tools and rush back towards me, while hillmen, springing from behind the rocks, bent their bows on the fugitives.

Spurring my horse I dashed forward to save them, if possible. Shaking my fist and volleying a wealth of bad language at the Pagans, they hesitated, as the Hausas flew to safety.

Then silence. A sinister pause. Suspended danger . . . running feet . . . black figures with bows bent. Turning I compelled myself to walk back. Anxious to gallop, but feeling that the least sign of haste might draw the arrows.

This was a sharp reminder to be careful. I had nearly spoilt everything at the start. It decreased confidence and was humiliating: a retreat.

I must get at these people from the top, not the bottom. Through their headmen, not through irresponsible skirmishers.

Immediately, another trouble arose. My interpreter came forward:

"Please massa, Pagan man say Tensin Somali steal him fowl."

Tensin was one of my best Hausa carriers, an ex-soldier.

This would be my first trial. I was not accustomed to sit thus on the Bench (or rather, deck-chair).

All evidence would be perjured. A decision given after European fashion would be on the weight of lies. That would not do. Better Oriental methods: trying to guess right.

"Tell me", said I to the interpreter, "what do you think? Do you believe he stole the fowl?"

"Yes." (This was much, since he, too, was a Mohammedan.)

"Why do you think so?"

"Pagan man", said the interpreter, "no can cry so plenty if he no steal him fowl".

True. Emotional as cannibals are (and ex-cannibals), they cannot weep successfully unwronged. My decision took shape.

To the interpreter I said, "This is Saturday. At four o'clock the labourers will line up for their pay. I have not got it. There will be no money till it comes to us from Jos. It is delayed on the road. There is only enough today to give them chop-money, threepence apiece. You must give them this, and, before they can make big trouble, I will call out Tensin Somali and try him. Perhaps that will prevent their making trouble". He nodded and smiled, with understanding.

"But first of all", I continued, "get a stick. A good stick. Two sticks in case one breaks. And put them under my bed".

This was done. The fateful hour arrived, the boys lined up expectant. With more than usual dignity the interpreter passed down the line, putting into each extended palm—a threepenny bit. Looks of surprise had already turned to indignation when I chipped in:

"Bring Tensin Somali!"

He was brought, and swore by all he held holy that he had not stolen the fowl.

The Pagan—produced, still weeping—wept that he had.

An impasse. What to do? Balance impressions? No, attempt indirect methods.

Assuming him guilty, I said to the accused, "Shall I send you to the Resident, or shall I beat you myself?"

There was a long silence. Then a murmur.

"What does he say?"

"He say will you please beat him yourself."

Then I knew him to be guilty. He feared more severe justice from the Resident. I beat him. No use deputing this to his friends. As soon as he found it to be the real thing, he roared for mercy: he would "never do it again". But mercy is for its proper place, and he got none.

The labourers, breaking into anxious discussions, dispersed without protest about pay.

That trouble was over for the moment.

Next morning came my interpreter, for orders and to give the news.

"Anything fresh?" I asked.

"Yes, massa," he beamed. "Pagan be glad! You beat your boy who steal fowl. You give Pagan shilling. They tell this to top hill. You be good man!"

That morning a messenger had been sent up to the King of Bijim (the topmost village) summoning him to me. Now a small procession could be seen approaching: my interpreter, bringing elders of Taffchin, with the returned runner. They squatted round, while the messenger produced a small, dilapidated fowl, blind of an eye. This, he said, was the gift of the king, who would on no account come down. Lugubrious and silent, the elders pondered and wondered at the wretched thing gasping at their feet. The man had not actually been sent back empty-handed, but what an offering! For us the gift was full of misgiving.

I now required climbers for carriers—Taffchin villagers, friendly with the hillmen. Any of the Hausas who would go were promised good pay. Alarm spread among them. The Hausas had not bargained for this. Great was the palaver. They clamoured that it was not in their agreement to be eaten. One or two, however, volunteered.

So we mustered our little party, and started. The ascent was rather a cruel business. Not only had I a heart still queer from bad dilation (fever and mountain-climbing in Swaziland), but a damaged leg. It was intolerably hot, abominably steep.

What folly! cried rebellious nature within. Why project oneself up such disgusting places? Why, oh why not stay in peace and safety? Surely no one ever set out to vex savages

more loth than I—thrust up uncomfortably by black arms (queer, this compelling of others to shove up an unwilling self!)

At last we were on the level—one of the summits. Here we escaped a danger that might have ended all. A young Pagan, starting up in front of a carrier, furiously drew his knife upon him. At that moment I came fair upon them, round a boulder. The Pagan, balked, fell back and sprang away. And that was well, for a single blow might have brought on a general blotting out: they were all round us, by this time. In any case, bloodshed would have meant my being expelled from the Protectorate. Government never spares the trouble-maker who makes necessary a punitive expedition. From that time on the carriers kept close behind me, and we went forward quietly right into their strongholds.

The king's village, Bijim, was the usual irregular group of pepper-pot huts run together. The only shade a great spreading sacred tree. Under this my chair and table were placed, while the cook, round on the further side of the bole, made a fire and cooked a hasty meal.

My table laid, as usual, with cloth, silver, china, I sat down with my back to the tree, facing rising ground. Here a dusky crowd had ranged itself in rows before me, squatting on the rocks like a regiment of apes, staring over one another's shoulders. I felt their fierce, distrustful eyes boring into me.

The camp table had been fully laid with silver and glass, to give them something to look at. As I began my meal I felt like William of Orange at Whitehall: he who hated the public banquet, forced, by political necessity, to eat before the multitude. I must, indeed, have been a public show, a novelty. Well! The stage being set, they should have something further. I had bought (at Stuttaford's, in Johannesburg) a mechanical toy—a Swiss Boy and Girl, which, wound up, whirled about in fantastic measures. My meal being finished, the table was cleared and the dolls put upon it. Off they went, hand in hand, waltzing round the table. From time to time I took them up, whispering to them as they were being re-wound.

Only by their eyes could be seen the amazement of the fascinated savages.

In the middle of it all, I became aware of the juju-man bound-

ing towards us, near the huts. He is not only wizard, rainmaker, but policeman. He it is who beats the disobedient or lazy wife, who kills the unfaithful one. Covered with long grass or filaments like hair, capped with a goggling mask of pith so as to be unrecognizable, he leapt along with his pole, uttering the cry of a leopard. Thus he would have awed me.

But the effect was reversed. I regarded him with indifference, while *his* quick eye was caught and fixed by the miniature dancers. Spellbound he gazed, his mouth open with a yell that never came. Then, at last, I snatched up the slackening dolls and, whispering to them for a last time, put them back into their home—the chop box.

The savages drank it in greedily, later on, when the interpreter assured them that my Little People told me all they said and did. That nothing was hid from them.

This diversion being a success, I next introduced business. Striking while the iron was hot with this witchcraft, I tried to work them into an alliance. (In this I found myself following the methods of my namesake, William Penn. When Charles I gave him Pennsylvania, he made it his business to obtain the consent of the Indians, and effected that treaty with them which Voltaire eulogized.) I declared myself a man of peace, who took nothing from any one without paying for it (this, to distinguish me from the Government, which was regarded as a great robber who sent, once a year, to rob them—for they had to pay certain taxes through emissaries on the plains).

I said: if people would not give me what I wanted, they would get nothing. If they helped me, I would put it in their way to get tobacco and salt cheap. What I wanted was *delmi* (tin) and I showed them some on a leaf. They looked at this without interest, saying it was no use to them. What they wanted was iron. I told them white men had too much iron, but wanted tin. I was sure there would be some in their streams. If they would let me have it, I would not hurt their farms, but help them with Government and in other ways. If they would be my friends, I would be theirs.

They now openly favoured me, evidently wishful to propitiate the friend of the Little People in the Box. King—elders—people—there was not one dissentient. Even the young men were

silent and respectful. They agreed that I should have the tin, if it was there. The king offered to take me down to the streams, in the morning, to look for it. Then the concourse broke up and filed away thoughtfully, in silence.

A surprising peace now fell on the place. I took out cigarettes, a book; and, feet on table, rested from things, drinking countless cups of tea. This mountain-top, thought I, was not too bad. So cool, and breezy. So quiet. Better, far, these shy, diffident people than the troublesome Hausa below, always bothering and jabbering at me. These people kept away.

Evening fell. Mist came trailing up on the darkness. A restless wind. I felt less certain of the pleasures of the place. Cold, barbarous night was coming, suited to these gusty peaks. Altitude held us high from the warmth of the plains, and chilly breezes overpowered our fires. It was then, when bat-like and uncertain dark enlarged the rocks and deepened the hollows, that my interpreter came forward, begging me to allow him and my few Hausas to shut themselves in a hut. The nearest, but yet some distance away. This gave me my privacy—had I been seeking it—but for the chief, my host, who had thoughtfully provided me with seven naked savages as a bodyguard. Looking at them, fierce in the firelight, fully armed, I had nearly cried “No!” But how futile. Instead, “They are naked”, I said, “they will perish!” Oh no, came the reply, they were well oiled: “Good as a blanket”. Out of scant sticks they made a flickering flame, and crouched about it. Dark figures like devils whispering in a chilly hell. My Hausas looked blank, and, hastening to their hut, barred the door. I to my stretcher in the tent, and to my common remedy in such case. Not worry, but sleep. In a trice I was oblivious to these dangerous friends.

Dawn broke to a kind of exultation.

I was rested. Here we were, all alive, and no harm done! I seemed to have acquired virtue from being the first white man to sleep on this island in the sky. This skyland. I cried aloud for coffee, and dispatched the interpreter to find out what my dusky friends were saying. He returned, shortly, with the news:

“Pagan man say”, he said, “you can sleep here *all* your life! But no more white man. Not the Resident—”

* * *

And now the chief and elders came to escort me to their streams. Every now and then we found ourselves passing through little clear spaces of pale gravelly soil showing signs of cultivation: the farms and gardens of a precarious existence. Small piles of stones stood here and there with odd things stuck in them. Little bundles of sticks tied to uprights. Juju signs. To fertilize? Protect? Bring rain? One could only guess.

So we descended over vast smooth domes of granite, burning hot; sharp rocky spurs and precipitous ledges; down, down, into cool-timbered ravines, murmuring with waters. Tin was there. We found it in the banks. The Bijimwa sat around watching my men dig holes and wash calabashes full of gravel, yielding pannings of the shotty metal. I was satisfied and determined to peg.

We emerged in a small plain on the western side of the range. Here I decided to erect a beacon. Not as a legal act, but as a temporary measure determining discovery and date. My surveyor, on his arrival, would erect his own survey-beacons: until then the fear was lest some other engineer, getting wind of my having opened up the place, might try to forestall me.

I told my interpreter to ask the Pagans to build me a pile of stones as high as a man.

They preserved a stony silence, looking at one another, saying nothing.

What were they to think? They could only look upon it as my juju. I felt this, and that good reasons were necessary to win their approval. "Ask them", said I, "would they like to know why I want them to build this pile of stone?"

Yes! That was what they wished to know.

"I want to make the tin safe, and the water for washing it".

They looked approval. They were glad I wanted water. Rain. They needed rain for their crops, and knew now I would not drive it away, which was their chief dread.

"Tell them", I continued, "if they build it well, and I put a stick in it, with marks (writing), it will keep other white men away".

There was a murmur of satisfaction. This was exactly what they wanted: they wished for no more white men, only myself.

They began at once, and, under the interpreter's guidance, the pile was soon built.

But hardly had this been done, when they were thrown into a violent commotion. Suddenly the whole crowd rushed wildly away, back to the timber. Interpreter and all fled together. I was left standing alone beside the beacon. Now they had turned, and were staring at me.

What had happened? It was impossible to guess. How imagine what is passing in such minds?

What was to be done? Nothing—if possible, impressively. Full of new anxieties, I assumed an air of calm, ignoring the stampede. I fiddled with the beacon. Patted it with approval...

Then I was aware of a buzzing in the air. A swarm of bees was sweeping straight towards me! The buzz increased. A wild thought of flight seized me. But no! Stick it! Conflicting thoughts in the quick moments. If they attack me, what an exhibition!... If they pass over, might not a point be gained?... I stood my ground, very still.

With furious hum the flying mass passed over... and away on the wind.

Then a joyful crowd hastened up from the trees; interpreter first. "Now they be *very* pleased!" he cried. "Before they *think* you be good man. Now they *know* you be good!"

Who could tell better than the bees? Oldest inhabitants of the mountains. Older than the Pagans themselves. They knew, and had thus favoured me.

My influence over these people was assured.

III

In new fellowship we returned up the mountains after this binding episode. Here I was. On top. These people had accepted me.

But the Government?

It seemed, now, that I must write to the authorities, conveying as simply as possible that I was week-ending with my new friends. My address—forbidden ground! With proposals to do more forbidden things. To sign this "Your Obedient Servant"? Well, yes. One could scarcely write "Disobedient".

It was put as diplomatically as possible (I had been "invited" and so on), and despatched by two trustworthy Hausas. Two, not because one little letter required two carriers, but because the reading of the letter would be as nothing to the interrogation of the messengers.

But all the satisfaction I got was a reply stating that it would be quite impossible for any such application for ground to be accepted.

On descending to ordinary life on the plains I found that the obstacle of the Sara Peaks had diminished to insignificance in my estimation: it was Government that now loomed like a mountain before me.

Nothing but secret obstinacy sustained my uncertain spirits. For there seemed to be no secure footing anywhere: I seemed clawing the air, impotently.

But no! The Fates themselves intervened in my favour, making the Governor-General, no less, their unwilling pawn. On a tour through his Northern Province, he came just then to Jos, and was invited to attend a meeting of the chamber of mines.

He took the chair. Amongst other things they discussed those prospecting licences whose use had been cut short by the sudden closing of the plateau. This was represented as a great hardship: licences already granted ought to be allowed to run their natural term, a year: and indeed, most of them would only have a month or two still to run (mine, of course, would have some eleven months!)

This was put so urgently to the Governor-General that he momentarily relented. The meeting was about to break up. But the astute secretary pointed out that it was the custom to read over the minutes and confirm them before adjournment. Restraining his wish to be gone, the Governor-General waited till they had been hastily read—including apparently innocent passages protecting the licences. The book was thrust under his hand, and he was invited, as chairman, to initial it as usual. This he did.

Next day someone rushed to the mines office with a new application for ground. It was refused, his licence being considered dead.

"But it is still good. The Governor-General has agreed to it!"

"Impossible!"

"We have his signature!"

* * *

My licence, of course, and my pegging, stood good also. And so at last, with the general sound sense of that administration, however obscured sometimes by red tape, my hold on the mountains was recognized.

After all, this private invasion would perhaps effect by peaceful means what it might have taken a military expedition to accomplish—the taming of the hillmen (and indeed, today motor roads wind among those peaks).

Was this, then, why Government was more amenable now? Had they concluded at last that their disobedient servant filled, at his own risk, a useful purpose?

Or did they think that probably, given rope, I should not bother them much longer with my undamaged set of nerves? Indeed, some time afterwards, Captain Anderson (the Resident) told me they were always expecting to hear of my head being carried about on a pole. . . .

In my mind, however, there had been no fear of serious danger after the episode of the bees. But, then, Governments do not understand about bees.

Meanwhile I searched in the steep places of Lugerri for the tin, and ransacked the mountains.

To my interpreter I would hold forth, in moments of leisure, that he might resolve the obscure.

"I go to many Black Man Countries", said I, "and always find their graves. These must not be disturbed, nor can I dig there for tin. But in this country we find no graves?"

"They chop (eat) all," he said, quite simply.

"Not *all*?" I protested. "Not those skinny old things that stagger into my camp to look at me? Why, they are all bones and skin. No one could eat them!"

"Yes, yes!" he insisted. "They chop *all*."

"Too tough!" I still persisted.

"Cook 'em plenty," was the brief reply.

This made it difficult really to enter into the Pagan spirit. The cannibal complex tinged everything, and separated it from my

world. Their attitude to parents and elders, for instance. These would first be guardians: then friends and advisers—perhaps councillors of the king: lastly, just *meat*. The cannibal complex never lets this be forgotten. How could an English son ever chameleon his mind to harmony with such sinister colours?

One friend of mine, an official in the plains, being a fast walker, often got ahead of his staff when visiting out-districts. He confessed it always shocked him (though habituated), coming suddenly upon their fires, to see one man running off clutching a roasted arm, another a leg: though the smell of the roast, he remarked, was quite agreeable.

It was at night that the mountains became most a place of dread to my men: never would they put foot outside the camp then. Yet once one of them was belated: Ali, gentle-eyed and kind, the friend of all. He had been ailing, and had dropped behind the survey party.

The rapid evening of the tropics was falling when he was missed. A Hausa, helpless, and alone among these Pagans at night! Those keen-eyed hillmen had doubtless spied him out. What dreadful hap might have befallen him, with no white man near for protection!

I sent a runner up the mountains with urgent commands that he be found and sent to me at once. We waited anxiously.

Presently a Pagan, returning home, came into the camp. Him we questioned. Had he seen Ali?

Yes, he had seen him that morning.

Where was he? What was he doing, not to have returned with the others?

The gloomy savage glowered. Then he growled: "He was lost. He was throwing up his arms, crying, 'My friends! My friends!'"

"And what did you do?"

"I came away: I was not his friend!"

A second runner was sent, forthwith, with still more imperative messages to the king. And still we waited; now hopeless, as it was dark.

Then there came a crashing and a clamour of dogs, and four naked savages dashed in upon us, pulling a terrified and exhausted Ali after them. They had found the unhappy man, and dragged

him at breathless speed down the hill-sides. The more he struggled the wilder they had been, shouting encouragements in his ear which he took for threats. For awhile he fought against them, but, at last, carried off his feet, surrendered to Allah—and found himself flung down beside the camp fire among familiar Mohammedan bowls; not, as he expected, among the pots of the Pagans.

IV

So this routine life of mine dragged on, everything now humdrum, savages and poisoned arrows gone tedious and tame. Away from the excitement of books, pictures, the harmony of attuned minds—all that to me was holy.

For the moment, it seemed, I was on top. Cannibals subdued. Government friendly. Two enemies overcome. But a third, silently, secretly taking their place.

Malaria had driven me from Swaziland; malaria had driven me from Rhodesia. And driven me to Nigeria, of all places, where other fevers were added. Sunstrokes. These last only touches—for I did not, as I saw others do, lose my wits, or become paralyzed, or die. Nevertheless, at times a queer change would come over things. The scene would break up, mistily. The boys seemed far off. I was giddy, faint, and sick. Creeping under some bushes I lay there; and then found I could not get on to my feet again unaided.

Somehow conveyed back to camp, there would follow a night of high temperature, no sleep, delirium. Slow, infinitely slow recovery. A devilish feeling that I was cased too tightly in steel. No sense of balance. My horse—quiet as a sheep—had to be led. On each side a boy walked to prop me when I toppled.

Weakened like this by the sun, and by fever night after night, I was little more than a cripple. In this condition my interpreter came to me with a project. There was tin, he said, in Gumbul.

Gumbul was a place on the mountains further south than the peaks of the Wadi. The bad people of Gumbul had an evil reputation, even among their friends and allies. *How* bad were they? They even ate the Fulani—nomadic cattle-owners whom the other Pagans spared.

Nevertheless, said my interpreter, there was tin there: of that he was convinced. Convinced, also, of his power to enter

the place, Allah permitting. I, helpless with fever, and quite indifferent, at last gave him permission to go, not perceiving that all this boldness came from swelled head—very contagious among blacks, product of belief in Allah-fatalism, and of conceit, brought about by my success among the Wadi and at Lugerri. He left, in triumph, with an escort of Taffchinwa.

Near nightfall he crept into my camp, a broken man, in rags. He was so shaken that it took some time before I could get the facts out of him.

On entering Gumbul he had, at once, begun to sink holes, ignoring all my warnings. So does the black man when left to himself, even the man of supposed responsibility.

The people were up in arms at once. A furious altercation began. In vain belated explanations were made. Hausas and Taffchinwa were alike attacked and beaten, their clothes torn off them. They were about to be murdered, said the interpreter, when he saved the situation. He had stolen my revolver, which he had hidden in his belt. This weapon he now drew, and fired into the air. This caused a diversion, in which all escaped.

It was now for me to pour the vials of wrath on the distracted man. I did not spare him. This might, even now, upset my whole expedition. That *some* evil would spring out of it, there was little doubt. Time would show.

Next day showed. A rumour, spread by the people of Gumbul had run through the country, that we had invaded them and killed six people. Shot them! What was to be done? If the District Officer of Pankshin heard this, I should immediately be called to account: even if found innocent, very possibly forbidden the district. The rumour would be sure to reach him if not stopped. How to stop it?

I saw only one way, and that was to go in among them myself and force them to make amends. But who could say how they would take a second invasion? Unable now to climb, I had to ride right round the mountains and enter on the other, the easier, side, approachable on horseback.

Thus we came into the country of these people suddenly from an unexpected quarter. I had my chair set up on a little flat near the village. Some sullen-looking savages watched us from the rocks.

"Tell them to come here," I commanded. "They must speak to me."

This was shouted at them, and they came nearer. Then I insisted on the king coming, with the elders.

There must be a palaver. I showed no arms.

After a time a few came forward, then more. All were armed. Broad-shouldered, squat and agile, they slid, crouching, over the slabs of granite, like dark crabs, to a convenient flat some distance from my chair. There they grouped themselves in sinister conclave, the king in the midst.

They were a race of evil aspect, a scowling, treacherous-looking lot, with the hard faces of killers.

I did not wait for their beginning, but began at them myself, through a Taffchin go-between. Shaking my fist and showing great anger, I asked how they dared touch my interpreter and spread lies about him. They must at once bring back the tools they had taken from my people.

They answered me with black looks and silence. I thought they were working themselves up for something, so shouted at the go-between, "Tell them to speak at once, or I shall punish them severely".

This seemed to tell. They had misgivings, and muttered among themselves. Then one of them, who looked something like a crow, spoke up and said:

"He is a bad man. We hit him because he killed us."

"He killed no one!" (from me).

"He killed six!"

"Show me the dead", I said, "or take me where they are buried". Silence.

"You cannot", I said, "because none were killed. It is a lie! You are bad people, and must be punished for this lie!"

There was a lot of talk among them. Other counsels seemed prevailing. An older man spoke. Perhaps a diplomat: he resembled a furtive dog.

"It is true that a mistake has been made", he said, "only two were killed. Two of our brothers were killed," he repeated, looking round to impress the number on the others. I hammered away at them: they were liars, they must be punished for this lying. I could prove none were killed.

There were more consultations in which the dead came down to one.

I was, by now, getting exhausted in the heat, not having properly recovered from the fever. I made a final effort—a still greater row, threatening them more implacably than ever.

Perhaps they, too, were wearing out—or their confidence. The dog-faced man got up again. He said that indeed it was all a mistake. After all, they had found out that no one had been killed. When the interpreter had fired six shots, then six women had dropped their calabashes. It was the six calabashes that had been destroyed, and these had been mistaken for people. As for my tools, they would be given back.

Forthwith, the picks and shovels were produced and laid on the ground before me.

“That is well!” I cried. “But don’t you dare to do it again!”

And now the wretches actually tried to smile. But their smiles were more sinister than their frowns. I waved them away home—and, with that, upped camp and made off as fast as was discreetly possible, without show of undue haste, from the stronghold of the Bad People of Gumbul.

* * *

At last it grew plain that a holiday was necessary. My directors agreed to send me to England—which I had not seen for thirty-four years. With great pains I was shipped at Lagos. I ultimately reached Southampton in the beginning of 1914.

V

The outbreak of war found me back on my tin in Nigeria. I offered my services to the Government. But my body—even patched up by Dr. Schott—was little use to them. “Get us tin for munitions,” they wrote. On my return there, before building permanent huts on the plain part of my area of ground, I had renewed my alliance with my Pagans on the mountain-top. They mustered in numbers and received me as a friend.

To control these people it needed justice, unhesitating severity when occasionally necessary, but also good humour.

British reputation for justice brought the Pagans to me, as well as Hausas, over their disputes. A man accused another of trying to poison him: giving him poisoned kola nuts to eat.

I: “Produce the kola nuts, or what is left of them.”

Plaintiff: “I threw them in the fire.” (Suspicious act).

Myself: “Something must be left. Bring me the ashes.”

The charred remains were brought in a calabash, with grit and dust.

To the shrinking accused I said: “Eat these fragments at once!”

The accused seized the calabash eagerly, and crammed the rubbish into his mouth, champing and swallowing it. He was in a hurry to clear himself, and quite unafraid of the horrible mess of ashes which whitened his black lips.

The case was dismissed, amid applause.

The human element is enthralling, in these countries, just at first. Then it gets to be wearing. At last maddening. Hausa guile and hypocrisy. Relentless, perpetual pinpricks.

For those four years of the War I stayed among my cannibals, without a single absence to recover health (officials get six months’ leave abroad out of twenty-four). Worn down by the incessant hammer-strokes of fever, again crippled, yet somehow living. The Government had held me at it, winning and shipping tin (at high prices) for the War. They could not get enough for munitions.

A grass fire surrounded and threatened my huts. Wading for hours in flames and hot ashes under the noon sun I helped to beat it out. That was the end. Heated as in a crucible, I could not get cool again. All my fevers were rekindled. Day and night the furnace in me roared.

A kindly missionary carried me off to hospital at the new capital, Kaduna. There, for three months, my fever defied all efforts.

Heart and all other organs enlarged. “Come and look at this man,” called one doctor to another. “He has got the largest spleen I have ever seen in a white man.”

Quinine always made me ill. I suspected that my fever was *not* true malaria, and that in giving me quinine the doctors were treating me wrongly.

I was weak beyond words, and could eat nothing. They insisted one day on putting minced chicken into me: I took it under protest. Violent vomiting began, and continued—*desperate* weakness. They were running about in fright. The

matron came, and begged me to think over all foods, and find *one* that I could fancy.

None, at first. At last I sent for her: "I have thought of something—but it is wrong. . . ."

"Never mind; whatever it is you are to have it, the doctors say."

"*Cheese.*"

After endless trouble (war-made scarcity) an officer's wife was found with half a pound. Every day, at ten, they brought me a piece. When it came my mouth (which had been bone-dry for weeks) watered. So I began to eat again.

I determined to give up the quinine, so made my steward boy bring me a clean handkerchief every day. In the old one I hid the quinine tablets, instructing him to bury them. From then on I began to recover.

At long last, three whole days without a temperature. "Off to the boat with him." (They don't want one to die in Nigeria. It is bad for statistics. Better at sea—no matter there.)

And so England once more—this time for good.

THE HOT WEATHER

BY SIR JOHN CAMPBELL, K.C.M.G., C.S.I.

THE three men lay in long chairs, silent, far enough from the bungalow to escape the fierce heat which it reverberated, and idly watching the gorgeous colours of the sunset. Behind them the forest swept, crescent-shaped, round the low building; in front the two horns of the crescent pushed out into a barren plain, bare as the palm of one's hand, seared to a dull yellow by the scorching sun of June, desolate, thrice-heated, forbidding.

The hills of Nepal—an indigo blue mass that lay like a bar on the plain, between the extremities of the forest—blocked the view to the north; apart from that narrow aperture, the forest walled them around. The heated air rose in shimmering waves.

They smoked slowly, turning uneasily in their cane chairs, and glancing every now and then at the pageant of colour that filled the western sky. Fiery red, gold, orange, purple, green—green that shot across the darkening sky in long sectors of light, shading off from the most vivid of colours to the merest hint of a suggestion that there was something in the zenith other than the quickly gathering shades of night.

The hills of Nepal changed, as one looked, from indigo blue to black; from black, standing out, as if cut from cardboard, against the rapidly dimming sky, they faded rapidly into the darkness of the night. Long lines of glowing red appeared, where but a moment before one had seen the mountain tops silhouetted against a background of pale light.

"The sun's rim dips; the stars rush out; at one stride comes the dark. *Quite* so. I wish these cursed peacocks wouldn't make such a blasted row about their 'and so to bed' arrangements. It gets on my nerves." Carstairs, the Deputy Commissioner, moved wearily to a fresh position in his chair; the peacocks continued to flutter about in the near-by treetops,

and to explain to each other, with loud "Hai-yooooos", exactly what they thought about things. The forest fires on the Nepal hills—the long lines of glowing red—seemed to burn more brightly; everything else was swallowed up in the soft, warm, darkness.

"If you don't mind, Carstairs, I'm off to try that Marie Hall thing again." And the doctor, Thornton, went back slowly to the bungalow, striking matches from time to time so that he could see where he was treading. They had killed a Russell's viper in the verandah that morning—it gives you about thirty minutes to live—and that incident, though usual enough, had made it unlikely that any of them would forget that almost automatic caution which comes to dwellers in outlying places in India. Carstairs and Rendall, the policeman, lay in their chairs, silent, inert. From the bungalow music rippled out; Thornton was feeling his way through one of the pieces that Marie Hall had played, some months before, at Lucknow.

"I don't know the first word about music, but I like it when the doctor plays", said Rendall. "It is grateful and comforting, as the advertisements have it. And, somehow, it always seems dead right."

Carstairs jerked his head round towards the bungalow.

"Rummy beggar, the doctor—amazin' rummy. He is playing in the dark, I see. Have you discovered yet, Rendall, that he can't read a note? It sounds fantastic, but it's true. He has taught himself the fiddle; there's nothing he likes better; he spends hours with it each night when alone, as he usually is; he plays better than anyone I've ever listened to; and—he can't read a note! He can't play anything he hasn't heard. He spent three nights—and a good deal more money than he could afford—listening to Marie Hall; since then he has worked out, bit by bit, from memory, everything she played. I heard her too; and I think the doctor's stuff is as good as hers."

The violin rippled on; for half an hour or so no one spoke.

"It's great stuff, anyhow, however he gets it. Hell of a night—but I feel cooler, and more contented, listening to that: something clean and satisfying about it: a sense of safety, too, like being on a horse that you know cannot put a foot wrong." They lay and listened; time slipped unheeded by. Round them

was the soft darkness; in front the distant forest fires burnt steadily; above, the stars glowed and glittered in the velvet night; not a leaf stirred; the music dropped on and spread out over a sea of silence.

Carstairs struck a match; the flame burnt without a flicker in the dead-still, used-up, air. He glanced at his wrist watch.

"Eleven o'clock—and the servants have to be off at three. Hai, doctor, stop it, and come to dinner."

"I can't face dinner to-night", Rendall drawled. "The mere idea of food makes me feel ill."

"Let's hear what the doctor has to say. I'm rather off food myself. I thought it would have been cool enough by now to make dinner possible." Thornton came slowly along, striking matches as before to see his way. He flopped into his chair.

"I don't know how you fellows are feeling—it's much cooler here than on the verandah—but I don't want any dinner tonight."

"I'd better let the servants go, then; no one wants any dinner."

Carstairs called his servant; gave the necessary orders; arranged for cigars; saw that there was plenty of ice and soda; that the whisky decanter was full; and that there were candles and matches handy. The bearer with his hurricane lantern disappeared behind the bungalow; and the night and the silence shut down once more. The men lolled in the long chairs, smoking intermittently and watching the stars, that looked like luminous globes suspended at varying distances from the earth, swinging slowly round the pole. They seldom spoke.

"Have another drink, Rendall?"

"No, thanks. I'm as full as a *mussack*, and ragingly thirsty still. That's one of the things I hate most about this cursed hot weather."

"Only thing to do is to sit in a bath", the doctor said.

"Well, I can't sit in a bath now, can I? If I move, I'll be sick; if I drink, I'll be sick; if I think of food, I'll be sick; if I go on smoking, I'll be sick."

Carstairs broke in—"When you are next consulted about the human frame divine, doctor, I suggest that more attention be paid to hot-weather improvements—tropical model, as it were. I'd have a nice white porcelain door somewhere in front, with a white and gold knob; one could open the thing at the right

hours, throw in food and doings, and shut it up again ; and that would be that."

The distant fires glowed steadily ; the scent of the flowering sal trees surrounded them in waves of odour that came and went with no perceptible movement of the dead air ; the silence was so deep that one felt at times one could almost hear the hot earth spinning through the darkness. From far off, hundreds of miles away in the velvet blackness as it seemed, a mere pin-point of sound in a world of silence, there came the sharp bark of a deer.

"That's the leopard in the Bellarpore *bojhi*", said Rendall.

"How do you know that ?" the doctor asked.

"Alarm call : the *khakur* doesn't make that sound unless there is danger, and it is frightened. It can't be anything but a leopard at this time of night, and in that place. And there is a leopard there—and a mighty big one, too. I've seen his pugs, and have tried for him half a dozen times already."

They talked shop for a little, and were silent again. They turned every now and then uneasily, their silken pyjamas pulled up above their knees, their thin jackets thrown open, their sleeves pushed back above the elbows. No one smoked. It was too hot to try to sleep ; too hot for anything but to lie still, and watch the wheeling stars.

Again, far away in the blackness, thin and clear, but tiny as a pin-point, there came to them the whining snarl of a tiger.

Carstairs sat up in his chair. "That's the Roni *bojhi* tiger—the ghost tiger. He has missed his kill, and is in a damned bad temper. Hot weather too much for him, I expect. I wonder he hasn't cleared off to the hills, till this present trouble be overpast."

"I never heard of a ghost tiger. And, if he's a ghost, what's he doing killing ?"

"They call him the ghost tiger, doctor ; and all the people here—forest folks, *shikaris*, and the Nepalese villagers—believe he is a ghost all right. He leaves no pug marks ; only three people have ever seen him ; he is light yellowish-brown all over, without any stripes ; he seldom 'calls' ; and he walks abroad accompanied by the *churel*—the ghost woman that has died in child-birth, that walks with her feet turned backwards, and that is, as you know, the deadliest thing that moves on the earth.

He can kill without sound ; he can travel enormous distances ; he knows what you think before you think it ; he drinks the blood only, and never touches the meat."

"And what do you think about it yourself ?"

"Well, one gets tolerant the more one sees of the jungle and its ways. But I mark him down as a very old tiger—old enough to have lost his stripes and most of his teeth. Full of years and knowledge, in fact ; probably shot at half a dozen times ; possibly wounded once or twice, and therefore desperately cunning. Hari Singh is one of the three who have seen him—you have met Hari Singh ? No one knows these jungles better ; first rate *shikari* ; and I have never seen or known him funk anything. He came to me one day last year, dithering with fright. It's a long story, mixed up with wild dogs and other happenings ; but the quintessential juice of the whole thing was that Hari Singh, caught by a pack of red dogs, had to spend the night in a tree on the edge of the *bojhi*. Full moon. River close by. Dogs sitting round the tree expectantly—when the ghost tiger drifted along. The *churel* came behind, as a sort of body attendant. Hari Singh does not give two hoots for any tiger ; but the *churel* threw him right off the pin. You know all about the trailing clouds of death, disaster, and damnation which the *churel* brings in her wake. The dogs paid no attention to the ghost tiger, or to the *churel* ; they just grinned expectantly at Hari Singh, and wondered almost audibly when he'd see that he simply *had* to come down and be eaten. Hari Singh had the wind up by this time, good and proper—naturally. Then—and my view is that Hari Singh could have imagined almost anything but this—that ghost tiger proceeded 'to dance like a peacock,' as he put it. It galumphed about in the moonlight—Hari Singh showed me how it was done, and his performance carried conviction. He was very insistent that it made no sound, and that the dogs sat on their tails, and grinned pleasantly, and took no notice of the ghost tiger, or of the *churel*. The tiger, during its performance, brushed against them ; they did not turn their heads. The *churel* walked through them—with her backward turned feet—and they didn't bat an eyelid. Finally, the ghost tiger and the *churel* crossed the river in full view of Hari Singh. Again there was no sound ; the *churel* drifted along

behind, the tiger floated through the water—it is about two feet deep at that time of the year—and its surface remained unruffled. They just slid across, and disappeared. Hari Singh was quite convinced he was shortly going to die some violent and unpleasant death ; but I bucked him up a bit ; he gradually got over it ; and he has recently completed the cure by buying a new and distressingly young wife.”

“What’s your explanation ?” asked Thornton.

“Well, Hari Singh is fond of *charas*—you must have noticed his bloodshot eyes ? It may be that. Or he may have dreamt it. Or bits of it may be true.”

Then, after a pause—“Have you ever seen a ghost yourself, doctor ?”

“I—I don’t know. I rather think I have.” The doctor was hesitant and thoughtful.

“Out with it”, said Carstairs. “We’ve lots of time in front of us—worse luck—and nothing to do but lie here, and try to think its really getting cooler.”

The doctor was new to the district, and neither Carstairs nor Rendall knew him at all intimately. He was an Eurasian, with the gentle manners of his class—soft and deprecating, hesitant and uncertain—but both of them already knew him as a “good man at his job”. He was firm enough where firmness was necessary ; he worked hard ; and he “knew his stuff”. It was his first independent charge, and he was tremulously anxious to please.

“Well ! I don’t know that I can give you the atmosphere of the thing, or explain why it shook me up so much. And I have no explanation : the thing just happened—and happened in the way I am going to tell you.

I was going through my course at the Medical College in Calcutta—the usual thing. My ambition was limited in those days. I had no friends, and no money ; I had been born and brought up in India ; all I wanted was a qualification that would give me a safe job at any pay for the rest of my life. I did my work, as a matter of necessity ; I took no pleasure in it or in life. I had not taken to the fiddle then. The background of the whole thing was the narrow, squalid, makeshift life of the young Eurasian on the edge of things ; the pressing necessity to pass

my exams in order to have the means of escape, to some extent, from all that misery and squalor. My life was a round of work, anxiety as to the future, hatred of the past, and fear of its recurrence. I had no illusions as to my brains or qualities ; I was the strictly normal young man of my class, whose nose was kept to the grindstone by stark poverty, and by the heavy pressure of necessity.

About the only pleasure I had was to escape occasionally from the College at night—we were boarded, and under strict discipline all the time—and get off to one of the railway dances. One risked expulsion, and the ruin of everything ; I hated the risk, but I took it every now and then. I felt I just had to. There was one way only out of the College for us—through the mortuary. Four annas would shut the mouth of the *chaukidar* (watchman) there tight enough, unless anything special happened.

Well, one night in the cold weather I went off with three others to a dance at Howrah. We dribbled out of the dormitory one by one, as circumstances rendered that possible ; and I was the last of the four. There was no one in the mortuary but the *chaukidar*, who sat in the corner by which I entered, with a hurricane lantern beside him. I can still remember the sickly-sweet smell of the disinfectants, the evil odour of the badly burning lantern, and the grotesque shadows that leapt and clung about the high roof as I walked on tip-toe to the narrow service door to the street, with the lantern swinging alongside in the *chaukidar*’s hand.

In passing, I noticed a body on one of the marble slabs. Ordinarily, I would have paid no more attention to it than to a lamp-post in a street ; but something made me whisper to the *chaukidar*—

“When did that body come in ?”

“What body, *sahib* ? To me nothing is known.”

“Son of an owl ! Listen ! That body there—when did it come in ?”

“To me nothing is known”—you know the maddening way they have. It was no place or time for argument ; and argument or further talk would have been quite useless in any case. I stretched out my hand and took the lantern ; then, with the *chaukidar* shuffling after me in his bare feet, I walked towards

the body. As it came into the circle of dim light I saw, for the first time, that it was a woman. I handed the lantern back, and bent over to look at the face. Then I had my first surprise. It was a young woman, an European and probably an English-woman; and in the guttering light the face struck me as extraordinarily beautiful.

I motioned the *chaukidar* to the other side of the bench on which the body lay, and peered closely into the face. But the light—dim and flickering at the best—was in the wrong position. I could not see properly.

“Lower”, I ordered.

With the tail of my eye I saw the *chaukidar* move the oily, smelly lantern in such a way that, had I not gripped his hand, he would have dropped it with a bump on the girl’s breast. I was furious at his carelessness and lack of respect; but it was no place or time to have a row in. I again took the lantern myself, and for the first time saw the face and body properly. It was that of a young girl—twenty, I should have said. She had coppery-coloured hair, and a green hat and dress. The flickering light made it seem as if the hair moved gently at times; once, the effect was so vivid that I drew back with a start. The dress was of some soft crinkly stuff—apple green in colour. I thought—and still think—she was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. The eyes were open, and of a deep sparkling blue; the forehead was broad and white, with the hair coming down in a little peak not quite in the middle; the nose was small, and beautifully clean-cut; the mouth full and red; the chin firm and vigorous. But what is the use of that sort of description? She was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen; and she lay there, dead. All the same I had a quite unmistakeable impression of abounding vitality. Dead, indubitably; and yet her eyes glittered and sparkled; dead, but her hair had flickering shadows and moving lights in it; dead, but her complexion was as fresh as a baby’s. I stood drinking it all in, forgetful of everything. And then, it was probably fifteen minutes or so later, that cursed *chaukidar* cleared his throat in the horrible way they have, and said:—

“The Presence wishes to go out?”

I half turned to hand him the lantern; he leant forward, and

seemed to me to be about to thrust his hand on the girl’s body to support him, as he stretched across the marble bench.

“Stand straight”, I rapped out—angrier than ever. “Yes, *sahib*”, he said, and shuffled round to take the lantern from me.

“Do you know anything about that body?” I asked. It was very rare to have the bodies of Europeans there. “Where did it come from? Who is it?”

“What body, Presence? To me nothing is known”—the eternal and always maddening reply was all I could get out of him.

I hated leaving him there with the girl; but there was nothing to be done, in any case. I gave him his four annas, and slunk out; I didn’t know how long I had been in the mortuary, but my companions had disappeared, anyhow. I could not afford a carriage for myself, so I went by tram, and walked part of the way. All through the dance, I kept thinking of the girl; and suddenly I remembered that, while the marble slab had been swimming in water—I remembered distinctly seeing the reflections—her clothes seemed to be perfectly dry. I had not touched her, or the clothes; but the crinkly apple-green stuff would have shown at once had it been wet. I determined to look into that on the way back.

I did not interest my partners much, I’m afraid; I wanted all the time to find out if there had been a railway accident, or if some passenger from England had been drowned in the Hooghly when disembarking, or if some newly arrived English girl had died suddenly. No one knew anything, and no one took any interest. We came back together, all four of us, just before dawn; but there was a lot of difficulty in waking the *chaukidar*; and when we did get into the mortuary, it was pitch dark. Some one had been trying to squeeze an extra fraction of a pice out of the oil supply, and the lantern had gone out. We knew our way all right, and got back to the dormitory without being detected. I asked MacKechnie, one of the four, and the ablest man of our year, if he had seen the girl’s body as he went out; he had not. He hadn’t noticed any body at all, but he didn’t look, and the lantern was so dim that he could hardly have seen it, in any case. I did not go to bed. As soon as the regulations allowed, I got hold of a morning paper—nothing in it that cast any light on

the accident. I tried hard—sometimes going so far as to risk detection—to find out from those in authority something about the girl ; but it was all useless. I waylaid the *chaukidar* when coming for the next night's duty ; but he just goggled at me out of his dull bleary eyes, and stuck to his refrain—"to me nothing is known". I came to a dead end ; there was nothing in the papers ; none of the students knew anything about it ; and my inquiries from the staff—which had become less and less discreet—led to nothing.

But the thing never left my mind. I was always seeing the girl's fresh face, her laughing blue eyes, the fascinating way in which her coppery hair framed her broad white forehead. I lived with that face for two years, and it got woven somehow into the very stuff of my mind and life."

The doctor paused for some time : no one spoke. Imperceptible currents of air brought a fresh burst of perfume, sweet as the scents of drowsy June at home ; the forest fires on the Nepal hills shone dully red in the black night ; the stars above glowed softly in the velvet sky ; for the first time, there was the faintest hint of freshness in the air.

"I passed out, got an appointment to Burma at once, and left Calcutta. Work, some faint stirring of ambition, the scents and the sounds of a new country, the silks and the pagodas, the laughing Burmese women, the big rivers and forests, the colour and the fascination of it all, got hold of me ; but at the back of my mind there was always that girl. I took to music ; I read poetry—and all that was the girl's doing, clear enough. It was not even the desire of the moth for the star, for I knew there *was* no star. But she had got into the blood and the bones of me ; I merely walked the path I had to tread. After three years I had my first leave. I went back to Calcutta—some obscure instinct, I suppose, for I had no relatives, few friends, and no home. I was drifting down Chowringhee one day shortly after my arrival—I had not even been back to the College—when I met MacKechnie. He seemed delighted to see me, and I clung to him as a man clings to the one friend he has in a city of strangers. He had done very well ; had been promoted rapidly ; and was then assistant professor at the College. He had recently married, he told me ; his wife was a Scotswoman

who had come to India on a short visit the year before ; and, without much being said, I got the impression that she belonged to a class socially much superior to MacKechnie's. He insisted on my coming to his house to have tea with them that afternoon ; he wanted me to meet his wife ; and he sensed, I think, that I was alone and friendless.

"I walked across the *maidan* that afternoon to Kidderpore, where they lived. I found the house, and was shown into the drawing-room. There was no one there. I had time to look round, and saw at once that my guess was correct. Things were very different from anything that MacKechnie or I had been accustomed to ; and—my perceptions had perhaps been sharpened a bit by the music and poetry—the room seemed to me just right, with a completeness and an inevitability that satisfied at once. I heard a stirring in the adjoining room, and Mrs. MacKechnie came through the doorway, pushing aside the hanging curtain.

"She came towards me with hand outstretched. It was the girl of the mortuary. In one glance I took in the deep blue eyes, the clean-chiselled nose, the coppery hair that dipped to a point a little on one side of the middle of the broad brow, the crinkly apple-green dress. I recognised the brooch that held the ostrich feather in her hat."

"What did you do, doctor ?" Carstairs and Rendall put the question simultaneously.

"I turned and ran, without a word. I ran like hell. I did not stop to pick up my *topi* and gloves. I left Calcutta that evening ; and I have not seen her, or MacKechnie, since."

THE EMPIRE MARKETING BOARD

BY DOUGLAS WOODRUFF

ONE of the most striking fields in which real and obvious progress has been made, so that in this one respect, at any rate, Great Britain is a pleasanter place to live in today than it was in our fathers' time, is in the field of outdoor pictorial art. Middle-aged people can still remember only too vividly the time when hoardings and street signs consisted of little more than a crude and garish display of the names of products or their vendors. Today the art of the pictorial poster has made such progress that many commercial posters are eagerly sought after purely for their decorative quality.

In the forefront of the new art stand the poster frames of the Empire Marketing Board. There are now some 1,700 of these frames, each divided into five panels, erected in favoured sites throughout some 400 cities or towns in the kingdom. Many of these sites are the patriotic gifts of owners who would never dream of letting them be used for ordinary commercial advertising, and from the outset the Empire Marketing Board knew that it must show itself worthy of the sites which were placed at its disposal. Every few weeks, for some years now, fresh posters have appeared, bringing vividly before the eyes of the home population different parts of the Empire, different pictures of the industries and activities which make up the economic life of the Dominions and Colonies.

It has accordingly happened, quite naturally, that to the ordinary citizen the words "Empire Marketing Board", the familiar letters "E.M.B.", call to life, first and sometimes last, the recollection of coloured posters. But, in fact, posters are only a small part of the publicity work, and the publicity work itself only a part of the full range, of the Marketing Board's activities. When the Board was set up in 1926 its commission was stated in very general terms. It was created to administer

a fund, the Empire Marketing Fund, which Parliament voted as a return to the Dominions, a compensation for the failure of the Government of the day to introduce a system of Imperial preference. It may be remembered that Mr. Baldwin fought the election of 1923 on a policy of protection which would have made a system of Imperial preferences feasible. In the election of the succeeding year he gave a pledge not to introduce a tariff if returned, and was, consequently, precluded from introducing preferences, although, at the Imperial Conference in 1923, the Dominions had been encouraged to hope for such a result.

The Marketing Board thus came into existence primarily as a Board which was to do something for the Dominions. But it was from the outset a body which was to work for the Empire as a whole, for the Colonies as well as for the Dominions, and for the home producer, who is, though it is easily forgotten, as much one of the Empire's producers as anybody else. The Board consisted of representatives of the Dominions and Colonies, together with home representation, under the chairmanship of the Secretary of State for the Dominions. It envisaged its task to be to assist producers at every stage, to help them to grow their products as well and as cheaply as possible, to transport them as well and as cheaply as possible, and to sell them in this country in a market already well prepared to receive them.

It accordingly divided itself into a number of committees, each of which undertook some part of this programme. A Research Committee, under the chairmanship of the Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, began to make grants to scientific institutions for work calculated to benefit the Empire as a whole. Much the largest portion of the Board's income has been spent in making grants of this character, and the institutions have been, in general, institutions already in existence. Centres in England like the Cambridge Low Temperature Research station and the East Malling Fruit Research station were given money, either for capital improvements or for the services over a number of years of particular scientists engaged upon particular pieces of work. Other bodies, like the Parasite Laboratory at Farnham Royal were founded and wholly maintained by the E.M.B.

Outside the United Kingdom grants were made to institutions

in the Dominions like Onderstepoort, the Veterinary Centre in South Africa, and in the Colonies like the Imperial College of Tropical Agriculture at Trinidad, or the Tropical Institute at Amani in Tanganyika. Sometimes the money given by the Board made possible an extension of the work a particular institute was doing; thus at East Malling, in Kent, the Board made a grant for the construction of a special cold storage laboratory shaped like the hold of a ship in which experiments in the transportation in cold storage of fruit could be carried out.

Another instance of this extension in an Imperial direction of work already being done, is to be found at the Forest Products Research laboratory at Princes Risborough. This laboratory existed to test the timbers of the United Kingdom and is situated in the heart of a great furniture-making area. A grant from the Board has enabled it to undertake tests of Empire woods, a singularly vast and promising field. There is no more familiar fact in accounts of the tropical colonies than the presence of all manner of strange trees in them. Yet, till the last few years, little or nothing was being done to translate into terms of commercial utility these various beautiful woods. The local governments of Colonies run excellent forestry services to conserve their timbers, but forestry officers were not expected to know or to investigate the marketing end, while manufacturers only rarely put themselves to the trouble and expense of initial experimentation in using hitherto unused woods for definite building or constructional or decorative purposes. The Board accordingly arranged for an expert from Princes Risborough to visit the West African Colonies and establish the necessary links, and itself sought to interest the promoters of new buildings in Great Britain to use Empire timbers.

The Board soon discovered that it was itself a most useful new organ for joining together different parts of the administrative machine of the Empire. It could finance the interchange of visits by scientists between Great Britain and the different Dominions and Colonies and thus make possible the forging of new links bringing, as in this case, administrative officers into close touch with scientific bodies which were themselves in close touch with the business world.

Among the more picturesque parts of this work has been the

transportation of insects to those parts of the Empire where their own enemies and victims are also the enemies of the crops. It has been computed that as much as 10 per cent of the Empire's annual crops are destroyed by insects of one kind or another and this huge wastage is now being attacked.

At the present time, when producers are suffering from the under-consumption of their products, less enthusiasm is excited by measures designed to make production more abundant, but in the long run it obviously increases the wealth of mankind if predatory insects are suppressed. Everyone knows of the harm that has resulted to Australia from the casual introduction of a few rabbits from England. The same principle of assisted migration can, however, be turned to good account and the great pest of a continent can find itself assailed by a new invading army of insects, parasitic upon the destroyer of crops and able quickly to redress the balance in favour of the farmer. Work of this sort is greatly facilitated if there is a centre which can act as a clearing house to which particular localities can make their requests and which is in close relation with scientific workers everywhere. Insects from Farnham Royal have been sent to Vancouver, Quebec, and New Zealand among other places.

One of the most valuable things the Board has been able to do in the field of scientific research has been this promotion of free movement among scientists. An officer from the Welsh Plant Breeding station at Aberystwyth has been made available as a general grassland expert for the Empire and has already visited New Zealand and Australia. Grasses and clovers from Aberystwyth have been acclimatized in New Zealand. The Director of the Fruit Research station at East Malling recently visited the various fruit-growing areas in the Empire and arranged experiments in transplanting rootstocks with various oversea research workers. These are but random instances of a tendency, already present, for the closer interchange of experience and ideas which the Board has been enabled to foster.

In the same way a beginning has been made towards an organized joint programme of research throughout the Empire, the different Governments being asked to state what subjects in their opinion most needed immediate attention. A high level of agreement has been revealed. Of the more special pieces of

research which the Board has been financing, a good instance is the investigation into growing a banana which will be immune from Panama disease. This investigation has been carried on through the collaboration of workers at Trinidad and at Kew with specimens gathered from Java and Sumatra and other places.

A full catalogue of the kinds of work which the Board has supported would be exceedingly long. The grants made each year are recorded in the annual reports, the greater part of which is habitually occupied with the research side. Research, too, is the chief taker of the Board's money. Roughly speaking, the Board has spent, on an average, about half a million pounds in all a year, and two-thirds of this has gone to finance research activities.

So much must suffice to indicate the nature of the help given to producers in the actual tasks of production, but it is important before leaving this side of the subject to note that such help includes the experimentation in founding new industries. This is a very important matter for the Colonies, particularly for the smaller colonies which are only too often dangerously dependent upon one or two staple crops—it may be sugar or cocoa or oil. A diversified range of local industries is quite invaluable as affording scope for local abilities and a broad basis for revenue. In Mauritius an experiment is now going on which well illustrates what may be done. A grant from the Board two years ago enabled 300,000 pineapple crowns from Hawaii to be imported into Mauritius with a view to starting in that island a pineapple canning industry whose products would be exported to the United Kingdom. Singapore canned pineapples are by now established favourites in the market, and a million hundredweight came last year. Mauritius has already been able to send a first consignment of 500 hundredweight, and there is every reason to hope that a fresh source of strength to that colony has been introduced. What, it may be asked, happens next to such an object as a Mauritius canned pineapple? Granted that it may be grown and transported, without detriment, to the United Kingdom, what sort of a welcome awaits it at this end?

It is here that we reach the next great field of the Empire Marketing Board's activities. Market promotion and publicity

are complementary. On its marketing side the Board fosters and organizes the goodwill of traders, both wholesale and retail, towards Imperial products. In a whole network of committees dealing with fruit and foods, with the problems of the retail grocer, the retail fruiterer and the baker, leading members of these trades give freely of their experience and advice and the trades become interested in what the Empire has to send, display it and sell it. They are prepared for the public demand. This is work which has cost the country next to nothing, but its results have been great. The trader is in the key position. The public may ask for the Empire product, but very few private consumers are persons who do, in fact, "refuse all substitutes" and decline to believe that something else is "just as good". There is, in real life, much more often a kind of shyness in definitely asking for, or insisting upon, the Empire product.

It was to overcome that natural reserve and diffidence that the Tudor Rose League provided an emblem for its members to wear, which meant that they wished to be shown the Empire product. Trade had made its own channels years before the movement to organize the market for the Empire producer was begun and, in consequence, the line of least resistance for both trader and consumer has often been against Empire buying. That year by year the annual report of the Board can announce new records for the quantities of foodstuffs brought into Great Britain is due very largely to the readiness of traders to make the necessary effort and to deflect the channel of their own buying. The shops are thus the key positions in the campaign, but the first motive power must come all the time from the general public, because shops, after all, exist to give the public what it wants. Although the public is, in general, not quite clear what that is, and is easily satisfied as to the particular source from which its goods come, the maintenance of general sentiment, favourable to Empire buying, as it is the best known so is it also in a sense the most fundamental of all the activities of the Board.

The underlying principle which has governed the publicity work has been to maintain a high standard of general propaganda which shall familiarize the public with the main characteristics of the Empire. The ignorance encountered is vast. The legend dies very hard that California is part of the Empire and many

otherwise educated people, starting from the assumption that Java must be part of the Empire, are puzzled at the numbers of Dutchmen there. This background publicity, as it is sometimes called, makes a soil favourable to the development of particular campaigns. The Board is at particular pains to remind people that the home producer is as much an Empire producer as anybody else and always places him in the forefront of its appeals. It has to meet, and to some extent combat a tendency on the part of everybody to assume that the Empire means the Dominions when, in fact, it means this country and the Dominions and the Colonies.

A great deal of this publicity and educational work is carried out in the schools. The posters are reproduced in smaller sizes to decorate and instruct in classrooms, and when they are sent out like that they are accompanied by leaflets giving facts about the country depicted, so that the teacher can give a short talk on what the poster means. Geography has always been a difficult subject to teach. It is a subject whose importance increases as means of communication and international intercourse develop, and in facilitating the teaching of Empire geography the Board is giving help to the teaching profession which has been most repeatedly and generously recognized. Some twenty-seven thousand schools are now on the Board's lists to receive these posters. The British Broadcasting Corporation have begun to take a hand in the teaching of Empire geography by broadcasting, during school hours, talks on the overseas countries.

The Board, while it uses wireless and the press, has found particular scope in the films. It runs its own Film Unit under the direction of Mr. John Grierson, who made the now famous film of the herring industry, "Drifters", and this Unit seeks to bring the Empire alive through the most vivid and adaptable of all the means of imparting knowledge. A Film Library has been built up and films, many of them provided by Empire Governments, are loaned to schools, films which show both the natural beauties and human activities, agricultural or industrial, of England and Wales, of the Dominions and of the Colonies. Last year nearly one million people, many of them schoolchildren, saw the Board's films and between eight and nine thousand films were sent out from the Library. This cinema side of the Board's work

has only been going for a year or two and the pace of development is not sufficient to keep up with the pace at which requests for films come in. The Board keeps a permanent cinema running at the Imperial Institute which had one hundred and sixty-one thousand visitors last year, sixty-seven thousand of them being schoolchildren in organized parties.

It may confidently be believed that with all these advantages the schoolchildren of today will, when they grow up, have clearer ideas about the British Empire than are common to-day. At present the population is largely composed of people who formed their minds at a time when Imperialism stood for a particular brand of political doctrine and not for the intelligent use of a vast inheritance. The Board arranges lectures and has a large panel of lecturers. These lectures are mainly asked for by women's organizations and trade associations, and last year the audiences amounted to over fifty-eight thousand.

By these and other methods, for the Board is a body free to experiment and eager to experiment, the general education of the public, young and old, has been carried on. Against the general background so created, particular activities can be conducted with much better results. One such activity is the Empire Shop. A site is selected in a large town—Birmingham, Glasgow, Liverpool, Sheffield, Cardiff, Brighton—and is rented by the Board for some six months. The different Dominions and Colonies are then invited to fill the shop for a fortnight each with displays and samples of their goods.

Such, in brief, are the activities of the Board. Mention has here to be made, too, of the work that is done by its marketing officers in approaching public authorities and other bodies who buy on a large scale—schools, hospitals, railway and shipping companies, etc. These bodies buy, as a rule, through tender forms, and the Board seeks to persuade them, wherever possible, so to frame their list of requirements as to give a preference to Empire goods. It is work which has met with much response.

There is everywhere a general feeling that in the conditions of the modern world the fullest advantage ought to be taken of the political unity which binds together so many and such varied countries, whose soils and climates produce everything man can desire. There is a reservoir of voluntary goodwill towards the

idea of mutual support and economic interplay between the different parts of the Empire. The results of organized publicity in the last seven years have undoubtedly been very large, and might be estimated at a 50 per cent increase in the demand for Empire goods. No one would say that this was entirely due to the work done by the Empire Marketing Board. The Dominions now run highly efficient trade organizations in this country, to whose activities on behalf of special products the Board's work, while it gives a background, is not more than supplementary. But most striking results have been so generally achieved that there is no doubt about the way in which vague and general goodwill has been translated into the practice of effective Imperial buying.

PATRICK MILLER OF DALSWINTON

BY DONALD CARSWELL

ONE day in the early weeks of the year 1787, when the usual Edinburgh winds of the season were sweeping through Parliament Square, pinching the noses and searching the ribs of the barristers, attorneys and minor social parasites who infest the quarter, a respectable elderly gentleman stepped into Mr. Sibbald's circulating library. I have called him elderly because by all accounts he looked elderly, but in fact his years were fewer than his appearance suggested, being still some short of sixty. The suit that he wore under his old-fashioned topcoat was of a dark snuff brown, and the wig that he wore under his old-fashioned three-cornered hat was of a light snuff brown. He was of middle height and inclined to stoop. His features were long, especially his nose, which had a sensitive twitch at the end of it that suggested a highly intelligent animal. His cheeks were rather pendulous and his chin, though the reverse of prominent, distinctly heavy. His complexion was fair and he had good little keen blue eyes, with heavy lids.

Mr. Sibbald greeted the customer with respectful cordiality, and proceeded to discuss the newest publications. "But a' thir things are maistly trash, Mr. Miller", he said presently. "No worth a preen to a man o' your learning and intelligence. Here's something, though." He held out a printed sheet. "My Ayrshire ploughman's poems that Bailie Creech is bringing out. You maun put your name down for that, Mr. Miller."

Mr. Miller put on his spectacles, and made some pretence of scanning the sheet before putting it aside.

"Yes", he said, "I see. . . I was fully aware of this, Mr. Sibbald. The case of Mr. Burns, Mr. Sibbald, sir, has been very much in mind ever since I read your own judicious observa-

tions on his talents. If I may say so, I do not know which to admire most—Mr. Burns's poetry or Mr. Sibbald's discrimination ”.

With these words Mr. Miller's staid features relaxed into something like a pleasant smile, while Mr. Sibbald made gestures of deprecation.

“ Such being the case ”, proceeded Mr. Miller, “ you may put me down as a subscriber ”.

Mr. Sibbald made a note.

“ Patrick Miller, Esquire, of Dalswinton . . . one copy, I suppose Mr. Miller ? ”

Mr. Miller pondered, letting his heavy eyelids droop towards the sensitive point of his long nose.

“ No ”, he said. “ Two would be better. The volumes are not very expensive, and Mr. Burns comes from the same *paterna rura*, if I may use such an expression, as myself. I will pay you here and now, Mr. Sibbald ”, the good man continued, taking out his purse. He counted out ten gold pieces. “ Ten guineas—that is to say, ten shillings for two copies of Mr. Burns's book and the balance to be held by you, sir, as a *depositum*, to be delivered to Mr. Burns when next he compares in this place, of which I am informed he is a frequenter. You will explain to Mr. Burns that the money is a small gift from a well-wisher who desires for the present to remain unknown, but who hopes later to have the pleasure of his acquaintance.”

“ I understand ”, said the librarian. “ Your right hand and your left have never been very well acquainted, Mr. Miller.”

Mr. Miller looked vexed. “ That is no affair of yours, sir, no affair of yours. Good day to you, sir.”

He walked out of the shop and down the High Street, but whither bound, history does not relate. Probably no farther than his house in Nicholson Street, not ten minutes distant, where he could spend the rest of the day at a desk piled up with papers—notes, memoranda, mathematical formulæ, mechanical drawings and long letters from all sorts of queer fellows who had inventions that would be of great benefit to mankind if only Mr. Miller would finance them. More often than not Mr. Miller did finance them. He sympathized because he himself was a most indefatigable inventor and could imagine no worthier way of

dissipating his wealth. His wife and children held to a different opinion.

Burns, as we know, blithely pocketed the £10 and let the mysterious donor choose his own time to reveal himself. He had not long to wait. Mr. Miller had a scheme in mind for the poet, and when Mr. Miller had a scheme in mind it never simmered. It boiled over at once. And so within a week or two Mr. Burns received an intimation that Mr. Miller would be honoured to have his company at Nicholson Street for a “ chack ” of dinner and a bottle of claret. To Nicholson Street Mr. Burns went and opened the acquaintance that was to cause his migration from Ayrshire to Dumfriesshire; for Mr. Miller's scheme was to set him up in a farm on the Dalswinton estate.

Much as Patrick Miller admired and liked Burns—for their friendship, though once or twice severely strained, was never broken—it would have cut him to the heart if he had been told that future generations would remember him only as Burns's landlord; for, though not exactly a vainglorious man, he had no doubt about the amplitude of his own title to immortality. It was, indeed, a very fair one. Posterity has not treated Patrick Miller well.

He was born at Glasgow in 1731, the third son of William Miller, Writer to the Signet. This William, as well as being an attorney, was a considerable country gentleman. Not only had he bought himself a good estate, Barskimming, in Ayrshire, but later, by the death of an elder brother, became Laird of Glenlee, in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, the ancestral home of the family. On his death Glenlee passed to his eldest son John, who was in the Army, and Barskimming to his second son Thomas, who was a successful barrister. Thomas Miller has always been regarded as the glory of the family. He became Solicitor-General, Lord Advocate, a member of Parliament, Lord Justice-Clerk, and finally Lord President of the Court of Session, with the Judicial style of Lord Glenlee. He was created a baronet and left an eldest son, who, having inherited some of his father's brains as well as his title, himself attained judicial rank as Lord Glenlee the younger. Thomas Miller was uniformly lucky. He lived to a great age and, his elder brother, who was Professor

of Law at Glasgow University, having predeceased him without issue, he became Miller of Glenlee.

But his brother Patrick was by far the most interesting member of the family. Being only the third son he had to shift for himself in the good old way of younger sons. He was not even bred to a profession. And so he did the right, old-fashioned story-book thing. He went to sea, though in what quality is not now known. His descendants, having the "powder-monkey-to-admiral" idea before their eyes, say that he sailed before the mast, but one craves leave to doubt. It is more likely that he sailed as supercargo and so gained the commercial experience that enabled him after a few years to set up as a "Leith merchant"—such is the Edinburgh idiom to this day, for the existence of such a creature as an *Edinburgh* merchant is not admissible. He made money quickly. Probably his father provided him with some capital, but that would not deprive him of his title to boast, as he always did, that he was a self-made man. From merchandise he early branched into banking business, which ultimately became his main concern. Before he was forty years of age he was a director of the Bank of Scotland and a wealthy man, able to indulge to the full the passion of his life for which all his labour to make money had been spent. Henceforth his main interest in life was to be invention, which he conceived to be the solvent of all human problems. Naturally his first notions were prompted by his experience as a seafaring man. They were not, strictly speaking, as philanthropic as might have been expected from so benevolent a man. They took the form of an extremely destructive naval gun.

Patrick Miller's title to the invention of the carronade (or "smasher"), which was the naval gun *par excellence* from its adoption by the Admiralty in 1779 until well into the nineteenth century, has been a subject of controversy. The *Dictionary of National Biography* rejects it altogether, on the grounds that Miller himself never claimed the invention, and that the Carron Company, which first cast the gun and gave it its name, recognized Lieut.-General Robert Melville as the inventor. The latter statement rests solely on a sentence in Rees's *Cyclopædia* to the effect that the Carron Company, at some date unspecified, presented General Melville with a model of the first carronade

cast, in 1779, with the inscription: "Gift of the Carron Company to Lieut.-General Melville, inventor of the 'smashers' and lesser carronades." But the model gun, if it ever existed, has disappeared, and there is no record in the Carron Company's archives of any such presentation. On the other hand, the *D.N.B.* writer concedes that the first vessel to be armed with carronades was the Liverpool privateer *Spitfire*, and that Miller *may* have had a share in the adventure—a very unlucky one, as it turned out, for on her first voyage the *Spitfire* was engaged and captured in the Bay of Biscay by a French cruiser, the *Surveillante*.

The argument *a silentio* is always a weak one, and in this case particularly weak by reason of the fact that Miller seems never to have been over-careful about having his name associated with his inventions; but references to the carronade by members of his family show that they regarded his title to be the inventor as a matter of common knowledge. That, however, is of no consequence, for it has recently been discovered that Miller *did* claim the invention and went to the trouble in his old age of putting on record the whole story, though his manner of doing so was characteristically roundabout and obscure.

A few years ago the present writer's wife, who is Miller's great-great-granddaughter, found among some family papers a well preserved pamphlet, bearing the date 1813, and the imprint of Robert Jackson, Dumfries. It was entitled:—

"LETTER FROM ———
to his Friend in London
on the Present
STATE OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS
recommended to the Serious Consideration
of Every Man of Property
IN GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND."

It proved to be a short *apologia pro vita sua* by Patrick Miller, which it was his humour to cast in the form of an imaginary interview with himself! The imaginary reporter begins by saying that he has just come from "a visit to our old friend Mr. Miller whom we left, seven and twenty years since, busily employed in making experiments for the improvement of cannon and muskets, and also with a view to the improvement of naval architecture", and then goes on to give what purport to be the *ipsissima verba* of what Miller said to him. Many topics are touched upon,

but the most particular account is of the invention of the carronade. Miller modestly disclaims any real credit. He got the idea, he says, from Gustavus Adolphus's leathern guns, and all he did was to develop it and adapt it to naval warfare. For, he proceeds :

Knowing how very uncertain the range of a ball fired from a ship in motion was, I conjectured that a light gun, with a small charge of powder, and of a large calibre, which would send its ball in the point blank range that distance which gives a probable chance of striking the object aimed at, would be a great improvement in ship artillery.

He made experiments with such a gun. The experts whom he invited to the final test were some of them dubious and some derisive. But Miller was satisfied—so completely satisfied that he resolved to go to the cost of fitting out a privateer that would show the world what his gun could do. Business reasons, however, obliged him to be discreet, even furtive, for at the time he was a partner in the banking house of Mansfield & Co., and was “uncertain how far my partners, or the public, would approve my conduct in these pursuits”. Accordingly, he got a cousin named Zuill, who was a merchant in a good way of business in Liverpool, to lend him his name and good offices in the matter, on the undertaking that Miller should pay for everything. Mr. Zuill found a suitable vessel and ordered the guns from the Carron Company. The rest may be told in Miller's own words :—

She was a ship of 200 tons burden, and carried 16 light 18-pounder guns, which from being cast at Carron, I directed to be named *Carronades*—and these were the first carronades put aboard a ship. This ship I named the *Spitfire*—she was commanded by a very brave man, and the crew amounted to 90, of all descriptions. I gave directions that she should not go to sea, till every man on board had fired a shot at a cask, placed at some hundred yards from the ship. This I did, that the crew might see what the gun was capable of doing, that they might have confidence in it when they came into action ; and, that they might be expert in working it, I gave directions that they should be frequently exercised when at sea in firing at a cask, and a reward given to the man whose shot came nearest to the cask. Above all things, I recommended that in action they should not charge their guns with a greater quantity of powder and shot than I directed to be used, or with not more than one shot at a time. When cruising at the mouth of the channel, the *Spitfire* was chased during light winds by the *Surveillante*, a French frigate of 36 guns, who ran alongside of the *Spitfire*, within pistol shot, expecting that she would immediately surrender. In place of that an action commenced, which, from the quick firing of the carronades, might have proved fatal to the *Surveillante*, if the crew of the *Spitfire* could have been kept from loading their guns, with

shot of different kinds to the muzzles. In consequence of this conduct, the guns broke the carriages, and she was then forced to strike; and, at that time, the *Surveillante* had between 60 and 70 men killed and wounded, and she had between four and five feet of water in her hold. This is the account which the captain of the *Spitfire* sent me from France.

The captain of the *Spitfire*—his name was Bell—also sent a report to his nominal owner, Mr. Zuill, which has fortunately been preserved. It agrees generally with Miller's account, though less detailed. Miller gives no dates, but we know *aliunde* that the *Spitfire's* encounter with the *Surveillante* occurred on April 19th, 1779, and within four months of it the Admiralty adopted the carronade. The inference is that in spite of the unlucky issue of the little adventure, the efficiency of the new weapon had been clearly demonstrated.*

Miller's eldest son and heir, Patrick Miller the younger, says that it was through these experiments in naval gunnery that his father was led to his much more curious experiments in naval architecture, which in turn caused him to think of steam as a possible motive power for sea-going vessels.† It may be so, but it is very doubtful, for it is not until five or six years later that we find him making his proposals for vessels of double and even triple hulls that would combine the advantages of shallow draft with complete stability. In the interval he had made a sudden change in his mode of life. He withdrew from merchandise and became a country gentleman. He vouchsafed no explanation to his bewildered family until many years later. In 1809 he to Patrick Junior :

Before offering any further remarks upon your letter, I must make you acquainted with a part of my history, which from delicacy and regard for my best friend I kept secret for many years. I had every reason to fear that if I continued in the house of Mansfield & Co., I would very soon have had a very serious difference with that friend to whom I lay under the greatest obligations, and for whom I had the most sincere and warm friendship. Rather than hazard the risk of such an event taking place I determined to leave the house under the pretext of bad health. When I did so I resolved to take the benefits of my habits and experience to improve my fortune by every honourable means

* But Miller rounds off his account with a repetition that the credit of the invention belongs to Gustavus Adolphus. So strongly did he feel on the point that, he says, he “directed the following inscription to be engraved upon a brass 32-pounder carronade :—*Quantum momenti sit in levibus tormentis, monstravit Gustavus Magnus qui coriaceis usus est*”.

† *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal*, 1825, xiii. 83.

which should appear calculated to produce that effect. A life of sloth was ever despicable, if not criminal, in my estimation. With an eye to profit I bought Pitnacree, the most extensive colliery in Scotland, lands in America to the extent of 22,000 acres, and the estates of Dalswinton and Ellisland, with a design to sell all, if I could do so to advantage. After seeing Dalswinton I was so disgusted, that I had nearly left it, never to return. A mere accident detained me for two or three months. During that period I made some improvements. I was pleased with the change and made others; and although I never had any great desire to be a laird, I felt an inclination to keep what I had bought from a state of sterility and deformity to one that was useful and beautiful.

It was in 1785 that Miller bought Dalswinton. He paid £25,000 for it, and in 1822 his executors sold it for £120,000. How much actual profit there was in the transaction is hard to say. That he spent large sums annually in "improving" we know, grudging himself even a new coat or an occasional glass of wine. "Improving" was his plan, and in the pamphlet from which we have quoted he lays it down as a principle of investment in agricultural land that the capital sunk should be apportioned as to one-fourth to purchase-money and as to three-fourths to improvements. On this basis Miller must have spent altogether at least £100,000, so that if we allow for interest, the price obtained by his executors means that his family got the money back and no more.

The weak point of Miller's double-hulled vessel was that, though it drew very little water and yet was perfectly stable, it could not be made to move by sails, hence Miller had the idea of a paddle-wheel placed between the hulls and driven by means of capstans. This was by no means as fantastic as it sounds, for an experimental vessel was tested at Leith against a Customs boat and won the race. But it was clear that for all practical purposes manual power would never do, and so Miller decided to try steam.

There was at that time in his employ a young man, James Taylor by name. Taylor had been engaged primarily as tutor to Miller's younger sons, John and Thomas, and no doubt had excellent qualifications, but it is a fair inference that what Miller valued most in him was his keen interest in mechanical problems and his skill in draughtsmanship and applied mathematics. In all the navigation experiments he was Miller's zealous and efficient coadjutor. Some have gone so far as to claim for him the title to be the real originator of steam navigation, and it is true that many years afterwards, in a memorial he presented to

the Commons asking for a grant of money, he did state that it was he who suggested to Miller that steam would supply what was wanted. Patrick Miller, junior, confirms this, though he represents the suggestion as arising in a much more casual way than Taylor does. And it was natural that it should come from Taylor, for Taylor happened to be the brother-in-law of William Symington, the engineer, who had already experimented a good deal in the use of steam as a locomotive power.

The gist of the matter seems to be this: that Taylor said "Why not try Symington's engine?" and that Miller, after some doubt (because Symington had hitherto been working on land locomotion and had never supposed that steam power could do anything on water except perhaps propel canal barges) was convinced. Whatever Taylor's part may have been it was Miller who took up the idea and financed and carried out the experiment. On October 14th, 1788, a select group of Miller's friends had the privilege of embarking in a double-hulled boat on Dalswinton Loch and being conveyed by steam-power at the astonishing speed of five miles an hour.

Miller was immensely pleased. He lost no time in making a more ambitious experiment. Another vessel on the same lines, but considerably larger, was built to his specifications by the Carron Company and was tried on the Forth and Clyde Canal. It was characteristic of Miller that he did not himself attend the trial; for, taking its triumphant success for granted, he was already in London soliciting the interest of the Government in his marvellous invention. The superintendence of the trial was left to Taylor, who presently sent a glowing report. There had been a hitch at the beginning, he said, because the paddle-wheel had been so flimsily constructed that it flew to pieces after a few revolutions, but when that defect had been repaired the boat did a speed of seven miles an hour. Poor Taylor must have been sorely dashed by the reply he received. Miller directed that the vessel was to be dismantled and taken to pieces forthwith, the parts and rigging to be stored with the Carron Company until further notice. He made no further experiments in steam navigation, which, says Patrick Miller, junior, with a feeling that one can well understand, "was a matter for regret to his family as it was to himself in later life".

Why, just as success was in sight, should Miller have so abruptly discontinued the work on which he had spent so much labour and money? In his pamphlet he gives an account of his visit to London to see the Prime Minister and the Admiralty Board about his invention. (It is perhaps significant that he never mentions the word "steam" but says simply that the invention involved a new principle that in the national interest might have to be kept secret for some time.) He speaks bitterly of the scurvy way that Pitt and Hood and later Howe, with all of whom he was personally acquainted, saw fit to use him. He offered his vessel as a free gift to the nation, asking only that the Government should maintain it and bear the cost of further experiments. It is obvious that Pitt was bored and the gallant admirals impatient with the old Scotch crank's tale of a tea-kettle.

But, disgusted as he was by the crassness of the authorities—so disgusted that he gave the order to have his vessel dismantled and laid up—he did not at once abandon hope. In the spring of 1790 we find him approaching James Watt to see if a more efficient engine than Symington's could not be supplied by his firm. It is sad to have to relate that Watt was even more discouraging than Pitt and the admirals. He was a man in big business now, very high and mighty and suspicious. He poured contempt on the idea of steam navigation and was positively unpleasant about poor Symington, whom he accused of "attempting to evade our exclusive privilege". Yet even Watt's snub did not put Miller off, for as late as the summer of the same year his daughter Jean writes to her brother Patrick that their father is again in Edinburgh about the steam engine. But after the summer of 1790 we hear no more of steamboats, though there were a few experiments in naval architecture. Something evidently happened about this time that put the crown to Miller's mounting disgust with the whole business, but details are lacking. All we know is that, according to Patrick Junior, Miller "had experienced a very violent disgust *from the misconduct of one of those whom he had entrusted with its execution*, and had to complain not only of tardiness and negligence, but of the ill-regulated and enormous expense in which he had been unnecessarily involved". Who the delinquent was remains unknown. It was certainly not Taylor, whose honesty and diligence have never been questioned.

There is reason to believe that Miller suffered from a common weakness of men of genius *manqués*. He would spend thought and labour and money without stint on a project, and endure years of ridicule and contempt for it, and then, on some trivial occasion, suddenly give way to a fury of accumulated petulance. Also, he was interested in so many things that it gave him no fatal pang to abandon an old project when there were so many new ones waiting to be taken up. His son lets the cat out of the bag, when he gives as an additional reason for the discontinuance of the steamboat experiments that his father at the time was "ardently engaged in agricultural pursuits".

He carefully does not say what these were, but we know. They were the introduction and cultivation on a large scale of fiorin grass as a crop. The idea had recently been brought forward by an Irish clergyman, Dr. Richardson, of Clonfeckle, and Miller had become an enthusiastic convert. In his pamphlet he has no words too good or great for the virtues of this marvellous herb, and there is still to be seen on the Dalswinton lands a small monument erected by him in honour of Dr. Richardson. The monument is locally known as "Miller's Maggot" for the reason that in the course of time fiorin grass developed into a horribly prolific weed that became the pest of the countryside. But Patrick Miller did not live to see that. He died in the faith of his project on December 9th, 1815, in his eighty-fifth year. Although his various experiments are computed to have cost him from first to last at least £30,000, he left a very substantial estate—substantial enough for his children to waste nearly as much in litigating about the division of it and carrying the case to the House of Lords.

I THOUGHT THE TREES

BY FRANK KENDON

I thought the trees were passionate trees,
Because the wind that rocked them,
That tossed and swayed them as it crossed them,
Although it moved in the deep air about them,
Moved the air unseen;
And eyes beheld the passion only in the trees.

They stood in lines and waved their arms,
Their whole bodies northward yearning ;
They tossed their heads at love ;
Then, to peace returning,
Lifted all boughs together,
And drooped them with a sigh.
But it was not love that woke their wild alarms,
It was only a heedless south-west wind
Blowing, blowing swiftly by.

Over the trees the hills stood clear ;
Sun poured his hot virtue down ;
From three miles off a white house in its woods
Out of a thick and misty atmosphere
Plainly shone ; and near at hand
A buttercup looked up into day's face.
Starlings flew down to peck about the grass ;
A swallow stooped from heaven to make
A playground of the sky and earth,
And, in an arc of genius, down and across
And up again, he shot into the light,
But kissed a daisy headlong in his fall ;
And hither and thither in useless flight
A dainty butterfly was blown
Across the happy meadows ;
Homeless he was, and without desire ;
Among so many joys
Unable to fix his choice ;
A soul weary on wings that would not tire.

I THOUGHT THE TREES

I, too, had been a creature of this land,
As bird and butterfly and tree of longing :
I was a child so long, and summer then
Was beauty easily borne ;
For I was part of all.
But that there is a wood, I know,
Hiding behind the visible trees.
Hark, now, Hark !
The spring has found her voice,
The haunted cuckoo calls,
Chiming unearthly hours—
The haunted cuckoo ! And the hollow air
Sustains her level notes
Now far and far from me
The dream I catch at slips beyond my keeping.

Deep down through time and space the senses stretch
Their filaments, and still I see and hear—
I see and hear and cannot understand.
But, by the forms and lives and living songs,
I swear my spirit had the kiss of God.
Could death at once now snap the threads of sense,
Taking the green and light,
Stopping the cuckoo's call,
I should not know the moment, or the change.

EBB AND FLOW

A Monthly Commentary

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

WHEN Vienna was chosen to be the seat of conference after the downfall of Napoleon ; when Paris was chosen after the overthrow of Germany—special importance was conceded, tacitly, to the Power in whose capital conference took place. The concession was a mark of confidence and of general goodwill among the conferring states. If it carried, as is pointed out in Mr. Algernon Cecil's book on Metternich, special advantages for the policy of that power, this was agreed to because of widespread belief that the policy would be statesmanlike and not narrowly selfish. Similar reasons operated to make London the centre of world conference on the economic situation, and similar advantages were to be foreseen. It was therefore clear that a menace to the stability of the British Government on the eve of the London Conference would be unwelcome to those whose main desire was to strengthen the Prime Minister's hands. Now, without investigating the question whether the Prime Minister is at present one gentleman, or two ; whether the office has or has not altered its character since policy was forced to take on aims so largely international, at a moment when national necessities are fiercely urgent and clamant ; it is clear that whatever weakens Mr. Baldwin's authority in the Conservative party must weaken the Prime Minister. Consequently the moment for facing challenge to that authority was singularly well chosen from the Government's point of view ; and the meeting at the Friends' building opposite Euston produced results which must have satisfied them. The vote, which went for their cause by two to one in an assembly of twelve hundred, certainly showed four hundred prominent Conservatives opposed to their Indian policy ; but the existence of this dissent was already trumpeted abroad ; to have it reduced to that proportion was

**Conservatives
and India**

useful, and even satisfactory, because in this matter Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Baldwin have behind them not only Liberals but the Labour opposition. Unless, however, they had also a large majority of the Conservative party, the National Government's policy towards India could not be confidently carried out as a national policy.

When the challenge came, a personal issue was soon settled. The Conservative party is very ready to hear Mr. Churchill when in public discussion his brilliant eloquence is used to express views congenial to the Conservative mind ; but when the question of confidence was raised against Mr. Baldwin by Mr. Churchill the party showed its preference in a way that must have been more than commonly embarrassing. The great speaker was not allowed to make his case as he would have made it, not merely to a sympathetic audience but to one of declared opponents. While Mr. Churchill stood disconcerted, Mr. Baldwin, almost by a single gesture, made it clear without words where, as between these two, the mastery in that assembly lay. It was left for Lord Lloyd to give expression to the threatened revolt, and Lord Carson added to that side the strength of traditional admiration and affection felt for him by Unionists. Lord Lloyd played his part well—an able, energetic man of great experience in administration. If he believes habitually that it is possible in such matters to put the clock back, this is in no way eccentric in a Conservative. The exceptional Conservative is the one like Lord Irwin who realizes the impossibility, and endeavours that the moving finger shall not point to perdition. In the result, those who voted for Mr. Baldwin knew that they were voting for Lord Irwin's views—though fortunately it was not put explicitly in these words.

For there could hardly be a severer test of faith. Lord Lloyd's opposition could marshal great weight of authority for deprecating so bold a move towards self-government as is proposed ; and even admitting that a preponderance of expert European opinion supports the advance, Conservatism naturally inclines to those who say, " One step at a time "—and a carefully measured step. There must be also a widespread doubt whether what we call

India can ever function as a self-governing unit, being so vast and so heterogeneous. While it was under European rule, administration found a convenience in unifying. When it comes under Asiatic rule, many men believe that its only hope will be to break itself up into manageable units; and this cannot be effected without difficulty and danger. Yet that is not the question now as it presents itself to India. That question is: Must we always be governed by Europeans? The answer inevitably unites Indians as Asiatics—except for a sprinkling of individuals who feel safer under the existing order, just as there were always some Catholic Irishmen who accepted the British dogma that Ireland was incapable of self-government.

Lord Carson pointed the warning finger at the case of Ireland. Without knowledge of the Indian detail, I am heart and soul for the policy which Lord Irwin and apparently Lord Willingdon stand for, because I do not want to see a repetition of what happened in Ireland—but a repetition on a stupendous scale. What happened there followed inevitably from declarations of the Allied Powers as to the rights of nationalities, and from England's delay in making her action in Ireland conform to these. Those declarations are not forgotten by the nationalities which have not a satisfying self-government. You cannot wipe them out. They were written in too much blood. The delay in Ireland to concede even half of what was conceded later (when enough policemen had been shot) gave the opportunity for a small reckless minority to prove how completely the machinery of government can be broken down by men who do not count the cost, when once a sense of oppression has ranged on their side the sullen resentment of a population. Little imagination is needed to conceive what could happen in India. There is no Ulster in India. There is no part of India which desires to see the continuance of British as against native rule. The risks of attempting to satisfy the mind of India are far less than those of shaping policy on lines so drawn that Indians of goodwill and experience, trained in methods other than those of revolution, are prepared to work self-government within the imposed limits. The Euston Road meeting will have given a message of comfort to such

**Remember
Ireland**

Indians as these, and dashed the hopes of many fervent revolutionaries who want the chance of dying and of killing for their Motherland.

Meanwhile the National Government could go to the World Conference with a renewed sense of support; and here it was **Mr. MacDonald** probably of advantage that England should be **at the** represented by a Prime Minister so little sectional. **Conference** What is certain, however, is that Mr. MacDonald possesses gifts which are invaluable for such an occasion, and which Mr. Baldwin lacks. He is extraordinarily good, by nature, at making contacts; whereas the geniality in Mr. Baldwin's mind, of which we are aware through his set discourses, does not easily become manifest in his personal approach. Which of the two was better fitted to understand the subject matter of this Conference—whether either of them understood it—whether it was intelligible at all—are points on which I am less clear. But the object appeared to be to get a maximum of working agreement as to the means by which international trade might be forwarded; and since one of the depressing circumstances is lack of confidence, and even the appearance of agreement might increase confidence, Mr. MacDonald was the likeliest man to ensure that the Conference should not break up with a depressing confession of failure.

Whether it would be depressing that the other Powers should have disbanded in righteous indignation against America is not certain; but it was, of course, the last thing that Mr. MacDonald would desire: though even he must have thought President Roosevelt's admonitory message rather trying. That the expert representatives of the United States in Conference should be thrown over by the Senate would have been quite according to precedent: but for the President to do this was a novelty.

However we know where we are. The United States will have nothing to do with discussing War Debts; they refuse to consider fixing the dollar at a stable ratio; it is not believable that they will be any more willing to limit their power of excluding foreign goods by tariffs. "Let each of you mind your own business

**Dollar
Making**

strenuously, as we are minding ours", was in effect President Roosevelt's message, and Mr. Keynes thinks he is "magnificently" right and is showing the world how to recuperate. So far as my lay mind can follow, President Roosevelt is essentially doing what Mr. Lloyd George recommended—attempting to meet a vast shortage of employment by undertaking vast public expenditure. It may answer. The Americans are good at making money: they excel in mass production; and they respond with a promptitude that seems amazing to more sceptical civilizations when a "slogan" is put into their mouths. But does the prospect of seeing industry at work full blast among them encourage an international Conference? Will it profit the world that the United States should regain riches? When they have had vast sums of money to spend either publicly or privately, they have not been wise in their disposing of it. Publicly, a flagrant example was the accumulation of war pensions which President Roosevelt has courageously reduced, but which remains at a wholly unreasonable figure. Privately, they have indeed given a few glorious examples of how colossal wealth should be used—such as the Rockefeller campaign against yellow fever; but much more typical of their general attitude is a recent example. At the sale of the late Lord Rosebery's books, a first folio Shakespeare fetched £14,600. It went to the Folger Library, endowed specially for the acquisition of volumes bearing on the Elizabethan literature. It is there added to seventy-eight other copies of the same edition. What sense can there be in this—other than the instinct to make a corner? Each of the seventy-eight becomes now more "valuable" because of the price paid for the seventy-ninth; the process will be complete only when all copies available to individual curiosity or research or pride of ownership elsewhere have been swept into the steel-plated double-locked safe-within-a-safe which is the Folger treasure house. What a culture! What an example! Suppose America again acquires gigantic spending power, what reason have we to believe with President Roosevelt that the world at large will be the gainers? The world certainly was not, between 1919 and 1929. America's representatives have been at pains to avoid an admitted breakdown; but the facts indicate plainly enough that Europe cannot hope for effective assistance from across the Atlantic.

It seems clear at all events that Great Britain must abandon the hope, always cherished by so many Englishmen, of finding a common line of action in which she can usefully join the United States, and perhaps act as a mediator between that Power and Europe. **Alternatives for Britain** Two lines of possible direction remain. One is to identify British policy more closely with that of Europe: to aim at creating in the economic sphere, a United States of Europe. The other is to imitate America by shaping a self-regarding course for the British Commonwealth, which should unite its members more closely by mutual concessions and limit more severely than at present outside competition in this privileged area. If such an economic unit were consolidated, its money power would inevitably be directed from London, where the tradition of international finance has always been framed with a clear sense that prosperity, if it is to be durable, must radiate widely.

The world has little to fear from the development of a federation which would follow more natural lines, and is therefore more attainable, than a closer union of England with her continental rivals. It would be inspired by the binding sense of racial sympathy, impossible as between Englishmen and Germans—so divided by tradition; still more impossible between Englishmen and any of the Latin peoples, but especially the French. Sympathies apart, there is the governing fact that approximately the same wage-standard prevails throughout the British Dominions and Great Britain itself. Workers on the Continent, French, Belgian, German and the rest, although they live as comfortably as the English, live differently and content themselves with a lower wage. Polish, Italian, Belgian workmen all accommodate themselves easily to French conditions; but virtually none of the English unemployed find their way across the Channel. The continental workman can make himself at home anywhere on the Continent; the English workman nowhere. He can submit more easily to a total change of climate (as in Australia) than of culture and tradition. And under modern democratic conditions, no economic union can be formed (much less can it last) without the willing concurrence of organised Labour.

If the British economic union of which the foundations have been already laid at Ottawa grows into a closer and more elaborate structure, making a counterpoise to the United States, and equally self-sufficing, there will emerge, almost inevitably, a corresponding European bond or bonds. Western civilization would then be organized, not in national units, but in units of national groups; and it would still be faced by Asiatic civilization and the Asiatic wage-level. The world would not have become international, yet would be considerably more international than it is. In the League of Nations, under American inspiration, an attempt was made to leap at one step to complete internationalism in a comity of nations, having equal votes. Little more resulted than the organization of pious aspirations for the reign of law that should supersede arbitrament by force. Since force would continue to exist, the practical solution was to pool the force and the right to apply it; but nobody was prepared for this, least of all the American promoters of the League; and in practice any progress that has been made towards the establishment of lasting peace has been through regional agreements. This tendency showed itself several years ago in the military sphere, because terror impelled; now, however, we have all begun to realize that economic war cannot be allowed to continue everywhere without general ruin; and it seems probable that the nations, despairing of a general economic settlement, will seek to achieve what they can through economic groupings.

It is worth while to consider the analogy. Agreements in the military sense can have a positive and a negative aspect.

**Pacts,
Military
and Economic** Locarno was the most important, because it carried not only the negative pledge that none of the four signatories would commit acts of aggression on one of the others, but the positive guarantee that if this pledge were broken by one, the three others would combine against the aggressor. The recent Four Power Pact lacked this positive element; but it extended the pledge against aggression to other neighbours: and most lately of all comes the arrangement by which a group of smaller Powers reaching from the Baltic to the Black Sea join with the Soviets in a pledge of non-

aggression. This means at least that the signatory Powers feel themselves better secured than by their common adherence to the Kellogg Pact. It is not a solid guarantee; but it means something; it means more than membership of the League of Nations. Yet in fairness it should be said that but for the League, these regional pacts whatever they signify would today probably not have come into existence.

Economic pacts, as was seen at Ottawa for instance, are not so easily formed. They cannot be merely negative; and in proportion as modern states feel themselves pledged against the use of force, they are the less willing to give up free use of the weapon which the League does not prohibit. Moreover, of course, unless a pacific disposition exists, there can be no agreement; and here again we are confronted with the old problem, the central opposition. Economically France and Germany are possibly the two countries easiest to combine, and would find most mutual advantage by combination. But temperamentally! As Sir Austen Chamberlain said reproachfully, Locarno is become a name of disgrace in Germany; and this new hysterical cult of the Fatherland appears to involve a hatred of every neighbour; the nearer the neighbour, racially as well as geographically, the more venomous the hate. However, it is generally recognized that the French in these late months have set a high example of self-control and moderation—helped, no doubt, by their natural acuteness, which perceives how Germany has played their game on the public stage of Europe—and more particularly how it has subserved their purpose in Austria. The economic grouping now likeliest to emerge will unite Austria, not with Germany, but with Hungary—which would be a small but valuable advance. Yet, if we are to think internationally, there must be envisaged an ultimate grouping which would include and centre upon France and Germany.

The present temper of Germany cannot last: it must either come to flaming explosion, or settle down into a more bearable glow. Germans are probably aware that they have created a temper in Europe which in case of explosion would welcome the application of fire extinguishers; they know that these exist; and even while

**Franco-German
Co-operation**

they are busy in purifying their race and strengthening their spirit by discarding the racially and spiritually impure (Jews and their friends the pacifists), they may find time to reflect on what is written by Mr. Cohen Portheim in his book on *The Spirit of France* (available here in a good translation). From the standpoint of the writer (presumably a German Jew and, unhappily, now dead) England lies outside the European society almost as completely as does the United States. Russia, never wholly European, becomes increasingly Asiatic; the need is for a closer union of "the peninsula of Europe", projecting from its Asiatic base. "The hub of the non-Latin, and larger, half of Europe, is Germany", he says. "The question whether there ever can be a Europe again depends upon the possibility of Franco-German co-operation; everything else is secondary." On his view, there exist already two world Powers, the British Commonwealth and the United States. A Russian world power is in the making; while Japan is striving to be a Mongolian world Power. Beside any one of these four, "all the European states are dwarfs". The writer's reasons for believing that it lies with France to lead in the creation of a new Europe are full of interest; they are based on his view of her special spiritual qualities, and on her inheritance of the joint Catholic and classical tradition which is the true safeguard against Bolshevism. But my concern here is to note the way in which the world divides itself to the eyes of this highly instructed observer; marking the watersheds, as it were, to which future development must conform.

A good book is always welcome, and Mr. H. M. Hyde has, I think, written one in his *Rise of Castlereagh*; for it renders human and intelligible a figure whose part in the first reconstruction of Europe ranked with Metternich's. Each of these two names has, thanks to literature at large, a somewhat sinister ring; yet the fact is that, as Mr. Algernon Cecil taught us about Metternich, and Mr. Hyde now teaches about Castlereagh, each of the men was more than commonly amiable and humane. We have it on record from the old Grattan that Castlereagh loved Ireland and should not be abused; from Lady Louisa Connolly, aunt to Lord Edward Fitzgerald, that his kindness had been great—and

Lady Louisa was one of the best of women, with better judgment than her sister Lady Sarah Napier, who despised Castlereagh and thought him "shallow", which assuredly he was not. His work in the wider European sphere has been analyzed of late in a scholarly volume by Mr. Webster; and Castlereagh shares with Metternich the credit for having sought to make the undoing of Napoleon's deeds as little vindictive as possible. There was in truth a singular absence of resentment in his nature; he bore no personal grudges, though assailed as few men have been. The counterpart to this, the defect of this quality, was a lack of certain disgusts. He undertook and carried out complacently a very dirty piece of work because he thought it necessary to "buy out the fee simple of Irish corruption" and present it to the Crown. There is no use in discussing the ethics of this proceeding; but it is necessary to recall that the constructive side of Castlereagh's policy was never carried out. He wanted the Catholics to receive equal rights of citizenship under the Union; he wanted endowment for Catholic and Presbyterian ministers, and the abolition of tithes. Pitt concurred. Then, in circumstances which are fully detailed by Mr. Hyde, George III was induced by an intriguing Chancellor to throw himself into a passion, and Pitt ignominiously gave in to these tantrums. As a sop to the Catholics he made the gesture of a resignation, which Castlereagh imitated; but he deprived it of all dynamic value. He put no pressure on the Government; and within a year or two, he rejoined the administration, as also did Castlereagh. The real excuse for this has not been given by Mr. Hyde. In such an emergency as a Napoleonic war, a man knowing his own power as Pitt did could hardly keep aloof, even for the point of honour. It was not when he resumed office that he betrayed the Irish Catholics, but when he made his first surrender; and blame falls in no comparable manner on his subordinate.

Yet it is a grave risk to undertake a policy which involves keeping faith with a million and more of human beings, unless you are certain that faith can be kept. Whether Grattan and the other men of talent and principle could ever have reformed the Irish parliament and the people whom it represented is matter for much doubt. Reading the story set out here sends back one's mind to Swift's agreeable poem "The Legion Club"—a denun-

ciation of that assembly more furious than ever was launched even at Castlereagh. It may be doubted, also whether the Union, if carried out as Castlereagh planned it, in a spirit of equity, would have really united Ireland and England. All that we know is that whatever happened then, happened in the worst possible way, with lasting injury—even beyond justice—to Castlereagh's reputation, but with no detriment at all to his efficiency. Ireland furnished him, as it furnished Mr. Balfour, with a gladiatorial school, which imparted also much of the gladiatorial code. Gladiators are by their trade denationalized; and their school is not a school of scruples. History will justify, I think, many of the attacks made by his opponents on Mr. Balfour's administration; but it will be able to point to the side of it which was not merely repressive but generously constructive, carried out by himself, by his brother, and by Mr. Wyndham. Castlereagh, less fortunate, merely succeeded in suppressing a parliament; he got no chance to kill by kindness the desire for self-government. His policy of conciliating the Catholics might easily have made a Unionist of Daniel O'Connell.

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A STRICKEN WORLD

by SIR JOHN MARRIOTT

PROBLEMS OF PEACE (Seventh Series) LECTURES DELIVERED AT THE GENEVA INSTITUTE OF INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS, published for the Committee of the Institute by *Allen & Unwin*. 8s. 6d.

THE UNITED STATES OF EUROPE AND OTHER PAPERS, by Sir Arthur Salter, edited with Notes, by W. Arnold Foster. *Allen & Unwin*. 7s. 6d.

PROBLEMS OF THE NATIONS. *Arrowsmith*. 3s. 6d.

THESE three little books at least combine to testify to the distraction and confusion of the world we live in. Of that confusion we scarcely need, at present, any additional assurance; but it would doubtless be claimed for the writers and lecturers that they are not merely critical and expository, but constructive. The lectures contained in the first of the three volumes were, we learn, delivered at a meeting of the Geneva Institute of International Relations held at Geneva in August, 1932, "during a week of personal contact with the great institutions of world administration". The anonymous editor thinks it proper to add that "the Institute as such holds no thesis on any of the problems dealt with and that the opinions expressed in one or other paper represent the views only of the author concerned and of those whom he may happen to convince". Presumably, however, the Institute is responsible for the selection of the

lecturers, whose names do not at first sight suggest any wide catholicity of standpoint. Dr. Gooch contributes, by way of introduction, a careful summary of events during the year August, 1931, to August, 1932. He discloses a wholesome mistrust of platonic declarations such as those contained in the Consultative Pact of 1932, though his scepticism does not prevent him from concluding his survey with these brave words: "We are at last aware of the road which leads to salvation; and it is among the paramount duties of good citizenship in this dark hour not only to toil unceasingly and unselfishly, but to keep alive the flame of hope and courage in our hearts." I seek foundation for hope and some indication of the route which leads to salvation in the next lecture in which Sir George Paish undertakes to analyse the causes of the World Economic Crisis, and to indicate the cure. About the causes there is no longer much obscurity, and though Sir George Paish's diagnosis of the disease is admirable in accuracy and lucidity, it is regrettable that he should leave himself only three pages (out of twenty) wherein to enlighten us about the "cure". He, like Dr. Gooch, concludes hopefully—even more hopefully: he believes that "we are coming into a world of great good fortune. . . . All that is needed . . . is that there should be a change in world-mentality." Apart

from that, his prescription is "to open up the world, to take away the barriers of trade, to get rid of these selfish policies". He will find none to gainsay him. Scepticism only creeps in when the physician descends into detail. "America, France, Great Britain, Germany, Holland and Switzerland must put up the capital for building great systems of railways in China, opening it up as all the other nations were opened up, and we can do the same for Russia and in a great measure for India." Two preliminary questions suggest themselves: Why is Japan to be excluded from this beneficent work? and What has China to say about it? My impression was that the last thing desired by China was to be "opened up" by any foreign benefactors. I sincerely trust that I am mistaken. As to Russia—well, recent events have scarcely tended to encourage foreign enterprise.

I turn to some of the other lectures. Dr. Sherwood Eddy's Impressions of an Eye-Witness in China and Japan are as interesting as they are disquieting, and his outspoken words (on p. 250) will, I hope, attract the attention they deserve.

Very interesting, too, is Dr. Farbman's analysis of the Economic Situation in Bolshevik Russia. Dr. I. Van Walré de Bordes holds that the Lausanne Conference "constitutes a great step in advance". Sir G. Paish bluntly says "the decisions come to at Lausanne do not amount to anything in actual fact". Which of the two pundits are we to believe? And what shall we say of Professor Lees Smith's proposed solution of the Indian problem? It is this: "that Gandhi be consulted, his advice taken, his consent obtained, and a Constitution built up with such safeguards as are in the interests of India, and which are acceptable to Gandhi". It is, indeed, refreshing, in the midst of doubters, to encounter a faith so simple and unquestioning.

Sir Arthur Salter's volume contains a number of papers indited by him during his 'ten years' work as an official of the League of Nations, though he is careful to insist that they are not official documents. Opening with a paper on the organization of the League (1919) the volume closes with Notes on Security and Confidence (1931). Sir Arthur's views on problems of world-policy are well-known, and many who look to him for guidance will be glad to read this interesting collection of papers indicating the development of those views and in a sense revealing the process by which he has reached his conclusions.

Professor Mowat is a political rather than economic historian, but nowadays politics (in the older sense) are merged in economics, and it is not surprising, therefore, to find that his little volume, like those already noticed, is largely concerned with tariffs, Economic Nationalism and kindred topics. Mr. Mowat has more admiration for Conferences, for "great speeches" and "moving appeals" addressed to them by distinguished statesmen, and for the "impressive affirmation" of principles, than some of us can share. He has a great belief, too, in "Institutions", though he recognizes the limitations on the effectiveness of mere machinery. In the several papers which go to the making of a rather miscellaneous volume, Mr. Mowat makes no pretence of conveying information obtained at first hand; but he is a particularly sane and well-informed commentator on contemporary history. His observations will therefore be read with pleasure and profit. The account of the "Corporative State" which is being built up by the Fascisti in Italy is a strikingly lucid description of an experiment which is profoundly interesting but very complicated, and to outsiders, not easily intelligible. Mr. Mowat's guidance is, therefore, the more acceptable.

THREE BOOKS ON THE SPANISH REPUBLIC

by W. HORSFALL CARTER.

THE FALL OF A THRONE, by Alvaro Alcalá-Galiano (Marques de Castel-Bravo). *Thornton Butterworth*. 10s. 6d.

LA RIVOLUZIONE DI SPAGNA, by Nicola Pascazio. *Nuova Europa*, Rome.

THE SPANISH REPUBLIC, by "Anonymous". *Eyre & Spottiswoode*. 3s. 6d.

NOTHING revealed more glaringly the bankruptcy of the old order in Spain than the resurrection after the Dictatorship of typical representatives of that caricature of Parliamentarism which General Primo de Rivera had come to expunge. The last Government of King's men was just such a collection of ghostly figures—a "National" Government in which each party paladin was manifestly intent on taking up the threads snapped, amid general acclamation, by the *coup d'état* of September, 1923.

Behind the traditional façade there had in fact developed a national conscience, a positive aspiration to "national decency" (Sr. Ortega y Gasset's word) quickened by spiritual and economic changes to which Sr. Alcalá-Galiano and his kind seem to have remained quite oblivious. When there is such a patent divorce between "the nation" and "the State", you have, exactly as you had in the Germany of 1930-32, a revolutionary situation, with old landmarks swept away on the popular waves even if the people's leaders have not yet formulated themselves a very clear idea of the new State-pattern. Alfonso XIII and all that he stood for had to go; only then would it be possible to trace

the lineaments of the new Spain.

Sr. Alcalá-Galiano is well known as a frequent contributor to *ABC*. He belongs to that aristocratic stratum which, as events were to show, became more and more detached from the pulsating life of the country. Of the actual sequence of events that led up to the King's departure he writes graphically, and of the event itself, in poignant prose. But, apart from a shrewd perception of the part played by the Press, he is estopped by prejudice from giving us any satisfactory account of "the revolutionary vanguards". Above all, from a loyalty which we can respect, he is discreetly silent about the conduct and mentality of the Monarch himself, disgust with which was actually the mainspring of the "Republican" movement—and which gradually lost him the support of all but a camarilla of fawning courtiers and nonentities. No wonder, at the end, Humpty-Dumpty had a great fall.

Signor Pascazio is not held back by any such scruples, and his conspectus of the Spanish political and cultural scene is therefore a useful complement to *The Fall of a Throne*. The phenomenon of "Monarchists without a King" was indeed, as he says, one of the most remarkable features of the Spanish political landscape, such was the contempt in which, *pace* our popular Press, ex-King Alfonso had come to be held, less for his own personal foibles, perhaps, than for his complete incapacity to comprehend the newly-won self-respect of a people stung to action by the long-lived reproach of "decadence".

What mars Signor Pascasio's writing is the *obbligato* accompaniment of "Hats off to *Il Duce* and Fascism"—an irritating habit displayed by so many Italian writers today. Fascist Italy has certainly no lessons for an old-established and civilized people like the Spaniards.

The naïveté of Señor Alcalá-Galiano's attempts to explain away the Spanish Revolution is rather pathetic. We are told of "many subterranean and international forces" and, in the days immediately preceding the famous elections, of "foreigners of disquieting aspect, agents of the Revolutionary International . . ." I was in Madrid at the time, perhaps the author took me for one of these "emissaries from Moscow"!

This process of blinking the facts and painting foreign bogeys is carried to an absurdity by "Anonymous", who would have us believe that the Republic is only a temporary aberration which was only made possible by the combined influence of the Grand Orient and Bolshevik Russia, that the country is drifting to chaos and a Restoration of the Monarchy is only a question of time!

As a study in the art of Don Basile this little book deserves a prize. Anything will serve to discredit the men who, in sober fact, have piloted the ship of state through post-revolutionary stormy seas with remarkable skill. They are on one page a "collection of mediocre clerks"—Señor Azaña was formerly a civil servant in the Ministry of Justice—on another page "a band of maniacs"! Señor Alcalá Zamora, now President, "went Republican", we are told, out of pique at being prevented by the Dictator from attaining his ambition of becoming a member of the Royal Spanish Academy. As for their misconduct of affairs, there are "hundreds of victims of illegal detention", "socialist tyranny is everywhere apparent", "trade is at a comparative standstill", work in the fields is held up by "almost daily sabotage by

labourers", "some 20,000 bombs have been found in different parts of the country" (which suggests surely that the Government is doing good police work in cleaning-up an unhealthy state of affairs), and so on. Such wild charges and the scurrilous attack on men who, with all their faults, are striving to do their best for Spain—and succeeding beyond most people's expectations—deprive "Anonymous" of any value as a critic of Spanish conditions. It is a pity because many of the facts he has put together in themselves make a serious enough indictment. There *have* been, undoubtedly, regrettable blemishes on the escutcheon of the Republic, e.g., the burning of the convents, the deportation to Villa Cisneros, without trial, of plotters against the régime, the over-zealous action of "Shock Police" at Casas Viejas which resulted in a loss of 20 lives, and which Señor Azaña foolishly attempted first to hush up and then to make light of. It is true, moreover, that his Government, strong in the support of the Cortes has used its power at times in order to ensure the loyalty of civil servants, for instance, in a way that offends against the letter of the ultra-democratic Constitution.

But such discrepancies between precept and practice are part of the national tradition—it is no good trying to measure by English standards. No one who knows the conditions will dispute the need for Señor Azaña's weapon: the law for the Defence of the Republic.

That in two years the country has not yet found its political feet is scarcely surprising. In every country today, and not merely Spain, democracy is still going through the hard school of experience to work out its appropriate political forms and institutions.

The days when "democracy" could be imagined to be synonymous with a Parliamentary system on the English model are certainly over.

THE PEACE MAKER

by ARTHUR WAUGH

KING EDWARD VII. AN APPRECIATION, by E. F. Benson. *Longmans Green*. 15s.

EDWARD VII. by H. E. Wortham (*Great Lives*). *Duckworth*. 2s.

"AUTHORITY forgets a dying King"; while His Majesty is no sooner gathered to his fathers than his life passes into the region of history, and all his secret acts and thoughts are transmuted into public property. That is the hour of ordeal, which not many men, whatever their worldly estate, can face with equanimity. But there are some lives that grow clearer and brighter under investigation, and the Life of King Edward VII is a notable case in point. Here are two biographies, very different in scope and design, one brief and the other discursive, but both frank, honest, and apparently well-informed. Neither biographer shirks the awkward corners in the narrative, or fails to face up to the misunderstandings which from time to time overshadowed the true character of Queen Victoria's eldest son, causing him to be obstinately misjudged by his mother, and maligned, and even publicly insulted by his people. Yet, in both cases, as the story rounds itself, it reveals the record of a prince, handicapped from the nursery by the preposterous discipline of a Germanized household, driven by sheer reaction into the pursuit of pleasure and the dislike of study, yet, in the long run, triumphing over the inclinations of revolt, shouldering firmly the yoke of responsibility, and issuing at last as the leading spirit in Europe, the "Uncle", as he was play-

fully called, of the Continent, the Peacemaker of the world, and the best judge in his generation of human character and political risk. "Whatever record leaps to light" (and there are a good many, no doubt, which he would not willingly have seen revived in his people's memory), the essential straightforwardness, wisdom, and goodwill of King Edward win their way to gratitude and admiration. He was a man, and a leader of men; and he was never more keenly needed than in the hour of his death.

Mr. Wortham's little book, conforming to the proportions of the series in which it appears, is inevitably brief; but its brevity never seems to hamper its detail. It tells its story clearly and vividly, and is in many respects a model of concentration. Mr. Benson's study is of a different calibre altogether. He calls it "An Appreciation", and a discriminating sympathy is indeed its presiding quality. But it is much more than a personal study. From time to time, as the narrative seems to demand, it assumes the sweep and perspective of history, tracing events back to their contributory and often conflicting causes, and setting over against one another the apparently blind forces that combined for victory and defeat. The background of European history is never obscured by the dominating figure in the foreground. It is impossible to understand "The Uncle of Europe" without appreciating the problems of Europe itself.

Mr. Benson's story is told with compelling interest; the style of the writing

never falters; the mass of character and intrigue is handled with an artist's dexterity. Sometimes (as in the Tranby Croft scandal) Mr. Benson is able to contribute personal information to the discussion, since his father, the Archbishop, was in the Prince's confidence at a time when certain religious dignitaries were making themselves rather pitifully ridiculous. Another very suggestive phase of his narrative is his account of the German Emperor's unmannerly behaviour, alike to his Grandmother and his Uncle. Mr. Benson does not spare the "All Highest" in the course of a searching exposure of his ineffable ill-breeding and conceit. Again and again, King Edward's wonderful tact was strained to the breaking-point. He un-

doubtedly fathomed the shallow vanity of his nephew's character, but he knew how much depended upon his own endurance, and he did not fail his country. It is permissible to think that it would have been a good thing for England, if he had succeeded to the throne twenty years earlier than he did. He was not left the time to lay the foundations of the European peace upon which his heart was set, and he spent himself in the pursuit of a belated ideal. "No", he said to one who begged him to rest; "I shall work to the end. Of what use is it to be alive if one cannot work?" There was the King in a nutshell. His chance of working was delayed too long; and, when it came, it broke him upon the wheel of duty.

SEEING ENGLAND

THE BEAUTY OF ENGLAND, by Thomas Burke. *Harrap*. 7s. 6d.

THE GREEN FIELDS OF ENGLAND, by Clare Cameron. *Constable*. 5s.

THE ROVING ANGLER, by Herbert Palmer. *Dent*. 6s.

A ROOK AMONG THE MAGPIES, by J. Archibald Allen. *Simpkin*. 7s. 6d.

SEE FOR YOURSELF, by Edmund Vale. *Dent*. 5s.

It is a wise hiker that can answer the question: "What went ye out for to see?"; but it is the aimless walker who seems to find most pleasure in his travels. Mr. Thomas Burke calls him the true Rambler who "may ramble at one mile an hour or none", and his book, which he calls "an anthology of favourite scenes and places", is plainly the result of recollections of many such aimless tours and "true rambles" undertaken in the spirit which he outlines in his first prefatory chapter—a gem of the essayist's art. Ruins and monuments have little attrac-

tion for him. His search is for the "Little Englands", the "tight little packets" of beauty each one of which is "the England of our history, our poetry and our painting". If he has a weakness for buildings at all it is for inns; but his chief joy and the joy which he imparts to the reader is in the discovery of beauty spots which without any outstanding distinction have quiet charm, an accidentally impressive grouping and above all that air which is undeniably English. In his wanderings he has found these "Little Englands" everywhere, some where they might be expected to exist in the widely-sung counties, and others where the very surprise of their presence near industrial and man-devastated areas adds a new and hardly definable quality to their beauty. His book covers a wide area, no less than the whole of England, which he cannot hope to survey thoroughly. It is pleasant

to note that he is so unimpressed with lauded Sussex that he calls in Another Hand to describe its alleged charm.

Miss Clare Cameron is another 'true Rambler, although here and there her book gives an impression of hurrying from place to place. A sub-title calls the volume "Footpath Travels for Hikers", but in adhering more to the spirit than the letter of that claim, the author does not offer much concrete guidance to those who might wish to follow her. Her book does not reveal a planned itinerary. The author rambled from place to place, apparently upon different occasions, absorbing whatever she chanced to encounter on the way from a barnstormers' performance in the Cotswolds to local legend. Her charm lies in the ease of her manner of writing, a graceful combination of eulogy and comment and information.

The same can be said for Mr. Herbert Palmer's *The Roving Angler*. What he went out for to see was whether the trout would rise, and his rambles, further afield than the others' but not so catholic, were purely incidental. He has cast in many kinds of water, in Yorkshire, France, Scotland, Germany, Cornwall and Wales and he is unusually modest for an angler, although he avers that he was always an unlucky one. He is more interested in his fishing than in the places where he fished; but he has such a charming and un-fishermanlike way of even counting his catch that he is justified in his hope that this is "more than a mere angling book". Technicalities are few, but there is information to be found.

There are chapters in Mr. Archibald Allen's book which also exalt the combination of rambling and a sport—shooting. He has made the interesting observation that animals in a state of nature are less frightened by motor cars than by pedestrians. The value of this would be increased if animals would take

to crossing the road more frequently. Apart from this, the book contains a good deal of facetious matter which lacks in point.

Mr. Edmund Vale is the companion for the business-like hikers who like to have some substantial souvenirs of their rambles. He bustles the sightseer into the field and shows him what to look for. For examining a church he provides a "dumb verger", a go-ahead method of absorbing all its points by filling up a form according to "clues". For studying ruins he gives a further series of clues; while before looking at a castle he advises the sightseer to "ascertain if possible what leading event or personality can be related historically to the ruin to quicken imagination". His book is likely to keep earnest sightseers too busy to intrude into Mr. Burke's "Little Englands" and that is a blessing.

A. WILLIAM ELLIS.

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ARROWSMITH

A MASTERHAND

POEMS, 1930-1933, by Robert Graves.
Arthur Barker. 6s.

MR. GRAVES' output of verse is small, but it is consummate. He offers twenty-six poems as three years' work, but every one of them is technically perfect, conceived in a fine anger and executed with a fine disdain. He asks himself:

"Tell me, my witless, whose one boast
Could be your staunchness at the post,
When were you made a man of parts
To think fine and profess the arts?"

And in an excess of rebellious puritanism—a strange, demoniac mood—he excuses himself in such legitimate longings as being pure animal. Detecting a craving for scholarship, for becoming a "man of parts" reliable for "staunchness at the post", he whips himself, and incidentally all human society, like a dog. "Down, wanton, down! Have you no shame?" he cries. It is a terrible asceticism, this renouncing of the social virtues by which men are enabled to live together. The result is to give this rare poet the semblance of a wolf who has revolted against the pack. He bares his fangs at the gentlest approach, suspecting a golden trap, and crying:

"No more, senses, shall you put shame
on me,

Playing such pageants through
As have outlived their uses in my mind.
Your outward staring that is inward
blind,

And the mad strummings of your
melancholy,

Let them cease now."

He tells, too, of how he has travelled from one spiritual and intellectual conquest to another, never remaining, leaving the furnished and equipped achievement like a guesthouse for the crowd of imitators to inhabit after he has left. He calls this poem "Largesse to the Poor", and concludes it thus:

"But now at last, out of God's firmament,

To break this endless journey—

Homeless to come where that awaits
me

Which in my mind's unwearying discontent

I asked as pilgrim's due—

I fling my keys as largesse to the poor,
The always travel-hungry God-knows-who,

With, 'Let them fatten on my industry
Who find perfection and eternity

In might-be-worse, a roof over the
head,

And any half-loaf better than no
bread

For which to thank God on their
knees nightly'."

This is the true Miltonic, Satanic pride, out of which some of the greatest poetry in the world is made. It informs the *Divine Comedy* and the attitude of Homer toward the gods. But it invokes the wrath of both gods and men, and a poet who entertains it must be prepared for a fight to the death, and expect no mercy if he is beaten. Mr. Graves obviously is aware of his danger, for there is nothing false or dilettante about the spirit of his poetry. His flame burns clear and intense, a crown to this flaunting pride. I suspect a source of very deep and unsullied humility which feeds that flame. Here is a poet who, in spite of his contempt for the world and for life, shows in his work a self-dedication and a submission to some particular discipline:

"To whom else momentarily,

To whom else endlessly,

But to you, I?

To you who only,

To you who mercilessly,

To you who lovingly,

Plucked out the lie?"

RICHARD CHURCH.

FICTION FOR THE HOLIDAYS

THE BRIDGE OF DREAMS, by Lady Murasaki. Translated by Arthur Waley. Allen and Unwin. 10s. 6d.

THE first and the last volumes of the *Tale of Genji* whose translation has at last been completed by Dr. Waley, seem to me the best. In *The Bridge of Dreams* Lady Murasaki has marked her limits and has expanded to them, with the result that the longueurs, the unevenness, the bewildering number of characters, the straying from the main theme, and the uncertainties of a manner wavering between fairy tale, romance and psychological realism, are pruned to the lengths in which they are most effective. For it is still her quality that she is a diverse writer, both a poet fine in sensibility and a shrewd worldly aristocrat in all the inspired gossip of caste and character, and in this book her diversity has crystallised into its appropriate hardness and pattern. It is a pity that, flattered by her astonishing "modernity", certain critics have called her book an epic and by other names too big for her, forgetting the narrowness of her range. But it is equally inept to compare her disadvantageously with Jane Austen; the insensibility alone of marmoreal Jane puts her far away below Lady Murasaki, if there is any point in making the comparison at all.

The theme of *The Bridge of Dreams* grows out of the earlier volume. Kaoru, the scrupulous, devoted, conventional and irresolute, haunted by the dream of the dead Agemaki so that infallibly when with one woman he is noting not her, but her resemblance to another, is still the centre of the story; and in his love for Ukifune, Agemaki's sister, the sister of Kozeri whom he has always loved, he is once more surpassed by the elegant and impetuous Niou.

The distinction between these young and noble characters is one of Lady Murasaki's triumphs and only sophistication could have made it. Our pleasure is enhanced by the skill with which she sees that all misread one another's intentions, and places the important personages in varying lights. From the Empress, who declares that Kaoru puts strain on feminine intelligence, to the coarse woman of the Court who tells him that he makes the supreme mistake of letting women feel safe with him, there is a display of comment which transforms Kaoru from what would have been a melancholy if sympathetic abstraction into a human being.

An important factor in producing the apparent "modernity" of *The Bridge of Dreams*, is that no barrier of local colour stands between us and that decadent court of 900 years ago. Lady Murasaki inevitably assumes we know her world, and by her shrewdness, worldliness and irony one slides effortlessly into it, agreeing that taboos were made to be excuses, religious defilements to be subterfuges, guards and servants to be used by the canny. A superb *intrigante*, she rarely moralises; and one of the most pleasing touches in the story is when the Emperor, Kaoru's father-in-law (in fear of whose displeasure Kaoru has walked only too unimpeachably) exclaims at the pity of doing violence to a deep feeling out of deference to a conventional one. In a line the Emperor is alive; and Niou too, the ever successful Don Juan, is also more alive when a lady rejects him with the flat remark, "Someone had to", she said, "if only to break the monotony". But in this volume all Lady Murasaki's devices are successful.

Dr. Waley is so identified with the

book that one is almost inclined to regard him as a character in it. Jealous of every line in it, fearful lest the most obvious reference should escape the reader, he often irritates by an excess of footnotes. But he has a right to put in his persistent nudges and the habit ends by endearing him to the reader. He is now about to translate the diaries—the 11th century in Japan was a period of feminine novelists and diarists who indeed conserved the language—and his final critical essay framing the work will be eagerly awaited.

V. S. PRITCHETT.

A GLASTONBURY ROMANCE, by John Cowper Powys. *John Lane*. 7s. 6d.

MR. J. D. BERESFORD, who is not Mr. Hugh Walpole, praises *A Glastonbury Romance* as "one of the greatest novels in the world, to be classed with Tolstoy's *War and Peace*". I respect Mr. Beresford's opinion, for I respect Mr. Beresford, but he could hardly have surprised me more had he set Mr. P. G. Wodehouse's stories of Jeeves beside the comic masterpieces of Aristophanes or Rabelais. Mr. Powys aims at the stars, perhaps, but for one reader his book never gets off the earth.

In quite another sense the complaint might also be that it never touches earth at all! Rather does it inhabit that "misty mid region of Weir" of which Poe had to tell in some of his better-known and worser poems. Perhaps this is what is indicated by the word "romance" in the title. In fact, though the story seems to be set in the present century, introducing aeroplanes, communists and other modern improvements in a town whose name is known to everybody and may be found on any map, there is no sense either of time or place. Here is a Glastonbury as fabulous as the Grail itself!

Unfortunately, Mr. Powys is determined to mix his fables, the fine wines of

traditional mysticisms with the heavy beers—cold on the stomach—of pseudo-scientific rationalizations, attempting to account for the supernatural by materialistic explanation. He gives us a cumbersome cosmology which mingles Christianity with sun-worship, and astrology with direct intervention by those Invisible Powers which, we are told, hover as interested onlookers above every community.

The vast 1,174-page narrative, with its almost endless caste of characters, cannot be summarised, but briefly it circles around the attempt of the evangelistic Mayor of Glastonbury to revive the town as a focus of spiritual power, against the commercial depredations of the rising industrialist Philip Crow. He has the rather dubious aid of John Crow, Philip's rascally cousin. A semi-religious pageant is produced, which, fantastic if not farcical from the beginning, is turned into a riot by communist agitators. Later, in the turning of a page (which is typical of Mr. Powys's unconcern to make his tale convincing), Glastonbury becomes a commune, run on communal lines for the benefit of all—until at last a great flood comes from the sea to sweep the achievement of both capitalist and communist away together.

All too much is related that should be *shown*, explained that should be *revealed*. Long-winded generalizations (really quite irrelevant) slow the pace and deflate the drama. The writing has fluidity and occasional vividness, but little economy or power. The more pathological characters (and these are not a few) are the best drawn; his lower class people are study-products. Too many of the frequent erotic scenes display a merely cold sensuality, and elsewhere a deliberate vulgarity is recurrent. I can scarcely deem *A Glastonbury Romance* even a magnificent failure; it is simply a failure.

GEOFFREY WEST.

THE THIBAUTS, by Roger Martin Du Gard. Translated by Stephen Haden Guest. *Lane*. 7s. 6d.

QUINTET, by Esther Meynell. *Chapman & Hall*. 7s. 6d.

THE first two books of a novel which in the original has already run to the length of six volumes, with the promise of another half-dozen, are collected under the English title, *The Thibaults*. Another family saga, perhaps (we have had too many of them), but judging by Mr. Haden Guest's version of the beginning of it, a saga which, despite its rather undistinguished surface and dilution, will turn out to be far more interesting than many of its predecessors. The Thibaults are a family living in a Parisian suburb. M. Thibault is the bourgeois paterfamilias, hypocritically virtuous, heavy in authority, bullying, sentimental—true to type, but a stock figure. He has two sons: Antoine, a fleshy young doctor, who has learnt the bedside manner and the right ways of moving in drawing rooms; Jacques, many years younger, quick, intelligent, sensitive. These are realized with genuine imagination. The soft lump of a doctor, with his winning ways, has an active germ in the middle of him. Jacques is the central figure of the book. His school life, poetry, day dreams, ambitions, and friendship with a boy rather older than himself are faithfully and sensitively described: the friendship is discovered, the worst interpretation is put on it, and Jacques is placed in a reformatory of which his father, public benefactor, is the governor. The isolation and demoralizing routine begin to drive him into a dull madness, and his brother, roused to action, gets him released in time to prevent the experience crippling him. By this time the conflict between Jacques, supposed renegade and black sheep, and his father is complete. The volume ends simmering, with the promise of early storm. The reality of this conflict is to some

extent lessened by the flat portrayal of the father; but Jacques is alive and the phases of adolescence are conveyed sympathetically and without too much rose-colour. Indeed, M. Thibault's great virtue as a novelist is in the occasional ugly touches which give his portrayal of character depth. Without them his book would be neutral, though still remarkably readable. I can recommend *The Thibaults*, not, alas, as a work of genius, but as a serious and able piece of fiction.

Quintet is the sort of novel (genre: sentimental) which I am incapable of liking. I can see that if it were a much better book than it is, I should still dislike its make-believe. This is a modern, or near modern, fairy tale, with Music as a godmother, and a poetical atmosphere of reverence and beauty which is supposed to halo the lives of great artists, but in fact, does not. In one of the characters, "the penetrating reader may perhaps trace a resemblance to Franz Liszt". Perhaps. One might even trace a resemblance to Schubert in *Lilac Time*. But, for me, there is so much falseness in this sort of "portrayal" of genius, that I can see no resemblance at all. Nevertheless, of its genre, *Quintet* is well and reticently done.

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GENTLEMEN: THE REGIMENT! by Hugh Talbot. *Dent*. 7s. 6d.

MR. JIGGINS OF JIGGINSTOWN, by Christine Longford. *Gollancz*. 7s. 6d.

SAINT ON HOLIDAY, by Geoffrey Dearmer. *Heinemann*. 7s. 6d.

It was to the "wars" that Lovelace departed, bidding his Lucasta farewell. It was likewise for the "wars" that the 137th and 138th Foot, in Mr. Talbot's novel, left the market-town of Harwick to the accompaniment of manly cheers and womanly weeping. The vague plural has about it a picturesque glamour which the Crimean campaign, heralding the era when War is War, almost succeeded in dispelling. Mr. Talbot handles with great skill this theme of the military population of a military little town exchanging the parade-ground of a forty-years' peace for the horrors of the Scutari hospital. Nor does he let the obvious tempt him, for all that we hear of the noble six hundred is that "the Light Cavalry had been cut to pieces the other day by some damn-fool muddle, though the Heavies had done well".

Worship of Regiment, Family and God (in that order) is the emotion which sustains most of Mr. Talbot's unintrospective Victorian characters. The exception is his hero, Alastair Chappell, whom we see growing up in an atmosphere against which he rebels, though for the most part unconsciously, at every step. Yet, finally, it is these uncompromising traditions which save him from the frustration to which, the last of a decaying family, he seemed inevitably committed; for Mr. Talbot, subtle satirist though he shows himself at times, does not subscribe to the fashion for iconoclasm, and leaves us with the welcome impression that the Victorians, after all, were neither sub-human nor superhuman. He appears to find some difficulty with his heroine, Katherine St. Quentin, whom he strives to free from a "period" artificiality by

making her "fey" and unsympathetic to her environment. A fine piece of sensitive writing almost disarms criticism of the condescending "sacrifice" of Katherine's virtue to the man who loves her, but "good-night, dear book", in her journal is a hard nut to crack. Mr. Talbot's book is stuffed with excellent scenes and occasions—a review, an ice-carnival, a hunt, a schoolboy poaching foray, a garden-party, fighting in the Crimea—all well contrived and none over-described. It is indeed a first novel remarkably rich both in achievement and in promise.

It is my own fault that *Mr. Jiggins of Jigginstown* is the first book by Lady Longford that I have read, and the position shall be rectified. She has the most exquisite wit, a wit which is the product of intelligence and not its substitute; a wit which can dispense with polysyllables (and that is a rare wit these days). Her scene is Jigginstown, the country mansion of Mr. Jiggins in the Irish Midlands. Mr. Jiggins has not long to live, a fact which is obvious not only to his philosophic self, but also to a number of more materially-minded connections who fancy they have moral claims on his estate. The reader awaits the death of Mr. Jiggins with a growing apprehension of real loss, and the opening of his will with a happy conviction that grasping hypocrisy will be well served. But the grasping hypocrites, a well-assorted bunch, are much too delightfully described to rouse resentment. Mrs. Georgina Jiggins is a lovely creation.

"If you like Mr. Dearmer's style", say the publishers of *Saint on Holiday*, "you will like his story". Of his style the following sentence is not an extreme example: "The alibi was certainly established if the photograph of the sleeping Santa was genuine, as there could be no reason to doubt, so excellent was it". I ought further to warn in-

tending readers that Mr. Dearmer has an unaccountable habit of lapsing from slipshod prose into doggerel verse.

As for the story, it concerns a latter-day saint placed by remarkable circumstances in an awkward position, and forced to hide first from public spleen and subsequently from public adulation. There is originality in the idea, and in the selection of the Zoo as a place of refuge, and the theme deserves better treatment than Mr. Dearmer has given it. On occasions he succeeds in being diverting, but he has so many abysmally poor jokes to each good one that to finish the book requires iron determination. However, I believe there is a public for everything, and no doubt Mr. Dearmer will reach and please one.

FRANCIS WATSON.

HINDU HEAVEN, by Max Wylie. *Gollancz*. 7s. 6d.

DURBAR, by Dennis Kincaid. *Chatto and Windus*. 7s. 6d.

THE CHANGELING, by Hassan Ali. *Herbert Joseph*. 7s. 6d.

INDIA has been very popular with novelists during the last year or so, and of the books published Mr. Max Wylie's *Hindu Heaven* is certainly the most provocative and in many ways the most interesting, although one is suspicious that there are more inaccuracies of fact than are at first apparent.

English people, unfamiliar with the East, would be surprised to know how many American mission schools and colleges are to be found there. Mr. Wylie depicts life in an American training college, and he would have written a more convincing book if he did not find it so easy to sneer. His satirical outlook loses force by reason of this lack of restraint and he obviously has difficulty in praising his fellow men.

Jack Farnsworth took up his post on the staff of the American College full of kindly intentions towards his colleagues

and the students, but Mr. Wylie subjects him to a severe course of disillusionment. The young Indians in *Hindu Heaven* are extremely well drawn, but one would not call them representative types. They do not find it necessary to read for examinations which they fully expect to pass in spite of their ignorance. They point out to their lecturers that it will seriously hinder their chances of prosperity in life, if they do not succeed. The staff of the American College are less naive and certainly less attractive. In fact they are so seriously affected by life in the East that most of them become badly unbalanced and extremely abnormal.

In spite of these defects *Hindu Heaven* is a book to read. It has power and it is written with great sincerity.

Mr. Dennis Kincaid's *Durbar* is the best novel about life in India that I have read for a long time. It is the story of twenty-four hours in the history of a Maratha state, and although the period is exceedingly eventful, the characterization and setting are entirely authentic, and the author has succeeded in catching the spirit of change which is a feature of life in India today. The writing is vivid and colourful, and Mr. Kincaid has not allowed the humours and incongruities of the scene to escape him.

Any sincere attempt by an Indian to write in English about his own countrymen is welcome, and although *The Changeling* cannot be considered from a seriously critical standpoint, it is an honest chronicle of the spiritual adventures of a Hindu in India and in Europe. Melodrama is dear to the heart of the Indian, and until Hassan Ali learns to exercise more moderation in his style it will be impossible to accept him as one who is qualified to speak for his countrymen. Writers about India, Western and Oriental, seem to find it difficult to use a temperate judgment in their books.

ERIC GILLET.

THE SINNER, by I. J. Singer. *Gollancz*. 7s. 6d.

CAPTAIN BOTTELL, by James Hanley. *Boriswood*. 8s. 6d.

THE OLD MAN DIES, by Elizabeth Sprigge. *Heinemann*. 7s. 6d.

MR. SINGER'S extraordinary book is written with restraint and power, but the author has kept himself emotionally so remote and aloof from his characters that after the first section the sufferings of his hero, Nahum, cease to arouse our sympathy. It is a book without, so far as I am aware, any real precedent, and it deserves to be widely read. The story deals with the life of a Rabbinic court in Central Europe, on the Russo-Galician border. Although the whole motif and setting is pure Jewish medievalism the action astoundingly enough takes place during the era of steam-engines—which is as near as I can get to dating the story.

In their "blurb", which is more than usually puerile, the publishers omit to mention the not unimportant fact that *The Sinner* is a translation from the original Yiddish. From a literary point of view this makes the book doubly interesting, and if I am right in my impression that there is very little notable modern Yiddish fiction, this book must rank very high indeed, though in a tongue in which it has few competitors.

Nahum and his step-mother-in-law

Malkah sin together, and spiritual and physical retribution follows with a ruthless and biblical certainty. It is in its tragic inevitability that the book's greatest strength lies, but both the strange décor of the teeming hordes of Chassidim at the Rabbinic court and the ancient and direct faith and ritual are almost beyond understanding to the ordinary Gentile reader. It is an amazing book, one to read and wonder at.

The author of *Captain Bottell* has already earned a name for himself, and although I was a little disappointed by it, this story is in many ways remarkable. But Mr. Hanley has two lessons to learn. It makes the reader self-conscious and is damaging to the even flow of the story when the characters utter their thoughts in the first person as if they were speaking aloud. They are as embarrassing as Shakespeare's "asides" on a modern stage—one wonders how the other characters can escape overhearing—and the novelist can get over the difficulty as the dramatist cannot by recording thoughts in "indirect speech" in the third person. The more serious fault, however, is that of constant repetition. In any case the story is almost swamped with the spate of words, and after a time the frequent reiteration of trivial statements becomes positively distressing.

The theme is the rapid disintegration (too rapid, I think, for probability) of the sanity of a hardened sea-captain, who falls in love with the sole passenger on his 7,000-ton tramp-steamer *Oroya*. Captain Bottell is fifty-eight, and the onslaught of passion is too great a strain for him. The end comes after about ten days of the voyage with the Captain, a raving lunatic, alone on a sinking ship amid an inferno of hallucinatory demons. This final chapter is repulsive and would be more so if it really carried conviction. It is the madness of a medieval hell with devils and fire translated into terms of the stokehold.

Mr. Hanley describes ships and storms admirably, but his psychology is too ambitious. Mulcare, the Stoker who was Different, remained an uncertain symbol throughout, and a certain priggishness about him alienated my sympathy. However, the book has force, and, like *The Sinner*, is out of the common run of novels and well worth reading.

Miss Sprigge has chosen the nowadays familiar subject of a large family—of the genus Forsyte—dominated by a tyrannical Old Man. It is a youthful and gropingly sincere piece of work. The characters never cease to discuss themselves and their relations, and there are the misfortunes usual in any story of human society over a period of years. Some of her characters, especially the younger ones, are very cleverly drawn. Caroline, Nicholas and Angela have clearly been copied closely from the life. If her tastes lie in that direction Miss Sprigge at some time in the future will probably write a good modern play; her style is well suited to the dramatic form. *The Old Man Dies* shows a considerable advance upon her earlier work, but she has still to learn that it is impossible and undesirable to write a novel almost entirely in dialogue.

HELEN GOSSE.

teristic of the Islanders which surprised me more than a little was the willing way in which the most unpromising people in the most unpropitious circumstances entered into long and patient explanations of their lives for Mr. Mackintosh's benefit.

Much of the text has previously appeared in the *Radio Times*, and Miss Holtby modestly refers to her book as a "comic strip". But besides humour, of which there is abundance, the keynote of the book is satire, none the less shrewd because it is gentle.

Batt's illustrations with their crude vigour and comprehension of human frailty act as a perfect foil to Miss Holtby's mood; in fact, to my mind, they are, I confess, the most attractive feature of the book.

HELEN GOSSE.

CRUISING IN AND AROUND THE MEDITERRANEAN. Edited by J. Burrow & Co. 2s. 6d.

Now that pleasure cruising has ousted both the Lido and the South of France in popular esteem it is not untimely that an enterprising publisher should produce a little handbook for the nautical education of the land-lubber.

In a brief 150 pages, this book tells all we ought to know about navigation, the parts of a ship, how to tell officers' rank by their uniforms, deck games and the intimidating perplexities of tipping. There is also a topographical section devoted to the chief places of interest on the Mediterranean and the Atlantic Isles.

After reading this little book the cruising tyro can have no excuse for calling a companion-way a staircase, or mistaking the chief steward for the wireless operator, while such expressions as "the port beam" or "a cable's length" will have lost their cryptic significance for ever.

M. M.

THE ARYAN PATH

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THE ASTONISHING ISLAND, by Winifred Holtby. Illustrated by Batt. *Lovat Dickson*. 7s. 6d.

MR. ROBINSON LIPPINGTREE MACKINTOSH, a native of Tristan da Cunha, is wrecked upon the shore of a remarkable but easily recognized island. Through his innocent and unprejudiced eyes our national frailties and idiocies are laid bare. Mr. Mackintosh is no heroic figure, but he endeavours to find out all he possibly can of the habits of the Islanders, and his adventures are both diverting and numerous. One charac-

HOME LIFE IN CHINA

THE HOUSE OF EXILE, by Nora Waln. Cresset Press. 16s.

THE author of this charming book has had experience of China such as few Westerners ever enjoy. Thanks to a friendship between her ancestor and one of the old Canton hong merchants, who traded together in the eighteenth century, she was invited, in 1920, to stay in the mansion (founded when Kublai Khan was reigning) of a northern branch of the Lin family. Once she had learned Chinese—the First Lady, that is the chief wife of the head of the clan, declined to see her until she had—she was adopted as “daughter-by-affection”, now and for ever, not just to Shun-ko, my sponsor, but to the entire clan of Lin.”

Miss Waln poetizes her surroundings more than her countrywoman, Mrs. Pearl Buck, who spares us none of the dirt and sordidness which distress many foreigners in China. Yet her picture is essentially true and vividly revealing. Here one may see how a Chinese lady passes her day; the duties appropriate to each season of the calendar; the immense importance of land in China and the

intricate laws which govern its tenure by “red cards”—all ownership of land being vested in the Government, which can resume possession without compensation if public interest demands it; the head of the family superintending the preparation of his coffin and grave-clothes; the celebration of birthdays, weddings and spring and autumn sacrifices. Also one can learn much of the Chinese mentality and its peculiar habit of seeing all time, past, present, and future, in a single plane, its lofty self-sufficiency, yet, withal, its amazing submissiveness to mob dictation.

This particularly comes out when Miss Waln (having married an Englishman in the Chinese service) arrives in Canton. There she saw a great deal of Dr. Sun Yat-sen, Borodin, the Russian agent, and the dark years of the Communist hold on Young China. Her intimacy with the latter shows once again, from a new angle, how the violent anti-British persecution of 1925-27 was deliberately fomented by the Russians, as also (an age-long truth) that the Chinese are only anti-foreign at official dictation. The folly of British policy in those years is shown by the fact that we threw away Hankow to a Government already deserted by all the best Nationalists, and consisting only of Eugene Chen, Mme. Sun Yat-sen and Borodin.

The book ends tranquilly in the House of Lin once more. The House has begun to buy aeroplanes and motor-cars for its amusement, but the essential genius of China is undisturbed. “It is just a period”, says Shun-ko’s husband. “When you are adequately educated in Chinese history you will comprehend. We have had these intervals of unrest, sixty to a hundred years in length, between dynasties throughout the forty-six centuries of our history”.

O. M. GREEN.

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THE

FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

SEPTEMBER 1, 1933

THE CRISIS BEFORE MR. ROOSEVELT

By S. K. RATCLIFFE

ALL European observers of American events and movements would, I think, be agreed upon at least one proposition—namely, that the public life of the United States cannot be understood in any appreciable degree without the constant renewal of study on the ground. I remember coming upon a clever article in a great newspaper twenty years ago, headed “The Sameness of America”. The implication is fantastic. North America is subject to more continuous and on the whole more striking changes than any region of the globe. Books about American politics, business, and social life may become obsolete within twelve months of publication. Bryce’s *American Commonwealth*, one of the decisive surveys of the last generation, treats of a political system lying between the Civil War and the epoch of Theodore Roosevelt. M. André Siegfried’s famous salute to the United States on its coming of age describes a civilization that vanished with the downfall of Herbert Hoover. In Europe we take for granted that the literature of politics and economics before the War all needs rewriting. In the United States it is now assumed that the inauguration of Franklin Roosevelt, on March 4th, 1933, marks off the old America from the new.

I am convinced that the new Rooseveltian America was no less unexpected by experienced and alert Americans—publicists, let us say, and industrialists—than it was by the machine politicians who managed the Democratic party campaign and thought of the electoral victory as nothing more than an unexampled rout of the once invincible Republican host. As

Governor of New York and presidential candidate, Mr. Roosevelt had played the political game astutely and with no lack of resource. In New York he was popular. The triumph over his physical disability gained for him the reward of a special personal admiration. He was recognized as a State Governor much above the average by reason of education, wide interests, and that imponderable asset which Americans are accustomed to call "background". But his admirers were not led by the four years of his governorship to anticipate that, if promoted from Albany to Washington, Mr. Roosevelt would prove to be a startlingly adventurous President, a great innovator. Yet they saw him on the morrow of his inauguration step out along an utterly untried path, show neither hesitation nor misgiving, take fresh action day by day after swift consultation with his advisers, and never pause to inquire how far the people might be expected to follow his lead.

I was present in Washington on the Fourth of March, and saw Mr. Hoover step down the byway to insignificance after listening to his successor's inaugural address. The passages referring to the preceding Administration had not been composed with a tender hand. The speech was broadcast to a listening world, and the note of resolution that sounded through it was welcomed in Europe and elsewhere as a fresh and heartening sound. But it is interesting to recall, now that Franklin Roosevelt occupies a height among rulers never approached by a President of the United States, that the Inaugural was not a conspicuous success as a Washington deliverance. Its principal points, but not all of them, earned a respectful measure of applause. Several of the passages upon which the President laid emphasis awoke no response, and from the microphone one could remark that the vast audience had perceptibly dwindled before the President reached his close. But he had struck one chord as to which there could be no doubt at all. The nation, he said, had called for action, and action it should have.

But if Roosevelt the constitutional Dictator was unforeseen, what is to be said of the very suggestive parallel and contrast which is afforded by Franklin Roosevelt and Adolf Hitler? The Nazi leader was confirmed in power by the crashing election of March 5th, Mr. Roosevelt's first day in office. Both

were properly elected rulers. Hitler and his Nazis had not seized the Government of the German Republic. After elections carried out within the limits of the Constitution they had been invited to take office. Hitler's appointment as Chancellor could not have been more regular. As leader of a powerful party he accepted the responsibility of governing, and five weeks later a huge electorate ratified the President's action. At the time of Hitler's nomination, however, the German Republic had virtually ceased to function, and within a month of the March election the German people were learning the full character of the Nazi despotism. The establishment of full authority was carried through at a pace far hotter than that attained by any previous dictatorship, including that of Mussolini; and it was associated with the dominance of the Brown armies, displayed through the country with a thoroughness and mobility which made a staggering revelation of the military efficiency that had been achieved by the organizers of the Brown Shirts while Hitler was winning his way with the electorate. There followed the succession of blows which made the month of June the most sensational interlude in the political annals of Germany. Hitler set out to complete the unfinished work of Napoleon and Bismarck. He made an end of all the opposition parties, and so of the Reichstag. He wiped out the Communists, the Social Democrats, and the Catholic Centre, the trade unions and the youth leagues, and, with a daring which neither Kaiser nor earlier Chancellor could have displayed, he swept away the surviving State Governments, made a concordat with the Vatican, and brought the twenty-eight sections of the Evangelical Church into strict conformity with the Third Reich. Hitler, that is to say, drew into his own hands a consolidation of governing power equal to that of Mussolini, and more personal than that wielded by the head of the Soviet Union.

Two years ago, perhaps, it would have been impossible to imagine the Nazi transformation, in view of the fact that the Germany of Brüning was still looked upon as a strong bourgeois republican State. But even so, it would have been remarked, the makers of the Nazi dictatorship knew themselves to be working against a republican Constitution which had never

possessed the confidence or loyalty of the nation, and further, that in the German people they were dealing with the most thoroughly drilled and submissive national community in Europe, a people always begging to be ruled by the strong right arm.

Adolf Hitler is, apparently, as complete a dictator as any system in Europe could produce or maintain. And yet it may be doubted whether his actual powers are as great as those of President Roosevelt, or his position comparable in authority with his. In any case, we know that in respect of security the head of the most obedient people in Europe can make no showing at all when set beside the elected head of the nation which the world regards as more assertive and more unruly than any aggregation of human beings on the planet. Here, obviously, is a very remarkable development of the western hemisphere, and it may be well to summarize the stages by which it has come about.

Mr. Roosevelt has now completed the first half-year of his revolutionary presidency. He did not select the measures by which his constitutional dictatorship was initiated. They were forced upon him by inexorable circumstance, and it is particularly interesting to note that the sensationally important first action to which he was driven, at the moment of his entering the White House, was taken in a field of administration and experiment which in the interval he has not attempted to explore much further. In the closing days of February, 1933, as the outgoing President was preparing to leave, the United States was plunged into the most terrible bank crisis of the modern world. The governors of State after State had ordered all banks and financial houses to close their doors. The greatest national concerns were under suspicion. The withdrawals in every great city were running up to affrighting figures. Bankers of every kind and degree were gazing into a black pit. The banks of New York City were closed by imperative order on the Saturday morning as the crowds in Washington were gathering for the presidential ceremony.

Here, then, was the situation confronting Mr. Roosevelt as he stepped down from the rostrum after proclaiming to the world that the American people had demanded action from their

new President. He opened his reign by issuing an order closing every one of the 20,000 banks in the United States and forbidding all alike to re-open until the ban was lifted. The decree, of course, was obeyed, and, what was much more important, the President's policy was backed up by the willing and good-humoured action of the whole American people. For something like ten days a nation that lives more completely than any other in the atmosphere of coin and paper money contrived to get along without banks, devising whatever expedients offered themselves for the hourly business of exchange, and finding unlimited entertainment in the experience. When the banks were closed, there was not a public or private authority in the country who could have said when the re-opening might be expected, or what percentage of the concerns would prove in the end to be solvent. It was a stupendous gamble. There were experts enough at the time to argue that Mr. Roosevelt took risks such as no new government was justified in taking. But the American public supported the President, and it would be fair to say that a month later those who held that the credit of the country could have been safeguarded by less drastic means and with equal success made a very small minority. Mr. Roosevelt gained extraordinary kudos through this stroke and its success, and he established a happy personal relation with the entire American people by his use of the microphone in the midst of the money crisis. But there, to all intents and purposes, the matter rested.

Through the spring of this year one heard in America no statement more frequently than this, that the banking system of the United States was the most chaotic, unsatisfactory, and dangerous in the world, and that a first duty of Congress and the Administration would be to create an entirely new and comprehensive national structure, combining flexibility in the separate States with a firm system of federal control. The task, however, could not be approached. It is a task of forbidding difficulty. During its brief special session Congress had far too much to do, and the President was grappling with other problems. The result is that a great administrative reform which six months ago was generally taken to be something that could not be put off, has been indefinitely postponed, and the

United States is being hurried through a huge process of industrial and commercial change without the aid of a modern banking system. To the non-technical student of economic and social evolution this is a situation that has in it a look of serious peril. But the United States is a great land of adventure; its normal citizen is one who always takes a chance.

There is no need to dwell upon the policy and methods which, until the adjournment of House and Senate at mid-summer, marked the first three months of the Roosevelt regime. They were new and extraordinarily interesting, and were put through with a speed which seemed altogether bewildering to a business community accustomed to the political *tempo* of the Coolidge and Hoover Administrations. In themselves they were startling enough as a beginning, but since the dispersal of Congress they have been followed up by policies so enormously more expansive and revolutionary that the briefest summary of the earlier measures must suffice.

Mr. Roosevelt began with certain matters of economy and administrative reform. He delivered to Congress a series of concise messages which, with a touch of style unknown to the White House since Woodrow Wilson, invited the co-operation of the Legislature, as Americans say, "in short order". As a result the President was equipped with practically unlimited authority over the federal organization. He started upon the public departments; made a large cut in the lavish annual grant for pensions and allowances to ex-soldiers and their families—the first successful stand ever made in Washington against what is called "the veterans' racket"; and then turned to the pressing problems of currency and budget reform, unemployment policy, the organization of federal relief, and of a scheme of voluntary training for an estimated quarter of a million of idle young men who, coming into the labour market after the start of the great depression, had had no chance of settled jobs.

It is essential to note that, in all this and beyond, President Roosevelt made no effort to obtain additional authority by any other means than those provided by the Constitution and the recognized, if greatly accelerated, processes of legislation. He appealed to Congress for emergency powers and these powers

were granted, although not without vigorous protest and some modification. The Congress of the United States comprises two powerful, traditional, and extraordinarily tenacious Houses of legislature. They are invariably suspicious of the White House, and their jealousy is aroused whenever the Executive seeks to enlarge its powers beyond the normal limits. Mr. Roosevelt's almost unbroken success, in the major matters of his policy, particularly with the Senate, speaks volumes in favour of his persistence and tact, helped, as these undoubtedly were, by the prevailing atmosphere of crisis in which Congress and the departments were working all the time. More than once the President had to call up all his reserves of persuasion, but he was not required to make use of the big stick. It is generally assumed, I believe, that in the first half-dozen emergency measures there was no serious question raised as to possible violation of the letter of the Constitution, except in one particular. The President was given authority to determine the gold content of the dollar. There is, I am informed, more than a little doubt as to the validity of removing that power of determination in any circumstances from the direct control of Congress.

So far, and until the end of June when, legislators having scattered to their homes, the President was left to rule alone, the positive signs of the Rooseveltian dictatorship were relatively undisturbing. July, however, brought a sensational change. The Industrial Recovery Act came into operation, and the country awoke to the knowledge that Congress in the last hours of the summer session had by this measure conferred upon the President a range of authority in domestic affairs going beyond all precedent and transcending the imagination of the American people. There is no parallel to the Industrial Recovery Act in the legislative history of the United States or of Britain. It is an extraordinary product of the American system, made possible under the pressure of necessity and through the character and strength of the confidence reposed in the President.

I began this article by saying that Franklin Roosevelt as dictator was unexpected and unforeseen. I may add that even after the bank crisis, and at the end of the tentative stage in which the President was making trial of the first series of

emergency powers, the Industrial Recovery Act would not have been credible to any grouping of politicians in Washington or to any company of big business men in New York or Chicago. The direction of its enormous range of operations was entrusted to General Hugh Johnson, who bears the title of Industrial Recovery Administrator. Let us see what the Act is, and what under its compendious provisions General Johnson is empowered to do with American industry and labour, American employers and the rest.

The Industrial Recovery Act, says President Roosevelt, is "the most important and far-reaching legislation ever enacted by the American Congress". That is to say, it will prove to be so, if by the end of next year the schemes inaugurated with its aid have attained a fair degree of success. The Act represents, the President continued, "a supreme effort to stabilize for all time the many factors which make for the prosperity of the nation and the preservation of American standards". Note the words "for all time". In the mind of the present Executive this is not an expedient of the crisis; it is a deliberate first step towards a planned economy for the United States, within the recognized frontiers of the American political system and the anti-revolutionary habit of American business. Mr. Roosevelt revealed in his election speeches a much more philosophic approach to industrial and social problems than is customary with presidential candidates. He is far more outspoken in office, being in this as in every other characteristic, a contrast to his immediate predecessors. At the time of the passage of the Act Mr. Roosevelt ventured upon a statement of purposes which must have sounded in the hearing of Boston and Pittsburgh and Chicago rather like a prelude to the social revolution:

The aim of the whole effort is to restore our rich domestic market by raising its vast consuming capacity. The idea is simply for employers to hire more men to do existing work by reducing the working hours of each man's week, and at the same time paying a living wage for the shorter week.

And again, with even more precision, after a reference to "the simple proposition" in the inaugural address, that nobody in America could be allowed to starve:—

It seems to me to be equally plain that no business which depends for existence upon paying less than a living wage to its workers has any right

to continue in this country. . . . And by a living wage I mean more than a bare subsistence level: I mean the wages of a decent living.

To such statements as these, a shock to employers conscious of stagnation in the fourth year of the great depression, the elementary answer was that increased wages meant increased construction costs, and so higher retail prices with their recoil upon purchasing power. Mr. Roosevelt, of course, admitted the point, but urged that retail price increases should be deferred as long as possible, since it was obvious that if prices were inflated as far as wages were increased the whole project would be set at naught.

The President's powers under the Recovery Act are as broad as they could well be made, with the positive aim of promoting the self-government of industry under federal supervision, as a means of regulating competition, improving wages, shortening hours, and increasing the worker's purchasing power. The central feature is a provision for the drawing up of codes of fair competition, by which trades and industries may be closely regulated. Such codes must be submitted to the President for approval; and when no action is taken the President may frame codes on his own initiative. The right of collective bargaining is guaranteed to Labour—a very important step forward in a country where very many employers, including some of the most powerful corporations, have never slackened in their hostility to every form of trade-union practice. Further, the Act authorises a federal bond issue of 3,300 million dollars to finance public works, together with such private projects as could be proved beneficial to the public generally, for the purpose of creating employment.

Now it is obvious that in a country of continental extent, comprising the greatest and most complicated industrial system in the world, a system of unimaginable variety, the task of creating a code for every industry and every branch of commerce must occupy a long time, even if it could be assumed that the whole vast community of industry and trade were ready and willing to co-operate with the Government. The scheme of the Recovery Act could not be other than slow and difficult, but quick action was imperative if the tide of popular response to the President's leadership was not to be missed. Accordingly

Mr. Roosevelt came out with the unexampled proposal of what America knows as his Blanket Code: a provisional plan for the establishment of a national minimum standard, pending the framing and acceptance of the separate trade codes.

The Blanket Code is the most astounding venture of its kind hitherto known in the world of capitalism. It provides that in all industrial occupations a maximum week of thirty-five hours be set up throughout the United States, with minimum rates of pay from thirty to forty cents per hour (the equivalent, roughly, of 1s. 6d.); for clerical and kindred workers the minimum pay to be from \$12 to \$15 per week, with a maximum working week of forty hours. Employers were urged to put the scheme into operation from September 1st to the end of the year, or until such time as the special codes for separate industries were established.

Mr. Roosevelt is a master of the wireless appeal, and he made the blanket code the subject of a broadcast (July 24th), which, I think, may accurately be described as the most keenly debated radio speech so far heard in America. It was the keynote of a National Recovery campaign, which Mr. Roosevelt and General Hugh Johnson have since been leading as a new crusade. The President was led to believe that for America in its present condition and mood there was no other way than this. The country was in danger. The host of unemployed, estimated six months ago at anything between 13,000,000 and 16,000,000, had not been appreciably diminished. The public reserves held by city and State authorities were exhausted and the huge burden of unemployment relief was being transferred to the Federal Government. The forces of disorder in the devastated industrial regions had hitherto been held back in a remarkable degree, but it was almost impossible to believe that a needy populace could be kept quiet as the fifth winter of desolation drew nigh. Moreover, there were no signs of a revival in foreign trade. On the contrary: every country was raising fresh barriers, the World Economic Conference was nugatory, and the United States must look to itself. As the President reminded his fellow-citizens, America had once possessed and rejoiced in a rich domestic market with a vast consuming capacity. Why

should not that market be restored by means of a national recovery plan and a great national drive?

It was the President's hope that by the beginning of August the bulk of the country's manufacturing and commerce might be under the blanket code, with the blue-eagle sign of the N.R.A. ("We do our part") proclaiming from factory and store that the evangelists of national recovery were a mighty and a united host. He was assured that the American people were behind him, and that was true. No American president, in time of peace and with an active programme, has ever come so near to rallying the entire nation as Mr. Roosevelt has done in this half-year of consummate leadership.

Popular support, however, is one thing; acceptance of a new economic programme, highly controversial in character, by the great interests which have known themselves to be the real government of the country—that is quite another thing, as the President and his National Recovery Administrator have been compelled to realize. The national crusade, organized on the plan and in the spirit of the wartime drives, was whipped up throughout the country during August (the least appropriate of crusading months except for camp meetings), culminating in Labour Day, the first Monday of September and the recognized close of the holiday season. General Johnson opened the campaign with the announcement that the Government hoped and expected the national effort to result by September, in the addition of 6,000,000 to the army of the employed, and looked for the steady re-absorption of men and women until the end of the year. These high hopes have not been fulfilled; any detached observer could see in advance that General Johnson was allowing the new wine of national recovery to go to his head. In asking for the adoption of the blanket code the President was stretching his prestige to the limit; in anticipating the assistance of the great industrial corporations and mercantile firms for the establishment of the Recovery Act General Johnson was shutting his eyes to the actualities of the harshest world of fact and theory in the universe of capitalist industry and finance. As this article is being written, in mid-August, it is made known that, while a few important trades have agreed upon distinctive codes and some millions of workers are being

accorded the benefits of the blanket code, the huge basic industries are still without—coal and steel, oil and motor-cars.*

The coming autumn can hardly fail to bring a further crisis, very grave in its possibilities. The President and his associates, although engaged in an immense mobilisation of national fervour, have so far avoided bluff. They have not pretended that American business has fallen into line. Quite otherwise, indeed: both Mr. Roosevelt and General Johnson have repeatedly admitted their disappointment over the slow and painful parturition of the codes. And the threatenings on many sides have been ominous. Nowhere in the world is the latent class conflict so appalling as it is in the United States; and since the Recovery Act came into operation we have had evidences, only too abundant, of the still unaltered policy and attitude of the great corporations, now for the first time challenged from Washington by a Chief Executive armed with a legislative policy of reconstruction and aiming at a radical change in the economic structure. Pennsylvania, during August, was a spectacle bristling with portents. This is the keystone industrial State, dominated by the associated barons of mining and manufacture who have held successive Administrations and Houses of Congress in thrall. They have never before been asked to co-operate with Washington in a "new deal". It is hardly surprising that, when invited to submit codes in harmony with the President's minimum, they should act as they have been accustomed to act when drawing up tariff schedules for a submissive Senate to adopt.

Meanwhile the President goes forward on the way he has marked out. His strength lies in his proved capacity for leadership, his decisive action combined with a notable flexibility of mind, and his power of popular appeal, a power that is unapproached at the present time among the elected heads of nations. He is not, and could not be, a dictator on the European model. He stands upon public opinion, and upon that alone, and he cannot move a further yard without an assurance that he is carrying with him a decisive majority of the nation which has thus far given him overwhelming approval.

* As we go to press it is announced that President Roosevelt has signed codes for the steel and oil industries.

NEW YORK AND CHICAGO TODAY

BY HARRISON BROWN

THERE is an old saying that there are only two good ways of approaching a city for the first time: over water or over a hill. The same applies even more to leaving a place one knows well. New York is blessed among cities in its power to fascinate both the new arrival and the life-long acquaintance. Hard and generous, seductive, beautiful and villainous, there remains always in the memory something feminine about its caprice; its ability to repel and attract alternately.

No city can sway the heart of strangers without the power of water. There, too, New York ranks supreme, with the world's greatest ships steaming past its office windows to dock at the end of its streets. Funnels and masts seen between houses! No sight can more readily stir romance in the wanderer, whether he be from some distant city or from the waving seas of corn of the Middle West. But the best of all the stay-at-home New Yorker misses. The mighty skyline is a famous source of inspiration, and so long as Battery Point and the ferry boats remain visible the cynic and the poet can compete happily together. But it is only when they have faded that the time for impressions really comes. Later, when the ingoing ships at Quarantine have been passed, when the wake already lies like a white streamer behind and Sandy Hook is a smudge to starboard, then, looking astern in clear weather, one may still see the Down-Town towers outlined faintly against the sky, far over Long Island. And then it is that New York calls most strongly.

I have a friend who divides most of his time between an office on the thirty-fifth floor of a business house and a studio on the sixtieth floor of the Chrysler Building. His Club is twenty-five floors up overlooking North River. So common is the

belief that such lofty habits are normal to the Manhattan islanders that the *New York Times* recently had a leader to prove by statistics how uncommon they are. For the benefit, presumably, of "foreigners" from Indiana and beyond it was pointed out that New York has two sky-scraper sections, Up Town and Down Town, and that, in the two or three miles between, the buildings rarely rise above twenty stories. The figures were true but unconvincing—they left out of consideration the fact that each sky-scraper is a city in itself, in which thousands of people do spend their working lives. "Tombstones of Capitalism" they call them today, because the newest and largest have empty acres of unlet suites. The description applies at least to Radio City, a gigantic solid block some eight hundred feet high, just like a tombstone with windows.

But New York is a lively cemetery and its inhabitants show no immediate signs of giving up the ghost. Change there has certainly been since the days of prosperity, and not merely in the skyline. Superficially at least the change is for the better; the impatient answer and the frantic elbow are less common than formerly. "Come with me, dearie, I'll show you", I heard a "cop" say to an old lady who had lost her way. And gallantly he took her by the hand and walked half a block to show her the building she sought. To be "fresh" is an Americanism, but to qualify for it needs a go-ahead disposition. Familiarity which would be "fresh" in London and an offence in Paris, is pure friendliness in New York and almost off-hand in Chicago, where any innocent enquirer is "Buddy" to every cop. Not in Boston, however; Boston is in New England, more England than new.

Such signs of the street can be misleading of course, they tempt too easily to generalizations, which are the pitfalls of observation. Al Smith's chromium-plated Empire State Building may be empty, the "Flat-Iron" bankrupt and almost every hotel in the hands of receivers, but New York is not "broke". It only feels the thrill of trembling on the verge. Bankruptcy in America is not necessarily the end, it may be a beginning. Rarely, in such ways, does prestige crumble, receivers have a way of handing back—to somebody anyhow. But for the moment at least money is not the only standard of success.

Some say it will return as strong as ever, and point to the recent renewed fever of stock speculation from across the Mississippi. The truth is probably that social standards change slowly. Superficially a return of "prosperity" might re-create the acquisitive fervour of pre-Depression days, but it is difficult not to believe that, underneath, a deeper change has begun to work.

To be sure, the octopus of Tammany remains. New York without Tammany would still be Hamlet without the Prince. And Tammany has not changed. "There is no new Tammany and old Tammany", said "Boss" Curry recently, "it is the same old Tammany that ever was". He might have added that it is facing the same old troubles, only on a larger scale, as befits the period. There are the same accusations of graft and duplicity, of extravagance and incompetence. New York's financial troubles are chronic, and ultimatums from the bankers so common as to elicit little comment. Always the crisis is "fixed" somehow. But this time Tammany has let the destitute go hungry, it has begged for counsel from one of the most severe of its recent critics, and the Battle of the Nickel Fare approaches daily nearer. Is the hand of Tammany losing its cunning?

New York politics hinge upon the question of the Five Cent fare, which Tammany has always sworn to defend, but which it must now soon find reason for raising. Though only one subway is operated by the city, the municipality—which in practice is Tammany—controls the fare rate upon all the underground railways, the Elevated and the "surface cars". The companies complain that they cannot make a profit at the present rate, the city refuses to allow them to depart from the democratic "nickel". Tammany is not merely Democratic in Party, it is democratic in policy to the point of demagoguery, and when it goes against the "will of the people" in this vital matter of the fare it will lose much popularity. Tammany is an institution which serves the rich—at a price—and dispenses a fraction of the toll to the poor. Without the rich it would have to change, but without the poor it could not exist; it is the poor who supply votes in quantity, and it is therefore the poor who must be most carefully nursed. Today, however, Curry's appointee, Mayor O'Brien, has been unable to get a vote for poor relief, and the State will not help if the city does not do its share in

raising the dole which all deny exist. Governor Lehman, of New York State, is, indeed, breaking precedents in Albany almost as fast as his predecessor is doing in Washington. That a Governor who received a record Tammany vote should dare to declare a financial dictatorship over incompetent municipalities is a startling indication that Tammany is "on the spot".

The problem is not insoluble, of course. A cynic might point to the name of the lessee of the ground floor of the new "Hall" in Union Square as proof of Tammany's ability to survive. In bold letters across the front of that handsome building appear the words "Manufacturers' Trust Company"! Nor does the solution require much guessing. City employees will take another salary cut, eventually there will come a municipal Traffic Combine; anyhow Tammany's political jobs and sinecure appointments will not be touched. It is, however, possible that neglect of the poor and a recrudescence of exposure may once more herald a reform administration. A "Fusion" candidate is taking shape composed of Republicans and anti-Tammany Democrats. Mayor O'Brien is not popular, there is more spite than gaiety in the way in which New York laughs at the speeches of "the hardest breathing man in public life". Municipal elections are due in November, and Tammany may pass under a temporary shadow.

If the islanders of Manhattan do not all dwell in the clouds, they are all burrowers under the earth. Several million people dive underground in Brooklyn and other outlying boroughs often to emerge in the basement of the building in which they work and in which, at midday, they eat a hurried lunch. At the end of the day they go back through the screaming, stuffy tunnel; and that, for them is New York. Some day the sociologists and ethnologists will discover the New York subway as a convenient specimen tube, full of every culture there has ever been. Like all New York it is "different", and like all the rest, one becomes adjusted to it even before the novelty wears off, even to the incredible noise without which even the entrance turnstiles will not work. A glance along the line of passengers in any car will explain more than words how difficult are the problems of administration and government. From low-type Greek to cultured African, there is every type of beauty

to be seen, and also faces showing every kind of vice. A "tabloid" paper is publishing daily as an item of interest the Chief Medical Examiner's report for all boroughs of New York. In the 185 days from January 1st to July 4th the figures were 591 killed by automobiles and 232 killed by guns.

New York, however, for all its fascinating tiers of worlds piled upon worlds, is a mere gateway to a Continent, and as unrepresentative of what lies beyond as any other gateway. Formerly the bottle-neck through which some cream, but far more scum, passed from Europe to a promised land of plenty, it now sees the tide reversed. Some at least of the ragged outcasts who snatch their sleep at night in the doorways of Wall Street have, in their younger days, crawled into the church porches of Sofia or Warsaw. And not a few would fain return. They say that, one evening when the pilot's cutter was drawing away from an outgoing vessel, a stowaway being put ashore burst into sudden laughter. When asked the joke, he replied:—"I was thinking of the Captain's face when he finds the other dozen hidden aboard".

But for every one who smuggles himself aboard there are a thousand on the railways. So vast is the hobo population that "riding the rails" is now rarely done. Instead of clinging precariously to the undercarriage of the trains, the tramps now ride openly in empty freight cars for all the world to see. It would require an army to clear them all out, and the railway companies follow the line of least resistance. Near the freight yards of big stations and junctions there are recognized hobo camps. Instead of chasing the men off the track, the company detectives often walk along the train at halts shouting to the stowaways that they may come out. A score or two of heads bob up from the ventilators of refrigerator cars and elsewhere. White and coloured, they amble off to camp or to do a few hours begging round the nearest shops and houses. There is only one rule, no man may stay long in one place.

My first view of the Chicago World Fair was over the heads of part of this "Hobo Army", a group of negroes who were lying on the car roofs of a freight train which happened to cross the line of vision. It was a curious introduction to the famous "Century of Progress" Exhibition, and not without signific-

ance. Chicago has been bankrupt during all the time the Fair has been a-building, and even now a vast proportion of its population is unemployed. To be sure the Exhibition "has not cost the city or State one cent", but the Dawes brothers were its sponsors, and it was Charles Dawes, ex-Vice President of the United States, ex-Ambassador and banker, backer of Sam Insull, who told the unpaid city school teachers to "go to hell". Charlie Dawes is not popular in Chicago today, he is one of America's many fallen gods.

Nor is Chicago popular with the rest of America, but Chicago does not care. The "Century of Progress" opened amidst closed banks and tottering corporations. New York sneered, and the country growled that its living standards were falling and that progress was backwards. But Chicago kept right on. The city is perhaps the one place in the world today where "progress" is not a debatable theory but a self-evident fact. The norm of Chicago is neither the gangster who monopolizes its publicity nor the highly cultured people whom it sends to conferences; the norm is an exuberant, self-confident, back-slapping ignoramus. A "sport" who will try anything once, and accept anything laughingly, too, provided only you are cute enough to put it over on him. Chicago is a city which has grown prodigiously but which has never grown up, and the World Fair is the expression thereof.

There is no false modesty about Chicago, no fear of platitude prevents the Chicagoan from loudly asserting what to him is obvious. He knows that, whatever happens, his city must increase in importance and play an ever more influential role in America's destiny. He will tell the world just that: it is time they knew it. No visitor can see the stupendous skyline which fronts the Lake along the "finest street in North America" without being reminded that less than a hundred years ago there was nothing there but a huddle of huts on a mud-flat. Population grown from four hundred to four million; six thousand miles of streets; centre of a domain, within a night's ride, of forty million people; such figures are trundled forth by the page. "Alone we did it!" Let the whole world doubt the theory of human progress: Chicago never will! Bigger and therefore better, one may laugh at the crude standard of values,

but the enthusiasm is infectious, like all that is genuine.

I stood one day by the Civic Opera House, a new and mighty structure by the Canal in the centre of the city. It was built by Insull, a theatre below and towering floors of offices above. When the crash came and Insull fled to Athens, those whom he had persuaded to lease the office suites at enormous rentals hurriedly left, and the Opera, too, moved back across the city. It stands today an empty memorial to a crook financier, nicknamed "Sam's Footstool". As my informant told me of the details, the shrill staccato of the Loop grew even shriller. Whistles and sirens began to scream and all heads turned towards the water. A barge-line drawn by panting tugs came chuffing past, the first which had ever steamed through from the Gulf to the Great Lakes. Chicago had its thrill for the day and was enchanted! But the fleet had come up the Mississippi from New Orleans through thousands of miles of bankrupt farms and desperate townships.

It is from the Exhibition, however, that Chicago is getting both publicity and trade this year. From coast to coast the Fair is boosted, in buses and on stamps, by hotels and clubs and airlines. It opened on May 27th, it will close on November 1st. It is averaging about one hundred thousand visitors daily. But thirty million are said to be necessary to make it pay, and a large deficit seems inevitable. Mention a visit to Chicago in any other part of the United States and the one question is, "What of the Fair?" A description is difficult, a catalogue would be impossible, impressions remain. There is everything from dental exhibits to railroad trains and from airships to 3 lb. babies in incubators. There are cheap imitations of French cafés and German beer-halls and a beautiful replica of a Belgian village. There are the glaring indecencies of the rawest of raw amusement parks, and there are tranquil Californian gardens facing a limitless expanse of blue lake.

As everybody now knows, the two hundred square miles of the city limits provided no site for the Century of Progress. One more push was therefore given to Lake Michigan; bankers waved cheque books and an island sprang from the waters. Buildings arose and huge steel towers, trees appeared on the "made" land and birds to fly in them. Ships sailed upon the

waters, not merely speed boats and yachts, but a torpedo boat of the U.S. Navy; Admiral Byrd's famous schooner from the Antarctic; a fair rigged trader appeared from Norway and a "Bluenose" from the whaling grounds of Labrador. Mention of ships reminds me of another vessel, an outcast from the Fair, moored on the famous Chicago River whose waters have been made to flow backward. It is an Australian convict ship, said to be the oldest vessel afloat, ironically named "Success", and looking curiously incongruous amongst the sky-scrapers. Display boards announce her as the "Ocean Hell", and invite the passer-by to "tread where 21,000,000 others have trodden, not all willingly".

In retrospect some impressions of the defiant circus by the Lake assume more significance than at the time. The chief impression is colour, colour in flaming patches, in dizzy scrawls and screaming columns. No "symphonies" here, a mad jazz riot which fits the city that sprouted it forth. This is no natural offspring from a normal birth, no child carved from the womb of Chicago, it proclaims itself blatantly to be a freak pumped up from Lake Michigan at the behest of the city. And then expanse! A prodigal use of space, inspired perhaps by the thought that there is plenty more under the Lake. A little depressing though in places, those aching avenues and torrid squares. But most striking of all are the memory-racking sights which meet one at every turn. The architecture is mainly in modern European styles, and in America that seems disconcerting. There are examples from the Barcelona Exhibition of 1930, from Paris and Stockholm and Moscow, but most of all from the Kultur Bolshevismus of Germany.

It is at night, however, that the place really comes into its own, as befits an exhibition lit by a star. The opening ceremony when the beam of starlight was caught by a Wisconsin Observatory and transformed into electric energy to start the illuminations, was broadcast dramatically throughout America. It is still a remarkable sight to sit by the lagoon when the millions of coloured lights spring into life and dance in the water, criss-crossed by the reflection of the sky-ride cables, like a black net spread to catch fairies. That is not the official note of the Fair, however; at that moment we are adjured to "reflect again

that it is *progress* speaking with exultant voice of up-to-the-second advancement".

It is perhaps just this boisterous Chicago insistence upon "advancement" which rouses the perverse imps of cynicism. Certain it is that to mount one of the twin observation towers at night, six hundred feet above the yelling "barkers" and their shows, is to be intrigued into reflection more than the Chinese lecturer in the beautiful Jehol Temple at its foot can induce. Vast, gaudy butterfly though it is, the Fair seems small from there. On one side stretches the black immensity of the lake and on the other the spotted density of the fantastic city, thirty-eight miles across from north to south, fourteen from the shore inland. North Michigan Avenue lies at one's feet. But it is no longer just a magnificent skyline, with its row of giant illuminated towers shouting progress at the clouds and the Wrigley Building shining like a block of white marble down a canyon between them. One sees over the brave front, across the hectic "Loop" and far beyond to the endless miles of mean frame houses and their junk yards, where the children of half Europe lie clotted in national undigested "sections". Bond Street and Shoreditch are comprehending sisters compared with Michigan Avenue and the little Poland of South Side, in whose streets the language and gay peasant costumes of the Poles are still used, and where to be lost is less amusing than in Warsaw.

No doubt the truth is that to celebrate a century of progress one must shed some years. "Be not your age" should be written across the gate, and having taken that precaution, we may plunge in bravely. Then the coloured fountains can play to their purpose and "the largest amount of rare-gas tubes ever used on any one surface" evoke the expected gasp. Then the Westinghouse Robot will amuse without disturbing, and the kettle of liquid air boiling on ice will not call forth some odious comparison. Then we may safely see the pictured display of two billion years of progress and be duly awed by each tick of the clock "which represents ten million years of earth's advancement".

It is a thousand miles from New York to Chicago, and Chicago is less than one third of the way across the continent. News of America comes to Europe from New York and Washing-

ton, and is often edited. News of Europe in America may be inadequate, but it is usually unbiased reporting, and at least it comes from every capital. Washington knows the significance of these distance figures, hardly any foreigners realize it, and but few Americans. One is told constantly of the long journeys which can be made without changing cars or money. But one is not told, because most people do not know, that the money tends to change itself. A dollar in New York may be a bare 75 cents in the West or a dollar and a quarter in the South. The Federal "Code of Fair Competition" now ruling for the textile industry takes cognizance of this by stipulating that the minimum wage for the same hours shall be somewhat more in the North than in the South. But even the tourist can notice the difference. There is nothing elsewhere which quite equals the value given by the spotless New York cafeterias, where, for thirty cents, the business man or his stenographer can buy the ideal hot weather lunch.

The United States is not yet a nation, it is a continent in which two factors pull in opposite directions. Its industrial regionalism makes for insistence on State rights and jealousies, whilst, on the other hand, the Presidency acts as a focusing point for the slowly developing national consciousness. The unprecedented centralization of authority under the present Administration obviously favours the latter. The logical deduction would seem to be that a period of intensive nationalism is inevitable.

Seen from close to, the vast experiment which has focussed the attention of the world upon it seems just a period of confused excitement. A convinced democrat is profiting by a period of scepticism about democracy to make some remnant of democracy work. At a time of lack of faith in national and political institutions, Roosevelt uses the prestige of the Presidency, and scientific means of propaganda, to obtain popular consent for dictatorial measures. In so far as he succeeds, the effect must be to weld the country to a national consciousness as never before. How far the economic planning can succeed; if it can be halted when desired and private initiative still allowed some scope; whether the gap between production and purchasing power can be bridged: these are problems whose development

the onlooker from afar can often see more clearly than the ordinary man in America.

The United States has plunged in where tradition-bound Europe has hitherto only dared to talk. Economic planning is being tried out in a region, and on a scale so vast that only time can assess the success or failure of the experiment. Even the by-products of the attempt to date are noteworthy, the abolition of child labour, for example, and the coming attempt to grapple with the crime problem by Federal action. Obstacles and saboteurs there are in plenty, but so far all attempts to hinder the progress of the Recovery Administration seem but to have forged fresh weapons of attack. The President "makes the front page" every day, and often the headlines have been so startling that their true significance has been lost upon the reader. One thing only seems plain to the man in the street at present. The United States has a leader who is "doing things". All reports of diminishing popularity are absurdly premature.

THE JUDGES AND THE CONSTITUTION

BY SIR ALFRED HOPKINSON K.C.

THE letter of the Judges which was read by the Lord Chancellor in the House of Lords on July 27th in answer to an enquiry by Lord Hanworth shows very clearly the true nature of the constitutional question involved in the "cut" in their salaries and the manner in which it was made. The matter is one which must, as soon as Parliament meets in the autumn, be discussed and proper steps taken. As was pointed out in the House of Commons, it cannot be dealt with properly by question and answer, but ought to be the subject for a definite debate there unless the error made is rectified first. As Parliament rose the day after the Judges' letter was read, nothing could be done until after the recess.

The point of real vital importance now is not whether the salaries of the Judges are adequate or inadequate, nor whether men of first-rate intellect and character would be willing to accept judgeships at the reduced salary. There are and always have been many men at the Bar well fitted for the judicial office whose professional income is less than that of the Judges', even after the cut. The idea that you necessarily get better men for important work by paying more money is false. The greatest of the Apostles was content with the wages of a working tentmaker. It was Simon Magus who thought that a big sum paid in cash would secure for him power to exercise apostolic functions. But we have actually heard the insulting suggestion made recently that judges would pay special regard to members of the Bar who make much bigger incomes than that of a judge and that fashionable leaders would receive undue advantages in the Courts because they command a high price in a professional market. At the same time, in determining the remuneration of those who exercise high judicial functions it is false economy and thoroughly bad policy not to fix a sufficient sum to keep them free, as a rule, from

financial anxiety, to maintain a suitable position with the exercise of proper care, to know that they have security and to ensure that the strain of their work is not excessive.

What those who have watched the course of public life for many years—and have reached an age when it would be absurd to be influenced by personal considerations—fear in the recent action with regard to the position of the Judges is the tendency to substitute arbitrary will for the Reign of Law. I believe the German word *Willkür* is used to express exactly what is meant. The essential thing is to maintain the independent tribunals, open to all and carrying on their work in public, giving their decisions in accordance with precedent and established rules embodied in the Common Law and Equity, and not subject to the orders of any person or body of persons whatever. That this applies to commands from the Crown in the discharge of their judicial functions by the Judges has been well established from the days of the Stuarts and also, as is truly stated by Dicey, "an English Judge will take no notice of the resolutions of either House".

At the same time it must be fully admitted that when the will of Parliament has been expressed in an Act of Parliament the Judges are bound to give effect to it. They must ascertain its meaning—if they can—and not enter into the question whether the Act is bad or good. For example, if an Act were passed that the Ten Commandments should never be printed without omitting the word "not" in (say) the last six of them, and heavy penalties were imposed for reading them without that omission, no doubt the Courts would be bound thereby. Indeed such a situation might actually arise, after a swing of the electoral pendulum. The Tenth Commandment without the word "not" would be an excellent slogan for the Communist Party, and when the majority of the House of Commons becomes imbued with ideas imported from Russia, the Sixth, Seventh and Eighth Commandments without the word "not" might be taken as defining the legal duties of the citizen after a Bill had been sent up three times from the Commons to the Lords and become law under the Parliament Act.

To return to the question of legality of the "cut" and the effect of the National Economy Act, it is not disputed that when

the National Government came into power it was necessary to take drastic measures to reduce expenditure. Among those measures were reductions in wages and salaries. But the salaries of the Judges and their position as quite independent of the Executive had been established long ago. The amount of the salaries of the High Court Judges had been declared by section 13 of the Judicature Act of 1873 to be £5,000 a year. The obvious course, if a reduction was urgently required, was to ask the Judges for their consent to it. We know from their letter that this was not done. They say "we must express our deep regret that no opportunity was given to the Judges of offering a voluntary reduction of salaries for an appropriate period". Those salaries "have never"—as they point out—"been the subject of a House of Commons Vote." Any reduction without their consent was obviously illegal unless an Act of Parliament was passed expressly stating it or authorizing it to be made by Order in Council. If a clause had been included recognising that the position of the Judges was unique and giving power expressly to reduce their salaries, it would not have been possible to say that the reduction was illegal though such a course might be unconstitutional. Instead of that the Executive apparently wanted to pool the Judges with those who were really servants of the Crown and ignore the wide difference which distinguishes them in a way which is vitally important for the preservation of the right of everyone to the protection of law against arbitrary encroachment from any quarter.

It seems perfectly clear that whatever may have been intended by those who drafted the National Economy Act of 1931, that Act does not apply to the Judges of the High Court. They are not, as the Judges point out, "persons in His Majesty's Service." What does constitute the status of a servant is really the fact that he is bound to take orders and obey a superior in discharging his duty. The highest authority on the English language, Murray's Dictionary, gives this as the definition of a servant and defines "service" as "the condition of being a servant". Mr. J. H. Morgan in a letter to *The Times* on July 9th, collected cases and instances which are conclusive against the idea that the words of the Economy Act, 1931, can apply to the Judges, and these precedents may well be quoted if a debate

takes place when Parliament meets in the autumn. We may therefore take it as established that the cut is illegal, though it might of course be made legal by another Act of Parliament. Such an Act of Parliament would, however, be unconstitutional, and in a country like ours, where there is no written Constitution, it is of vital importance to watch with jealous care any steps which interfere and fundamentally alter the guiding principles and rules of the Constitution which are the safeguards of our liberties.

The legal and the constitutional questions involved in the reduction of the Judges' salaries are closely connected, but must be kept distinct and considered separately. The question of its legality depends on the construction of the National Economy Act, 1931. If the Judges of the High Court were "persons in His Majesty's Service"—to use the words of that Act—the reduction in their salaries is legal, however much it may be opposed to those principles which have grown up as part of our national life and been recognised as established by long custom although not embodied in a written constitution. It is these principles that have made our country a land of settled government

"Where freedom slowly broadens down
From precedent to precedent."

The words have been often quoted but are not "common-place". The right position has been well described by a great historian (G. A. Freeman):

"We now have a whole system of 'political morality', a whole code of precepts for the guidance of public men which will not be found in any page of either the Statute or the Common Law but which are in practice held hardly less sacred than any principle embodied in the Great Charter or in the Petition of Right. In short, by the side of our written law there has grown up an unwritten or conventional constitution."

When an Englishman speaks of conduct being constitutional or unconstitutional he means something different from what he means by conduct being legal or illegal. It is on this system of "political morality" as thus defined that attacks have been made and have been brought to a head by the attempt to treat the Judges as civil servants. It is by no means the first attempt of the executive to usurp functions which, according to constitutional practice, should be discharged by the Courts. Some of us

on both sides of the House of Commons in January, 1929, called attention to a clause of the Local Government Bill which gave to the Minister what was really a "dispensing power" over an Act of Parliament, and our opposition was at least partially successful. When the Bill came on for Report in February the Attorney-General referred to a proposal that had been made by the Member for the English Universities with a view to meeting the constitutional objection that had been raised to a clause in the Bill and said "that proposal in substance is what the Minister now asks the House to adopt". It is the duty of the members of the House of Commons to preserve the fundamental principles of the Constitution, not simply to follow the directions of the Whips of their party, as is too commonly done.

Unless the attack on the Constitution involved in the attempt to alter the position of the Judges is successfully resisted, it will be followed by others. The fabric which has been built up by successive generations of Englishmen will be undermined and the safeguards of our individual liberties will disappear one by one. It is not the unfettered judgment of representatives in Parliament that will prevail, but they themselves will be compelled to act from time to time as directed by some outside body. It may be a party caucus or the committee of some organized trade to which they have promised obedience. In our country there is no provision for a referendum on any question, however vital, to ascertain the real will of the people. Fluctuating majorities in a single Chamber may determine policy, if such a word can properly be applied at all to their action. Then the country, having substituted arbitrary will for law as administered by independent judges and for "constitutional morality", would demand the firm rule of a Mussolini or a Hitler as a way of escaping from the chaos into which it had fallen.

FRANCE WILL NOT GO FASCIST.

BY PHILIP CARR

THERE has lately been a certain ferment in the French political world, and, particularly, a considerable amount of discussion on political theory. There have been signs of a reshuffling of parties, of a search for new ideals and perhaps also for new men—though there are as yet no marked signs of the latter having been found. From all this some foreign observers have concluded, rather hastily, that France is "going Fascist".

I think they are mistaken if they imagine that the country is likely to be swept by any form of dictatorial government which will brutally abolish liberties or oppress classes. I am convinced that France remains profoundly democratic. As M. Herriot humorously put it the other day, there is little hope of success, in modern France, for a regime in which it would be forbidden to speak ill of the government.

France is democratic in nothing more than in her attitude towards her army. In its spirit as in its organization, the French army is an army of the people. There is no officer caste, except in a purely professional sense, and never, since the Revolution, has the relation of an officer to his men been one of social superiority. Moreover, the Frenchman has long been jealous of the possibility of the army being used to suppress his liberties, and has taken all sorts of precautions against it. Still more would he view with suspicion the rise of any political organization of a semi-military character, and there is no sort of sign in France of black shirts, brown shirts, or shirts of any but the ordinary hosiers' colourings. There was an attempt, a few years ago, to create a body of blue shirts, with a vaguely Fascist programme, but they were soon laughed out of existence. Even the young Royalists, though their political influence is by no means unimportant in the direction of conservatism, if it is negligible in that of a royalist restoration, would not think of parading the

streets in military formation—and still less in uniform—or of attracting attention to themselves as a disciplined body.

A Fascist movement in France would therefore find considerable difficulty in creating the instrument which has made its success possible in other countries.

Must it be concluded that the French are quite satisfied with the working of their democratic institutions? Certainly not. They even see the possibility of these institutions leading, in the by no means distant future, to a financial and economic deadlock. The franc has been depreciated once, and the thrifty, in this land where thrift is worshipped in practice as well as in theory, have once been virtually ruined. They must not be ruined again, says everyone, and therefore the franc must be kept on gold. But the franc can only be kept on gold if the public finances are stabilized: that is to say, if the budget is balanced. And the budget can only be balanced by increasing the taxes or reducing the expenses. And no politician or government dares to risk the unpopularity of proposing either. The taxes which already exist are so heavy that in certain country districts there are the beginnings of an organized refusal to pay them. As for reducing expenses by cutting down the salaries of public servants, the mere suggestion of it has been the real if not the ostensible reason for the fall both of the last government of M. Herriot and of that of M. Paul-Boncour. This was pointed out in very plain language by the general secretary of the French union of elementary school teachers, who, in a speech at the annual congress of the union on August 4th, triumphantly proclaimed the power of the public servants to call any government to heel, and announced that if, in October, the Minister of the Budget carried out his supposed intention of reducing their salaries by ten or fifteen per cent., they would declare a general strike and bring the present government down.

It is this situation which induced M. Laval, a few months ago, to make a speech in which he asked whether, after all, parliamentary government was not a system suited exclusively to periods of prosperity—without, however, suggesting any alternative. It is this situation which has caused M. Caillaux, who, in his important position of Chairman of the Senate's Finance Commission, has become a sort of fatherly monitor of

successive governments, to talk of a return to the severe financial virtues of the past, and to hint at some reinforcement of authority to facilitate that return. It is this situation which has prompted M. Tardieu, who has hardly been seen in the active political scene since his defeat at last year's elections, to advocate certain drastic constitutional reforms from the rather remote platform of a series of articles in the weekly *Illustration* and the evening paper *Liberté*. It is this situation which has led a certain number of Socialists to ask, in their recent national congress, whether they ought not to sacrifice certain of their principles of irreconcilability with other parties, in order at last to get something practically done, and whether they should not be prepared, if necessary, to take measures to impose the will of the great majority of the nation when that will is clearly expressed.

But the guarded speeches of two former Prime Ministers, the articles of a third in an illustrated paper and the declarations of individual Socialists, who are not yet leaders in their party and so far definitely represent only a minority in it, significant as they are of a trend of opinion, would not be evidence of a Fascist movement, even if they were Fascist in direction. And they are not. They are in fact little more than proposals in some degree to assimilate France, with regard to the power of control of the executive over the legislature, to the practice of certain other countries which nobody has yet thought of accusing of not being democratically governed.

The Chamber of Deputies is independent of the government in two ways in which the House of Commons is not. First, it disposes absolutely of its own time, of which the government cannot earmark any. Second, it cannot in practice be brought to heel by the government holding over its head the threat of dissolution. No doubt the Prime Minister can ask the President of the Republic to dissolve the Chamber; but under the Constitution of 1875 the consent of the Senate is required also, and although big words about dissolution have often been used in the history of the Third Republic, there has only been one case during its existence of nearly sixty years when a Chamber has been dissolved instead of running out its four years' life; and that case—the famous *Seize Mai* of Marshal MacMahon in 1877—created such a scandal that it has never been renewed.

Now, among the four constitutional reforms suggested by M. Tardieu, not the least important—and perhaps the most important in its effect upon the discretionary powers of the Prime Minister—is to give him just that right to insist upon a dissolution in the event of a parliamentary defeat which the British Prime Minister has possessed for generations. No doubt the effect of other of his proposals would be to limit the influence of the Chamber—for instance, the withdrawal from it of the right of initiative in matters of expenditure and the giving to the Prime Minister of the faculty of appealing on separate issues to a referendum of the people. But the second of these, if it is anti-parliamentary, is certainly not anti-democratic, while the first might be justified as being no more than a practical solution of the deadlock at present resulting from the financial pressure of organized electoral interests and fractions of the nation, and indeed was so justified by M. Tardieu, as was also his fourth proposal, which was to make the tenure of an employment in the public service incompatible with the professing of opinions—such as Communism—which are hostile to the existence of the present State.

It is possible to describe these proposals of M. Tardieu as reactionary, particularly in their probable effect upon the actual parliamentary situation. It is hardly possible to use them to justify the description of M. Tardieu himself as the leader of a French Fascist movement. Moreover, the fact that M. Tardieu, who continues in his newspaper articles to preach a crusade against Socialism, deplored, the other day, the lack of enthusiasm for his proposal, is in itself sufficient to show that his Fascism—if Fascism it can be called—is not very dangerous.

But, it may be argued, the demand for a free hand, for the granting of discretionary powers or “full powers”, for the right to issue “decree-laws” and for other euphemisms for what would virtually be a dictatorship have been very much in the mouths of French politicians in the last few years, and it is not necessary to go very far back into French history to find dictatorships which were successfully established and were even welcomed by the French people.

Here it is necessary to differentiate. When all power is overthrown by a revolution, whoever then assumes power usurps it.

His position is legalized only by the fact that it is accepted. Such was the position of Napoleon I. Such was the position of the provisional government of 1848 and of that of 1870. Is this the sort of power of which the politicians have been recently talking? Surely not. Napoleon III, on the other hand, when he was President of the Republic, became so by the overwhelming plebiscite of the French people, and only later overthrew the Constitution under which he had been elected. Mussolini, Pilsudski and Hitler have all obtained the discretionary powers which they now wield by means which have never violated constitutional forms. Their parliaments have permanently abdicated in face of them, that is all. Is it this more or less constitutional dictatorship which the French politicians of today have in mind when they talk of full powers? Surely not that either, even though the President of the Senate, a few months ago, did, in a speech which may charitably be attributed to the pardonable exaggeration of an enthusiastic old gentleman, but was nevertheless heartily cheered by all the other old gentlemen present, say: “Authority is not asked for. It is taken. The Republican Senate asks you to take it”—“you” being the President of the Republic.

What these politicians have had in mind is a much more restricted affair. It is a matter either of virtually unlimited powers delegated by parliament to the government for a strictly limited purpose, or of similarly delegated powers, but limited not only as to purpose but also as to duration and as to the manner of putting them into practice, and, most important of all, with their exercise subject to parliamentary confirmation within a short period.

Parliament has been definitely asked, within the last ten years, to grant “full powers” of each of the two kinds just mentioned. One case was in 1926, when the Caillaux-Briand government demanded powers to “take all appropriate measures to restore the public finances and to stabilize the currency”. These powers were refused by the Chamber, and M. Herriot, then its President, took the unprecedented course of descending from the chair to defend the parliamentary prerogative. Less than a month later, the same Chamber granted to M. Poincaré the more closely limited powers indicated above—the purpose being

restricted to economies by means of the suppression of superfluous posts and other administrative measures, and the further safeguard being added that any "decree-law" promulgated by the Government which exceeded these limits would be null and void. M. Herriot evidently considered that the rights of the Chamber were now sufficiently protected, for he was a member of the coalition government which asked for this delegation of powers. M. Poincaré had previously obtained from the Chamber, in 1924, a similar free hand to carry out the details of his proposed administrative reforms and economies, but he had never used it, as he was defeated at the elections of that year.

An authority similar to that which was granted to M. Poincaré on August 3rd, 1926, is what every French politician of today is thinking of when he writes and speaks of "full powers". It was probably no more that M. Caillaux—though he did himself ask for more in July, 1926—was thinking of when he made his speech the other day in the country and said that the sense of authority and the will to authority (but always with the co-operation of public opinion) were necessary for the solution of the budgetary crisis by reduction of expenditure.

But it will be objected again that if the idea of Fascism goes no further than this in parliamentary circles, it goes a great deal further in the country; that there are all sorts of evidence that the French, like most other peoples, care far less than they did for the idea of political liberty; that they would even welcome the possibility of attributing their economic and other troubles in these hard times to a dictatorial government instead of feeling that they are themselves responsible, even indirectly, for what has happened and are called upon, even indirectly, to find the remedy; that the younger generation is thoroughly sick of the abstract dissertations of the old political gang, and is impatient for realizations; that the old and once passionately disputed political issues, such as clericalism, are as dead as the old political parties; and that the field is now open to any bold and attractive political adventurer, who, like Boulanger on his black horse, can capture the imagination of the people.

Above all, it will be objected that the recent dissensions in the Socialist party show which way the wind is blowing. The young and active men are breaking away, it will be pointed out, and

M. Léon Blum himself will be quoted to prove that their direction is Fascism.

Now let us take the general trend of feeling in the country first, and let us remember that, however important Paris may be intellectually, in the creation of ideas and theories, the country in France, speaking in terms of political power, is the French peasant. What Paris and the half dozen large towns—for there are no more—may think stands for nothing in the balance against what the peasant wants. For France remains mainly an agricultural country. The French peasant farmer, who is nearly always a very small landowner, cultivating his own little property with no help beyond that of the members of his family, was suddenly made, by the Revolution, the only real political force in France. It has taken him more than a century to find his feet and even to realize his power. He was dazzled by the empty militarism of Napoleon I, by the empty eloquence of Lamartine, by the empty glamour of Napoleon III, and by the still more empty gallantry of Boulanger; but he has got over all that, and now he is the most solid and conservative figure in Europe. Although modern communications have done much to hasten change, the old political issues are not quite so dead in the villages as some Parisians think. In any case the modern peasant will not be in favour of adventure. He will grow restive, as he is restive now, under increased direct taxation, for he hates paying any taxes at all; but find a new way of taxing him indirectly, so that he does not notice it, and he will say nothing. Not very hopeful material for Fascism is the French peasant proprietor.

As for the Fascism of the Young Socialists, the Paris papers, delighted at such a fruitful topic for the dead season, have been full of the discussion of it. But the evidence of M. Léon Blum is not conclusive. The very fact that he, the leader of the official party from whom the young bloods broke away, should have thrown the adjective at them is some indication, coming from so wily a political manœuvrer, of the little credit which it will bring them and of the little support which Fascism is likely to receive in the country.

Of course, there is a certain foundation for the taunt. If there were not, it would have no sting. The Young Socialists, together with those Left Wing Radicals with whom they are in

close sympathy, have taken "deeds, not words" as their motto. If they have separated themselves from those Socialists who refuse to share power with the Radicals, it is in order to get something done and in order not to remain for ever in the world of theory; and they are not afraid to contemplate the ultimate use of force to impose the will of the great majority of the country, which they declare to be the most logical development of democracy. Or, as Jean Luchaire, who expresses the view of their Radical allies, has put it, they are determined to bring an economic democracy into being, and if interested and organized minorities use political democracy as a means of resisting the advent of economic democracy, they are ready to suspend political democracy in order to defeat the conspiracy.

However, all that is in the realm of the problematical, and as yet represents no organized political movement. As far as the political situation of today is concerned, the real truth is that the whole of this quarrel of abstract principles has been invented, and even improvised, to give moral and theoretic justification to a rivalry of personal ambitions. Moreover, the whole dispute, in so far as it is not entirely personal, is one of party expediency. M. Renaudel and his younger Socialist friends want to hold office. They represent the middle-class elements in their party, and they see their political future in an alliance with the middle class elements of the Left Wing Radicals. M. Léon Blum and the majority of the Socialists still see their political future on the Extreme Left. They refuse to lose ground to the Communists by leaning too much towards the Radicals. M. Blum is consequently very scornful about those who are trying to break away to his right, and, looking around to give to their revolt an appearance of being far more to the Right than it really is, brands them as Fascists, confident that this stigma will thoroughly discredit them in the eyes of the pure Socialists. The accusation is reproduced with joy by Fascist papers in Italy and Hitlerite papers in Germany, both delighted to give publicity to any indication of the spread of their own principles to other countries. It is vigorously taken up by the accused, who, while they deny that they are Fascists, naturally try to show that between them and the older Socialists there is a difference of opinion on dogma to justify what is really their purely opportunist separation from

their colleagues. M. Blum pursues his attack by predicting that at the Radical party congress in the autumn there will be a split similar to that which occurred at the Socialist congress, and he contemptuously continues that the two Fascist groups will no doubt unite, and we shall then see what he ironically describes as "the great democratic, authoritative, Socialist and national party, which represents the aspirations of the whole of France"; and that party will go on to form "a new kind of Coalition government with some spirit in it, a government which will make a noise, a government of Public Safety which will ensure *Order* by means of *Authority*"—both words underlined by M. Blum himself with an irony which is perhaps a little forced.

What is much more likely to happen in the near future is that in October, when the Chambers reassemble, the dissident Socialists will have their courage in breaking away from the party put to the test. If they vote for giving some kind of full powers to M. Daladier in order to enable him to enforce his Budget Minister's proposal for a drastic reduction of Civil Service salaries, the dispute in the Socialist party will continue, and they, the dissidents, will be accused of being more Fascist than ever—with the incidental result, of some interest to M. Daladier, that his government will just be saved from defeat. If their courage fails them, and they conclude that their constituents will not forgive them for abandoning the civil servants, we shall probably hear little more of their dissidence or their Fascism, of which we should probably have heard nothing at all if it had not suited M. Blum to discover it.

And yet the ferment in the political world is there. There is a real impatience with the old war cries, a real desire to re-cast the metal of the old political ideals. "The younger generation in politics", wrote M. Herriot the other day, "are in search of a doctrine which will enable them to bring an intellectual discipline to the examination of the anarchic complexity of the facts of today"; and he continued that the planned economy—"économie dirigée"—which they advocate is neither Fascism nor collectivism.

It is true that the younger generation, not only in the Socialist party, but in all the parties of the Left and even among such advanced groups of the Right as are not afraid of their practical

idealism being accused of being Socialist, are evolving new programmes which run along lines so parallel that, in spite of the rules of geometry, they will perhaps converge. Tired of the constantly diminished prospect of Socialist ideals being realised on the international plane, and perhaps fired by the example of the realization of some of them and the promise of the realization of others by Mussolini and Hitler on the national plane, they have become, not Fascist, but to some extent nationalist. Like the John Bull of Low's cartoon they conclude that they must dig themselves in, since everyone else is digging himself in. But their programmes are not Fascist, and, if they are inspired by Socialism, it is not the pitilessly logical Socialism of yesterday, but a more practical Socialism of tomorrow. Listen to the social programme expounded by Bertrand de Jouvenel, the son of the Senator and Ambassador and a typical representative of that part of the younger generation which stands half way between Radicalism and Socialism. Here it is:— Trades Unionism incorporated into the State but not crushed by it (long a favourite idea of M. Paul-Boncour); control of banks by the State: nationalization of the few industries which are of the nature of public services; the organization of consumption on the basis of the co-operative system; a working association of employers and employed by means of committees in all factories. Not very dangerously revolutionary, this—and not very Fascist either.

It may even be admitted that there has arisen, in the economic situation of the young people in the lower middle classes in France, a state of things analogous to that which in Germany brought many recruits to Hitlerism, and that this state of things has arisen quite recently—in the last three years. Although there is very little unemployment in the labouring classes, educated young people are finding it very difficult to embark on any kind of career. There is an enormous excess of applicants for every opening.

But this state of things, though it may produce a certain unrest, can be found in countries which are in no danger of Fascism; and it is not dangerous enough in itself to produce Fascism in France.

THE HUDSON BAY ROUTE TO CANADA

BY D. WILSON MACARTHUR

TOWARDS the end of July, a ship sailed from Glasgow and other ports with over 2,000 tons of general cargo for Churchill, Manitoba, inaugurating the first full season for the new seaport of the Canadian Prairie Provinces.

The Hudson Bay route, which places Manitoba in the category of a Maritime Province, is no longer in the experimental stage. It is a *fait accompli*. Whatever its detractors may say of the rashness of this great experiment, it has, within a very few years, confounded its critics and shown that it possesses the most striking and inspiring potentialities. Its importance, in the event of a general revival of world trade, will be considerable; for the fact that the s.s. *Pennyworth* last year carried out general cargo from Britain and Belgium and brought back flour as well as grain disposes of the popular supposition that the value of the route is primarily confined to grain cargoes. Consignments for Edmonton, Saskatoon, and points west, including such a heterogeneous collection as whisky, cheese, barbed wire, teddy bears (a polar bear was shot in Churchill harbour a few days before the teddies were unloaded!) and underwear, and in addition, the first passengers to use the route*, signalized the development of Churchill into a fully fledged seaport for both outgoing and incoming cargoes.

No more romantic location for such an adventure as the opening up of a new trade route could have been found anywhere. Romance, indeed, breathes in the air of Churchill. Every mile of the Hudson Strait and Bay is instinct with the glamour of desperate enterprises of long ago. There are more truly historical sites in the region than almost anywhere else on the American continent. Name after name signalizes some incredible achievement, or perpetuates the memory of some intrepid explorer.

* The author and his wife.

The white man's struggle in the Far North has been one against the massed forces of Nature, not against other men. There is an added sublimity in the history of such a struggle, and an added glory in its ultimate success.

The new route has long been regarded askance by shipping companies, and, what is far more serious, by shippers and underwriters. Yet observation and experience have largely disposed of the dangers, real and imaginary, which beset it.

The voyage may be quite uneventful. If the passage to Greenland is apt to be stormy, it is also the shortest possible ocean crossing, and when the Davis Strait is reached the full force of the Atlantic is lost. Last year the s.s. *Pennyworth*, sailing through the Pentland Firth and taking the most northerly course, encountered bergs only when approaching Greenland. They became more common after passing Cape Farewell and entering the Davis Strait; but at the mouth of the Hudson Strait a wireless direction-finding station on Resolution Island communicated weather bulletins and ice warnings, and soon after the Canadian Government icebreaker and patrol ship N.B. MacLean arrived to escort her through the ice.

Strange as it may seem, the Hudson Strait never actually freezes over. Navigation becomes impossible on account of floes working down the Foxe Channel, which block the passage. Bergs come down the Davis Strait, enter Hudson Strait at Resolution, and work their way westwards along the shore. Those that do not strand—the whole rock-bound coast is dotted with gigantic bergs—cross over eventually at the mouth of the Bay to the south side, and are carried thence by currents eastwards, gaining the open at Cape Chidley, after which they drift down the Labrador coast, later to plague the masters of liners and tramps making the St. Lawrence passage. Other bergs work down the Foxe Channel into Hudson Strait, along with field and floe ice, and join the drift eastward; but none enters the Bay.

Shore ice, which forms and extends in places to forty or fifty miles out, clears quickly, and by the beginning of August the Bay is entirely free. The patrol ship tracks the floes from the Foxe Channel, and radios to ships the course to follow through them. Fog, the worst danger in ice-strewn waters, is of sporadic occurrence and short duration in the Strait. It seldom lasts as much as

six hours, comparing very favourably with the St. Lawrence route, where fog is normal during certain months, persists often for days on end, and occurs during three-quarters of the year.

Four wireless stations established in the Strait, and two in the Bay, keep in touch with ships and give positions in fog, and the presence of the *N.B. Maclean* helps still further to make navigation quite as safe as on many more favoured routes. At the inquiry into the loss of the *Bright Fan*, sunk in collision with an iceberg in the Strait when homeward bound last year (1st October, 1932), the court reported itself "unable to exonerate the Master and First Officer from default . . . in failing to see that . . . a lookout was maintained". The only "lookout" at the time of the collision was by an apprentice of eighteen who was actually *steering*. In such conditions on the St. Lawrence route an accident would have been almost inevitable.

The *Pennyworth* berthed in Churchill a fortnight after leaving Antwerp. This achievement is significant, for Churchill is more than a thousand miles west of Montreal. Yet the distance to Liverpool is less than from Montreal, and with a shorter sea voyage one lands half way across Canada, within 500 miles by rail of the great prairie belt, and, still more important, of the vast mineral deposits of the central provinces, of which so far only the fringe has been tapped.

The port stands at the mouth of the Churchill River, with a bottleneck entrance guarded by ridges of bare rock, behind which the river opens out to a width of over four miles of water always calm and sheltered. Within ten minutes of entering the channel, the ship was berthed alongside the quay as easily and as expeditiously as a London river steamer berthing at a Thames pier; and an hour later the first slings of cargo were being sent over.

Churchill consists of this long quay—proudly referred to as "the docks"—a vast freight-shed capable of housing any type of cargo, a grain elevator with a capacity of 2½ million bushels, a construction camp, and the railhead. The city has been surveyed and planned, and the Department of Railways and Canals, having completed its survey, has opened it to settlement. Many hundreds of applications for lots have been received—including applications from a photographer, a hotel keeper, a

fancy-goods warehouseman, and a variety of other optimists. But it will be years yet before Churchill emerges from the status of a construction camp and a wilderness settlement, and becomes a real maritime city. In any event, its population will always be largely a summer one. Even so small a difficulty as the water-supply, where everything is frozen solid for many months in the year, will be sufficient to ensure that.

Modern Canada owes its existence to the Hudson Bay route and the attempts to discover a north-west passage to Far Cathay that resulted, for the most part, only in establishing the existence of the Hudson Strait and Bay, and making them available for trade and settlement. Through the Hudson Bay the first great settlements of the prairie provinces were accomplished, and British influence was driven into the west.

As long ago as 1498, Cabot, cruising up the eastern seaboard of America, must have reached the mouth of the Hudson Strait. It became familiar a century later to other explorers—Frobisher in 1576-77-78, whose mistakes unfortunately were a feature of Arctic charts for many years; Davis in 1585-86-87, giving his name to the Strait which separates Greenland from Baffin Island, and Weymouth in 1602, the first to venture any distance up the Hudson Strait.

Chief of all was Henry Hudson, who sailed first with Dutch support, but made his last voyage under the English flag. On April 17th, 1610, he sailed from London on the *Discovery*, of 55 tons burden, in search of the North West Passage. He entered the Strait which later was given his name, and sailed on until he found the sea "more grown than any wee had seen since wee left England." He had discovered the Bay. He followed the eastern shore, where the shore ice, forming rapidly, and stretching out in places as much as fifty miles, began to trouble him. His officers murmured, his crew, in hourly dread, got out of hand; but he persisted on his course, presuming he was sailing down the Pacific coast to cultivated territory, and reached the south-eastern extremity, at the mouth of St. James Bay, where he was frozen in on November 12th. Hudson's difficulties with a mutinous crew during the ensuing winter and his tragic end are one of the most famous stories in the history of exploration. Exactly seven months later the ringleaders seized

him, forced him with eight followers, including all the sick whose maintenance would have been a burden on board, into a shallop, and cast them adrift.

The manner of Hudson's death was never known. The ring-leaders of the mutineers were murdered by natives shortly after, and the ship, after the most terrible hardships and privation, finally reached the north of Ireland with a skeleton crew; but legend has grown round the fate of Hudson. Stories are told. Until recently there lingered a belief that he had never perished, that he still haunted those seas his obstinate courage had made known. His motto was that men should "achieve what they had undertaken, or else give reason wherefore it will not be". He has truly earned the honour that subsequent cartographers did to his memory.

Many of the rocks on the shores of the river, worn smooth and polished by thousands of years of friction with ice, bear engraved upon them the names of explorers, and of ships, and the dates of their visits; for example, "Furnace and Discovery 1741"; "St. Hearne July ye 1, 1767"; "Robert Smith, 1776". A crude drawing of a man on a gallows bears the legend "John Kelly from the Isle of Wight"—a wretch who met the fate so graphically depicted for, it is said, the theft of a salt goose. Various men engaged in constructing the Fort thought fit to build in their autographs, cut in stone and still clearly decipherable, as, for example, "Wm. Matthews of Rotherhithe".

The famous initials "H.B.C." spread rapidly all over the north and west, thoroughly deserving the popular interpretation "Here Before Christ", for indeed the factors and traders of the Governor and Company of Merchant Adventurers Trading in the Hudson's Bay penetrated far afield long before the territory attracted the attentions of the first missionaries.

The history of the Hudson Bay Railway goes back over more than half a century. Various surveys were made at different times—the route had been early surveyed by the Hudson's Bay Company as a dog-team route to the south—and in 1884 a report was lodged by a Select Committee of the Manitoba Legislative Assembly that was the forerunner of a long campaign. Plans assumed definite shape in 1910, and work began the following year from The Pas, with Churchill as the objective. For a time

the route was diverted, as the claim of Nelson seemed more substantial, but after endless wasted expense and delay a British engineer called in by the authorities gave his decision in favour of the original port.

Thereafter, the railway was driven through in record time. It traverses 510 miles of the most barren country, where timber quickly gives place to muskeg, which in summer is a patchwork of odoriferous swamps, breeding myriads of mosquitoes and black-fly and bulldog flies. For some distance up the line, these swamps are fathomless, and the steel had to be laid on rafts. Farther north, however, there begins the impenetrable icecap, only a few feet below the surface, presenting an equally difficult problem to the engineers. In winter the entire area is swept by Arctic blizzards, and the temperature may drop thirty or forty degrees in a night, one of the lowest recorded being 72 degrees below zero.

The track must, therefore, be raised some distance on an embankment, to prevent snowing under, and it is significant that the telegraph lines are carried by tripods in place of the customary single poles. The last part of the construction was carried out by means of a novel experiment. Steel was laid on the frozen muskeg before the thaw, and then ballast was run through to Churchill and placed under the track bit by bit until the entire embankment was completed.

The complete absence of any soil or gravel made construction a thousand times more difficult, as all ballast had to be freighted up for a considerable distance; and when work commenced on Churchill itself this became a still more serious problem. The swamps had to be filled in, the bank defined and raised fifteen feet above the muskeg level, and the harbour dredged. Surveys were made by drilling holes in the ice by means of a steampipe, and dropping the sounding line through—an immense saving in time and labour.

A basin was constructed for the tugs, dredgers, hoppers, and coasting vessels, and the long quay built. The elevator, an Arctic skyscraper, the most modern in the world, was put up in two short summers. It has twenty-four pipe lines and eight belts to carry different grades of grain, so that three freighters can be loaded simultaneously, at the rate of 10,000 tons a day.

The future town site has been surveyed and laid out, and is shown on the charts; but so far the only permanent population of Churchill is a population of "old-timers"—the trappers who have their summer shacks along the rock ridges behind, the Chippewyan Indians at the Hudson's Bay Company's post across the river, a missionary and his wife, and one or two "casuals" who drifted there well in advance of the railroad. Parties of Eskimos come down frequently for fuel for their whaleboats, oil for their stoves, and ammunition and supplies. The voice of Churchill is still the savage snarling of husky dogs and the yapping of puppies not yet broken to the sled.

The Churchill project was pushed through largely at the instigation of the farmers of the prairie provinces; but within a very few years of the opening of the port it has become apparent that grain is of minor importance. Already the prairie provinces are finding that their greatest hopes lie not in the harvest of the earth, but in the harvest of under-the-earth. The Flin Flon and Sherritt Gordon concerns, both commencing operations as gold producing companies, have developed now to the point where their output of base metals is their chief activity, and periodically new deposits of valuable ores are discovered. The Eskimos have used copper for centuries. Last year a band came to Churchill with news of a gold-strike. The possibilities of ore discoveries in the Barren Lands are limitless—and Churchill is there now, ready to handle any freight whenever it comes.

The sheds have been carefully adapted to meet any call upon them, and the equipment is of a high order. Everything possible has been done to ensure the success of the project, and it only needs now a revival of world trade to prove that the long-sighted courage and determination of a few men were not misplaced.

By the old route, grain goes down to Montreal by ship from Fort William, which is within thirteen hours' journey of Winnipeg; but although steamer freights are always low, the passage is necessarily slow, and it is several weeks before the grain can be shipped from Montreal. On the other hand, it can be loaded in Churchill within a few days of leaving the prairies, and last year we brought home flour specially milled in Fort Garry and Moose Jaw, which was landed in London within three weeks of the delivery of the grain to the mills. With commodities so

subject to rapid and violent fluctuations in market value, this quick transit is of the utmost importance, and in itself would justify Churchill. But there are still further considerations. Cattle taken from the west to Montreal, with several weeks on the railway, must suffer very badly before being shipped. But taken over a two or three days' journey to Churchill, and then shipped to Britain over a sea passage of the same distance as from Montreal, their chance of survival in good condition is tremendously enhanced. In other words, Churchill makes possible the shipment of livestock to Europe in very much larger quantities than hitherto, and with very much less depreciation in transit.

The *Pennyworth* last year brought back thermographs in her holds, which registered a maximum temperature of well below 60 degrees, a fact which makes possible the shipment of butter and cheese and other farm and dairy produce without refrigeration, thus effecting an appreciable saving in freights.

The great mining industries of Northern Manitoba can now ship their ores to Britain with the same saving in railroad haulage and therefore railroad freights; and the corollary is of equal importance. This year a considerable part of the cargo taken out consisted of coal and anthracite, commodities necessarily extremely expensive in the Far North, since formerly they could only be conveyed there by dog-team. So, too, with other British products. A new avenue of trade means new trade; and any project tending to increase inter-Empire or world trade must receive the most serious consideration, and deserves unqualified support.

The fear expressed so commonly by Eastern Canadian interests that the Churchill route, established at the expense of the Dominion Government, would prove a serious menace to the trade of Montreal can be refuted on the same grounds. Churchill need not necessarily enter into competition with Montreal. Instead, by providing new facilities for trade, it can create new markets for Canadian products here, and for British products in Canada.

Enquiries for rate quotations for exports from Churchill included eggs, cheese, butter, condensed milk, cereals in packages, milk powder, zinc slabs, wool, cattle, apples, honey, and lumber. Ten ships, totalling nearly 50,000 tons register, brought away

over 70,000 tons of cargo in 1932. This year, a very substantial increase was anticipated, in spite of stagnant trade, and in face of the fact that ships were returning from Montreal in ballast rather than accept the low freights offered. By the time the season opened, 6 ships had been chartered, and altogether a total of over 20 ships is expected in Churchill, to carry away 5 million bushels of grain.

Development is inevitable. Mineral deposits are being opened up rapidly. Marble is being quarried at various points along the new railroad. The North has, virtually, been conquered, by rail, by sea, and by air. In time it will be made to yield the rich harvest that it certainly holds. Churchill will be the key of that development; for Churchill is the outlet from the Barren Lands, as well as from the prairies, and equally the inlet for supplies and equipment.

It has survived an organized campaign of obstruction and abuse lasting from its inception, and continued to-day with increasing bitterness. But its protagonists are equally enthusiastic in its support; and last year the loss of a ship raised such a storm of controversy and indignation that one Manitoban Member of Parliament actually declared in the House of Commons and elsewhere that the loss was deliberate, intended to damage the route. The incident serves to show what passionate support is behind the Hudson Bay project, and how deeply its success or failure is held to affect the future prosperity of the West.

It remains for traders to summon courage and lend their support. The heavy freight charges over the railway can only be reduced by means of that support, and the season lengthened by a general demand for concessions from the insurance companies; and the reward of enterprise will be new markets on both sides of the Atlantic, and the opening of a possible short cut to Vancouver and the Far East.

THE ORIGIN OF LIFE ON THE EARTH

BY BAILEY WILLIS

of Stanford University, California

"Among the mysteries which become the more mysterious the more they are thought about, there will ever remain the one absolute certainty that we are ever in the presence of an Infinite Energy from which all things proceed."—*Herbert Spencer.*

"For man can lose neither the past nor the future."—*Marcus Aurelius.*

IN the mirror of the past behold the future.

Creation has been the theme of myth and tradition since time immemorial. Growth and evolution are more modern concepts. That the earth has increased in diameter in consequence of the infalling of material particles, even as snow falls, is an idea that is not half a century old. That living matter has evolved from lowly to more highly organized forms is a truth of which the recognition is but little older. Yet these modern concepts blaze the trail of thought we must follow if we would trace the history of the globe as an abode of life.

Our starting point is the sun, that small and rather lonely star from which all the substance of our earth and all its internal energy are derived. But it will be well if, before we limit our thinking to the little solar system, we take cognizance of the universe beyond it.

The universe I conceive to be space shot through with energy. Space and energy are fundamentals. They appear to be distinct, one from the other, in the sense that one can imagine space as a void without energy and energy as a fact independent of the space it traverses.

Yet the space of our universe is not void of energy. It is known to be shot through and through in every direction by radiant energy. It is thought by some that the energy thus radiated is lost. But there is evidence in the cosmic rays of constructive processes, and it is conceivable that energy creates matter in the vast interstellar spaces.

What then is matter? The chemist answers that matter consists of atoms and molecules, the substance of the ninety-two elements and their compounds. The physicist goes further and tells us that an atom is a system of electric units. But "electric" is simply a convenient term to describe a form of energy and we can, perhaps, not do better in trying to describe matter than to say: *Matter is energy bound up in systems of balanced forces.*

In order to visualize the idea of a system of balanced forces we may consider, as others have done, our solar system, which consists of the sun and its attendant planets with their satellites. They are bound in a balance of forces, held together by their mutual attractions, but kept from falling together by their respective tendencies to continue moving in a straight line. If the attractions could be suspended they would fly off on tangents; or if they could be stopped they would fall together; but being endowed with both tendencies they pursue their orbits in the balanced system.

In the eye of the universe our solar system might be regarded as a speck of matter, an atom. In the eye of man an atom is a very similar structure, in which the nucleus is the sun and the electric units we call electrons are the planets.

Matter, then, is poised energy, energy poised in some balance of forces. The balance may be very perfect, the form fixed and stable, as in minerals. It is relatively instable in the forms assumed by organic compounds. But matter is never entirely inert, indifferent to its environment or to changes of environment. The diamond, the hardest, seemingly the most firmly fixed of crystals, yields to the agitation of very high temperature and burns to a gas in oxygen. Other minerals, formed under great pressure in the depths of the earth, relax, as it were, when brought to the surface. Under relatively slight pressure and lower temperature, they break down, as we say; but the fact is that they adjust themselves to their environment.

Matter then is not inert. It is simply balanced energy, poised, waiting for readjustment to changing environment. In that sense matter is alive.

Yet we distinguish between matter arbitrarily called inert and living matter; and the distinction, though one of degree rather than of kind, is real. Living matter is far more responsive to

changes of environment than is so-called inert matter ; it is less stable, more dynamic. Thus, having defined all matter as poised energy, we may distinguish *living matter* as energy held lightly in systems delicately poised, sensitively ready to change, systems charged with dynamic potentialities.

It is characteristic of such systems that they are capable of growth and reproduction and, in the higher forms, of consciousness. Opinions will differ as to whether these characteristics set off living matter as a phenomenon distinct from inert matter, or whether both are simply manifestations of that fundamental, eternal energy which is universal.

There is in all matter a capacity for adjustment to environment. In living matter there is the tendency, or we may rather say the necessity, to evolve. Both of these tendencies are expressions of adaptability of organized systems of energy. They may be regarded as similar expressions of an impulse toward evolution, which in the one great class of changes has not developed the possibility of perpetuating its kind, but in the other, the organic, has reached that stage.

If that capacity for change, that adaptability, that need to evolve is characteristic of energy throughout all space, and if it has persisted through all time, then a chain of relationship may be conceived to run unbroken from the protons and electrons in interstellar space to the brain of man.

That which co-ordinates all phenomena is the dominance of Law, which rules throughout the universe. No atom can be created or transferred otherwise than in accordance with the Law. No molecule can be modified except as directed by the Law. Nor could those great masses of atoms and molecules, the stars and galaxies, have become the sources of radiant energy we observe them to be if the Law had not ordained their creation as it ordains their dissipation.

We observe the dissipation. It is logical that we should infer the creation and re-creation. But as yet we know not how.

Constantly our star, the sun, loses energy which warms us each day. We have measured the mass of the sun and know that it is finite. We know that mass and energy are related, if not the same thing, and we judge that the energy which the sun's mass represents is also finite. Hence we foresee the end of our little world,

hundreds of millions of years in the future, when the residual energy of the sun shall no longer suffice to give us our daily life. The universe, however, goes on creating and dissipating, according to the Law.

Thus the growth of the earth as an abode of life is but an episode in the evolution of the sun as a star, and that evolution is itself but a minor incident in the universal process of creation and dissipation by which we recognize the perpetual transformation of energy under the reign of Law.

Our subject, however, is not the universe, but the growth of the earth as the abode of our form of life.

It is now the generally accepted view that the planets were once included in the sun, and that their birth, their eruption from the sun, was probably due to a passing celestial visitor, a dark star perhaps. Theorists do not agree as to the process of separation. Jeffries and Jeans, disregarding the activity of the sun, assume it to have been a passive partner. Chamberlin more logically recognized the normal activity of that great, heated, gaseous body, and thinks it to have been so stimulated that it was caused to shoot out prominences of relatively great size. There were four large bolts which have become the four larger planets, Jupiter, Saturn, Neptune, and Uranus, and four smaller bolts which have come to be the Earth, Venus, Mars, and Mercury.

The sun bolts must have been in the state of hot gas when they were shot out into space, and each cloud of gas began to revolve around the sun in an orbit somewhat closely corresponding with the actual orbit of the planet. The pull of the passing star and the attraction of the sun would co-operate to give them that rotation, just as a stone swings around on the end of a taut string.

The gas clouds gathered and condensed to become what they now are in each planet. Again opinions differ as to how this has come about. On the one hand it is thought that the mass of each bolt held together by reason of its own force of attraction or gravity ; that it cooled to a molten sphere in the case of the earth ; and that the earth has since solidified by continued cooling. Some of the other planets are still gaseous, while some are solid, like the earth. We may confine our attention to our own globe.

The other view is that the gas cloud cooled very rapidly as it left the sun and became a dust cloud of solid atoms, molecules, and particles, which travelled along together side by side or followed one another in their course about the sun. Each of these innumerable specks of matter moved in an orbit like a planet, was in fact a very tiny planet, and might be called a *planetesimal*. From this the theory takes its name—the Planetesimal theory.

According to the Planetesimal theory, certain heavy molecules, that presumably were erupted from a great depth in the sun and constituted a denser part of the gas cloud, first began to gather to form a nucleus that was to become the central core of the future earth. This deduction corresponds with the fact that the earth has a core of very heavy materials, probably mostly iron. During the assembling of the core two bodies may have come together with sufficient force to cause melting, but it is also thinkable that the planetesimals gradually overtook or approached one another and coalesced without causing any great rise of temperature. This would be the case even in the denser part of the dust cloud.

Once the core had formed and by gathering planetesimals had grown to a diameter of 4,000 miles (about half that of the earth) the earth is conceived to have continued growing by the gradual infall of additional planetesimals, chiefly of lighter minerals. Thus the earth is thought to have grown up as a cold, solid sphere, without having passed through a molten phase at any stage of its existence, except perhaps during the formation of the core.

We have now stated briefly two diverse views regarding the assembling of the substance of the earth. The one, held by cosmogonists of a mathematical turn, is based on cogent reasoning regarding what would happen to a homogeneous mass of hot gas cooling and assembling in response to its own central attraction. The other is preferred by students of a naturalistic bent of mind, who reason that the bolts shot from the sun to form the planets were heterogeneous rather than homogeneous; that, in the swarm of particles which have become the earth, there was great diversity of matter and also diversity of temperature and electric charges; that therefore the assumption of

orderly gravitative assemblage is erroneous, does not apply to the case, and leads to false conclusions regarding those earlier stages of the earth's history which are subjects of speculation.

The writer, though appreciating the elegance and precision of mathematical analysis, lacks confidence in conclusions based on erroneous assumptions. He follows the naturalistic reasoning of the Planetesimal hypothesis of Chamberlin, because it is more consistent with the basic facts, is quite as cogently thought through, and leads to a clearer understanding of later geologic history.

As the earth grew it became large enough to hold an atmosphere by its own gravitative attraction, as it now does and as Mars, for instance, does. Mercury, on the other hand, holds no atmosphere about itself. The diameter of Mercury is 3,000 miles and that of Mars 4,300 miles, in round numbers. The core of the earth is 4,000 miles in diameter and its density has always been high. It is possible, therefore, that the core alone began to hold an atmosphere. Life then became possible. We may confidently speak of the naked little globe as lifeless, but from the time when it commenced to mantle itself with air and moisture the evolution of those forms to which air and moisture are essential became a possibility.

The possibility could not, however, have become a reality until the range of temperatures was brought within appropriate limits. The thinly mantled core must still have been subject to very rapid changes of temperature over its surface in the passage from day to night, as it was alternately heated by the rays of the sun and cooled by radiation. We are protected by a thick blanket of air. We find the sun's rays intensely hot if we climb to where it is thinner; and in the desert, where it is also relatively thin, we notice how very sharply the night grows cold.

As the atmosphere gathered, whether by the expulsion of vapour gases from within the earth or from the planetesimal swarm remaining along the earth's orbit or from both sources, temperatures became more equable and fell within the range of extremes between which organisms are now found living; that is, above freezing and below the boiling point of water. It seems probable that this equability of temperatures could not have been established until the very thin thermal blanket con-

sisting of oxygen and nitrogen had been thickened by water vapour ; that is, not until there were clouds in the sky and waters over the earth. Life may then have appeared, since the environment was no longer unfavourable.

In order that the waters of the seas shall have gathered, rainfall must have exceeded evaporation during ages. We can imagine the saturation of the soil, the downward percolation underground, for forming of shallow pools upon the surface, and the spreading of the flood. But the shores of that primordial sea or seas cannot be charted. It seems probable that the growing globe was comparatively smooth and devoid of deep basins ; that the waters crept over its surface till they covered it and there was a universal ocean, such as would now exist if the heights and deeps were levelled.

Considering the probability that the globe was for many millions of years so smooth that the waters were not drawn down into basins but completely covered it, we are led to inquire how and when did the surface acquire the actual condition of heights and depressions ?

It is necessary to recognize the fact that the earth is and throughout all geologic history has always been an eruptive body, from within which molten rock has been uptruded. Deep in the mass energy has been converted into heat ; accumulated heat has gradually melted notable masses of solid substance ; the melts have gone through various, little-understood processes of separation, and on rising and cooling they have become igneous rocks, of which there are many varieties.

We need to take account of two distinct types of igneous rocks : granite, the lighter, less dense of the two, and basalt, the heavier.

Granite is the rock of which continents mainly consist. It is an igneous rock ; that is, it has been melted and has risen in a molten condition from within the earth toward the surface. Although it was long supposed that this had happened only at some very early period of the earth's history and that granite was the oldest, the " foundation " rock, it is now well established that granite has been intruded into the outer shell at many different times and that the latest intrusions of this kind are quite recent events, geologically speaking. In fact granite is usually younger than the greater part of the rocks with which

it is associated, and there are, no doubt, bodies of granite within the earth which have not yet reached the surface.

Experimental studies in melting and crystallizing the minerals of rocks show that those which make up granite constitute only about ten per cent. of what may be regarded as the parent mass. Yet enough granite has been produced to form the continents. It is evident that the amount of heat required to melt such large masses must itself have been very great and must have been gathered slowly in the mass that melted. It could have been derived only from some persistent source, such as the slow process of heating up of the interior of the globe by its own self-compression or locally from radio-activity of certain minerals. However accomplished, the gathering of heat energy must have proceeded very slowly, was very limited during the early stages of the earth's growth, and could have become sufficiently active to produce continental masses of granite only when the globe had grown in diameter to much greater size than the core.

This long period of preparation for continental eruptions corresponds with that which we deduce as the time when a universal ocean covered the smooth surface.

Let us glance at the effect of such an eruption. How does it happen to cause an elevation of the surface ? We have said that granite is relatively light, even when solid. It was still lighter when molten. We conceive it to have separated from a much larger body of heavier rock and to have risen or been forced up into the outer shell. Being light it would tend to ride high, would elevate the surface, raise the roof, so to speak, and would solidify in that position of equilibrium. Other erupted masses of heavier rock, such as basalt, would assume somewhat lower levels of equilibrium. Thus the upper surfaces of large masses of granite or basalt would constitute extensive plains at higher or lower levels, the one forming continental plateaus, the other ocean beds. The inference that this should be the case antedated the knowledge of the now well-established fact that the ocean bottoms do consist mainly of basalt, while it has long been known that continents are mainly granitic.

It would lead us too far afield to pursue consideration of the conditions of equilibrium in the earth's crust. We know that there is an approach to balancing between masses of great size.

We know also that the crust is both strong and rigid and will support such a load as a volcano. But there is still much discussion of the limit of size beyond which a mass cannot be supported, but must float, as it were, in the position which it assumed in the solid crust when uptruded from greater depths.

That continents do stand high enough to rise above the waters contained in the ocean basins is a fact of great significance in relation to evolution. Life must have remained at the relatively low stage which is attained by marine animals, if it could not have come ashore. In the marine environment it could not have been estimated to develop the enormous complexity of forms and functions which characterize terrestrial animals, including man.

Why evolution?—one can imagine a clam asking that question. Buried in mud, bathed in an unchanging salt solution, lulled to dull inaction by uniform temperature, he has not changed his fashion of dress or way of living in milleniums. He is the arch-conservative. In the waters of the shallow shelf seas above his unstimulating habitat, life experiences more frequent stimulus. Neither pressure, nor temperature, nor light, neither quietude nor current, neither air supply nor food remain more than momentarily constant. And in those changes lies the invitation to reaction. How inevitably it has been accepted the astonishing diversity of marine forms testify; but the narrow range of their differences testifies also to the weakness of the stimulus. The external changes are of moderate degree only; the internal adaptations are similarly limited, since no more is required to achieve equilibrium, or we may say satisfaction.

We have now traced the growth of the globe from the eruption of its substance from the sun, through the assembling of the solid sphere and of the mantling seas and air, to the development of lands and ocean basins. We have seen that it thus became the fit environment for the kind of life which has evolved. We might consider finished this sketch of the growth of the earth as an abode of life; but the picture lacks definition where it may yet be sharpened.

Terrestrial life as represented by plants growing on land is known to be between 300 and 400 million years old. The great masses which form the nuclei of continents were erupted some-

thing like 1,000 million years ago. Thus there was a long period of bare lands, when rains washed the rocky surfaces and there was no greenery. The colour scheme was grey and brown on land, and blue at sea.

The rise of the lands from the sea may be described as the evolution of geography. Begun more than 1,000 million years ago, it established the major features of our globe, the great oceans and the continents, in that remote age called the Archean. There have been many changes of coast line since, and large areas of once dry land have from time to time been flooded by the seas, yet have emerged again. Thus there has been a long succession of geographies. Could we at any past time have viewed the earth from without with an all-seeing eye, we should have seen a single one; if we might have maintained our vigil from age to age during all the long history since the Archean, we should have observed the great procession of geographies.

Opinions differ widely as to what changes we should have seen. One of the most entertaining of modern speculations is the notion that the continents have drifted around like ice floes in the arctic seas, while terrestrial plants and animals enjoyed the transatlantic passage. According to another idea, which is wrapped up in thermodynamic guesses, the globe has repeatedly passed through successive stages of refrigeration and melting that must have involved a like number of annihilations and re-creations of life. Such views present psychologic rather than geologic questions.

Following the views first stated by James D. Dana seventy-five years ago, we here present the concept that the continents and ocean basins are, on the whole, permanent features, which have been modified in details but have continued fixed in position and in general relative forms since they first were erupted. That conclusion is inescapable according to the eruptive history of the crust, and it yields the most reasonable interpretation of the facts of geologic history.

Where and when in this sequence of ages did the first living forms appear? When did matter through chemical reaction acquire the capacity to feed the material substance, to reproduce the individual type, and to respond to stimuli in the manner

which characterizes organic activity? It is clear that any answer must be speculative, since we have no experience to guide us; but as a basis of reasoning let us assume three conditions or stages of development, namely: (1) the condition of inert matter, which we have defined as energy bound up in systems of balanced forces and of which a crystal is the most elegant example, while formless colloid or jelly is that in which life appeared; (2) the condition of the jelly or protoplasm of the blue-green algæ or lowest plant cells, which are what we call alive, but seem to be unconscious; and (3) those higher forms of plants and animals in which consciousness is more or less clearly manifested.

The first of these stages had been attained by the materials of the sun when they appeared as hydrogen, calcium, iron and other atomic and molecular substances. They came from a dynamic environment; they possessed the capacity for dynamic change, and they had responded to the laws of motion, to heat and cold, to electric attractions and repulsions in reaching the positions and combinations of their terrestrial environment; but they had become so firmly fixed in those combinations that their dynamic character was locked up and we call them inert matter.

With the appearance of hydrogen, oxygen, and carbon in the moisture and gases of the young globe, that is, with the assembling of the atmosphere, atoms and molecules of a more sensitive balance permeated and covered the earth. It is in the reactions of their complex combinations that we must logically seek the initiation of life. In living matter they are even more sensitive to change, they indeed possess the ability to change by their own impulses. They have received some stimulus that is self-perpetuating because capable of absorbing and transmuting energy.

The tendency of inert matter to change is stimulated when the balance is disturbed and the elemental forces seek new arrangements. A familiar illustration from laboratory experience, and one which no doubt occurs as a natural phenomenon, is caused by an electric current when it is passed through a solution. It energizes the electric particles of the atoms and separates them. Since the particles are called *ions* the substance is said to be *ionized*; just

as we might say that the atoms had been halved and quartered.

It has been suggested that the ionized condition of appropriate substances in solution in the soil of the primitive earth may have been the transition stage from inert matter to living matter. The idea is readily conceivable. Imagine the little earth, not yet flooded by the universal ocean, but adequately mantled by an atmosphere to provide rain and soil moisture. Let there be in the soil the elements capable of combining in those complex, unstable compounds which we know as organic, but held in the bonds of inert matter.

Under these conditions reflect upon the daily effect of the tropical sun. During the morning it stores up moisture in the air and great cumuli pile up on high. All terrestrial nature is heated to temperatures favourable to chemical reaction. Molecules vibrate in response. From the clouds there come flashes of lightning and the long roll of heavy thunder. It approaches. There is a vivid dart of electric energy at high voltage. The lightning has struck and ionized the inert solutions, giving them life. The idea stirs the imagination. Is it possibly true?

Possibly, yes; and if possible in those primal days, equally possible throughout the ages since: Creation in Nature.

The change of conditions is in the manner of growth. Inert matter grows by attracting bodies of like chemical composition and form to attach themselves to its mass; as when a sugar crystal increases in size or jelly sets. Living matter grows by reorganizing molecules captured from its ambient environment. The difference is in degree rather than in kind. Both processes go on about us, but we understand neither one nor the other.

The next step is the capacity for reproduction. In the simplest form it is division. One splits and there are two. Mere increase in size is a condition which may cause bi-partition. Surface tension, a constant force, holds a globule together, like a girdle. If it be exceeded by growing, internal, expansive forces, rupture will ensue. Or, in those globular organisms where superficial activities of growth and feeding are related to mass, mere size may cause hunger. Surface area grows only as the square of the diameter, whereas volume grows as the cube. Hence it follows that the growing individual may become inconveniently large, and by dividing secures a better balance of functions.

That would seem to suggest a faint adumbration of consciousness as an attribute of living matter in its simplest form. Hunger is the most elementary response to a need. Where did the consciousness of the need appear? Are bacteria hungry? Do plants consciously hunger as they spread their roots into rich mould and turn their faces to the sun? Somewhere in those lower realms of life consciousness became an attribute of living organisms. From such dumb beginnings it has evolved through reflexes, through instinct, through sub-conscious mental activity to thought and intelligence.

Has the living organism that is man thus, after millions of years of evolution, developed something quite new in the universe? Or has he simply acquired the capacity to reflect a ray of universal Intelligence? The latter is, to my thinking, the more rational view.

Law is dominant. But Law is inconceivable without Intelligence. Law is omnipotent and omnipresent. Intelligence, the inevitable antecedent, must be omnipotent, omnipresent, and omniscient.

From unconscious matter to thinking brain-cell the tool has been shaped as the earth has become fit. Marvellous evolution. How much more marvellous are its possibilities!

TRANSFORMING THE MIDDLE EAST

BY MAJOR E. W. POLSON NEWMAN

IN few parts of the earth's surface has the invention of the internal combustion engine wrought such important changes as in the great transit area of the Middle East, and in few regions is it likely to have such a far-reaching influence in the comparatively near future. If the discovery of the Cape route, the advent of the steamship and the opening of the Suez Canal diverted Eastern traffic from the old caravan routes linking East with West, thereby causing the Moslem transit countries to fall away into solitude and backwardness, petrol and the motor engine have altered the whole aspect of this geographic and economic unit. To Great Britain, as well as to the other countries directly or indirectly concerned, the various forms of transformation brought about by this means are of first-class importance politically, strategically and economically. But only time will show exactly in what directions the greatest influence will be felt. Meanwhile, British Imperial policy has to be regulated to meet new opportunities and new dangers arising out of a return to the ancient trade routes to the East, with possible reactions elsewhere.

In the golden age of Moslem civilization, right up to the sixteenth century, the Moslem peoples took the lead in the world's economic life, and the Middle East was the centre of the great trade routes from north to south, and from east to west. It was only with the discovery of the Cape route that sea-borne trade to India and the Far East replaced the transit trade by camel caravan through the Moslem countries lying east of the Mediterranean, causing the rectangular transit area from Samarkand to Sind, and from Egypt to Constantinople to pale away into insignificance. With the absence of cheap transport in a region where such waterways as the Nile, the Indus, and the Euphrates are separated by vast continental areas, these countries

could not keep pace with the progress that follow the introduction of railway transport, and therefore had no means of sharing the prosperity of the West in the nineteenth century. This they were denied right up to the Great War. During this period it was an established feature of British Eastern policy that there should be a system of buffer states between the Mediterranean and India; but in the years following the war this policy entirely collapsed owing to the success of Bolshevism in Russia and the assertion of a nationalist spirit in the Middle East. With the downfall of friendly Russia and with a temporarily unfriendly attitude on the part of Turkey, it was found necessary to find a substitute policy by forging a chain out of the Arab provinces of the old Ottoman Empire, in the hope that, with Persia and Afghanistan independent, India would enjoy a sense of security from the menace of Russia. The links in this new chain consist of the Palestine and Transjordan mandate and the independent Kingdom of Iraq, with which there are special treaty relations, supplemented by friendly relations with Persia and Afghanistan. French Syria, on the other hand, acts as a buffer state between Turkey in the north and Palestine and Transjordan in the south, while the British mandated territories relieve the French in Syria of the precarious position of being surrounded on all sides by potential enemies. Hence, we have a regular chain of buffer states under British mandate or influence stretching right across from the Mediterranean to the Persian Gulf, only one of which, Iraq, has a common frontier with a potential enemy, Turkey; and in continuation we have good reason to expect the friendship, in any case the non-interference, of Persia and Afghanistan.

If the Great War brought into being new Moslem nations eager to regain what they had lost through the centuries, their war legacy came at a time when the world economic situation began to call for new fields of commerce to supplement those which were proving themselves inadequate to maintain equilibrium in supply and demand. Fortunately, at the very time when these Moslem peoples were undergoing a remarkable renaissance, with opportunity knocking at their door, discovery and invention, which had hitherto been their worst enemies, turned round and became their best friends. The discovery of oil in the Middle

East, and the invention of the internal combustion engine, have reversed the whole process. At this point I cannot do better than quote the words which His Highness the Aga Khan used to me in a conversation on this subject a few days ago:—

Motor transport, for which there is abundance of petrol in Iraq, Persia and Arabia, has made it possible not only to develop these regions, but once more to bring commercial prosperity to their most remote parts. The distance covered by a camel caravan in a month can now be done by an aeroplane in a few hours, and there is no saying to what remarkable extent these desolate lands will be transformed by means of cheap aviation. Undoubtedly the overland route to the East is coming into its own again, linking up Europe with the densely populated countries of Eastern and Southern Asia by a cheap and rapid form of transport. In present circumstances of depression and insufficiency of markets, this re-opening of the Moslem East demands the attention of all manufacturing countries . . . Great Britain is in a particularly good position to derive the fullest benefit from this commercial re-awakening of the East, and I sincerely hope that she will take the lead in joining hands with these newcomers to the trade and commerce of the twentieth century.

Meanwhile, vast strides have already been made both in civil aviation and in motor transport. A permanent air route has been established *via* Egypt to Iraq and India* by Imperial Airways, which alone greatly increases the importance of our Middle Eastern communications. While it is difficult to forecast exactly what changes will take place in the Mediterranean-Indian "corridor" through which this British aerial artery runs, its value has already been greatly increased, and will continue to increase in proportion to the progress made in civil aviation. Then, side by side with the opening up of air communications across this area, came a great advance in the use of motor transport. Mr. Norman Nairn, a most enterprising transport engineer, explored the sandy spaces of the Syrian Desert, and discovered that a motor route was possible between Damascus and Baghdad. He therefore founded the Nairn Transport Company and established a regular service, with a contract for His Majesty's mails. This service, which began by covering the distance in about thirty hours, has improved every year, and now there is immediate prospect of a service of long, many-wheeled vehicles complete with sleeping accommodation and every convenience, with a reduction in the time of transit. The service has also been

* The air service to India follows the Arabian coast, and does not cross Persian territory.

extended to Teheran in Persia, and an entirely new route has been opened up which has brought Baghdad within ten days of London via Marseilles, Beyrout and Damascus. When this is compared with the former route to Mesopotamia *via* the Persian Gulf and Basra, some idea will be grasped of the revolution in transit brought about by this British enterprise. But the change could not confine itself to transit alone. Its effects have been felt in all branches of life in the Middle East, especially in Baghdad and Teheran, where attention has been attracted towards the Mediterranean, and the people have become more in touch with Europe and America. All this has led to more enlightenment among the people of the East, who quickly respond where there is money to be made and when trade and commerce by air and motor transport seem destined to follow the routes of the ancient caravans.

Ever since the end of the Great War, steady development has been taking place in varying degree throughout this area to meet the advent of cheap and rapid transport. Meanwhile, the oil resources of Iraq already show promise of becoming a valuable national asset, which leads to a third line of communication, very valuable from a strategic and commercial standpoint, which alone makes it necessary for Great Britain to consolidate this transit "corridor" by every means in her power. I refer to the Iraq-Mediterranean pipe-line.

The Iraq Petroleum Company, an interesting example of a large-scale combination of international interests, obtained from the Iraq Government a concession in the Baghdad and Mosul vilayets in 1925; and the first well drilled at Babu Gurgur, near Kirkuk, in 1927, held out prospects of an extensive oilfield. In view of this, and as a result of a settlement in 1928 regarding the company's shares, plans for laying a pipe-line to the Mediterranean, thereby avoiding the heavy Suez Canal dues on oil tankers, were considered and developed. The company's concession, as revised in 1931 in light of knowledge of the existence of oil in commercial quantities, provided that two pipe-lines should run to Haditha, on the Euphrates, and should there separate, one being laid to Haifa, in Palestine, the other to Tripoli, in French Syria. At the beginning of 1932 the company handed over the work of construction to the "Mediterranean

Pipe-Line, Ltd." which, working twenty-four hours a day on a three year plan, is due to complete the work—pipe-laying, pumping stations, and everything—by the end of 1934 at an approximate cost of £10,000,000. The actual laying of the pipe, which proceeds at the rate of about one mile per day, has proved to be a difficult undertaking. The first obstacle was the marshy nature at flood times of the ground in the neighbourhood of the Tigris and Euphrates, which was followed by the lava region of the Syrian Desert, where there are no means of communication, very little water, and a surface resembling No Man's Land after heavy shelling.

Laying the 40-ft. sections of 12-in. steel piping consists of four main operations—stringing, ditching, welding and burying. There remains the building of the pumping stations, of which there will be twelve between the oilfield and the sea. The oil will be pumped at two miles an hour up the 2,500 feet from the Euphrates to the highest point in the lava region, and each station will have containers with a capacity for an overflow of up to 10,000 tons. The end of the pipe-line at Kirkuk is connected with the terminal pumping station, which will in due course be connected with such of the thirty-five oil wells as may be wanted for use at any given time. The Mediterranean terminals, on the other hand, will convey the oil either direct to tankers, or into storage tanks for refinement prior to being pumped into oil-burning ships. The Haifa branch will absorb the main flow, about 2,000,000 tons a year, and the surplus will be diverted at Haditha to Tripoli. Important developments are therefore expected at Haifa, where the new harbour, built by the Palestine Government at a cost of £1,250,000, is nearly complete. Besides storage tanks, the harbour works provide a site for an oil export dock, for the construction of which it is understood that part of the new £2,000,000 Palestine Loan will be allotted.

Although it is difficult at the present stage to see to what extent the construction of the pipe-line will open up the desolate country through which it passes, communication is already kept up by wireless telegraphy along the whole 600 miles from Haifa to the oilfields, and a telegraph line is being laid simultaneously with the pipe-line. Moreover, as the company is constructing

a metalled track for the use of heavy vehicles in the area between the Euphrates and the Jordan, hitherto served by caravan routes, a rapid development in motor transport is anticipated in the almost immediate future. A pumping station every hundred miles, with petrol supplies and means of communication, cannot but stimulate desert travel, while the whole undertaking gives employment to about ten per cent. of the male population of Transjordan, at present suffering from a series of bad harvests. The point, however, to bear in mind is that all these countries largely rely on transit trade, and that every additional transport facility, whether it be for passengers, merchandise, oil, or mails, is a source of wealth to their inhabitants.

But the all-important outcome of the pipe-line project is a revival of the scheme to build a railway from Haifa to Baghdad, which originated as far back as 1919. Although the proposed railway, the cost of which is estimated at £8,000,000, cannot be regarded as a matter of immediate concern, it is a most interesting question, the ultimate decision of which will reflect the strength and direction of many Middle Eastern influences. Apart from the argument that maintenance of the pipe-line makes a railway a virtual necessity, it is contended that direct rail connection between Iraq and the Mediterranean would not only help the development of Iraq, but would strengthen British Imperial communications in this area. Another reason put forward on the Iraqi side in favour of the project is the necessity of taking steps to meet the menace to the transit trade of Iraq arising from the construction in Persia of a railway from the Caspian Sea to the Persian Gulf, connecting at the northern end with Russia and Europe. I shall revert to this project later. The needs of Iraq in this respect may be summed up in the following statement made to me by King Feisal during an audience which His Majesty gave me before leaving London :—

As the prosperity of my country depends on agricultural and oil production, as well as the important transit trade, improved communications are of fundamental importance for the future. The extension of education and internal improvements call for more railways and more roads, while the country's external needs demand a regular access to the Mediterranean. Our present outlet to the sea at Basra involves a long and circuitous communication with the west, and this route forms the natural outlet for the new railway from the Caspian Sea to the Persian Gulf.

While it is generally admitted that, for political and economic reasons, the proposed line should run entirely through territory under British influence, the question of gauge is one of considerable complication and difficulty. The trunk line in Palestine from Kantara, on the Suez Canal, to Haifa is standard gauge and will probably sooner or later be extended along the Syrian coast to Beyrout and Tripoli to join the standard gauge line to Constantinople and Europe. On the other hand, the Hedjaz Railway, connected to Haifa by a branch line, is 1.05 metre gauge, while in Iraq metre gauge is now general. It is also understood that standard gauge is being used for the new Persian railway. The choice lies between standard and metre gauges. The standard gauge would establish through communications with common rolling stock between Baghdad on the one hand, and Europe and Egypt on the other ; it would ensure a greater speed and enable the services of the International Sleeping Car Company to be utilized without any additional first cost to the railway administration ; and it would make it possible to use Haifa workshops for repairs, and Palestine locomotives and wagons for the construction of the line.

On the other hand, standard gauge would entail higher capital expenditure and, consequently, higher rates, partly owing to gauge complications at Baghdad and heavy handling charges, which would adversely affect Iraq's transit trade with Persia. Also, as the effect of the trans-desert railway must be to divert the traffic now reaching Baghdad *via* Basra, its construction would deprive the Basra-Baghdad section of the Iraq Railways of most of its traffic, with the result that the latter would cease to pay its way and much of its rolling stock (metre gauge) would become valueless. It may be concluded that practically all goods would go by sea to the new port at Haifa, and there be loaded for Baghdad and beyond. If standard gauge were adopted, the necessary additional charges would probably make the sea route *via* Basra the more economical, so that the railway would either have to face the additional expenditure without increase of competitive rate or lose this traffic.

The question to be faced seems to be whether this proposed railway should primarily be intended to serve the trade communications of the whole Middle East or those of Europe and

Egypt with Baghdad. The former is a political, strategic and economic consideration, while the latter is chiefly a convenience for passengers and a limited class of merchandise. Although the through connection from Baghdad to Europe and Egypt by standard gauge is at first sight attractive, it should be remembered that the city of Baghdad is not a large consumer of merchandise, but rather an *entrepôt* for the distribution of goods throughout a large area of the Middle East. As the metre gauge has now been generally adopted in Iraq, it seems more beneficial for the general trade of the Middle East that no break in gauge should occur between the port of entry and the final distribution of goods.

At the same time, it must be admitted that, from the Palestine point of view, the introduction of a third (metre) gauge to the now existing standard and 1.05 metre gauges would raise serious complications, especially in the port of Haifa. Yet the section of the proposed railway in Palestine would be small compared with that in Iraq, with its possible Persian extensions, and the increase of revenue to Palestine generally will, in any case, be considerable as a result of improved communications with Iraq.

It is now necessary to turn to affairs in Persia, to which I have already referred. While the trans-Persian railway is said to be an attempt of the Shah to free his country from undue dependence on Russia, it looks more like an endeavour to profit from Russia's political aims in the direction of the Persian Gulf. In any case, the alleged object is to divert Persian exports towards the Persian Gulf and Mediterranean. After a survey in 1926 by American engineers, the route decided upon was from Bandar Shah, a new port on the Caspian, through Sari over the Elburz Mountains by way of the Firuzkuh Pass to Teheran. From the capital the line was to continue to Kazvin and Hamadan, thence southward to Burujird, through the mountains of Luristan (no less formidable than the Elburz) to Dizful, thence across the Khuzistan Desert to Ahwaz, reaching the Persian Gulf at a new port, Bandar Shapur.

When it is realised that the Elburz range is 60 miles across; that the mountains of Luristan are 120 miles across; that the desert for 150 miles is liable to flooding in spring; that all labour is inexperienced; and that two ports have to be con-

structed, one of them on reclaimed land, some idea of the immensity of the project can be imagined. Building started from both ends, Germans supervising in the north and Americans in the south. Last year the northern section had reached Shahi, 74 miles from the port, while the Americans constructed 154 miles from the port to the foot of the mountains, 450 permanent bridges and culverts being necessary to deal with the floods. When, however, the Shah opened this section early last year, the story goes that the train celebrated the occasion by rolling right off the permanent way. In any case, the Americans were dismissed and a new contract made with Swedish and Danish firms for completing the northern section to Teheran in four years, and the southern section in six years. In view of traditional Russian policy with regard to the Persian Gulf, this new railway must be regarded in a serious light, and the best counter-move on the part of Great Britain is to improve communications between Iraq and the Mediterranean, thus threatening in flank any advance from the Caspian Sea to the Persian Gulf, and thereby encouraging the transit trade with Persia to follow British rather than Russian lines.

As communications will continue to be of increasing importance in Middle Eastern affairs, some conclusion will have to be reached on the respective merits of rail and motor transport. Railway communications have a decidedly consolidating effect, especially in remote regions and among Arab tribes; and to this must be added the psychological influence arising from the fact that they are marked on the map. At the same time, I have a vivid recollection of occasions during the Syrian revolt of 1925, when sections of the Hedjaz Railway were removed during the night and taken away on camels. Yet there is little doubt that, on the whole, a railway provides more security than a motor route. The latter, on the other hand, is much cheaper and more elastic, both of which are most important considerations at the present stage of development in the Middle East. In all the transit countries of this area motor transport has in recent years proved to be most suitable to the needs of the people, while in Persia railways have hitherto been practically unknown. Indeed, the nature of these countries, the ways of the people, and the need for elasticity in communications, all favour motor transport.

Yet no hard and fast rule can be laid down, as each case must be judged on its merits ; but I think it is sound to accept motor transport as the type best suited to the Middle East, and not to embark on railway construction except where circumstances urgently demand a more consolidating form of communication.

Although it is not within the scope of this article to deal with the external effects of the foregoing developments in the Middle East, it seems necessary to mention their probable effects on Egypt. If the steamship and the opening of the Suez Canal brought an increased transit trade to Egypt, it may be assumed that even a partial return to the older route will deprive her of a proportion of this benefit. As oil tankers will no longer have to pass through the Suez Canal in such large numbers on their way to and from the Persian Gulf, and as other Eastern traffic may also be expected to fall in volume, it is reasonable to anticipate some diminution in the importance of this artery to British Imperial communications. This would mean a loss to Egypt as well as to the Suez Canal Company. But, on the other hand, this very diminution of Egypt's importance to Great Britain may well lead in course of time to greater political independence for the Egyptians.

THE STRAIGHT LINE IN GEOGRAPHY

BY ROBERT BELL

THERE are no straight lines in Nature, we are told, and there are not many in geography. The reason is plain. In primitive states of society frontiers are determined by conquest, and the military mind, in pursuit of its calling, has no concern for the map. The victor's aim in general has been to secure for himself the maximum territory (like the man in the story who was to have as much land as he could walk round in a day) or to protect himself by mountains, or rivers, or sea-coast. So the delimitation of the world is the curve worked out by the opposing instincts of rapacity and fear. We can see by a look at the map what a jagged and untidy business they have made of it.

In Europe the disorder is incurable. Even the rearrangements of the Treaty of Versailles have brought neither symmetry nor stability. Every boundary still bends or bulges in response to ancient animosities as modified by modern reactions. It is, however, of some slight encouragement to note that, on the smaller scale, the problem has not proved insoluble. The German states are now a more or less united family, and the old French provinces have buried several ancient hatchets. It does not matter a hairsbreadth to the welfare of England whether the periphery of Berkshire is a complete circle or the figure of a half-eaten banana. Yorkshire has never, of recent years, been under the temptation to invade Derbyshire or annex the desirable town of Oldham. Some counties, like the old Cromarty and Flint, get on quite comfortably even though they lie (or lay) about the map in fragments. There is, indeed, a fine independence and untidiness about the map of Great Britain—a disorder which is particularly encouraged and abetted by Nature in the northern parts.

It has, in the nature of things, taken a good deal of history to

give us the existing outlines, just as it has taken a good deal of history to give us our coasts and general conformation. How did Yorkshire come to be just that size, and no more or less? Why is Rutland small and Lincoln large? Why are the central counties all more or less circular, while those round the coast are flat or serrated or amorphous? There is a reason for every swerve, but we have forgotten it. There has never been in Britain a chief so powerful as that Tsar who, when the plans were put before him for a railway from Moscow to St. Petersburg drew a straight line from one city to the other, with the words, "Make the line thus". Is not the English dislike of the straight line written for us in Mr. Chesterton's ballad of the English Road?—

Before the Romans came to Rye or out to Severn strode,
The rolling English drunkard made the rolling English road:
A reeling road, a rolling road, that rambles round the shire. . . .

Even London dislikes the straight road so much that the comparatively new Kingsway still strikes us as a little unnatural and American. And it may be that the prejudice is not born merely of the study of our distorted map. We feel that a straight line is something fixed and final, allowing nothing for amendment or contingency. It has its good qualities—as, that it is the shortest distance between two points, or that it gives facility to the enthusiastic motorist—but it is so obviously artificial. It does not *grow*: it is incompatible with growth. The modern world has come to believe that towns should not grow, but should be "laid out", but deep down in the heart of the Englishman is a rooted preference for the sort of road which will not permit you to see from one end to the other. It is quite possible to transfer the metaphor to the wider plane, and to argue that, just as we cannot believe in the American diagonal principle of town construction, so the straight line frontier is an affectation and a monstrosity. And, indeed, critics of repute have said things very much to that effect.

Yet, in spite of every improbability and discouragement, the straight line has entered into geography, and has come to stay. It belongs to the era of diplomacy, and not of battle, and it is restricted naturally to "new" or unexplored lands. It is, however, a mistake to think that it is new in history. No one

can say with assurance which was the first straight-line boundary, but we know that as far back as 1493 Pope Alexander VI endeavoured to settle the rivalries of Spain and Portugal in the acquisition of new countries by allotting to Spain all the lands discovered west of a straight line drawn from the North Pole to the Antarctic, at a distance of 370 leagues west of Cape Verde, and to Portugal all those to the east. As, however, the means of measuring longitude were so inexact that the line of demarcation could not in practice be determined, the arrangement led to infinite uncertainty and dispute and was in the end abandoned.

Yet by the time of the systematic colonization of America the principle of the straight line had been fully accepted. Most of the charters granted by James I and the Charleses for settlements in the new lands contained references to one or other of the parallels of latitude. Virginia, for example (1606) was defined as the country "situate, lying, and being all along the sea-coasts between four and thirty degrees of northern latitude from the equinoctial line, and four-and-forty degrees of the same latitude". Maine was to comprise the lands between the 34th and 45th degrees. Penn's grant from Charles II was for all the land bounded on the east by the Delaware River "for twelve miles distance of New Castle Towne unto the three-and-fortieth degree of northern latitude, if the said river doeth extende so farre northwards".

The last proviso is eloquent of many troubles of the time—and later. It was one thing for a royal clerk in London to write "40th parallel", and quite another for emigrant surveyors of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, with imperfect instruments and no great professional skill, to mark out the "astronomical boundary" by erecting stones and blazing trunks of trees. North Carolina is a case in point. By the Charter of 1663 its northern limit was defined as the parallel 36.30. But no systematic attempt at survey was made till 1728, when the existing line (marked on the maps as straight) was established. As a matter of fact, it is far from being straight. Professor Kerr computes that the present northern boundary of the State "is not only not the parallel of 36.30, but is far from coincident with any parallel of latitude". The southern boundary also failed to achieve straightness, largely owing, no doubt, to the "many

lawless People, settled in these parts without legal Titles, who . . . by keeping up a dispute about the Boundaries of North and South Carolina, evade paying Quitrents for lands, &c."

Such were the earlier experiments in latitudinal frontiers, and possibly those embarrassments, and others of the kind, contributed to bring the idea of the straight-line boundary into disrepute among professional diplomatists. There is, indeed, no finesse about it: it is the roughest and readiest of solutions; and, as has been indicated, it is applicable only to lands on the verge of civilization. The late Lord Curzon, among others, spoke of the straight line with a scarcely veiled contempt: it is "inelastic", it is "arbitrary", it "is liable to produce absurd and irrational results". We are reminded that this is not the English fashion: "the internal administrative and county boundaries of Great Britain have been constructed on the opposite principle, and represent a combination of historical, geographical, and occasionally ethnological conditions". Perhaps the only thing that can be said for it is that, while historical, geographical, and ethnological conditions as often as not land us in war, the science of mathematics, with the aid of a ruler, keeps us out of it.

It is significant that the country which displays the largest proportion of straight outlines is the most recently developed. Australia is the land of the straight line. With two exceptions, all the boundaries of the different States are straight lines. The exceptions are the frontier between Victoria and New South Wales, and the sea-coast corner between New South Wales and Queensland—just that part of the continent which has been longest colonized and which naturally inherited some of the habits and jealousies of the older world. The rest is more virgin soil, and it was easy to map it out with a T-square. The process began with the South Australia Act of 1834, which fixed the limits of the State as the 132nd and 141st meridians and the Tropic of Capricorn. When the Northern Territory was constituted it took over the responsibilities of Capricorn, and South Australia conceded the central desert as far as the 26th degree.

The longest straight line on the map is that which separates Canada from the United States for a distance of 1,250 miles: the longest boundary in Australia—that between West Australia on the one hand and South Australia and the Northern Territory

on the other—runs to only 1,200 miles. This American frontier—which, as all the world knows, though it refuses to accept the lesson, is unfortified throughout—was not at first drawn on this gigantic scale. Begun partially and tentatively by the Commissioners who sought in 1783 to remove further causes of conflict between Great Britain and America, it was the result of the Euclidean operation of producing a line, so that from being a small one it became a long one. The idea of ruling a line right from sea to sea was not practical politics in 1783. The country was little known, and fifty years after the line had been decided in theory, men were still at work clearing a space of a hundred yards wide along the frontier, and erecting cairns and pillars to mark the zone of neutrality. At first the line ran only to the Rocky Mountains (or Stony Mountains, as they were called), and it was not till Lord Ashburton's visit of 1842 that the three thousand mile frontier between Canada and the United States (nearly half of it straight) was finally drawn to the western coast. It does not go further: though the 49th meridian intersects the island of Vancouver it was felt that the unity of the island must be preserved.

During the long-drawn negotiations some curious errors of geography came to light, and to one of these is due the divergency to be observed in the line of the 49th parallel at its eastern end, when it meets the Lake of the Woods. By the treaty of 1783 the line was to pass due west from the Lake of the Woods to the Mississippi. Presently doubts began to dawn, for in 1794 a further article decreed that "whereas it is uncertain whether the river Mississippi extends so far to the northward as to be intersected by a line to be drawn west from the Lake of the Woods", the matter was to proceed by "amicable negotiation". This particular difficulty was not finally settled till 1818. Today the line runs north-west across the Lake of the Woods and then drops due south to the 49th parallel, whence it runs without further deviation to the coast. The boundary contour at the Lake of the Woods is something like a rough letter *n*, and as the western line cuts off a substantial promontory, it was a long time before Canada was reconciled to the change, and there were dissentient voices when, on his return home, Lord Ashburton received the thanks of Parliament for his services.

Apart from the supreme example of its northern boundary, the United States is rich in straight lines. A rectangle is, indeed, the typical contour of the country: all the States tend to conform to it. The country as a whole has something like 16,000 miles of straight-line inter-State boundaries, and Canada some 3,200. Against these figures Australia can show only some 4,000, though it has a larger proportion of symmetrical contours than any other continent in relation to its total boundary mileage. Some of the American States are wholly rectangular—Saskatchewan, in Canada, and Colorado and Wyoming in the United States. Several others just miss complete symmetry in this respect—Kansas, Utah (which would lose most of the Salt Lake if its north-western excrescence were shorn off), New Mexico, Montana, and Alberta (Canada). As might be guessed, the boundaries become more and more irregular and “European” as we approach the eastern coast. Another straight line of the continent which deserves mention is the eastern boundary of Alaska. This was fixed in 1825, and it was within these limits that the State was purchased for 72,000,000 dollars by the Treaty of 1867.

Yet, in spite of the strongly “Cubist” appearance of the maps of America and Australia as compared with those of the older continents, it is perhaps in Africa that the astronomical boundary has had its greatest triumph in the paradoxical function of providing unemployment for Mars. In America there were only two countries in opposition, whereas the Africa of a generation ago looked like becoming a new cockpit for the covetous nations of Europe. Most of them were established at different points round the coast, with no definite understanding as to frontiers, and still less as to the limits of hinterland expansion. Nothing was more inevitable than collision as the pioneer settlements developed and began to crowd upon their neighbours. The very size of the continent, too, induced a sort of megalomania among nations accustomed to the narrower quarters of Europe. Portugal wanted to straddle across the continent; France had her eye on the Sahara; and at all points Germany lost no opportunity of nibbling off desirable corners, on one pretext or another. Only a couple of years before the Great War we heard of an official desire to secure a “more regular formation” of the Cameroons;

and it was the sudden interest of the Kaiser in mountaineering that caused the line from Victoria Nyanza to be so manipulated as to include Mount Kilimanjaro in German territory.

In the end common sense prevailed. During the late 'eighties and the 'nineties a series of conferences was held among the interested Powers which did in fact dispose of most of the serious causes of friction. Again and again the principle of the straight-line boundary was called in—north, south, east and west—simply as a compromise. There was actually a collision between the Portuguese and the Chartered Company in 1890. In the subsequent treaty one of the difficulties of the symmetrical principle showed itself. The boundary was laid along certain natural frontiers and parallels—“Except that the line should, if necessary, be deflected so as to leave Umtasi's kraal in the British sphere and Maritesi in the Portuguese sphere”; Umtasi being the principal native chief, who had in 1880 placed himself under the protection of the Chartered Company.

The straight line will to-day be found in one part or another of the configuration of Bechuanaland, Angola, the Congo State, Rhodesia, Kenya, Egypt, the Sudan and elsewhere. In no case, however, is any use made of that most important “astronomical” line of all—the Equator; though, as we have seen, the Tropic of Capricorn has played its part in geographical survey. The nearest straight-line boundary to the Equator is that to the west of Victoria Nyanza between Uganda and what was German East Africa: that is, on South Parallel 1. It is curious to notice that till Uganda became a British Protectorate in 1894 the British Empire did not possess an inch of territory on the Equator in any part of the globe.

South America was less fortunate than Africa, in that it had precipitated itself into its present arrangement before the Age of Conference. The Wars of Independence and those which have succeeded—as well as the natural features of the country, too emphatic to be disregarded—have given the continent a general irregularity of outline only surpassed by Europe and Asia. But the eye of scrutiny will find some straight lines even in the map of South America. These are mainly the result of arbitration. The boundary dispute between Peru and Ecuador lasted a full century; and, indeed, some of the frontiers are

vague to this day. After all, if a country's back door looks out upon the Upper Andes, it is of no great importance, except as a matter of principle, whether the altitude is 15,000 or 20,000 feet. But we have had ample evidence, during the past few months, in the dispute between Bolivia and Paraguay, of the dangers that attend ambiguous frontiers.

Asia, that bloodstained pathway of the conqueror, might have been thought immune from any trace of the frontier of peace; yet it is a straight line that marks the limit of Japanese influence in the island of Saghalien. But the earth is now pretty exhaustively mapped out, and if any further use is to be made of the straight line it must be mainly in the Arctic and Antarctic regions. It is improbable that under any form of Socialist or cosmopolitan rule we shall ever see Europe partitioned like a chessboard. Even in these comparatively reasonable and pacific islands, it is significant that the one solution of the Irish boundary question that was never mentioned was the Straight Line.

THE PRISONER

BY MADELON LULOFS

Translated from the Dutch by Jean Van der Zee

SOMEWHERE, under the edge of the horizon, day began to break. An almost imperceptible movement trembled through the quiet mists which hung like a white shroud over the jungle. Very slowly; almost hesitatingly, as though a shiver went through them, they began to transform themselves; began to turn and twist, as if they could not break loose from the warm, sultry earth. But finally they raised themselves, drifted up to the widespread, interlacing crowns, leaving a trail of trembling dewdrops, remained floating for awhile over the lofty tree-tops, sometimes catching in white shreds on a projecting branch. Then the forest stood there, steaming in the daylight, now swiftly growing stronger and stronger, and hurling itself like a flood breaking over the horizon, a hot, blood-red wave of new sunshine, in which the entire wilderness underwent its baptism of fire. Giant trees towered scarlet and gold, rising on high out of that sea of fire to the burning heavens, yearning for the purification of this first hour of dawn.

And at the same moment, deep from the dark heart of the forest burst forth a ringing, reverberating stream of sound—a staccato of ape voices calling, deep and high, intermingling, fading away and returning again in echoes endlessly repeated.

At once the land was awake. At once life called there with a voice full of a dark, centuries-old sound, a sombre melancholy which shrieked like a dread secret from the twilight depths of the jungle, and shrieking perished there again.

Then the red sunlight died away. Faded out. Became gold, became yellow, became white as molten metal in the taut, blue sky, a vast dome of azure above the eternal green of the century-old trees. And the apes were silent. It was day.

It was day. The sun rose. The heat increased, radiated from all sides—from the moist, sultry earth, from the tangle of smothering creepers, from the clasp of the tree-tops, from the sun's rays, which like long, glowing arms enfolded the land in a smothering embrace. And in this embrace everything became still, became breathless, motionless and devout; the trees stood deep in meditation, quite still in the still air, which became hotter and hotter and in this heat began gradually to palpitate between the silent woods and the silent skies.

High in the dense foliage of a great tree sat the giant ape. She had drawn up her mighty shoulders a little, and deep between them rested the head with the broad, elongated face, in which the eyes and the flat nose were small and out of all proportion to the mighty jaws and the gigantic mouth. Her round, brown, lashless eyes peered sharply and restlessly about her. Now and then her long, long arms reached up with a slow movement to a bud or a fruit, which she snatched off and chewed between her frightful, broad, yellow teeth. Coarse, stiff hair covered her body, but left her tawny, wrinkled hide exposed here and there. Under the weight of her torso hips and legs disappeared. As she sat there, huddled between the shadows of all those leaves and branches, she looked like a crippled, grotesque giant; not even that . . . she looked like nothing more than a horrible lump of shoulders with a deformed head, in which now and then the yellow teeth grinned.

This grin was a warning. A silent threat at something which her sharp eyes had discovered in the silent wilderness. She drew her shoulders a trifle higher, thrust out her lower jaw and peered—motionless, silently waiting, with outstretched head. In the tangled hair of her breast something stirred, sounded a tiny voice. Her answer was short, almost a growl. But in this one dull tone was an unspeakable tenderness. And the baby ape clung still closer to the black-brown hair dappled with red, fastened its gripping fingers still more firmly into the folds of the dry, leathery hide.

Again the mother uttered that one short sound. The baby raised its little head, sought its mother's gaze with tiny, round eyes, the lids of which were still pink. She bowed her head lower, bent it sideways, looked long and with deep attention at

that little being, which a short time ago she had borne and which she had since carried with such boundless devotion on her great, misshapen body. She continued to gaze, with a warm, devout attention, lost in that worship, held by that sacred devotion which is mother love.

She remained watching. One of the long arms was folded over her breast. Head and shoulders became an invincible barricade for that little being which she must protect. So she glided away among the branches and the leaves, merely thrusting out her lower jaw for a moment if there were a sound—if a leaf fluttered down, if a gnawed-off fruit fell to the ground or a branch creaked.

But if there were a louder sound—the roar of some animal, a rustling, the hissing of a snake or the metallic flapping of a rhinoceros-bird's wings, she raised her upper lip and grimaced, showing her terrible row of dark yellow teeth. Often, too, she bowed her head, gazed in mute ecstasy at the sleeping babe, gazed at that terribly ugly, little old man's face, which lay on her breast, so confident and trusting, and a vast satisfaction welled up in her because for this little being she must offer up every moment of her existence.

The fact that she willed nothing, knew only that she must take care of herself and this tiny life, had driven her into the sublime loneliness of absolute concentration. She became an enemy to all that lived outside this isolation, and all that lived there became an enemy to her. And that diversity which had formerly been her life—springing and clamouring through the trees, searching for food, romping with comrades, the damaging and destroying of plants and animals and finally the brief, ardent struggle with the male, that one moment of sweetest fulfilment . . . all that had ceased to exist. Suddenly there had been nothing but that unique and certain comprehension, motherhood! . . .

Then peace had descended upon her. She became watchful, still, cautious. She began to avoid danger. She began to spare, to protect herself for the sake of that little life which had begun in her. She became lazy, drowsy and indolent. But she became also more observant, more careful. She crept away into the deepest shadows, where it was most easy to obtain food. And there she waited. She went into the desert, of which she alone

knew the oasis, and there, in profound isolation, she bore her young. Anxiously peering about for danger to his life, even before he was altogether in the world, smothering her pains in low moans so as not to attract attention to herself. . . .

Dark had been the night about her. Dark and with a thousand sounds of life being created, of life being destroyed. She had distinguished the roaring lust of the tigers; the monotonous chewing of elephants; the coaxing, high call of the stag, longing for his mate; the last scream of the sick old monkey, which has no longer strength to cling to a branch, and so is hurled down, to suffer his terrible fate—to be devoured by millions of ants, which storm upon him as soon as he lies on the soft, warm, mouldy earth. She had heard the moaning and groaning of the wild pig, struck down by a tiger; the mournful "peep" of a young rat, being devoured by an owl. . . . And in the midst of all this, trembling and afraid, she had listened to the groans which escaped from her own tortured body. . . . Until suddenly they ceased. Until a rich and quiet happiness flooded her being, drowning everything else and killing all other comprehension. Until she had felt in her great, hairy hands that wet, unbelievably soft little body, and suddenly had known from pure instinct how she must lick it clean, must care for and feed it.

With the first blood-red sunlight this new life had begun, and since then there had been nothing else. She knew no more whether those piercing screams were the mating of tigers. She knew not if that steady chewing were the elephants feeding. She recognized neither the calling of the stag, nor the death cry of the ape, nor the last, bitter struggle of the wild pig, nor even the piteous "peep-ing" of the rat. She knew but one sound—danger! She knew but one enemy—the other! She realized but one aim—herself, for the sake of her young! And herein lay complete happiness, complete unity, complete realization. . . .

All about her stood the jungle. Over her stretched the endless dome of heaven. Time itself absorbed her. And so she lived on in the unbroken routine of day and night, of light and darkness, and knew nothing more than feeding and protecting.

* * *

Then came the change. . . .

Strange sounds re-echoed. Strange voices, strange footsteps going through the stillness of the jungle. And in this stillness grew a new, strange fear. The forest defended itself. It wove its creepers and rank undergrowth into a sturdy suit of armour. It turned its thorns outward. It displayed its darkest shadows. It threatened with its thousand sounds and voices. And the animals, too . . . they became at once united against this strange thing, which they recognized instinctively as an enemy. Into their ever vigilant caution had come a new alertness. Frightened they raised their heads, listened with heaving flanks, with twitching ears and restless eyes, huddled together, ready for defence or flight.

Above in her tree the ape listened, too. She spread the wide nostrils of her broad, flat nose, peered silently, with outstretched head and small, blinking eyes through the dense foliage. She drew up her shoulders, pressed one great hand on the little body at her breast. The baby made a complaining little sound. The mother growled crossly. But there was fear in her voice and a warning, and the little thing crept deeper among the long, stiff hairs, clamped itself fast, pressed against the broad, protecting mother breast. With her other long arm she bent the branches slightly aside, looked down into the abyss below her.

There went the new beings, never seen before. . . . They yelled and struck against the trunks of the trees. The thundering blow of axes crashed through the woods, re-echoed a hundred-fold. Then the first tree plunged down. The thundering violence of its fall resounded to the heart of the forest. Branches were snapped from their crown. Smaller trees were uprooted. Creepers were torn asunder. After this terrific violence there was a moment's silence. A shivering, trembling, breathless silence, in which for a few seconds the heart of nature ceased to beat.

The animals crouched down, pressed themselves into the shadows. Stealthily they crept away, gliding through the dense undergrowth. The ape raised herself, too. Slowly she stood upright on the branch. A compact, gigantic figure which, with her menacing broad shoulders and fantastic long arms, resembled a frightful, magnified dream phantom, in the high, dappled shadows of the jungle. She bent her head down, raised her upper lip and grinned her terrible, yellow grin. Then her head

sank between her shoulders and she forced a dull, rumbling growl between her teeth. The little one hid his face, pressed his flat nose still flatter against the tough hide of the mother and the form of his rosy little body blended completely with the tawny, discoloured hair of her breast.

Slowly, with clumsy movements, the ape began to stir. She lifted herself up on the thick, strong boughs, proceeded along them on hands and feet, her head outstretched peeringly. Sometimes she glided carefully down a trunk, until she found a firmer support for her great weight. Sometimes, still more cautious, she pushed herself forward, half sitting. She considered every step. She listened to every sound. Her restless eyes saw every spot of light, every particle of shadow. Then she uttered a short, suppressed sound. The little one replied. And she sprang. She sprang with a mighty sway from her tree over to another. A dull thud in the crown of the tree, a great rustling of leaves, as though a sudden wind shook them. Then silence. Huddled together she waited.

But there again came the enemy, following her more slowly, pursuing her with shouts and axe blows. And again she crept out carefully over a long branch, testing, weighing every step, every sense sharpened to the utmost. Again and again she warned her baby, which answered briefly with his complaining little voice. And then she sprang. And again there was a short dull thud. Again that crash in the leafy crown. Again that silence. Waiting, full of suspense. Gasping. The silence full of the approach of death. And again the voices. . . . The hunt still on. Still danger. . . .

Now she went quietly, but with the upper lip raised high, the forehead drawn low over the eyes. And the baby, too, was silent. Only his hands gripped his mother's flesh like tiny screws. Once more she sprang. She looked about her. It was the last tree. Around her the trees were felled. Behind her came her pursuers. She climbed to the highest, topmost branch. Slowly, with great, clumsy, slow movements. There she crouched down, growling—louder now, so that it rumbled down along the trunk. At every blow of the axe, she growled. The echoes repeated the sounds, mingled them into the frightful rhythm of a prelude of Fate. .

Then the tree swayed. She clung fast to the branches. Clasped the child to her breast. For a moment knew nothing but a rushing, crashing fall. Knew only that she must bend her body around her baby—protecting, shielding, diverting all hurt from him. . . . And then the pain. . . .

A thousandfold, burning, piercing, throbbing pain in her whole body, in her head, which struck the ground with a crash. She roared. Roared, so that the air shuddered. She bent her head backwards, grimaced with all her teeth. She defended herself furiously, madly against the net which was drawn tight about her, shouting and yelling. Kicks and blows. The baby whimpered softly. And again she roared, with a last exertion of all her strength grasped the net, tried to tear it apart, to bite it to pieces. It was the final desperate, mechanical, hopeless resistance. She rolled over the ground until she could not move. Broken ribs stuck their sharp points into her body. Foam and blood covered her mouth. Blood ran warm and sticky among the stiff, hard hair.

Darkness descended upon her. Once more she felt for the baby. Felt his trembling little body. Once more she groaned. Then all was still.

She regained consciousness for a moment when she was loaded into a great cage with iron bars. Her eyes opened and then shut again. She sought . . . but something soft and warm moved at her breast. With a sigh she let herself glide back into the darkness of unconsciousness.

In the night she awoke. Every time she moved, pain pierced her body. She remained lying where she was, in a corner of the cage. Through her groans sounded occasionally a different growl. Then the baby answered, and once, with great difficulty, she moved one hand and laid it on the little one, which sought her breast, drank its fill and, its hunger satisfied, slept.

She lay awake the whole night, without moving. A deep instinct told her she must wait, must wait patiently. The blood boiled in her veins, rushed like a flood through her body. She was thirsty. Her tongue was parched. But she did not move. She had only one object—to save herself for the sake of the child—for the child which, in that dark and terrible night she had borne out of the dark agony of her own body.

She saw the darkness of night lift. She saw the separation of heaven and earth. Saw the awakening of things outside. She felt the coolness of dawn, moist and clammy, over her hot, trembling body. She folded her arms over her breast to warm the little one, and groaned. Blood flowed into her mouth. She breathed convulsively from her flat nose. The pain cut through her as with red-hot knives. She closed her eyes for a moment. Felt then the hasty beating of the little heart against the panting struggle of her own heart, and this was a consolation and a balm. Her fear was calmed. A strange feeling of miraculous healing power glided over the pain. She gazed outside. Blood-red light fell in between the bars. The sun rose. The heat increased and warmed her. It was day.

* * *

People came and stood about her cage. Talked to her, poked at her with sticks. She merely raised her upper lip, showed her threatening teeth. Uneasily she knew that she was defenceless. But the child was careless, knew no danger. It took a couple of steps to the bar, stuck its little hand out, allowed it to be grasped by a human hand, let it be fondled, making gentle little sounds. But the mother growled suddenly, snatched it to her with one jerk, and the movement made her groan so that the people were afraid and fell back. She continued to growl between her clenched teeth.

But the days passed. Slowly the pain diminished. Slowly she regained command over her muscles, which gradually lost their stiffness and again became supple.

Sometimes she leaned against the bars, chewed at them with her teeth, tore at them with her terrible hands. She did not understand what that was. Knew only that this place was small. Too small. Too narrow. That she bumped her head if she stood upright.

Often she went restlessly to and fro. Two big steps forward Two big steps back. She went on hands and feet, in endless repetition, back and forth, back and forth. On the great knuckles of her rough hands she went. Or sometimes she shuffled forward in a strange, half-sitting posture. She must have exercise, felt oppressed by the lack of space. Her muscles longed for

work. Her body wanted to sway, to heave itself up with swelling tendons, wanted to cover endless distances through broad, flat, open tree-tops. Then suddenly she stopped, remained sitting, one hand on a rail, her head bent against the iron bars. Dead still she sat, in a petrified lethargy. She stared outside. Stared into the distance. There was the jungle. Vague sounds rang out of it to her. But she did not move. An indescribable sadness grew in the small, round, taut eyes. And in those brown, beady eyes, on which not even the shadow of lashes had ever fallen, now grew a shadow from within, as though deep in that misformed, repugnantly ugly body a soul were being created and were sending its sombre longing through the pupils to that far, visible but yet unattainable land of her birth, so incomprehensibly lost.

Sometimes a human being stood before her. A man. And she drew up her upper lip, showed her terrible teeth.

"Look, she is laughing", said the man, and did not know that this was a threat. And then the man, too, laughed and in so doing showed his teeth. Then the ape was frightened. Gazed anxiously around at her baby, looked again at the enemy, who showed his teeth.

But the young one learned to regard the cage as his only world. No recollection of freedom and space disturbed his life. He grew. Sprang and clambered up on his mother, lifted himself up on the strong, rough hair, climbed up on her head, danced on her shoulders. At first this hurt her. Then she growled, but with touching care took the child from her sturdy neck, pressed it to her breast, nosed it, picked off its fleas.

Later the little fellow slipped through the bars to the outside and skipped about on the roof of the cage. Then the mother, anxious and nervous, ran to and fro, pressed her broad face against the bars, tried to see where her offspring was. And her warning voice coaxed it back to her, within the safe confines of her ever wakeful care. She knew, also, that people did all sorts of things harmful to the little fellow. They gave it pisang* and these it stuck whole into its mouth, propped great pieces into cheek pouches. With a cry she had thrown herself upon him, with her great finger had hauled everything out of his cheek

* Bananas

pouches, had chewed it fine and had then given him this pap in small doses. And while doing so had looked up suspiciously with her little, blinking eyes at the man, who watched her and in watching her, showed his teeth.

But this anxiety, also, finally wore off. Nothing dangerous ever happened. She became accustomed to this grinning man, who spoke to her and brought her food and water, who played with her baby and gave it back to her again. She learned to understand one sound of his—Miriam. Miriam—that was her name. When he said that, she raised her head, stared with fixed seriousness into his eyes. In her throat trilled a soft tone. Sometimes, too, she stretched her under lip far out. That was her greatest proof of trust and sympathy. And perhaps with this last anxiety her home-sickness diminished also. It is true the shadow of a distant melancholy remained in her eyes, but it became more a great, great seriousness. So many things had happened in her life!

The little monkey grew. It no longer suckled so often. It really did not need the mother's breast any more. It could very well live on other food. That is what the man said to her one day. She looked at him sharply. At once suspicion flamed up in her. An unreasoning terror made her tremble. In the eyes of this other being she had suddenly seen enmity, danger to her child. With hurried movements she searched the cage. Then she pressed her face against the iron bars. Tried nervously to look up on the roof. She called. . . . Nothing but silence. She listened. Her whole body stiffened. There was nowhere a sound. She called again, more loudly, more anxiously, more urgently. . . . Silence remained. Only the man stood before her. She raised herself a little, leaned on the knuckles of both hands. So she remained standing awhile. Dead still. She stared at the man. Then she uttered a cry. It was not the usual growl. Nor was it the sound of love for her young. It was an anxious, despairing, accusing question. It was the first cry of a dark, terrible foreboding of grief.

"Where is it? . . . What has happened to it? . . . What have you done with it? With my child?"

"It is gone, Miriam. It is on board, gone to the zoo. To the zoo, Miriam!"

She recognized only that one word: Miriam. She growled in her throat.

She looked expectantly at the man. Miriam . . . that had always meant something good. Eating. Or drinking. Or sometimes even the baby if she had been uneasy. Miriam . . . that was the bridge of confidence. Of alliance. Was that also the bridge to betrayal?

"You are a rare sort of giant ape, Miriam, do you know that?"

But what did Miriam know of that? She drew up her shoulders. Her head sank threateningly between her collar bones. Her forehead came down straight over her eyes. She grimaced. Growled. Deep out of her throat came that savage cry, "Where is it?"

She stood upright, as high as she could, stuck a great, hairy hand through the bars. The man sprang back. So she stood for a moment. Destruction, annihilation smouldered behind her piercing eyes. Then she drew her hand back. She sat down, huddled together. She stared past the man.

That day she left her food untouched. She remained crouched in a corner of the cage. She did not listen when she was called. Miriam . . . of what use was that, now that the child was gone?

Sometimes she sat by the bars, silent and motionless. Her head leaned heavily against the iron bars. Her eyes looked down with drooping eyelids. At rare intervals she raised her eyelids, uttered a sound which was almost like a sigh, a softly stammered question.

Dark and heavy grew the sadness in those ugly, brown, lashless eyes. A sombre, silent accusation. . . . Grew at last, too, the shadow of death in those sad, still eyes.

She no longer ate. She became thin. She became dirty. She sat leaning against the bars, her hands limp at her sides. Day and night she sat thus. She saw the sun rise and set. She saw the long, glowing days; the long, dark nights. She saw, also, the edge of the forest, far away in the distance, the people, who came and stood in front of her cage, she stared past all that, dumb and motionless, paralyzed in a grey, sombre apathy.

Once, towards dawn, she called. She had become cold in the chill morning wind. And the blood circulated so slowly. More and more faintly beat the heart in her broad, flat, hairy breast.

With dimmed eyes she saw the coming of the new day. The sun's rays streamed red through the bars. But they no longer warmed her.

The man came and stood before her cage.

"Miriam . . ." he said.

She raised her head—wearily, heavily. For the first time since the child was gone she raised her head at this sound. She continued to stare at him. More turgidly, more quietly streamed her blood. More and more softly beat her heart. Then, suddenly, she stared with her eyes wide open. An unutterable dread had awakened in them. A nameless fear.

"Miriam!" called the man.

She extended her hand through the bars. A terrible, gripping hand with fingers which could close like a vice.

But there was fear in her eyes, fear and a silent petition. She reached out her hand with the palm up. A broken sound came from her throat.

The man hesitated, stared at that outstretched hand. He was afraid of it . . . afraid of that hand, which asked not to be left alone in this terrible moment. Slowly, very slowly it was lowered, fell against the cage, remained hanging there. . . .

She leaned a little more heavily against the bars. The sun shone straight into her blind, staring eyes. Behind the slightly parted lips gleamed the yellow, grinning teeth. She was dead.

A CENTURY OF FACTORY REFORM

BY HAROLD STANNARD

LURKING behind a modest parenthesis on the cover of a blue book is a document of the highest social importance. The blue book is entitled "Annual Report of the Chief Inspector of Factories and Workshops for the Year 1932 (including a Review of the Years 1833 to 1932)"*, and those familiar with the ways of Government publications will not be surprised to find that the Review is twice the length of the Report. What is surprising is that the material should be arranged under no fewer than nine heads, and it is this elaborate classification which gives the first hint of the wealth of social detail to be found in the reports of three generations of factory inspectors. They occupied, in fact, a position uniquely favourable to the study of what we now call the social problem—words which are generally used with reference to the action of the State in regulating the effects of industrialism on the population. If industrialism began in the mines, its characteristics developed in the factories, and its initial effects were most strongly felt by the children and young persons employed in them; and it was with these that the original inspectors were particularly concerned.

Their appointment in 1833 was in itself something of a revolution. The first Factory Act, it is true, had become law at the beginning of the century, and could in a sense be described as the first blow at *laissez-faire*. But the philosophy of *laissez-faire* was hardly formulated in 1802, whereas by 1833 it was well on the way to its dominance over mid-Victorian thought. The appointment of whole-time officials charged with the duty of interfering with the processes of *laissez-faire* was therefore an offence against the ideas which then called themselves progressive. It was made possible by the failure of the "Visitors" appointed by the Justices of the Peace to remedy

* H.M. Stationery Office, 2s.

abuses which they could not but observe. Once inaugurated, however, the system persisted and expanded, partly because there were always humane men in authority among the employers ready to give a lead in the acceptance of reforms, but mainly because of the tact and common sense of the inspectors themselves. There is no need to suppose that, by one of the strokes of luck which sometimes occurred in the days when appointments went by favour, the four men chosen to inaugurate the inspectorate were of outstanding capacity—though one of them, Mr. Horner, appears to have been a person of vision whose career might repay detailed study. They were sensible persons, whose business was to administer a still experimental Act, and considerations of duty and self-interest combined in making them prefer caution to prosecution, and advice to command. They must have realized, too, that authority ultimately depends on public support and that it would go ill with them if they antagonized employers of good repute among their work-people. Accordingly, not out of considerations of high principle, but as a matter of practical efficiency, they set up a tradition of instruction on details within the law and of suggestion on those outside it, which endures to this day.

This last point is of great social importance. The inspectors of 1833 were our first bureaucrats. They had no precedents to guide them, but their organization and methods have served as models to other departments. That the original four now number 246 is of small moment. What is significant is that a whole army of public officials—teachers, medical officers of health, and almost the entire staff of the Ministry of Labour—owe their being largely to the investigations and reports of factory inspectors in regard to health, safety, and employment. Not all public servants remember that co-operation and persuasion are authority's best instruments, but in so far as this country has escaped the petty bureaucratic tyrannies prevalent elsewhere, it owes its good fortune to the example set by the earliest factory inspectors and faithfully maintained by the Home Office.

The possibilities latent in the new policy began to reveal themselves almost at once. The inspectors were particularly charged with the welfare of children and young persons, the

upper limit of legal youth being drawn at eighteen. No child under nine was to be employed in a factory, and all children between nine and thirteen were to attend school twelve hours a week. This was the legal beginning of the half-time system, which did not finally disappear till after the War. At the start the provisions of the Act proved exceedingly hard to administer. Indeed the volume of opinion in support of them must have been sturdy, else they would have been abandoned as impracticable. How was the age of a child to be determined in a country which knew nothing of the compulsory registration of births? The question is already a forecast of the ties which were soon to unite the factory system and medicine. And how was the child of nine to attend school for four years, when there was either no school available or the rush of population had swamped whatever ancient foundation existed?

This last question proved urgent. Since a child could not be employed without a certificate of attendance, a trade in forged vouchers sprang up, and the bad employer did not scrutinize documents over closely. Attention was then directed to the teachers by whom the vouchers were issued, and their inefficiency was all too clear. One school mistress was actually prosecuted for issuing false certificates, but got off on the plea that she could neither read nor write. Another certificate, one of the examples quoted in the Review, testifies that

this is to certify that 1838 thomas Cordinly as atend martha insip school two hours per day January 6.

The early Victorians, with their real enthusiasm for progress, were quick enough to redress abuses when they once became conscious of their existence, and in order to handle the educational situation which revealed itself, the inspectors were equipped with powers as general as those enjoyed by District Officers in India. To check the trade in forged certificates, it was provided that certificates should only be issued by accredited schoolmasters, and in 1844 the Inspectors were empowered to cancel the licences of schoolmasters whom they found to be illiterate. This was the first step in the process which has culminated in the systematic training of teachers.

The provision of school buildings was an even more difficult problem. Lack of space as much as dearth of teachers accounts

for classes 150 to 200 strong, and a case is recorded of children being found in the boiler house with the stoker teaching them to read. The earlier reports showed that more than half the children attended private or dames' schools, where the accommodation must have been on a level with the teaching. Anticipating Soviet policy by a century, Mr. Horner advocated the establishment of schools in the factories, with libraries for the older workers run in connection with them. But in this matter the spirit of the age was against him. The great religious bodies of the country made education their concern, and had covered England with schools by the time that Parliament decided to make elementary education universal. It is, however, most instructive to discover that the employers were to some extent rivals of the churches in educational activities. They ran Sunday schools in connection with their factories, and not for the children only. Mr. Horner mentions a Sunday school with separate rooms for "adults, who generally feel repugnance to being classed with younger persons"—on which the Review somewhat maliciously comments that the repugnance was probably increased by the fact that the younger persons were generally better at reading and writing. It is significant, too, that the first works' outing on record—it took place at Liverpool in 1845—was held in commemoration of the establishment of the Sunday school.

These examples, which could, of course, be multiplied indefinitely, illustrate the profound influence of religious ideas on English social life during the formative years of the industrial revolution. They gave the country its network of schools, and by establishing association in worship alongside the cash nexus, influenced the relationship of employers and employed. It is the fashion nowadays to sneer at the Victorian master who exploited his workpeople six days of the week and looked after their souls on the seventh. It is even suggested that his conduct was a mere hypocritical evasion of his real obligations. Nowadays, of course, it is apparent enough that the establishment of a Sunday school did not solve the problem of reconciling economic activities with human welfare, and we are alive to the opportunities which the Victorian employers' policy has given to Socialist propaganda. But let us also appreciate the fact

that these employers were aware of the problem and offered a serious attempt at its solution. They lived, like ourselves, in an age of transition, and, in spite of their doctrinairism, they were human beings, sensitive, like ourselves, to the social friction arising from the adoption of new industrial processes. Their method of dealing with it was to join with their workpeople in the study of the Bible and the worship of God. It was a perfectly honourable method, and there is as yet no reason to suppose that its exact contrary, as adopted in Russia, is yielding results more socially adequate.

It is not until the 'fifties that the main interest of the factory inspectorate shifts towards questions of safety and that we can trace the beginnings of policies which led the State to interest itself successively in the prevention of accidents, the prevention of disease and welfare work generally. The bad side of Victorian idealism reveals itself in the fact that the provision of guards round dangerous machinery met with a vigorous opposition such as was never shown towards the establishment of proper schools. As early as 1842 an inspector indicated the proper line of advance.

If a record were kept of all the accidents that happen it would, I am convinced, present a fearful list of mutilations and deaths, a great proportion of which are caused by utter recklessness or the most culpable parsimony on the part of the mill owners.

Two years later an Act provided for the appointment of certifying surgeons, who would necessarily do more than record the accidents brought to their notice. This Act, in fact, contains the germ of Workmen's Compensation and of much else besides. But the battle was not yet over. The question of fencing in shafts more than seven feet high provided matter for vigorous controversy which raged for a dozen years. Seven feet, it was plausibly contended, took machinery out of the danger zone, but the contention was utterly rebutted in a circular issued by the Inspectors in 1854.

In the last three years 128 accidents have occurred from shafts so elevated as to be apparently harmless, and of these accidents none has been trivial and 35 have been fatal.

It would be hard to find a better example of the indispensibility of accurate statistics to social legislation.

Today the principle that dangerous machinery must be protected is no longer in dispute, and the Home Office has carried its policy so far that the provision of proper guards is discussed not with the users of machinery but with its makers. Examples of the best available preventive methods are shown in the Home Office Museum—a remarkable institution, now becoming well known. Precept enforces example in the regulations issued for the conduct of various trades. It is even becoming possible to look forward to a future in which the norm of industrial management will be determined by the State's research officers and prescribed by legislation. So far have we progressed from the simple statistical data demanded by the inspector of 1842.

In this field there is no longer any serious opposition from employers. Such obstacles as have still to be overcome in the introduction and operation of safety devices arise largely from the indifference of the workpeople. The trade unionists who, the Review notes, do not yet visit the Museum in the numbers expected, are acting in accordance with their tradition. So far as specific occupational disease is concerned, the workers have indeed been fairly prompt in their acceptance of new methods of treatment; but even here, though the Review does not say so, there is still too much faith in quackery. In their support of preventive measures, there has been a great modification of attitude since the War; yet, though the disinfection of wool or hair can eliminate the danger of anthrax altogether, the annual average of cases in the twelve years 1921-1932 was seventeen. But it is in arousing the interest of workers, not in specific dangers to be avoided, but in conditions affecting their general health that the inspectors have had the hardest row to hoe. The enforcement of adequate ventilation was long obstructed by the workers' opposition to alleged draughts.

It is astonishing and somewhat disheartening to find the general run of employers and employed still so callously ignorant or negligent on the subject of the advantages in inhaling pure air. . . . Unfortunately, too, when the occupier has been at last persuaded to construct some sort of ventilating arrangement, the workers very soon do their best to render it useless. Often do I ask for a stool or a ladder when I suspect this sort of thing, and drag out quantities of old bagging, paper, and so on, amid shouts of laughter from the hands. Of course, no one knows who put it there.

The passage is taken from a report written in 1888, and though there is an effective demand nowadays for proper ventilation in factories, there must still be thousands of working class bedrooms whose windows are never opened at night. In this matter of hygiene, public and private, the wheel has, very interestingly, come full circle, and the line of attack has shifted back from factories and workshops to the schools in which it began. The new policy is a clear acknowledgment of the truth that social reform cannot be achieved without the support and endorsement of public opinion. Another aspect of this truth can be illustrated from the history of the factory inspectorate. Only eleven years elapsed between the appointment of the first inspectors and the passage of an important and constructive Factory Act based on their reports. It is a very different tale when the lives and habits of the people are immediately involved. The first woman inspector was not appointed for sixty years, and the first medical inspector not for sixty-five. *Eppur si muove*. Both these awkward corners were rounded before the nineteenth century was out.

It would be easy, and is in fact tempting, to philosophize on the social issues opened up by this Review—to examine, for example, how it has come about that certain sections of the inspectorate's work, such as the elimination of truck, are almost complete, while others, such as the activities now summed up in the undifferentiated name "welfare" are barely begun; in what way the inspector's reports have given definition to our ideas of industrial research; and by what gradual process the State, as the recipient of reports at once authoritative and impartial on the conduct of industry, has been led to prescribe the conditions under which work shall be carried on. The contribution of the factory inspectors towards the whole idea of social betterment is, indeed, worth systematic analysis, and might well lead to some modification of current notions of the strength of *laissez-faire* ideas in their heyday. But the most immediate moral to be drawn from this Review is of a more immediately practical character. Great things have been achieved through the activities of the factory inspectorate during the last hundred years, but we have no reason to rest on our laurels. On the contrary, the present century has leeway to make up and,

in particular, the important and valuable lessons of the war-conduct of industry have not yet been recorded in terms of peace-time legislation. In his introduction to the Review the present Chief Inspector reminds us that the existing law dates from 1901. He is able to pay his tribute to the "fine old Act" and to record that it "fortunately still operates effectively"; but he goes on to call attention to certain deficiencies which time has revealed.

Buildings in course of construction are subject to certain provisions of the Acts, but not buildings in course of demolition, buildings above ground, but not excavations or engineering works below ground level, and ships under repair in dry dock, but not ships under repair in wet docks. . . . Again, certain provisions, already contained in some foreign industrial codes, are wanting; there is, for example, no general requirement for efficient lighting in factories. Lastly, the provisions in the Act dealing with hours of employment are in my submission no longer in consonance with modern practice and modern tendencies. On the one hand, they permit hours of work much longer than those now usual in industry; on the other hand, they require rigid adherence to specified time tables and withhold the greater elasticity in arrangement of working hours which can now be justifiably claimed. In the dairy industry and in the canning of vegetables the strict enforcement of the Act has been realized to be so oppressive that rigid compliance with legal requirements has been found impracticable.

This catalogue of defects, presumably by no means exhaustive, is dismal reading, the more so because new legislation has hovered on the threshold of enactment for several years. Its repeated postponement raises two fundamental questions. In the first place, what is the attitude of Parliament towards the social issues with which opinion now expects it to deal? Assuredly it cannot deal with them, as some innocents suppose, by general resolutions. It must leave the detailed management to experts, whose work it will pass under fairly frequent review. Such review, however, becomes impossible unless the experts are provided with a coherent and adequate law to administer—a situation by no means met by the "fine old Act" passed thirty-two years ago.

In the second place, what manner of zeal does the State expect from its servants? Time was when the reports of factory inspectors bore speedy fruit in legislation. That time, it seems, is past, and though the old tradition is still strong, hope deferred must eventually make the heart sick. If it should ever come about that the most responsible and most important body of

bureaucrats in the country give up making recommendations that are never acted on, confine themselves to the strict interpretation of the Act which is their charter, and so expose the country to all the evils of a paper-ridden and dogmatic officialism, Parliament will have only itself to thank.

SOULS

For ages men have told the ancient story
Of souls departing with the final breath,
Deeming we keep our souls till, old and hoary,
They seek new life upon the wings of death.
But we, illuminati of the laws,
Know better. Though we live industriously,
Found families, ply oars, dispute the cause,
Elect our lords, discuss illustriously
The fourth dimension, Mendel, and the germ—
'Tis all phantasmagoric shadow-play;
No omen of the weakness and the worm—
Yet it is night, and we have lived our day.
Though life flow on and Love disport or languish,
The Principle waits not on death to rise;
Often unguessed, often with frightful anguish,
The soul departs before the body dies.

ARTHUR POWELL.

DIMINUENDO

By DIANA CARROLL.

Far down across them ap-like plain
Diminutively creeps a train,
And takes its way with clockwork ease
Past dolls-house cottages and trees.
Its busy self-important din
Is strangely far removed and thin,
And everything becomes pretence
Seen from this godlike eminence.
Here one may lie and idly trace
The little roads that interlace,
And watch the insect traffic crawl,
Incredibly remote and small.
Without an effort one can stray
In sheep-strewn fields a mile away,
Or skim at will, and never tire,
From distant hills to distant spire.
Two cocks disputing high and clear
Scarce stir the drowsy atmosphere ;
Alone I laugh, in Jove-like mirth,
To see this little foolish earth.

But suddenly, with a sound that threatens and hums,
A swift invader out of the distance comes,
And growing nearer loudly it thrums and sings,
Climbing the sky on shining triumphant wings.
Eye-compelling, it drones and lazes there,
High in its proud supremacy of air,
Passes unhurrying across the blue,
Slowly diminishes and fades from view.

And I, who from my little height
Saw earth unfolded to my sight
And felt a god, what now am I
Before that greater deity ?

The sunny silence falls again
Upon the many-coloured plain ;
The busy insects hum and flit,
And I am small, and part of it ;
No bigger than the cars which creep
Below ; as finite as the sheep ;
Contented to be lying still
Earthbound upon my little hill.

EBB AND FLOW

A Monthly Commentary

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

WHATEVER else may be the effect of democracy, it does not check the production of masterful individuals. This indeed is perhaps the counterpoise generated by a law of nature or of providence ; for the result limits severely, if not tyrannically, that freedom which we have generally conceived to be democracy's aim and reason for existing. Nearly all the news this month—except indeed the Davis Cup, General Balbo's flight (of wild geese ?) across the Ocean, and other events falling into the general category of sport—is concerned with the words, gestures and decrees of individuals, each acting as if he summed up the will and wisdom of a nation, yet each showing all the impulsive eccentricity of one human character. Stalin and Mussolini we have got used to ; they cease to excite our interest, or at least our curiosity, because their action has assumed fixed shape and can be predicted (whether we like it or no) with reasonable certainty for some months ahead. But Hitler, and even more Roosevelt, leave us gasping ; for of the two the American is by far the more audacious. He is trying to do, without machine guns, revolvers, bludgeons, or even castor oil, what the other reformers of society have accomplished by these instruments. It is true that General Johnson (the transatlantic equivalent for Captain Göring) has said that those who do not supply the patriotic and self-sacrificing action demanded by the President will get a sock on the jaw ; and such prophecies tend to fulfil themselves. But there has been, as yet, no appeal

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Men**

to the larrikin element in society, of which revolutionaries almost invariably are driven to make use. In Eastern Europe its prominent pastime was Jew-baiting, and in normal Germany this was confined to insulting words and the like ; but since the swastika became ascendant as a new constellation, these limits are no longer imposed ; the pack is at it, worry, worry, good dogs, and all in the name of Aryan *Kultur*.

There is need to apologize for bracketing these two placarded names, Hitler and Roosevelt ; but one must point out that under the conditions of democracy, a leader who seizes power is committed for at least a period to the method of whooping it up. In the United States this has not gone beyond such methods of persuasion and incitement as are used at every presidential election, when the candidate is selected by a sort of dionysiac orgy (so at least American accounts of the proceedings lead us to believe) ; nor indeed does the process differ in essentials, but only in degree of intensity, from such campaigns as Mr. Sinclair Lewis has described in a town of the Middle West when an enterprising Mayor wanted to abolish, say, a plague of flies. But it is in essence hysterical. Prices are to be whooped up ; hours of labour are to be whooped down ; a boom is to be made by presidential order. What will come of it does not seem so certain. A month or two ago, wheat was whooped up to a dollar ; then it came tumbling down. Let us admit that the President can legally, or at all events with consent of the governed (which is the essential of democracy) order that employers shall pay more wages for a shorter week's work. Let us admit that the American public will applaud this decision, just as it applauded the Volstead Amendment. That, however, was not simply a President's order ; it went on to the Statute Book, into the constitution (and all the President's horses and men have not been able to get it out). But did it make for sobriety ? Command that money shall be better distributed and employed : splendid ; but will it be done ? If it is, we shall all be looking for a Roosevelt.

Yet there is this to be said. A country which five years ago believed itself to be the richest and the most securely established

that the world had ever seen, which believed that it enjoyed these bountiful dispensations by the special favour of providence (read the *Autobiography of President Coolidge*); which now by a sudden staggering turn of the wheel finds itself with thirteen million unemployed to be kept from starving, while at the same time it holds the world's richest men, is a country necessarily in danger of revolution. In such a juncture it is not safe for the Government to sit still. A state bordering on despair craves to see at least something happening. Excitement is a valuable drug; and there is appeasement in watching money dragged out of reluctant fists. But these are dangerous remedies to administer.

Mr. Roosevelt's belief and that of his coadjutors is no doubt that in the end—and in an end not far distant—it will be better for everybody all round that money should be **The President's Bludgeon** thus unceremoniously hustled into motion; and he may be able to convince so large a part of the population of his rightness that the minority dare not resist or evade. Yet the fact remains that the decrees which he is imposing could not have been carried through any but a revolutionary legislature, and least of all through that of the United States; and that to make them effective, the President will have to use coercion, unless indeed he succeeds in generating a fervour for his projects through the whole body of the people of which the world has seen no previous example. Already there is resistance both from Capital and from Labour; and there is manifest the danger that class-conscious Labour may seek to make altogether too large profits for itself out of the proposals—may, in fact, wreck the whole scheme.

Still, so far one thing is plain. The United States had reached to a point when it felt the need of a man; it has got him; and the proposals, or the measures, which he puts forward are not tainted by any ignoble rancour. As yet, the strong hand has none but moral authority; as yet the only control of free speech and protest in America (if there is one) is that imposed by a fear of public disapproval. There is as yet no appearance of that slavish uniformity of publicly expressed opinion of which Germany affords perhaps the ugliest example.

It has been widely accepted that a special submissiveness to authority in the German character made this uniformity a true representation of the German mind. Two remarkable articles in the *New Statesman* of August 5th deserve study, and one of them deals with the reaction of France to this phenomenon, which according to Mr. Robert Dell is regarded with contempt as well as dislike. But in the other, Mr. Ernst Henri (presumably an Alsatian) gives an account of what underlies this seeming tameness. According to him, the whole of Germany has been swiftly permeated by a secret organization, working through groups of five, and drawing support from all the multifarious elements opposed to the Brown Shirt regime. If he is right, either a bloody suppression on a scale rivalling the Russian, or else a counter-revolution, must come within a very short time. That will be a testing time for Europe; since imminent danger would arise lest the tragic Russian mistake should be repeated and troops from outside Germany come in to reinforce revolt; with the inevitable result of consolidating any rule which can appeal for support from Germans, as Germans, against all foreigners, as foreigners.

It is quite another matter to suggest that Europe should sit still and allow Germany to invade those liberties which are nearly all that the victorious allies left to Austria. By an ingenious evasion, the Nazis confine their irruption (not strictly, but in the main) to the air: they use broadcasting, they bomb Austrian territory with dropped propaganda. As things stand, Europe has no sanctions to apply. Protest has been made (not conjointly) by Italy, France, and England; and the two latter have been answered with a snub. Sanctions of finance are not available, for Germany is in the strong position of owing money to everybody, and can answer by a refusal to pay. But at least, what is done by Germany in Austria may be done by France or England in Germany: a counter-bombardment of propaganda in a country where already, according to M. Henri, there is a mosquito swarm of unlicensed anti-Nazi news-sheets and the like, would make itself very effectively felt. There is no mistaking the German temper; it believes in snatching by continuous and advancing aggression every advantage it can; and in ordinary

life such a temper can only be met by reprisals on a scale which demonstrates the need for behaving in society with decent respect for other people. The only way of dealing with an *enfant terrible* is to show him that other people can be terrible too.

Meantime, this buccaneering violence, which even Switzerland has not escaped, is defeating its own ends—unless, indeed, by these means Herr Hitler attains to creating a majority movement in Austria for union with Germany. Yet of all the greater capitals in Europe, Rome was the single one where he could count on some sympathy, and is precisely the one where the *Anschluss* is least likely to be welcome. Essentially the result must be to solidarize Europe against Germany, so long as Europe is told that, if Germany does not get what she wants, Germany will take it. Who in the face of that attitude—which, if words and gestures mean anything, is that of Hitlerite Germany—will move a step towards disarmament? Who will consider frontier revision? For this (as we begin to know since first the subject was seriously mooted in consequence of the Four Power Pact) can only be accomplished, if at all, in an atmosphere very different from that which now exists. If the loss were only Germany's, the cause for regret would remain, but be less; as it is, all hopes of general appeasement and of rational economies are postponed.

Unfortunately, the truth is that, up till now, defeated Germany has contrived most ingeniously to divide the victor powers, and more specially to estrange England from France. Within the last few months, a check has been called to that process: England becomes aware that each succeeding concession to Germany has been followed by an increase of violence in the demands, till nowadays we come back to the characteristic English question: Who is asking, and who is giving, fair play? Is France, after all, that incarnation of unrelenting militarism, that prey to territorial ambition, disguised as unreasoning dread of a disarmed enemy, that so many English men and women have chosen to see in her since the war? Few services to civilization could be greater than to dispel this ugly illusion, and put the truth in its place.

I have never from observation and experience been led to attach great importance to what is written in those newspapers which aim at gigantic circulation. The effect of what they have to say about political issues is smothered by the counter-attractions which they so lavishly provide, of cross-word competitions, prizes for the biggest scarlet runner, and so forth. On the other hand, I set much higher than is usual the lasting impression produced by those few writers who are not only read but remembered. Mr. Shaw is one, and Mr. Shaw, of course, is always a propagandist. I should like to believe that Mr. Chesterton is another, and he, too, is never without a gospel to preach. But, taking the mass of moderately educated English folk, I doubt if any writer has so deeply affected their minds over a long period as Mr. Kipling—very largely because he never argued. That is why I welcome specially his little book *Souvenirs of France*. He certainly has not always been France's advocate; it was not in his nature, when any nation was in serious controversy with his own, to be even fair to the qualities of that nation. But remembering so far back as the publication of *The Light that Failed*, one can see that there was always in him that special feeling for France which it is the special gift of France to inspire in thousands who are not of her blood or breeding. His book tells how that feeling began; it tells also, and with that power of carrying conviction which is Mr. Kipling's, why he stands for and admires the French: a people who accept willingly the universal obligation to defend the land on which their life is rooted; which is to them, as city-loving England cannot be to the bulk of its inhabitants, mother earth. (Stand a battalion of French infantry on their heads, and you will find the countryman's clay on the boots of seventy-five per cent. among them, is how he puts it.) They are a people beyond others content with their inheritance, and therefore jealous to defend it; although, as he shows with swift touches, they also have reached out overseas, and they also have done work in colonization in which this eulogist of British India sees not merely comparable results, but something that perhaps the British have not achieved: an ease of intercourse, a *détente*, due of course to the Latin's absence of what in

Mr. Kipling
and France

British rule (and much more in the German) imposes the colour bar.

However, these are details ; the essential is that Mr. Kipling, who knows France long and has seen much of it, specially during the War, and since the War, now seeks to impart his knowledge and his feeling to his countrymen. It is perhaps of more significance (though hardly for England) that Count Sforza, the ex-diplomat and Minister, in his admirable book *Les Frères Ennemis* opens his review of Europe with a study of France, which is a singular tribute from one belonging to a nation in no way disposed to praise the French. France is, to this good European, the most pacific nation in Europe ; and no man can speak with more intimate knowledge of the spots in Europe where peace is most in danger. Count Sforza was the person appointed to draw one of the still disputed frontiers between Poland and Germany ; the Sforza Line in Upper Silesia cannot be said to have given universal satisfaction, but it holds the field. Again, as Minister for Foreign Affairs in Italy, he was in the closest touch with Yugoslavia, with Austria, and with all the Succession States, where every step treads on smothered embers. Broadly, he holds that blame for the troubles consequent on the Treaty of Versailles is by no means solely to be placed on the framers of the Treaty. He thinks, for instance, that Poland's access to the sea should have been given elsewhere, but thinks also that the character of Polish administration since the War has exacerbated where it might have allayed. The work of Masaryk and Benesh in Czechoslovakia stands in sharp contrast with that of the Poles—because, he would say, the Czech leaders have held fast to the principles of nationalism which Mazzini expounded, and which involve frank recognition of other national rights. The nationalism of Fascist Italy is notably defective in this respect, whether in its dealing with the Southern Slavs or the Tyrolese. But Count Sforza has neither part nor lot with Fascism, being an unrepentant believer in the old Liberalism ; and Mazzini's disciple is by that very allegiance estranged from contemporary thought and even from contemporary life in his own country.

For Nationalism has ceased to imply Liberalism ; indeed, as professed in Germany or in Italy, it is the enemy of what was most essential in the Liberal creed. I have been reading a series of essays on *The Social and Political Ideas of Some Representative Thinkers of the Victorian Age*, which naturally sets one considering whether the present condition of the Liberal party indicates a defeat of Liberalism. That is not my conclusion. Take, for instance, Mr. Harold Laski's paper on de Tocqueville, which has a merit unhappily not common in this collection of discourses. It is written not in a technical jargon, but in English that the plain reader can understand. " Liberalism ", he says, " is the expression less of a creed than of a temperament. It implies a passion for liberty, and that the passion may be compelling, it requires a power to be tolerant, even sceptical, about opinion and tendencies you hold to be dangerous, which is one of the rarest of human qualities." Now Tocqueville was, in Mr. Laski's view, one of the two " essential Liberals " of the nineteenth century (Acton being the other). Who, then, was de Tocqueville ? An aristocrat of the old regime who saw the necessity for abolition of privilege but saw it unwillingly. Is there a leading Conservative today in England who does not feel some regret for the spacious individualism of the old Whig world, and yet at the same time does not bow to the greater claims of liberty ? Mr. Baldwin, Lord Irwin, Lord Cecil—which of these would be willing, if he could, to restore privilege ? Liberalism has ceased to exist as a fighting creed in domestic English politics because it has no appreciable opponents. But how of English policy outside England ? The old Liberalism was willing to take risks to forward in other countries the principle of freedom. It is true, the risks in those days were less, there was less fear of setting the match to a universal flare-up ; but certainly today's Liberalism has little of this generous rashness. Yet it is fair to say, Liberalism takes a new form since the tentative formation of a League of Nations. According to this new Liberalism—against which few lift up their voices—national rights are sacred and precious, but must be internationally guarded. Any nationalism which refuses cordial allegiance to the principles of the League is recognized as reactionary and

illiberal : it is not Mazzini's liberalism (to apply Count Sforza's test), and it is not Cavour's. On the other hand, where there is the passion for liberty, there is the will to take risks. This, however, may take two forms, in the stronger States. It may mean a willingness to advocate a lessening of military power in order that there may be less fear in the world, and therefore more freedom. This is to a large extent the attitude of official Liberalism in England today. The reactionary and anti-Liberal policy is one of maintaining military force, exclusively for the nation's protection. There is, however, another Liberalism which does not hold that a world in which the law-abiding States divested themselves of force would be more free. This Liberalism holds that something of sovereignty must be sacrificed in order that the will of an orderly Europe may prevail against either predatory or furious nationalism ; in order to provide liberty with the necessary international guarantees. Such Liberalism is rather to seek in England, which believes in protecting liberty by pious and solemn vows. In other words, the Liberalism of today has not fully realized the implications of its own beliefs. It is, however, not Count Sforza's opinion that the true test is to be found in willingness to organize an international police ; first must come the consent to create and submit to a central tribunal. It is here that he thinks the French fall short of allegiance to the principles embodied in President Wilson's Fourteen Points. For this European statesman (now removed to the position of a formidably well informed observer) does the good deed of recalling that Wilson in 1918 really interpreted and crystallized the aspirations of a world at war ; that his doctrine was accepted alike by victors and by vanquished ; and that his failure as a politician does not alter the value of his insight. Count Sforza's examination of the points, and of the reasons why they were not adopted in practice makes one of the best chapters in a book that has throughout the quality of brilliant talk. A single illustration of this may be found in his observations on permanent security which, if it could be established, " would be only a cause of decadence, like that which came on the Chinese when they had built their Great Wall. Security for nations is like happiness in love, and must be daily renewed by fresh goodwill ".

Mr. Gandhi is a pathetic figure. Neither his own people nor the British Government will be guided by him. Yet in his heart he must know that of two appeals for justice which he made, by far the more strongly grounded was that addressed to his fellow Brahmins. How can he hope to persuade the world, or even to persuade India, that the British rule of today is a tyranny when it is called upon to give to the poorest Indians some protection against the injurious treatment meted out to them by other Hindus ? Yet to end this injuriousness Mr. Gandhi vainly offered the sacrifice of his life. He has been too just a man to be a good politician ; too much affected by Western conceptions of justice to remain completely representative of Hindu nationalism. By yielding to his sense of justice he split the solidarity of his own movement ; he allowed it to be admitted that for once justice was on the British side. That ended the intransigence of nationalism. To some of the Congress party Mr. Gandhi seemed unduly willing to make friends with a Viceroy ; but to others he appeared unreasonably insistent, too ready to refuse a good instalment of freedom. So now, driven by irresistible impulse, he returns to the attitude in which alone he finds content : he takes up resistance against the European power, to his own self sacrifice, and on his own individual initiative. It is said that little notice is taken of his action—probably with truth. But if he should die in a British jail, there would be another story to tell ; and I greatly fear that the left wing of the Congress party thinks that in this there may lie a hope of galvanizing opposition to any such compromise as the White Paper outlined. On the other hand—for the saints are not without a shrewd insight—Mr. Gandhi may well have divined this calculation. If there were in him any of the histrionic impulse that leads to gesture for the sake of renown, the temptation to dramatic death would be strong. Yet probably his own sense of justice and his hate of violence will lead him to avoid this supreme challenge, after which violence would certainly break out. He sets an example of passive resistance and believes himself justified in doing so ; if the sentiment which he interprets be widespread enough, his example will lead to consequences which may indeed be serious, but for which the Government that

cannot allay such discontent would be in his eyes answerable. If, however, the response does not follow, he would, I think, feel that he had not justification for a course in which his own death would involve the deaths of many.

It is well to bear in mind that if this vast experiment in extension of liberty is to succeed, many kinds of wisdom, many kinds of courage, many kinds of virtue, will be needed in all quarters. Even now, I think, things that are possible today, appeasements and understandings, would not have been possible but that the chief figure in India's opposition to British rule has been a man who, whether wise or unwise in action, has been marked throughout his life by high nobility and a spirit free from rancour.

In Ireland it looks as if Mr. de Valera were for a second time to provide his country with the blessings of civil war ; but

The Irish Trouble

comment on the detail of his proceedings and on the probable consequences is better withheld. It is worth pointing out, however, that with his habitual dexterity in tactics he has introduced a measure which Mr. Cosgrave's party will dislike but cannot easily oppose ; since they themselves took step after step to lessen even the symbols of control from London which survived after the status of a Dominion had been fully conceded. The dividing line appears to be this : Mr. Cosgrave and his party frankly desire to remain within the British Commonwealth, holding that this course gives to Ireland more freedom and more advantages than Denmark, for instance, enjoys. Mr. de Valera, more concerned with names and less with material considerations, aims at complete separation. Consequently, he wishes to reduce the office of Governor-General to a mere form, till its retention becomes manifestly an idle expense. Mr. Cosgrave, on the other hand, inclined apparently to retain it chiefly as a link and symbol of friendly association, but also because it might at times serve usefully to lessen or avoid friction within the Commonwealth.

These objects are, however, largely of academic interest because Mr. de Valera's policy has already lost to Ireland the most obvious material advantages of association. In any case

they count for little, compared with the question whether Irishmen, not divided by creed or by national sentiment, are again to be busy against each other with revolver, rifle, and machine-gun—fulfilling all the agreeable predictions of those in Ulster and elsewhere who delighted to make such prophecies, but had begun to despair of their fulfilment, till Mr. de Valera obligingly took things in hand. However, it matters little what is said or thought in Ulster or in England. If the Irish under self-government can produce moderate prosperity and the prospect for every man that he can go to work confident of reaping the fruits of his labour undisturbed, they need not care for criticism. At the moment disturbance is infinitely less than reports in newspapers would suggest. Yet one cannot be hopeful. Mr. de Valera's policy in regard to England seems a denial of common sense. But his action in regard to General O'Duffy and his movement seems a denial of common justice : and the danger is there, not in the " economic war ".

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

THE SPIRIT OF FRANCE

by HAMISH MILES

THE SPIRIT OF FRANCE, by Paul Cohen-Portheim. Translated by Alan Harris. *Duckworth*. 8s. 6d.

Laughter for Pluto, by Francis Watson.
Lovat Dickson. 12s. 6d.

Baudelaire, by Enid Starkie. Gollancz.
18s.

"I SHALL not lack critics", said Mr. Cohen-Portheim sagely enough, towards the close of his book, "who will accuse me of over-estimating the importance of the French spirit to Europe". But in the course of his vivacious survey, historical and cultural, he argued his case with such disarming persuasiveness that a great many opponents of his view may find their counter-arguments faltering; and certainly there will be few who will not doubly regret the recent death of this true and perspicacious cosmopolitan. He wrote this book in 1925. In Germany especially, it was a bold man who could stand forward with a considered apologia for France and the culture of France. And it is undeniable that the past few years have pitifully betrayed his faith in the growth of an international sense in the Western world, an increasing coherence of Europe. But, in the main, Mr. Cohen-Portheim justifies his central thesis—vast though it is—that France today has come to be, and will probably long remain, the representative of the purely European genius. He sees her as the natural centre of gravity for

Europe, the focusing-point through which pass conflicting and converging currents of ideas, a synthesis of races (Latin, Teuton and Celtic), of political ideas (democracy and authority), of religious forces (Catholic and sceptic). And to France, accordingly, we must look for the living core round which must crystallise the true and enduring elements in the present European turmoil—if Western civilization is not utterly to disintegrate or pass into an ugly mass of giant servitudes.

It is typical, perhaps, of the inevitable speed of Mr. Cohen-Portheim's book that, except by implication, he does not refer to the two very significant figures of French literature with whom these other books deal—Rabelais and Baudelaire. The author of *Pantagruel* is the subject of Mr. Watson's cryptically titled *Laughter for Pluto*. He has no axe to grind. He is simply concerned that we should enjoy and understand. And in rather a haphazard, casual way Mr. Watson succeeds in providing a useful and enticing introduction to the intelligent reading of that indescribable, almost inconceivable, masterpiece. He distills a good deal of the researches of the scholars who have peered into the steaming bowl of Rabelais—enough at any rate to make plain to the ordinary reader that the books of the master are

not just wild fantasies whirling in a void—and when he shows, very neatly, how Panurge, the *homme moyen sensuel*, with his cry “O twice and thrice happy those that plant Cabbages!” has passed through Molière on to Voltaire’s *Candide* in his famous garden, he is showing one of the essential traits of the French spirit, past and present.

Baudelaire, too, is a large subject. Miss Starkie has certainly written a very large book about him : if too large, the reason lies in her unnecessary verbosity, not in the fulness of her knowledge and treatment of the poet. Her *Baudelaire* is decidedly the most comprehensive work on its subject in English (though *not* " the first reasonably complete work on Baudelaire in any language ", as claimed by her publisher), and it would be a pity if her prolix manner prevented readers from appreciating her learning, her sound judgment, and an extraordinary story. Of all the lives of the poets, his was the most terrible. His thirst for that beauty which to him was the sole law, was never quenched. His solitude in the crowded hell which his native Paris became for him, was the solitude of a man crying out in a city of phantoms. His soul, his intellect, his nerves, were a battleground for two battling ages, for the conflicting forces of the bewildered world into which he found himself born. And these shattered him. He died in his forties, paralysed in mind and body, with half of his vision of earth and heaven and hell left unseized and unspoken. It is a truly tragic story, and Miss Starkie recounts it with understanding. Glancing back at the long tale of his family quarrels, of the correct General Aupick and the prudent M. Ancelle, of the poet's tortured love for his mother, of the moneylenders and publishers who tyrannized over them in their several ways, of the slow encroaching squalor of life that steadily engulfed this brilliant *fils de famille*, one can see how violently the soul of a

spiritual aristocrat was riven by the stabs of circumstance. Small wonder that he came to view the words and gyrations of mankind *sub specie æternitatis*? Or that the spectacle of human life was transformed under that baleful, almost Dantesque, gaze into one great Dance of Death?

Poland, by Roman Dyboski. London
Benn. 21s.

Poland has been prominently before the world's eyes ever since the close of the Great War, and now we have this book by a prominent Pole, well known in England. Two conclusions obtrude themselves at once on the reader's mind. The first is a conviction of the irresistible vitality of the Poles. This was apparent even in the partitioned condition of the country during the nineteenth century, when (to use the classic words of Lord Acton) Poland was a "soul wandering forth in search of its body". Poles were to be found in Austria, Belgium, Hungary, Italy, Turkey and France, wherever there was a blow to be struck in the cause of freedom. It is the same irresistible vitality which Professor Dyboski shows us again as struggling successfully to unite in a co-ordinated system of institutions its partitioned part, amid difficulties which at first may almost have appeared insurmountable.

The second is the importance of a Polish exit to the sea. "The extension of Poland's possessions along the curving sea-coast line to the North was vital to Poland's imperial safety", concludes Professor Dyboski as the result of an interesting recapitulation of the history of the old Poland; and in the new Poland the reader easily draws the same conclusion from a balanced review of all his salient facts.

J. H. HARLEY.

MARLBOROUGH

by G. R. STIRLING TAYLOR.

THE TACTICS AND STRATEGY OF THE GREAT DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, by Hilaire Belloc. *Arrowsmith.* 10s. 6d.

It is always interesting to read of the subject of soldiers and their craft when (as too rarely happens) the matter is handled by a critic with a mind of real intelligence which can go deeper than the trivial displays of physical force on the surface of the battlefields. So it is very good to read Mr. Hilaire Belloc on the subject of Marlborough as a soldier. For Mr. Belloc is a writer of large intellect; and he has that crowning mercy, a very fertile imagination—which, of course, is not really a thing apart from the intellect, but, rather, that excess of it which allows its possessor to understand greater facts than the small details which are all that the little minds can see.

Mr. Belloc tells us that he is only considering Marlborough as a general. But that is impossible; for in history the art of war cannot be disentangled from the art of politics, and it is notorious that never was a soldier to be hampered by politicians as Marlborough was. The reader will find many useful flashes of Mr. Belloc's vivid criticism on the problems of the contemporary statesmanship. For example, he corrects that too persistent historical misstatement that the interests of the English and the Dutch were naturally allied. Mr. Belloc's historical background is always interesting; for he usually disregards conventional sentimentalities (which linger in so many text books) and sets down realist facts.

One cannot agree that "it is not ultimate success which is the test" of a

soldier. Mr. Belloc points out that both Napoleon and Hannibal failed at the end, and yet they were as great as Julius Cæsar, who died supreme. Surely the historian (as distinguished from the military instructor) must consider the end. Thus Wellington was so much greater than Napoleon, not merely because he beat him at Waterloo, but because he never attempted the impossible. Wellington had that balanced brain that would have known before he started that the Moscow campaign was a foregone disaster, which must end in calamity. Just as he would have seen that it was folly to waste all those armies in the Peninsula.

But Marlborough was like Wellington (and unlike Napoleon) in that he had a splendidly balanced mind, as Mr. Belloc explains in his opening chapter, which is a most interesting display of psychological analysis and historical and military criticism. However, in spite of this careful examination of Marlborough's strength, Mr. Belloc also points out that France was getting more and more exhausted, while England and Holland were still full of financial vigour. Particularly valuable is Mr. Belloc's remark that whereas France found it difficult to raise exchangeable wealth out of farmers, yet the English and the Dutch (although poorer than the French) could easily fight a war on the rapidly transferable capital of merchants who commanded a wider international market than the village and the country towns of the French system. It is this kind of intellectual grip that makes this author so useful.

The purely military part of this volume is interesting as a careful analysis of the

many factors that go to the making of a great battle. It has many of the qualities of a good detective story, and it is a commendable book for an age when there is too much sloppy sentimental thinking.

One can detect a few errors of detail. Thus, it is scarcely fair to make so much of Eugene's march to join Marlborough near Blenheim; he did not quite "unexpectedly double-back south-east" at Tübingen, for as Mr. Belloc's own map shows he marched slightly north-east, thus not radically changing his general direction. But these are trivial matters. But is it right to argue that Marlborough's delay in attacking at Malplaquet "perhaps has changed the whole subsequent history of Europe?" Can any battle change the traditions of history? Could the Allies have ever conquered France? Or even unseated the Bourbons?

THE TRAGEDY OF TOLSTOY, by Countess Alexandra Tolstoy. *Allen & Unwin.* 15s.

THERE are people who hold that it is a pity to reveal to the world the seamy side of the characters of great men, particularly of those who have preached morality to their contemporaries and to posterity. There are others who think that soiled family linen should not be washed in public. Such people will be legitimately shocked at *The Tragedy of Tolstoy* by his youngest daughter. The sole—and for most readers amply sufficient—justification of this book is its contribution to the science of human nature; for the intimate biography of great men has always provided that science with one of the most fascinating and fruitful fields.

The most curious thing about the present volume is that the Countess Alexandra Tolstoy seems to regard it as in some sense a reply to her mother's *Diaries*, and a vindication of her father's memory. I confess that on me, at any

rate, it makes a different impression. We knew from *Countess Tolstoy's Diary* and *Later Diary* published in English some years ago (a third volume has just been published in Moscow, but has not yet reached this country) that the Countess Tolstoy became in her later years an hysterical woman brooding on her grievances and frequently persecuting her husband with her caprices and her jealousy. Her daughter's book, though filled with bitter hostility to her mother (the girls, generally speaking, sided with their father, the sons with their mother), tells us no more of this side of the picture; and it unconsciously confirms much of what Countess Tolstoy says of the sufferings and provocations which she had to bear.

The biography of Wagner provides us, in the nineteenth century, with the most complete study of the Egoism of Genius. But in Tolstoy's egoism there is a subtler strain. The supreme

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analyst of the human heart becomes interested at last in nothing but the analysis of his own emotions.

There is no space here to quote his reflexions on the death of his daughter Masha, or his capricious interventions, always on the ground of higher morality, in the *affaires du cœur* of his daughters. I know no work on Tolstoy which reveals so clearly how the self-conscious pursuit of his own moral perfections turned a great man into a bad husband, a bad father, and a bad human being. That is the real tragedy of Tolstoy to which the present title bears witness.

It is inevitable that this book should be treated primarily as a contribution to the tragic and sordid story of the relationship between Tolstoy and his wife during his later years. But it contains many other sidelights on this period, notably a sketch of Chertkov, the dark Rasputin-like figure whose almost despotic influence over Tolstoy helped so much to embitter his wife; and the oft-told story of Tolstoy's last journey and death at the wayside railway station is enriched with a few new details. *The Tragedy of Tolstoy*, containing, as it does, the intimate personal testimony of an eye-witness, will have to be added to every Tolstoy library.

JOHN HALLETT.

THE DICTATORSHIP OF THINGS, by Geoffrey Sainsbury. Methuen. 5s.

"THE first materialism freed truth from the dominion of morality. The second has still to conquer morality, making morality *part of materialism*."

This is Mr. Sainsbury's thesis, announced in the opening words of his book. He is not satisfied with what he calls the "armistice" of science and religion, according to the terms of which science is allowed to tell man about facts on condition that it will leave it to religion to tell man what is good. This division is, he believes, unworkable,

leading finally to the stultification of science and to the deification of man the individual, with the expression of his personality, or genius, as his final aim.

It cannot be denied that Mr. Sainsbury has some reason on his side. Genius, in fact, is not a thing which exists for its own sake. It is a way of working, and cannot, therefore, itself be the object of that work. Yet if the tenets of modern religion are accepted, and the relation of the individual soul with God be the supreme good, then the sole way of expressing this is by the cultivation of individual genius without any definable object for that genius to work on or towards. This is, plainly, a *reductio ad absurdum*, and our premise regarding the supreme good must be wrong.

Where, then, shall we find our supreme good? Only, the author holds, in whatever emerges from our examination of the nature of things. Science must abandon her mock modesty about values, and help us to discover the objects for which we should strive. This involves, of course, the abandonment of the idea that the individual is supreme under God, and exalts in his place other objects, perhaps only to be attained by the sacrifice of individuality to some greater organization, such as the State.

This kind of materialism need hardly offend the religious man, in spite of the hard things that are said about religion, for he need only admit, in order to work with it, that our inspiration comes from God not directly, but through the nature of things. And Mr. Sainsbury makes it refreshingly clear that materialism, in this form, will need and give scope to every quality for which we really value the individual—imagination, initiative, courage and all the rest. He merely asserts that there is, inherent in nature, some greater object for which we may strive, and exert again the heroic qualities no longer directly called forth by the struggle for existence.

ALAN M. WELLS.

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DIPLOMACY BY CONFERENCE

by W. HORSFALL CARTER.

PEACEMAKING, 1919, by Harold Nicolson. *Constable*. 18s.

MEMORIES of the utter chaos, spiritual and material, of Europe in 1918-20 are growing dim. From the vantage-point of 1933 we are prone to lavish pitying scorn upon the politicians and professors who made a desert and called it peace. The experience of other Conferences, however, ought to give us pause. For, as the author of this perspicuous "study in fog" jotted down in his Diary (he was one of the Foreign Office experts under Sir Eyre Crowe):

Nobody who has not had experience of Committee work in actual practice can conceive of the difficulty of inducing a Frenchman, an Italian, an American and an Englishman to agree on anything. A majority agreement is easy enough: an unanimous agreement is an impossibility; or if possible, then possible only in the form of some paralytic compromise.

Mr. Harold Nicolson has set himself to recapture that atmosphere of confusion. It is mirrored in the Diary which forms Book Two of the present volume. The major portion, on the other hand, consists of a serious examination of "what went wrong in Paris, and why". Perhaps the most abiding impression is the "eternal inadequacy of human intelligence"; not any original sin on the part of the protagonists but rather an appalling hypocrisy, unescapable not merely at that particular Conference, but, it would seem, at any assembly of a similar nature.

Most baffling—to us today—of all the

blunders, and having the gravest consequences, is the fact that:

up to the last moment the Plenipotentiaries were themselves unaware whether the Peace they were negotiating was to be preliminary or final, imposed or negotiated.

The intention had certainly been to concert, through the machinery of the Supreme War Council, preliminary terms acceptable generally to the Allies, so as to permit raising of the Allied blockade and immediate emergency and relief work in Europe. After which the Conference was to become a Congress, and negotiations with the Germans, etc., were to establish the final treaty. This plan was never deliberately jettisoned: it just faded away. No doubt the principal factor in the telescoping process was the presence of President Wilson and especially his unalterable determination to have the Covenant of the League bound up indissolubly with the Treaties of Peace. But it was very hard on the ex-enemy Powers.

When all questions of personality and circumstance have been discounted, however, we are left with the uncomfortable feeling that the real villain of the "peace" was the Conference method. Diplomacy is admirably defined here as "the art of negotiating documents in a ratifiable and therefore dependable form". For all the blather about the old and the new diplomacy it has not changed and cannot change its essence or ethical penumbra, though its methods may be modified. This changeling

"diplomacy by conference", however, has nothing to be said in its favour; it breeds imprecision, aspiration and emotional disturbance, all of which are fatal to effective diplomacy. Mr. Nicolson's judgment may well be pondered by the many who have misconceived the function of the League of Nations machinery.

THE MENACE OF FASCISM, by John Strachey. *Gollancz*. 5s.

HITLER AS FRANKENSTEIN, by Johannes Steel. *Wishart*. 5s.

HERE are two books which deal with Fascism by writers who have seen things from behind the scenes.

Mr. Strachey was Sir Oswald Mosley's right hand man in the New Party, and parted from him when it became clear that Sir Oswald was set upon the Fascist course. Herr Johannes Steel was forced to fly his country because he knew too much about the Nazis, and was opposed to them. The testimony in both cases, therefore, is of a nature which cannot be disregarded.

Mr. Strachey makes it clear that the "policy of the lesser evil" adopted by German Social Democracy and the British Labour Party have led inevitably to those parties losing the initiative and being forced back upon the defensive. Fearing to face the issue of the overthrow of capitalism they were obliged to give up hard-won advantages in order to preserve democratic government from the onslaught of Fascism, but by so doing they unwittingly improved the chances of Fascism; for Fascism, first and last, is the new weapon of capitalism to maintain its privileges in a decaying economic system. Thus argues Mr. Strachey, and, whether one agrees or disagrees with his view, the fact remains that he is accurate in asserting that with every retreat on the part of Social-Democracy or Labour

there has been a corresponding advance on the part of Fascism.

Both Mr. Strachey and Herr Steel emphasize the fact that Fascism, promising to conduct all classes and conditions of men into the economic promised land, makes a ready appeal to large sections of the community suffering from the effects of the economic crisis and disillusioned with the leaders of the ordinary political parties. In each case there is a terrible indictment of the brutalities of Fascism in action in Germany, and both the Englishman and the German make it clear that the eventual outcome must be war.

There are two particularly impressive chapters in Herr Steel's book, the one dealing with the methods and sources of Hitlerist finance, the other with the psychology of the men around Hitler. The financial details are startling, for Herr Steel contends that money for the Nazi exchequer has been pouring in from reactionary financial and industrial elements all over the world, including Britain, America and Sweden. Names, amounts, transactions, dates—all are set down in plain terms.

Herr Steel's chapter on the mental make-up of the men around Hitler corresponds, in its facts, very much with the details given in a section of Mr. Strachey's book—one is a drug addict, another a crippled syphilitic, a third a former certified lunatic. These are the principal Nazi Ministers, men whose names are now as familiar as those of our own political leaders, the men who are the chosen instruments for the moral regeneration of Germany. The German author roundly states his charges, the gravity of which is such that one feels impelled to echo the words of Professor Harold Laski, in his introduction to *Hitler as Frankenstein*:—"It is because of my sense of their gravity that I welcome their submission to the test of public inquiry."

C. F. MELVILLE.

ADVENTURE

by DONALD CARSWELL.

THE UNEXPECTED, by Frank Penn-Smith. *Cape*. 7s. 6d. net.

MR. PENN SMITH tells us that as a lad in Tasmania he worked for some time at lime-burning, and this was of a piece with the general tissue of perverse fortune that has been his life. For, he says,

here a tragedy was being enacted without anyone knowing it. My fingers were extraordinarily sensitive. To touch a flower petal was exquisite joy. The feel of fine glaze on china, the sensuous delight of delicate fabrics, were like a kind of secret music to the lingering fingers. But the coarse lime-bags, the gritty rasp of lime, filling the pores of the skin—horror! I would go home with my roughened fingers outspread in the air, lest one finger should touch another, making me shiver right down the spine. Twenty years afterwards, when I had taken up mining, travelling with the chairman of my companies (himself a big sheep owner), wool experts told me that there had been a fortune in those fingers before they were calloused. An ability to class wool is very valuable in Australia, and my sense of touch was even then still exceptional.

I have quoted this passage in full because it is a good example of Mr. Penn-Smith's writing and has a symbolic value as well. He is now over seventy years of age, but neither time nor tribulation has been able to callous his fingers when they hold a pen. He is one of those rare people who know the exact values of words and can never choose wrongly.

The Unexpected purports to be an autobiography, but the term is not apt, for Mr. Penn-Smith tells surprisingly little of the details of his life; is nearly as indifferent to chronological order as

Tristram Shandy, and hardly ever gives a date. His father was a Liverpool metal merchant who went bankrupt, and with his wife and two boys attempted to start life again in Tasmania. Mr. Penn-Smith's picture of the island is romantic in the great sense of the word. Here is the pleasant story of the Pieman River and how it came by its name:—

Jimmy the Pieman, a convict, escaped with a companion from the penal settlement at Macquarie Harbour. (That place was chosen for a prison owing to the impenetrable bush in the back country, and the absence therein of any sort of food.) At length they were at the last gasp from starvation; but not only from starvation—also from want of sleep. For neither of them dared close his eyes. The first that did would be a dead man. At some fatal moment the other man dozed and in an instant, the Pieman stunned him, killed—and ate him; and so, like other successful men got his name on to the maps.

Later Mr. Penn-Smith went prospecting on the mainland, mostly in Queensland; and the chapters on this part of his life are the most deeply moving in the book. One becomes infected with the terror of vast empty distances, monotony and silence, and fascinated by the unfailing beauty of the telling of it.

The latter part of the author's active life was spent in Africa, first in South Africa—to his sojourn there we are indebted for his unforgettable portrait of the old Swazi queen—and then in Nigeria, where he had the queer adventure of half-taming a tribe of shameless cannibals. But his African narrative, though more chequered and exciting,

is less rich in moments of spiritual beauty. Evidently Africa is no place for the contemplative life; one is kept too busy dodging death to have much time for mystical experience.

It is strange that so fine an artist should have been content to write so little. This is only his second book (the other being a collection of short stories, published some years ago), but it is an enduring addition to English prose. Few writers have the gift of evoking the spirit of place and making it at once individual and universal. Hardy has it, and Herman Melville and W. H. Hudson and D. H. Lawrence. Mr. Penn-Smith is of that company.

BRAZILIAN ADVENTURE, by Peter Fleming. *Cape*. 12s. 6d.

THE CRUISE OF THE TEDDY, by Erling Tambs. *Cape*. 7s. 6d.

MR. FLEMING is what Sterne, bringing his list of "the whole circle of travellers" up to date, might have called the Sophisticated or Mocking Traveller. He begins by telling us in genially derisive style how the adventure started for him with an Agony Column advertisement: "Exploring and Sporting Expedition leaving England June, explore rivers Central Brazil, if possible ascertain fate Colonel Fawcett, ROOM TWO MORE GUNS, etc.", which he replied to by merely giving his age and where educated—Eton, he suggests, was enough, since by Agony Column standards "one Old Boy is worth two young men". However, the fact that he was able to travel in the capacity of *The Times* special correspondent probably had more to do with it. There follows an amusing, mostly flippant account of the quest, which not unexpectedly proved abortive, though by dint of muddling along, shooting at more or less whatever cropped up and photographing the natives whenever in doubt, the author himself and one other did apparently get within a hundred

miles of the spot where Colonel Fawcett was assumed to have been killed, eastward of the Kuluene River. After which they were obliged to turn back, being short of provisions and the rainy season coming on. The adventure then takes an unexpected turn and resolves itself into a race down river for the Amazon and eventually the coast, between two canoes, one containing the author and friends, the other a rival party led by a certain "Major Pingle"—another of those sinister Majors whose mysteriously acquired titles cling to them so persistently through all the vicissitudes of civil life. (This gentleman, who was supposed to have acted as guide to the expedition, had long since washed his hands of the whole business, but was in possession of the funds.) Altogether a lively and entertaining narrative, though it would have been improved, I think, had Mr. Fleming been able to accept the adventure of it a little more naturally. His continual derisive references to *The Wide World Magazine*, the Oncoming Savages, Husbanding of the Precious Fluid, etc., tend to become tiresome. We could have spared most of them for a little more straightforward description—as this of a butterfly: "electric blue, when it left the river it floated through the trees close to the ground, like a delicate sliver flaked from the blue roof of the world, unable to rest on earth". But Mr. Fleming could never quite forget that, in the conventional jargon of the old-fashioned tropic explorer, this harmless creature's "slightest glance spelt Death".

Mr. Tambs voyages gaily oblivious of everything but his own moving circle of water and island. A young Norwegian novelist, he set out to cross the world in a forty-foot pilot-cutter, fitted out at such expense that he was left with only 1s. 7d. in hand and a newspaper contract for articles. With him went his wife, "The Mate", Tony Tambs, was born in the Canaries; a French police-dog joined them somewhere else and on they went,

across the Atlantic, through the Panama Canal, and thence, via the South Sea Islands, to New Zealand, where the Mate's sister was born. How they kept afloat all this time is a marvel, Mr. Tambs being admittedly no navigator! But it was not until they were about to leave New Zealand that the "Teddy" was at length wrecked, having survived a hundred storms and other marine perils to be swept by the tide on to a rocky point when the wind had died down and danger seemed most remote, and broken up within a few minutes. Yet their luck held still, the whole family getting safely out of it. And now all that Mr. Tambs wants is that his account of the voyage should "provide the financial bedding on which to build a new 'Teddy'". It is to be hoped that he gets enough. Cash, not courage, is what is wanted these days—there is nothing particularly courageous in living a life so enviable—and adventure, as Mr. Fleming observes, is really "a soft option". It is a luxury for the few who can afford it, the line of least resistance along which half the world would go, given the time and money. But I suppose the Old Boys at the Club will still continue to mutter into their soup about the decline of the Spirit of Adventure in Modern Youth.

HAMISH MACLAREN.

THE ORIENTAL CARAVAN. A Revelation of the Soul and Mind of Asia. Edited by Sirdar Ikbal Ali Shah. *Denis Archer, London.* 8s. 6d.

EAST is East and West is West and here the twain meet. But if with closer contact than the finger-tips it is impossible to say. The western mind, though it has assimilated the long and profound near-eastern substance of the Bible, is still as incapable of becoming eastern as the eastern is of becoming western. How unlike are the two minds is shown here by the extracts included in this anthology from Sirdar Ikbal's *Eastward*

to Persia, which is an eastern comment on English poetry and a collecting of those scattered bits of it which seem native also to the East. Chinese poetry we can partly appreciate, thanks to Mr. Waley. We can live with Chinese vases on our shelves and believe that we find life more perfect because of them. But can we live with Indian things and Persian things? Certainly with the carpets of each country. The carpets, however, are not so close to us as poetry and stories. I do not see that we can live with Persian poetry or Indian. We can read it and experience a pleasure in it, but not a profound pleasure to brim the mind. One cannot expect anything else, of course. What we can do is to widen our theories of what poetry may be so as to include Persian and Indian poetry, though we cannot, so long as our skins remain merely sun-bathing-brown, extend that theory into practice.

There is the ancient difficulty, too, of translation. If, for instance, one did not know the fine results got by Edward Fitzgerald and E. G. Browne in translating Persian poetry, one would believe from this volume that Persian poetry was not poetry. Unfortunately the translation used by Sirdar Ikbal is that of Costello, and, as Dryden would have said, the product needs translating into English, into English poetry.

With such reservations this book can be recommended. The reader will find strange contrasts—thought, philosophy, poetry (in the words of Tagore) "stilled into a stone, clean, cool and impassive", and the leaps and madneses of an imagination drunk with a hundred wines. "So let me just place this casket of eastern jewels before you," says the introduction. If the western reader follows up all the implications of that eastern remark he will have a fair idea of what the book has to offer—its ecstasies and, perhaps, its irritations.

GEOFFREY TILLOTSON.

THE NIGHTMARE OF WAR

by FRANK KENDON

CRY HAVOC! by Beverley Nichols. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.

THE PARIS FRONT, by Michel Corday. *Gollancz.* 18s.

It is Mr. Chesterton, I am sure, who has remarked somewhere that to say that War is unthinkable is the surest way to make war inevitable; certainly it is just as necessary to think clearly about things that we wish to avoid as it is to think clearly about those that we wish to bring about. That is the justification—if any is needed—for books like Miss Storm Jameson's *No Time like the Present* and Mr. Beverley Nichols's *Cry Havoc!* Mr. Nichols, in the letter addressed to H. G. Wells that forms the first chapter of his book, says that "the neurosis which now haunts me with increasing dread was just beginning in those days", and defines those days as "a few months ago". He is obsessed with horror of the war that may come: Miss Jameson's centre of horror was the war that we have been unable, these 15 years, to leave behind. And, indeed, when you come to think of it, men must be fools and madmen if, in the years when they have been quite unable to endure the unredeemed agony of 1914 to 1918, they have at the same time put in such effective study at the art of destruction that the horrors of war made possible since the War have (by patient research, concentrated thought, and unrivalled ingenuity) been infinitely increased. What fools we are, and what madmen we are going to be, is the theme of Mr. Nichols's book. It is hot with fearful anger.

M. Michel Corday's diary *The Paris Front: 1914 to 1918*, is a quiet, cold accusation of the fools we were.

M. Corday was joint-secretary to the Minister of Commerce and Posts in Paris throughout the War. He was already a writer, in middle-age, and well acquainted with a number of eminent men. He was of pacifist views before the war, and by some strange immunity seems to have escaped the poisonous war-madness entirely. Even near the very end of the war (October, 1918), when the thought of victory was a fever in the blood, he continued his cool notes:

When you discuss peace with a rustic, he replies: "We are advancing". The first—almost the only—thing which strikes him is the military situation as it appears on the surface. He does not bother about the peace discussions.

The vile campaign against peace is still active. The Civic League has brought out a poster: "The Trap". No discussions, no compromise, peace without conditions, absolute victory. Not one word about the deaths we might avoid. Those are the most repulsive people who sit comfortably in an arm-chair while they goad young men to slaughter merely to satisfy their own passions or interests.

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Pamphlets breathing hatred have been distributed in the munition factories. "People of France, your hatred is not as burning and passionate as it ought to be . . . Germany is a nation devoted to the devil . . . You will have to lick the blood-stained Prussian jack-boot . . ."

M. Corday's indictment spares nobody, except, perhaps, the helpless soldiery.

There are two things to remember about Mr. Beverley Nichols's book. His investigations of armament factories, including poison-gas factories (he mentions one in the United States, costing £9,000,000 to build, stocking 1,400 tons of gas permanently, and with a capacity of 800 tons of gas a day), and, at the end, Lord Beaverbrook's short letter refusing to answer the questions (which he had expressly invited) put to him by Sir Norman Angell at Mr. Nichols's own instigation. These chapters make certain two simple facts: That the whole world is busier than ever either buying arms or making them for sale and use, the weapons being more devilish and deadly than ever; and that large sections of the public are being led by the nose, without scruples on the part of the leaders, nearer to the next war.

The last war is over long ago, and M. Corday's diary has the strange real-unreality of a shameful dream remembered. It was pretty bad; but our children will not believe it. Mr. Nichols's book has its faults. I dislike its affectation of chattiness, its studied carelessness of dress, its boyishness; but they are flaws on the surface. The book is being read because of its sincerity, and because the subject is urgent, and because the subject is a horror. But the bombs and the guns and the gases and the mines go on being made by the skilled hands of fathers who must have wages. And I must pay my income tax, or go uselessly to prison. What alternative have we?

ORDINARY FAMILIES, by E. Arnot Robertson. *Cape*. 7s. 6d.

THE FLOWERING THORN, by Margery Sharp. *Arthur Barker*. 7s. 6d.

SALAH AND HIS AMERICAN, by Leland Hall. *Cresset Press*. 7s. 6d.

MISS E. ARNOT ROBERTSON'S fourth novel has been chosen by the Book Society for August, which means, I suppose, that Mr. Walpole has already used all the best superlatives about it, and that by the time this review appears in print those same superlatives will have been lavishly spilled all over the advertisement columns of the Sunday papers. Let me start, then, with my only complaint: *Ordinary Families* lacks pattern. It is a *tranchée de vie* somewhat arbitrarily hewn, with characters wandering in and out of it at will, and only a slender unifying idea which is apt to be lost to sight in a maze of side issues. It is, perhaps, less a fine novel than a book by a fine novelist, and the Book Society has done well to encourage a young writer who is undoubtedly going to give us even better books than this.

The idea behind a not very good title is that "no family, however ordinary on the outside, is ordinary when one comes to know it intimately". Actually it is difficult to imagine that the three families with which we chiefly have to do—Rush, Cottrell and Quest—would be strictly ordinary to the most detached view. Rush *père*, sailor, boatbuilder and ex-adventurer, would be heartily

welcome in place of many an "ordinary" father, and Quest *père* is one of those delightful eccentrics whom one meets, with luck, once or twice in a lifetime. To the greater reading public it is not ordinary to manœuvre sailing-craft with the mastery to which the whole Quest family seems to have been born (and it is certainly very far from ordinary to write about sailing as Miss Robertson does). While if bird-watching were an ordinary pursuit Lallie Rush would have been elbowed out of those enchanting hours, enchantingly described, on the East coast dunes.

But it is, at all events, the common lot of mankind to grow up, and the story takes us boldly through the adolescence of Lalage and the parallel development of her brothers and sisters and friends. What an ordinary, what a tempting, and what an alarmingly difficult theme! Only the most unflinching sincerity could carry it through, and Miss Robertson has that. She has also fearless logic, penetrating irony and infallible observation all at hand to guide the spontaneous emotion which informs every page of her writing. If her book lacks pattern it also lacks purpose, which is a thing for which to thank Heaven fasting. I mean that she is concerned to prove no thesis and point no very clear moral, though the wit of her characterization forms itself at times into missiles for Aunt Sallies that richly merit them.

Miss Margery Sharp is another clever woman writer, and it is no criticism of *The Flowering Thorn* to say that beside *Ordinary Families* it wears an air of superficiality. It is a brightly written and well constructed tale of the post-Waugh school, though the characters hover rather nearer to life than do the delicious grotesques of Mr. Evelyn Waugh. Lesley Frewen, acting on a whim, adopts an orphan boy and forsakes her familiar cocktail environment to look after him in a country cottage. Thus the thorn flowers, Lesley is, as it

were, regenerated, and we leave her awaiting the coming of Andrew Bentall, a nice, worth-while young man. The plot may sound silly, but the book is not. It is quite consistently amusing and enjoyable.

Salah and His American is one of those unusual books which the wide cloak of modern fiction takes in at its fringes. It is a document of uncommon interest in a year which has seen the celebration of the Wilberforce centenary, for it gives a credible and fascinating picture of a negro to whom the word "slave" connotes nothing of shame or injustice. The tragedy arises when his American protector, a traveller in Morocco, has to answer his request to be given what the white man calls an "opportunity". The liberty of the modern industrial theorist is an uncomfortable gift. This book has no sex-interest, but it is very nicely illustrated.

FRANCIS WATSON.

HAG'S HARVEST, by J. B. Morton. *Heinemann*. 8s. 6d.

THE ADVANCES OF HARRIET, by Phyllis Bottome. *Bodley Head*. 7s. 6d.

ALBUM LEAF, by Joseph Shearing. *Heinemann*. 7s. 6d.

It is some years since *The Barber of Putney* appeared, and that book was, in my opinion, one of the very best of the English war novels. Since that time Mr. Morton has asserted himself as a humorous and cynical commentator on the passing show and has written a number of novels, which have generally shown strong traces of rollicking and

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Catholic influences. This kind of thing becomes wearisome when it is laid on with a trowel but, oddly enough, *Hag's Harvest*, which contains five hundred pages of Mr. Morton's likes and prejudices and a little unimportant fiction besides, is the best novel that he has written yet. The plot is frankly and mercifully fantastic, the characterization is virile and striking, and however absurd Mr. Morton's opinions may appear to an individual reader—and some of them appeared preposterous to me—the whole thing teems with life, and is the best possible antidote to the dreary chronicles of unpleasant suburban and bogus literary life that continue to flourish.

Shindillar, the hero of *Hag's Harvest*, is a ridiculous, noisy, ill-mannered creature, who, very properly, sets out in quest of the ugliest woman in the world, and his pursuit takes him into strange places. He goes from London to Ireland, from Ireland to France, then to North Africa, and finally to Constantinople, which is a base for his final and successful search. He finds the object of his search in a cave upon the Caucasus mountains, and the discovery is the beginning of a fresh series of episodes in which the gullibility of the English takes pride of place. Mr. Morton keeps things going with unflagging verve, and his likes and dislikes are deep-rooted and well established that he is in the happy position of being able to see only one side of any question. This peculiar habit of mind has been the proud possession of most men of arms, and to Mr. Morton his pen is a scourge and a flail, and manfully he uses it. The characterization in *Hag's Harvest* is better than anything Mr. Morton has done before, and there is a seedy and thoroughly charming Captain MacGeggatta, who is a delightful creation. Admirers of the writings of "Beachcomber" will not be disappointed by this book,

The Advances of Harriet is a sign of the times. Mrs. Bottome presents a curious young person who makes for her man with praiseworthy directness. Harriet does not know the meaning of the word "coy". Any man to her is better than no man at all, and she makes her feelings plain to the victims of her attack. The incidents in this book are slight and, occasionally, improbable, but the book is fresh and original in conception and parts of it are very amusing. Mrs. Bottome has done well to break fresh ground.

Mr. Joseph Shearing, who is, I am told, a well known lady novelist, has a taste for morbid themes. *Album Leaf* is concerned with a pretty English girl who was wanted for a triple murder in 1869. In this book the events of three years are related, and strangest of all is the account of the two funerals which followed each other within twenty-four hours along the Boulevard Saint Germain and of the death of M. le Colonel de —, which followed the second funeral.

ERIC GILLET.

The *Aryan Path* finds it desirable to dispel the notion that it is in some way connected with Hitlerism. It is true, "non-Aryan" is the lowest term of obloquy in present-day Germany, but this impression would hardly survive the reading of a vigorous editorial note on the subject in the latest issue.

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THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

OCTOBER, 1933

THE FUTURE OF THE LABOUR PARTY

By W. HORSFALL CARTER

THE Labour Party of Great Britain, which committed political suicide in August, 1931, is now feverishly engaged in rising from the grave. 'It's dead, but it won't lie down'. To the observer who stands outside party politics the spectacle is rather pathetic. For neither the bold, bad physicians who are prescribing revolutionary remedies nor the homeopaths who prefer old and tried methods of putting life into the decaying organism, seem to be aware of certain organic weaknesses which have condemned the Labour Party, as such, to extinction.

It took the leading politicians of the last Labour government about a year to recover from the shock of their rout in the elections of October, 1931. After the triumphant ascent from 30 members of Parliament in 1906 to 287 in 1929, it was indeed a catastrophe that could not be explained away by the charge of unfair dealing on the part of those who sailed into power under the National flag. No "panic" propaganda, certainly no swing of the pendulum, could explain the loss of numbers of seats in the industrial and working-class areas of Lancashire, of Birmingham, and the mining districts of Durham. The electorate of this country had decided that the officers of the Labour Party were not the kind of people to be placed in command of the ship at a time when it was necessary not merely to navigate in stormy seas, but conceivably to change course, tack, and, generally speaking, to steer by the compass of character and tradition rather than by the light of enthusiasm or musty theory. That was the long and short of it. When it became known

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that Mr. MacDonald's colleagues had accepted *provisionally* £56,000,000 of the economies required to balance the Budget and thus place the ship on an even keel; that, moreover, the whole of the cabinet had approved the findings of the May Report and Mr. Montagu Norman's policy of clinging to the greasy pole of the Gold Standard, the instinct of the electorate was confirmed. For the ordinary Englishman, particularly in moments of crisis, is content to apply severely pragmatic tests, and in the autumn of 1931 his vote was given on grounds that had little or nothing to do with the merits on paper of Socialism. What struck him was that, having up till then accepted the theory of gradualism, the Party disdained the MacDonald-Snowden policy of *reculer pour mieux sauter*, not because they had ready an alternative policy of socialist planning, but, on the contrary, because the Labour Members of Parliament did not dare face the unpopularity of the 10 per cent. cut in the Unemployment Insurance Benefit. To be more precise, the General Council of the Trade Union Congress which had the power because its organization supplied the money, imposed its veto, and none but a handful of the professed Labour-Socialists were prepared to stand their ground. Those familiar with the internal economy of the Labour Party were no doubt prepared for this phenomenon. But to the ordinary progressive voter, with or without definite socialist convictions, it was a sinister reminder of the strength of a body of men whose political sense, always dubitable, was once and for all discredited at the time of the General Strike.

There had been no more significant speech in the Parliament of 1929-31 than that of Miss Eleanor Rathbone, an Independent, directing attention to the danger that England might come to be run in the narrow interests of a trade union oligarchy as unrepresentative of the community as any old-time aristocracy of birth or privilege. It is generally agreed, I think, that the decisive verdict at the polls was, as usual, a negative one, i.e., against trade union dictation, clothed in pink socialism, mystic, wonderful, and neither *for* nationalism, nor *for* protection. John Smith, occupying a position somewhere in the hierarchy of the middle classes, does not for a moment deny the valuable services rendered by trade union leaders and secretaries in lubricating the wheels of economic life. But his horse-sense—sometimes

described by hyperbole as the Englishman's political genius—tells him that *negotiation*, at which many of them are from long experience adept, is a very different matter from *government*; politics, rightly understood, is on an entirely different plane from economic bargaining.

Now although the reasons for the Labour Party's *débâcle* were clear enough to the outsider, the spokesman of the Party soon showed that they were looking everywhere for the cause except in the one place where it was to be found. They spent several months blaming their trouble on their former leaders and thanking God they were rid of MacDonald, Snowden, Thomas, etc. Nor did they fail to proclaim gleefully that the organization of the Party had stood firm, under the wary eye of Uncle Arthur—blissfully unconscious apparently that it was precisely this Party machine which was destroying the Party's soul. Above all, they convinced themselves that Fabian tactics must henceforth be abandoned and that the Party must become avowedly "revolutionary". Not that there was any intention of transferring allegiance from the Second to the Third International; nor even that honest-to-goodness demagogues like Mr. Maxton were to be given their head—and the succession to the leadership in Parliament. Oh, no! The person chosen for the first public pronouncement of the new policy was, of all people, the egregious Sir Charles Trevelyan, ex-Liberal and aristocrat, who had been, by common consent, one of the conspicuous failures of the Labour Administration.

At the Labour Party Conference at Leicester in October, 1932, a formal resolution was moved by Sir Charles Trevelyan, committing the Party to a vested interest in "the economic revolution", and was passed with acclamation. In itself it amounted to little more than a profession of faith in Socialism, as distinct from the reformist and radical doctrines which had attracted so many "progressives" into the ranks of the Labour Party. Why, had not Mr. Snowden himself now admitted that the policy of "milking"—re-distribution of wealth through direct taxation and the expansion of social services—had reached its natural limits? So the ex-Liberals must make haste to return a clean bill of "Socialist" health lest the practical Labourites like Mr. Herbert Morrison should inherit the leader-

ship of the Party. The Trevelyan lead, however, was destined to have momentous consequences; it was the signal for the battle royal between the Socialist planners and trade union bosses, which will be the ghost at this year's Party Conference at Hastings.

In all innocence the champions of undiluted Socialism grouped in the Socialist League have, as it happens, dealt a mortal blow to the Party whose interests they are out to further. For in their anxiety to impress the wavering rank-and-file of the Labour movement with the idea that they mean business they overlooked two things:

(1) That the myth of Parliament and constitutionalism is still the Englishman's peculiar lodestar. Because "democracy" is still regarded here as of more account than any specific social change, it was the easiest thing in the world for not too scrupulous opponents to set up a scare about Socialist plans for a Dictatorship of the Left.

(2) That the canny trade union leaders, having a shrewder perception of the psychological realities peculiar to this country, would inevitably put the soft-pedal on any attempt to commit the Labour Party to a specific Socialist programme, and if provoked, could place the "would-be intellectual dictators" in the pillory, thus stimulating all the latent antagonism between the political and industrial sections of the Party, the working-class and the intelligentsia.

That is in fact what has happened. As long as it was only Communist outriders or I.L.P. windbags threatening a revolutionary change the representatives of the established order could afford to smile indulgently. When the very pith and marrow of "predatory Socialism"—as the more curious survivals from nineteenth-century Liberalism like to call it—is being sponsored by men who aspire to leadership of the Labour Party, it is a very different matter.

Sir Stafford Cripps, author of a characteristic speculation on the technique of procedure*, if and when the Labour Party should obtain a mandate from the majority of the people, was the first of the Socialist Leaguers to draw the fire. By one of those mysterious processes of Fleet Street—it is as if the newspapers combined to cast a spell—Sir Stafford came to be labelled in the public mind, together with E. F. Wisc, as a dangerous Bolshevik. Probably no one was more surprised than Sir Stafford himself. For Lord Parmoor's son, sagacious and able

* "Problems of a Socialist Government" (Gollancz.)

enough as a lawyer and Parliamentarian, is manifestly not of the stuff of which a Lenin—or a Hitler—is made.

Actually, although the language he used was not altogether felicitous, Sir Stafford had done no more than ruminate upon the state of emergency likely to arise on the morrow of a Socialist victory at the polls, and had recommended immediate tabling in Parliament of an Emergency Powers Bill and wide use of Orders in Council not dissimilar to those which were found necessary by the National Government in the stress of 1931. He visualizes a possible conflict with the House of Lords on this Bill, a conflict which should be resolved, he suggests, by the creation of Peers *rather than by adoption of any unconstitutional alternative.*

Our constitution [he writes] is not based upon any fixed or immutable laws, nor do we require any special procedure to change it. . . . The one flaw in that flexibility is the House of Lords with its permanent reactionary majority. There is, however, a safety valve to our political machine, and that is the right of the Prime Minister representing the popular majority in the House of Commons to demand the creation of peers.

Nothing very Jacobin about that! It is a sentiment that might be echoed by many a good Liberal. True, it places a heavy responsibility on the Crown, but no more than has to be anticipated in these days of crisis. A "capitalism" fairly and squarely beaten at the polls is never going to be upheld by the Royal prerogative. Sir Stafford is entitled to his affirmative answer to his own query: "Can Socialism come by constitutional means?" So far from seeking to abolish our traditional system of Government he would augment the power of Parliament, i.e., the House of Commons, as, for instance, when he proposes to vest in Parliament the sole right to challenge Ministerial Orders instead of the Courts. And his recommendations for speeding up procedure, for devolution, extensive use of Standing Committees, etc., are such measures of Parliamentary reform as will have to be undertaken in any case, and that soon, if Parliamentary democracy, as we know it, is to survive.

The only reference to dictatorship is in his treatment of the hypothetical case of the Crown refusing to proceed to a creation of Peers. In that event the alternative would be "unconstitutional continuance in power with a total disregard of the Lords", involving a conflict with the Judiciary, general confusion and "an uprising of the 'capitalists', which would have

to be quelled by force" or some stop-gap unrepresentative Government relying upon the support of the armed forces of the Crown—a military dictatorship, in fact. If that were the prospect, the duly elected Socialist party would be justified in getting its blow in first.

In his Preface to *Problems of a Socialist Government* Sir Stafford Cripps is at pains to vindicate his "democratic" honour. Revolution is the *aim* of the Socialist League—that he admits, because of "the reality of the class basis of government". (Here emerges the Marxian hoof. Sir Stafford affirms as a matter of dogma that "each class believes and insists that its own economic theories based upon its own predominance, are necessarily the best for the State", which is balderdash because this "capitalism" against which our Socialist knights continue to tilt was never the deliberate creation of any economic theory.) But the *method*, God willing, is to be constitutional. It is a question of adapting our traditional machinery of Government to the changed economic and social conditions, *as the one safeguard against dictatorship*. And the task of the Labour Party is declared to be the preparation of the nation for the acceptance of the new, more efficient democratic machinery.

The mischief, however, had been done. Not even the backing of Mr. Lansbury and his unequivocal declaration that "the armed forces of the Crown and the police are the servants not the masters of the people, and through Parliament and Parliament alone the people exercise that control" could remove the general impression that the Labour Party was heading for a dictatorship of the Left.

Mr. Baldwin's speech and article in the *News-Letter* on "The New Tyranny" was typical of the shocked indignation of the British bourgeoisie. In his own inimitable style he stood up as the champion of "representative government with its safeguard of giving political change the strength and stability drawn from general consent", and indulged in a piece of special pleading unworthy of a man of his intellectual integrity. For in the whole of his diatribe he omitted to mention that the plans of the Socialist Leaguers are predicated on the attainment first of a clear majority of votes in a general election.

The next move was from the other side. Mr. Arthur Henderson, getting ready to cast the dust of Geneva from off his feet, was persuaded to stand for Clay Cross, other trade union candidates being persuaded to stand down, so that the party strategist should get back into the House of Commons and make the party leadership safe for democracy. In this way the General Council of the T.U.C. contrived to meet the immediate challenge. When, however, Transport House discovered that the Cripps-Cole-Wise group had quickly acquired a considerable following in the Party, not excluding a goodly portion of the rank-and-file of trade unionists, there was considerable heart-burning, and it was decided to counter-attack. Mr. W. M. Citrine, secretary of the T.U.C. General Council, joined issue, in *The Labour Magazine* and in the *Clarion* with the would-be Socialist dictators. At first he complained of the "singularly untimely and politically inept propaganda . . ." and laid stress on the fact that the views expressed by the Socialist League would constitute "a very grave electoral handicap". That argument, however, might savour too much of expediency and the professional politician, whose one aim and object is to get into power again. So Mr. Citrine transferred the controversy (a hush-hush policy proving to be impossible) to a higher plane, and in his articles and in the Resolution placed on the agenda for the T.U.C. Congress at Brighton he developed what Mr. Middleton Murry rightly calls the "false and fatal antithesis between dictatorship and democracy".

There is no need for me to elaborate here the futility of any stand-pat attitude with regard to democratic forms, which are everywhere, whether we like it or not, undergoing a metamorphosis scarcely intelligible to the many who are intoxicated with the word-juice of nineteenth-century Liberalism. Nor is it relevant to my subject to indicate how grossly Mr. Citrine has misrepresented the Cripps-Cole programme. But one may perhaps delight in the irony of the General Council of the T.U.C. making a stand for democracy. For if ever there was a controlling oligarchy it is that of the Labour Party, run by the T.U.C. leaders. Five or six individuals, secretaries of the powerful unions, completely control the Party decisions—the Miners' Federation, it is said, can by itself outvote the whole "political"

side of the Labour movement. The result of the trial of strength at the Party Conference next month is therefore a foregone conclusion. Nevertheless, the recent formation of the Association of Constituency Labour Parties is a sign that the political side of the Party is becoming restive and is likely to press for adequate representation in the National Executive.

Of course this pother about the Socialist League is a case of much ado about nothing. A careful study of Mr. Citrine's statement at the Brighton congress in reply to the challenge from Mr. Aneurin Bevan reveals a determination to resist "dictatorship" by every means, including the general strike which, under the Act of 1927, is as unconstitutional as any of the projects fathered on Sir Stafford Cripps and his associates. Apart, then, from an unedifying exhibition of internal disunity, the latest challenge in the name of Socialism in our time has done no good to the Labour Party. The country, perfectly conscious of the need for a Five-Year Plan and a Government with a purpose, is yet not disposed to swallow the prescription of *doctrinaires* which rests on the assumption that the Labour Party is going to be called upon in the near future to form a majority "Socialist" Government. Nothing is less likely. Consequently the whole idea of setting forth a detailed programme of what they propose to do when they come into power is likely to arouse amused contempt rather than any other emotion.

For your Englishman dislikes above all programme-making *in vacuo*. He will say in his practical way: "Yes, that is all very fine and large; but how do you propose to obtain that majority in the country which will enable you to translate your ideas into practice"? It is a fair challenge, and one to which neither a Cripps nor a Citrine, though for different reasons, has an answer.

The simple fact is that a Labour Party which persists in accentuating its class basis, whether through the Labourism of a Maxton, or of a Trade Union delegate, or the Socialism of an intellectual mouthing the slogans of Karl Marx (who, like Queen Anne, happens to have been dead quite a number of years) can never hope to achieve a Parliamentary majority. This is the fundamental factor in the situation of the Labour Party. I cannot do better than to quote from the admirable statement of

the position as revealed in 1931 by Mr. Godfrey Elton,* now an outcast from the party because he dared to think for himself and refused to come to heel at the crack of the whip of the General Council of the T.U.C.:

Now the conditions of politics in this country are, in one sense at least, unique. There are nations on the Continent which have borrowed our Parliamentary methods but have fatally distorted them by failing to borrow our electoral system too. In these countries, thanks to methods of election which return not great Parties but a variety of small groups and which accordingly necessitate government by ever-shifting combinations of diminutive factions, Socialist and Labour Parties have never needed to aim at a national majority, and have naturally, and perhaps properly, grown up narrow, sectional and doctrinaire. For under such conditions every moderately powerful economic interest and even every moderately fashionable brand of economic theory may hope to raise up a group to contend for its particular nostrum, amid the grand Parliamentary Babel. But these conditions are emphatically not British conditions. With us no Party can hope to translate its ideals into legislation unless it commands an effective Parliamentary majority. And this means that its nominees must have been returned by considerably more than half the constituencies in the country; in other words, it must have attracted the attention and support of that vast mass of intermediate voters which decides every election but is permanently attached to no party, and very certainly to no theory. Moreover, our system works circle-wise. For not only can no Party hope to secure the effective majority which alone will allow it to put its theories into practice, without attracting the support of the greater part of the electorate, but further, the greater part of the electorate will take little interest in a Party which obviously has no prospect of securing an effective majority. Thus the argument most destructive of the Liberal Party at the last three elections has been that there was no longer any possibility that it could form a Government. All of which amounts to saying that *in this country the indispensable condition of survival for a Party is the prospect of some day receiving a national mandate from the electors, and that only a national Party can hope to receive a national mandate.*

Purely working-class support can never furnish a national majority. Working-class voters may be numerically two-thirds of the whole. But they are concentrated in certain densely populated areas which contain all told some 284 constituencies. Moreover, as everyone knows, "working class" is not synonymous with "trade union"—the decrease of membership was once again a topic of the annual Congress—and the experience of 1931 suggests that there are not a few of the "begrimed" who have come to see that class-consciousness, like patriotism, is not enough.

* "Towards a New Labour Party", by Godfrey Elton. (Cape).

Mr. Elton's little book is valuable not only for its realistic conception of the canker within the bosom of the Labour Party, but also because, as a historian of the Labour Movement, he is able to show that the process of development since 1918 has been a gradual perversion of the true nature of the Party, founded by Keir Hardie, and fostered with loving care in the nineties by Ramsay MacDonald and other disciples of Hardie.

Moreover, that brilliant close-up of the Left movement in British politics since the War, *The Mugwumps and the Labour Party*,* makes it plain that from 1919 to 1931, when Labour seemed to be carrying all before it, two fundamental contradictions were never honestly faced. There was, on the one hand, the mild syndicalism of the trade unions in alliance with the professed socialism of the mugwumps masking a difference that was something much more deep-seated than incompatibility of temperament. As Mr. Garratt points out, those who speak for the trade unions have always objected to many essential features in Socialism, such as the right of transferring labour from one industry to another. They are, necessarily, concerned much more with conserving their own organization, and the bureaucracy which gives them a vested interest in "capitalism", than with grandiose plans for establishing the communal State here and now. (The slogan "Workers of the World, Unite", even in a minor key, is patently devoid of meaning in an age of widely differing standards of living as between the various national communities.) Their facile enthusiasm for President Roosevelt's experiment in regulated capitalism, because it embraces the doctrine of high wages, is a measure of the "Socialism" of the T.U.C.

And, on the other hand, there is the contrast between the persistent Liberal internationalist trend of an older generation and the realism of the few, like Mr. Wise, who recognize that the control of foreign trade is the very crux of socialist policy. We have seen already how much of the Addison-Dallas agricultural marketing policy has been taken over by Major Elliot. Yet, when a Labour Government was in power, the group round Mr. Snowden, backed by the Co-operatives for obvious reasons, and Mr. Henderson and his considerable following out of

* G. T. Garratt. (*Hogarth Press*).

sentimentalism, could always down any policy of Import Boards, export licences, etc., in the name of "free trade" and cheap food. The process of emancipation from the *doctrinaires*, which is going on all over the Continent, is reflected conspicuously in the revolt of MM. Marquet, Montagnon and Renaudel in France, and it is precisely on this issue of "national self-sufficiency" (*cf.* Mr. Keynes' brilliant articles in the *New Statesman*) that older and younger Socialists have broken. Of Germany I will not speak here, except to say that I have yet to meet an English "Socialist" who has grasped the very real difference between National *Socialism*, which is coming, and the present Fascist phase that has provoked such a storm of indignation from the Left.

As a *Movement* Labour-Socialism has achieved its objectives which were (1) to ensure that the interests of the working-class should be safeguarded in any future political and economic development (Sir Oswald Mosley's "Fascism" is fundamentally an attempt to adapt the Socialist teaching to the conditions of a money-lending island whose people is not prepared to reduce the normal standard of living), and (2) to create a social conscience in Great Britain. Now the conception of the State in terms of welfare rather than power has penetrated the vast majority of the English middle class; many indeed would say amen to Mr. Lansbury's creed of a State operating on the motive of service instead of the motive of profit. But a *Labour Party* can never "deliver the goods", and we know it. A propagandist crusade rebounding from the spring-board of organized trade unionism has served its purpose. The realist must face a gradual detachment of the unions from a "Mugwump" movement with which they have patently neither mental habit, spiritual climate nor, in the short run, material interests in common. As a *Party*, Socialism can have a future if it will dispense with class-dogmas which today have no meaning and take its leaders from the professional and technical, i.e., university-trained classes. But it must be pre-eminently a *national party*, and, as such, capable of attracting into its ranks that powerful intermediate body of voters without whose backing, as Mr. Elton says, the Socialist ideal can never hope to obtain a majority. "Labour" might do worse than take a leaf out of the Canadian

book and, repudiating its title, which exalts the machine above the idea (*cf.* the analogy of the Church and Christianity pointed by Lord Allen), set out as crusaders for the co-operative commonwealth. Otherwise the Conservative, or some new, party will steal its clothes and introduce Socialism from above in proportion as it is required by the very circumstances of our age of plenty.

Karl Marx may yet be proved right in his prediction that England was the only country where the social revolution might be accomplished wholly by peaceful and legal means. But, if so, the job will be done by a "National" Government of Socialist and not "capitalist" purpose, not by a *Labour* Party which *per forza* has no future.

BRITISH POLICY IN THE BALTIC

BY ROBERT MACHRAY

THERE was a good deal more than met the eye in the "British Week in Finland", which was opened at Helsingfors on September 4th by Colonel Colville, Parliamentary Secretary to the Overseas Trade Department. The initiative had come from the Finns—a point to note; the heartiness of the British response was shown in the energy with which the Week was organized; both Finns and British combined splendidly in carrying out the programme to complete success. What was obvious was, as Colonel Colville said in his address, that there had been provided a great opportunity of demonstrating to the Finnish people "something of the capacity of British industry and other British activities".

On the face of it, the Week was held in support of trade between Finland and England. Attention was drawn to the fact that Finland was able to spend yearly about £17,000,000—no small sum in itself, but colossal when expressed as 3,825,000,000 Finnish marks—in the markets of the world. And the plea was advanced that as the British had spent, during the last two years or so, six milliards of Finnish marks in buying Finnish goods, they were entitled to expect that the Finns in return would make correspondingly large purchases of British goods. So far, it was admitted, this expectation had not been realized; but it was recognized that there was in Finland "a desire to do everything possible to improve the balance of trade between the two countries".

The Week took place opportunely. The commercial treaty of 1923 was about to be replaced by a new treaty, which was to be an extension, favourable to both parties, of the former; the natural inference, however, was that there would be "more and better" trade for the British in Finland. But it is impossible to study the accounts of the proceedings at Helsingfors, to ponder

the whole affair and consider its implications without coming to the conclusion that the Week had, and has, a far wider and deeper meaning than just an increase of trade, excellent object as no doubt that is.

Without stressing the semi-military aspect given to the occasion by the presence of detachments from the Royal Marines and the Finnish Navy at the opening ceremonies, and even without attaching special significance to the telegram (read by Mr. Sperling, the British Minister) in which the Prince of Wales hoped that the Week would afford lasting evidence of the strong ties of friendship between Finland and Britain, we may find the core of the matter in certain sentences in Colonel Colville's speech. After characterizing the Finnish initiative, or invitation to Britain, as a great gesture, he added, "but it is more, for it is a demonstration to the world that the ways of Finland and Great Britain lie together".

In brief, the British Week in Finland was in effect a declaration of British policy as regards Finland. Three or four years ago M. Relander, then President of Finland, stated that the chosen political mission of his country was to act as a link between the "Scandinavian" and the "Baltic" States, the former consisting of Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, and the latter of Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania. I shall return to the "Baltic" States later in this article; for the moment I merely use a phrase current since the War, though more generally worded as the "New Baltic States". But accepting M. Relander's view of the role of his country as correct, surely it is not too much to say that the Week was also a declaration of British policy with respect to the whole Baltic, particularly to what is known in high politics as the Baltic question. It will unquestionably be taken in that sense, and be welcomed, criticized or condemned, as the case may be, by all the States bordering on or trading into the Baltic.

For centuries Britain has been deeply interested in the Baltic trade. Its volume has, of course, varied with changing times. In the Middle Ages, before the discovery of America, it was of immense, indeed of vital, importance to England. The centres of the trade in those days were the cities of the Hanseatic League lying on the Baltic, and of these Danzig was one of the greatest.

As long ago as 1388, letters on trade matters were exchanged between the King of England and the Chief Magistrate of the Free City of Danzig—on equal terms! Both Englishmen and Scotsmen settled and thrived in Danzig; its archives contain many documents establishing the close connexion of its merchants with London up to the end of the reign of Elizabeth, who, however, was the enemy of the Hansa, and helped to destroy it. In modern times the Baltic trade has had its ups and downs, but has seldom been insignificant; it certainly is not insignificant today, and its preservation is well worth our while.

And this brings me to the Baltic question, which simply is the question whether the Baltic shall remain open to trade or become closed—*mare clausum*. It is by no means an idle question; it is in truth a live question, a question of a certain urgency, since part of the Hitlerite programme for the "Third Reich" is the domination of the Baltic by Germany. Before the War the Baltic littoral was shared by Russia, Germany, Sweden and Denmark, and the sea was free to shipping. But during the War the Baltic, owing to the military and naval predominance of Germany in all that area, was converted into what was practically a German lake, and all vessels other than German or Germanic were excluded from it.

In 1917-18 the Russian *débâcle* provided the opportunity to certain countries which fronted on the Baltic of detaching themselves from Russia and of proclaiming and eventually achieving their independence. Of these the farthest north was Finland, which had been a more or less autonomous Grand Duchy under the Tsars. Below the Gulf of Finland, from north to south, came Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania. Till the downfall of the Tsarist regime Estonia and Latvia, or rather the larger part of the States now known by these names, had usually been styled the "Baltic Provinces", a term that towards the end of the War and afterwards was the origin of the expression "New Baltic States", which was popularly extended to include Lithuania, but erroneously, for she was an old State resurrected and revived like Poland.

Finland proclaimed her independence in December, 1917, but did not accomplish it without German assistance in her bitter struggle with the Reds. What happened there has always been

pretty clear, but for a time the course of events in the so-called New Baltic States was obscure. Not a few books, however, have since been published on the subject, chiefly by such men as Ludendorff, von der Goltz and others who took an active and influential part in what had occurred in these regions, and who present the German point of view; works by writers on the other side, or neutral, have also appeared, and it is now possible to obtain a tolerably accurate and comprehensive story of all that took place. One of the most informative, and certainly the most concise of these narratives, is to be found in Professor André Tibal's *L'Allemagne et la Baltique orientale*, published last year in Riga. True, it is largely an *exposé* of German aims and ambitions in the Baltic, but at the present juncture is all the more valuable on that account.

Estonia and Lithuania proclaimed their independence in February, 1918, but they were then occupied by German forces. Latvia was also held by the Germans, and she did not proclaim her independence till November 18th, 1918, by which date the Germans had lost the War. But until the tide definitely turned in favour of the Allies and Associated Powers these States were under the control of Germany, and as late as the autumn of 1918 the Baltic presented every appearance of becoming a German lake. There need be no doubt that if Germany had won the War she would have made the Baltic *mare clausum* to all intents and purposes. If there was any doubt, it would be removed by the claims now made by the chief exponents of Hitlerism, if not at the moment by Hitler himself, to the domination of the Baltic. Besides, it is an idea that persists in the German mind.

It was not till the end of 1919 that the Germans finally quitted, under compulsion, Latvia and Lithuania; they had gone earlier from Estonia; for the time all their projects for the domination of the Baltic suffered eclipse. While the War had been going on—in their favour on the whole—their advance into and occupation of these Baltic lands had been covered by the pretext that they were acting as the deliverers of the inhabitants from Russian oppression and tyranny, but their deeds belied their professions. As soon as they could, the Baltic States got rid of these sinister deliverers, and stoutly maintained their independence.

It was not alone with the Germans that they had to contend in those days. During 1919 Estonia and Latvia were severely tried by Bolshevik invasions, and for months their position was precarious; but they were successful in their resistance, and in the following year they made peace treaties with the Soviet, as did Lithuania. These three States, together with Finland, now stood on the map of Europe as the acknowledged successors of Russia to the possession of a very considerable part of the coast of the Eastern Baltic. Indeed, all that was left to Russia was a short shoreline that did hardly more than protect a sea fairway into Petrograd. She had lost her best harbours, the terminals of her great trunk railways, to Estonia and Latvia, and many were the prophecies that she would not long put up with such a state of things.

For the first five or six years of their existence Estonia and Latvia, who had formed a defensive alliance, were in constant danger from Red intrigues and propaganda, if not from open attack. Not having a common frontier with the Soviet, Lithuania was in a different position. The two other States had to be for ever on the alert. There was much talk of forming a Baltic League against the Reds, and some negotiations with that object took place between the Governments concerned, including Poland, but came to nothing. During that period the Baltic States went in fear of the Soviet. They cast longing eyes to England, who had given them a measure of help in establishing their independence, but had intimated that thenceforward they must stand on their own feet. One of their leaders said to me in 1925, "If only we could be enrolled among the British Dominions!" And it was said with deep seriousness. However, it became plain as the years rolled by that these States were fairly well established, and that the new situation they had created in the Baltic would probably not be changed—at any rate, for some time.

In those early years the Baltic States had little or no fear of Germany and no liking at all for the Germans. They were unfeignedly glad when the German troops disappeared from their soil, but in Estonia and Latvia there had long existed a strong Germanic element, known as the "Balts", and composed of the "Baltic Barons", who were the great landowners, and

a fairly numerous and prosperous bourgeoisie in the towns, the descendants of the Knights of the Teutonic Order who had conquered these lands in the Middle Ages, or of German colonists who had been brought in later. The Balts were looked on as the advanced guards of Germanism; though Russian subjects under the Tsars, they had their own small Diets or Parliaments and in a measure were self-governing. They had greeted with enthusiasm the German troops who occupied the country during the War, and had warmly supported the plans, open or secret, for German dominance in the Baltic.

The first thing the new States did after becoming independent was to expropriate the big estates of the Barons and divide them up among their peasantry, who, no longer landless men, were thus saved from being infected with Bolshevism. What occurred was a political no less than an agrarian revolution, and its victims loudly complained of its injustices and general harshness. Many of them removed to Germany, where they continued their clamour over their grievances, though they were compensated to some extent for the losses they had sustained. Germany was not indifferent to their plight, but occupied with more urgent affairs nearer home at the time, she could do nothing beyond storing in her tenacious memory *against another day* a record of that severe check in the Baltic. She must have noted, on the other hand, that two small and comparatively unimportant States now possessed hundreds of miles of the coast instead of Russia, who had been and would again be a Great Power, and with whom an accounting would assuredly be more difficult.

At the start Lithuania had only a very small part of the littoral, and besides had no internal German problem, as she had not undergone German conquest and colonization, thanks to her union with Poland and their joint efforts. Her big landowners were mostly Poles. Her acquisition afterwards of Memel, as German as Danzig, gave her a German Minority. While the course of the War was favourable to Germany, Lithuania, occupied by German troops, had had a marked German complexion, as was shown by the acceptance by her Taryba, or Parliament, as late as July, 1918, of a German prince as her sovereign. Still, Germany was prepared to give the State

a qualified independence, not from solicitude for Lithuanian susceptibilities, but because she was determined to keep open and widen the breach between the Lithuanians and the Poles—as had been the policy of Tsarist Russia.

The victory of the Allies resulted not only in the independence of Lithuania, but also of Poland. Touching the Baltic question it was the latter fact—the rebirth and rise of Poland, free from all control, and with a footing on the shore of the Baltic—that mainly engaged the attention, to put it mildly, of Germany. It was more than a check to Germanism, it was a defeat, which she has ever since deplored and bitterly resented. What had occurred higher up on the Baltic had not taken from her any territory that had actually been hers, but with the restoration to Poland of a not inconsiderable part of Pomerania, then forming the bulk of West Prussia and now called Pomorze by the Poles, she was compelled to yield up a tract of land that had been German (Prussian) for about a hundred years. Worst of all, the attribution to Poland of this area carried with it a frontage on the Baltic, small but sufficient to make her a Baltic State, besides cutting off East Prussia from the rest of Germany. And after a few years the Poles drove home Germany's defeat by building a great new harbour at Gdynia, on their bit of the Baltic foreshore, to offset the determined and passionate Germanism of Danzig.

Such, in brief outline, was the position of the Baltic question up to a year or two ago. British policy in the Baltic remained unaltered. England looked on benevolently while the small Baltic States consolidated themselves, as they did, but she gave them no special assistance. Respecting Poland and particularly Pomorze—which is the rightful name of what the Germans denominate the "Corridor"—opinion in England was for some years much more sympathetic towards the Germans than towards the Poles, and not a few British politicians and commentators of the internationalist type even advocated the surrender, with or without compensation, of the "Corridor" by the Poles, for the sake of peace, though, as Poland stated over and over again that she would never relinquish her free access to the sea, except under *force majeure*, it was clear this would bring not peace but a sword! Yet, speaking

generally, the Baltic question was not acute during these years.

Then there came a great change. The first sign of it was the withdrawal of the opposition of the Soviet to the Baltic States, the outcome of which was the series of non-aggression treaties it signed with them; its policy was further manifested by non-aggression treaties with the other "limitroph" States and some States which do not border on it at all. Two reasons are usually adduced for the Soviet's action: one is the Imperialism of Japan, with its threat of further expansion in Asia; and the other is the bad conditions prevailing in Russia. These are good reasons enough, but there is a third, which is probably decisive—the fear of German aggression. The story of the non-aggression treaties proposed by the Soviet to the Baltic States, including Poland, goes back several years; at first and for some time they were quite unacceptable and consequently were rejected. It was only recently that the Soviet produced treaties that could be and were accepted, and then there was an air of hurry about them all. Now, the Baltic State which may expect to derive the greatest benefit from its non-aggression treaty with the Soviet is Poland, as the treaty completely cuts across the once rather dreaded treaties of Rapallo and Berlin which Germany made with the Soviet. Poland had always had before her eyes the possibility of a combined attack on her by Germany and Russia. The truth seems to be that the Soviet became alarmed for herself by the strong revival of militarism and the prodigious growth of Hitlerism in Germany: hence its haste in concluding these non-aggression treaties.

Whatever the reason, it is the case that the small Baltic States have ceased to be afraid of the Soviet. I was immensely struck by this fact when I made a tour of the Eastern Baltic last year—one of several tours I have carried out in that region since the War, and some of which I have already described in this Review. I had opportunities of discussing the situation with the leading men in these States, and found that fear of the Soviet had disappeared. The thing uppermost in their minds just then was the depression from which they were suffering like the rest of the world, but when the talk passed from economics to politics what they said was both interesting and instructive. They declared that the point of view of the Soviet had shifted

concerning the Baltic; formerly it had persistently accused England, despite official denials in London, of having engineered an entente with the Baltic States against it; now it no longer did so, as it had other and more urgent preoccupations which were giving quite a different tone to its negotiations for non-aggression treaties, and led the Baltic States to the conviction that it was absolutely resolved on a real peace with them. There was, therefore, nothing to fear from the Soviet. When the conversation turned to Germany I discovered that fear of her had replaced fear of the Soviet. It was not altogether surprising.

It may be recalled that a year ago the Government of Germany had lost the quasi-Liberal character it had borne for some years, and was practically in the hands of the "Generals", with a decided increase of the military spirit throughout the country. Germany had interfered in Memel, and had directed sharp words and menaces at Poland; these inevitably had their repercussions throughout the Baltic, especially as they were accompanied by pointed references to old German "colonizations". For years German policy in the Baltic had been one of peaceful penetration by means of her commerce and "culture". Though the British are the chief buyers of their exports the Baltic States obtain most of their imports from Germany, who thus has had abundant opportunities for propaganda; clubs and various other organizations in the German Minorities existing in these lands have maintained the nationalist brand of culture; nor has direct encouragement from Berlin been lacking. It was all very quiet, but careful, persistent, well-thought-out preparatory work in methodical German fashion.

With the triumph of Hitler has come a fresh revelation of what Kube, one of his lieutenants in Prussia, calls "Germany's world mission", which is just a revival of the old Pan-Germanism so blatant before the War. It is often forgotten, though not in Germany, that Pan-German plans for dominance came near fulfilment, were in fact temporarily realized, during the War. *Mitteleuropa* was German, as was also the Baltic. Germany's defeat put a stop to all that—for a time; Hitler's gospel of political, racial and economic Imperialism brings it all back again. With the exception of the famous Memorandum which Hugenberg submitted to the London World Conference, but

soon withdrew under orders from Berlin, German Ministers and officials have taken pains *not* to publish Germany's aims respecting the Baltic, but these are proclaimed daily by the German Press, now nothing if not officially inspired. Propaganda for domination of the Baltic is incessant, and has been extended to Denmark, after touching up Sweden. It is no wonder that alarm spreads throughout the Baltic. Many eyes turn again to England.

I have just returned to London from a tour of Central Europe which began on the Baltic in July, took me down to the Danube by mid-August, and then back to the Baltic by a different route in the beginning of last month. The shadow of Hitler and Pan-Germanism lay over it all. Danzig I found a Nazi stronghold; Poland quiet but ready for eventualities; Germany—so far as I saw her—marching, marching, and once more madly in love with herself in military array; and Czechoslovakia steady but keenly observant of everything going on in Austria and Munich. The general situation was tense, anxious, apprehensive. What was the policy of England?—this I was often asked. Well, the British Week in Finland supplies an answer, at all events so far as the Baltic is concerned: the maintenance of the *status quo*, as British interests indeed demand. And in a complete analysis must not this cover the "Corridor" too? For, in view of Hitlerism and its claim to dominate the Baltic, the continuance of Poland's free access to the sea is of prime political importance to us.

TENDENCIES OF THE MODERN NOVEL

I.—ENGLAND

BY HUGH WALPOLE

SOME ten years ago it would have been a comparatively simple thing to write about the contemporary English novel.

In the first place a group of names quite definitely asserted itself, practically without challenge. Those names were: Thomas Hardy, Joseph Conrad, John Galsworthy, George Moore, Arnold Bennett, D. H. Lawrence, H. G. Wells, Rudyard Kipling, Virginia Woolf, E. M. Forster. These were, in 1920, quite clearly the leaders of the English novel (and throughout this article when I say English I mean British).

Ulysses, James Joyce's vast work, had not yet penetrated the consciousness of the interested reader.

And now—in 1933—what has happened to those names? Hardy, Conrad, Galsworthy, Moore, Bennett, Lawrence—these are dead! Wells is interested now in sociology and not at all in the novel, Kipling writes only an occasional short story, Virginia Woolf is moving more and more completely into a world that is the poet's rather than the novelist's, Forster has not published a novel for ten years. And to these, what men have been added—added, I mean, in this assured and separate class? James Joyce is writing now in a language that is, to one of his admirers at least, quite unintelligible. Somerset Maugham has published one amusing and witty novel in *Cakes and Ale* and some admirable short stories, but has never approached the dignity and size of *Of Human Bondage*. For the rest, it may be said that there are many, many novelists, that the general standard of accomplishment is quite remarkably high, but that, at the top, now, there are great empty windy spaces, that there is no English novelist alive (save possibly the old Wells and the ancient pre-war Kipling) to be named

in the same breath as artist with the German Thomas Mann or the Scandinavian Sigrid Undset. And there is certainly no one in America.

Yet one cannot doubt but that the novel in England has during the last thirteen years shown great liveliness and an almost "kicking" vitality. It has been a period, however, of novels rather than of novelists, and the reasons for this are worth examining. When we look back across the distance novels spring up and confront us—*The Good Companions*, *Juan in America*, *The Fountain*, *Without My Cloak*, *Broome Stages*, *Magnolia Street*. These, we instruct our inquiring foreigner, he must read if he wants to know what has been happening. But must he, in general, read Priestley, Linklater, Kate O'Brien, Louis Golding? Ah, there we are more ignorant. We scarcely know what to say. It may be that this foreigner visited England last in 1920: he looks at his note-book and rediscovers a few questions that at that time he was asking. The Sitwells—what have they been doing? The author of *Howards End*—surely he has been a great influence. Conrad—has not everyone, since then, been Conradian? And we must tell him—no, very oddly, nothing has happened as he might have expected. The Sitwells no longer rouse much interest, save the most brilliant of them, Sacheverell, and he is one of the best poets in England. The author of *Howards End* has published only one novel, and that, indeed, a remarkable one; but now, for a long time past, he has told his enquiring friends: "I have nothing more to say".

And there has been no Conradian influence—no, simply none at all. The foreigner then, naturally, enquires what the influences *have* been and so brings us into the heart of the matter.

We offer him four names—James Joyce, D. H. Lawrence, Virginia Woolf, Aldous Huxley. These are the writers who have been supreme influences on the English novel in the last ten years.

Influences in what way? The situation will become the more obscure to the inquiring foreigner when he discovers that James Joyce is interested in language rather than the novel: that Lawrence in his later years was interested in his philosophy and not in the novel at all: that Virginia Woolf does

not consider that her works *are* novels in any accepted term; that she would, if she could, find some new word for her art: and that Aldous Huxley does not care whether he is a novelist or no.

It is perfectly clear that this at least has happened in the last ten years—no one in England has known what a novel is except that the Higher Critics are resolved that it is something unintelligible to the Common Man, and the Lower Critics are resolved that it is nothing that the Higher Critics *call* a novel!

Before 1914, in England at least, this was quite definitely not so. In 1910, Hardy, Conrad, James, Moore, May Sinclair, Bennett, Galsworthy, Wells were novelists. There was no question about it. Wells might be interested in sociology, but he wrote *Tono-Bungay*, and that was a novel. George Moore might write a lovely language, but *The Brook Kerith* was a novel. Why were these books novels? Because their authors created characters beyond their own autobiographical experience and engaged in some kind of a narrative. Uncle Ponderevo, the Baynes girls, Nostromo, the wicked butler in *The Turn of the Screw*—these were born of their creators' personalities, but they were at the same time definitely alive beyond the experience and characteristics of Wells, Bennett, Conrad and James.

As early as 1910, however, there was someone who did not agree that the thing produced by Wells, Bennett and Conrad *was* a novel at all. This was Henry James, who, in his *Notes on Novelists* and in his quarrel with H. G. Wells, wanted to know *what* these men were after, and why they thought that their simple nursery-like productions merited any serious consideration. "Poor Conrad!" he cried, lifting his hands over *Chance*, one of the most complicated and intricate of all Conrad's novels.

Before the 1870's the English novel received scarcely any general critical attention at all, and it was not until the early 1900's that people began to talk about it in solemn whispers as an Art that only Artists should be allowed to practise. This attitude of specialist cerebrality has grown and grown, and today the whole quarrel about the novel centres round this question

—is the novel *only* a special lovely exotic rare fruit produced in Cambridge greenhouses for a small group of intellectual horticulturists, or is it still a rather common wayside flower which almost plants itself so prolific is it, and sometimes plants itself with quite splendid and magnificent results?

That it *was* once a jolly friendly flower, bright for everyone's picking, is quite certain: Richardson, Fielding, Scott, Jane Austen, Dickens, Thackeray, Trollope, Stevenson, Hardy, have been plucked by almost everybody and large packets of seedlings of the Dickens flower are at this very moment being sold, very cheaply, at the doors of the newspaper offices.

Henry James disliked these vulgar wayside blooms. A number of ladies, Mrs. Edith Wharton, Miss May Sinclair, Miss Dorothy Richardson, disliked them, too. Then the War made all private passions common and mean; Mr. Joyce, after writing an easily understood masterpiece about an Artist, threw Mr. Bloom on to the world, Mr. Lawrence was banned by the Police, a number of ladies and gentlemen went to live in Bloomsbury, Mrs. Humphrey Ward's nephew lashed his aunt's predilections with scorpions—and confusion has reigned ever since!

For it is a *real* confusion. Were right quite plainly on either side we would know better, whichever our camp, how to abide the issue. But whatever the stalwarts may say there *is* no clear issue!

Mr. Harold Nicholson, about a year ago, gave a series of Wireless Talks about the New Literature, and, in regard to his listeners, he told them that if they did not read Mr. Joyce, Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Aldous Huxley they were lost indeed. He was right to give them fearlessly his own opinion, and, in my opinion, the director of the B.B.C. was in the wrong when he so sternly objected. But Mr. Nicholson, alas, did his own side much damage for many, many listeners at once sent to their booksellers for copies of *Antic Hay* and *Women in Love*. They read these works, and, in many cases, were so sadly puzzled and affronted by them that henceforth, instead of reading Mr. Priestley and Mr. Brett Young as they had done, they read Mr. Frankau and Mr. Warwick Deeping.

Then a lady, a Mrs. Leavis, of Cambridge, published a work on the contemporary English novel and the general bad taste

of the reading public, in which she limited the possible English living novelists to five alone—to Virginia Woolf, Aldous Huxley, D. H. Lawrence, E. M. Forster and one of the Mr. Powyses. She even gave George Moore a hasty rap on the knuckles.

"Oh, dear!" moaned the ordinary intelligent reader, wanting to be in the right way. "This confines me, at the most, to five new novels a year—really three, because Mr. Forster has ceased to write and Mrs. Woolf says her novels *aren't* novels!" Then D. H. Lawrence died and now he has, year in and year out, only Mr. Huxley and Mr. Powys to cheer him—and neither of them are exactly cheerful writers!

Then it happened that something really important occurred in the exactly opposite camp—this was the publication and quite phenomenal success of a novel called *The Good Companions*, by J. B. Priestley. No such general popularity of any novel has been known in England since the days of Hall Caine and Marie Corelli. And the event in this case had elements of very real importance. For it was not, whatever Mr. Harold Nicholson and Mrs. Leavis (who have, in all probability, never read *The Good Companions*) might say, a success of vulgarity. Mr. Priestley had already written the best critical work on George Meredith (with the exception of Mr. Trevelyan's study of Meredith's poetry), some of the best essays of our time, and a brilliant book of general criticism. *The Good Companions* was the work of a man of letters. It created, as few contemporary novels were able to do, a character, Jess Oakroyd, who could take his place, without shame, in the true gallery of English characters. Moreover, Mr. Priestley showed that he could not only be witty but also funny, a trait that is today, alas, almost solely Mr. P. G. Wodehouse's prerogative. Also he could do what very few novelists of today *can* do—he could keep it up. He could write a long novel that tires very seldom and never, in spite of its 800 pages, dies altogether.

But—and this was the signal for battle—he appealed quite deliberately to the plain man. His ideas are the ideas of the plain man, his world the plain man's world. Secondly—and this was a worse crime than the other—he dares to be unflinchingly cheerful.

This, in the judgment of the very serious artists, condemned

him altogether, for how could anyone in these grim days write cheerfully and pretend to paint life as it is? It is true that Mr. Priestley followed *The Good Companions* with *Angel Pavement*, which was a very serious novel, indeed, but even here "cheerfulness would keep breaking in". Then that very difficult and very ancient question as to "What is Truth" began to be asked once more, for the Plain Man stood up and said that so far as he could understand them the stories of Mrs. Woolf, Aldous Huxley and D. H. Lawrence weren't true at all. It could be definitely proved that members of Concert Parties and Yorkshire working-men often had their cheerful moments, but the Plain Man had never known anyone who was alternatively male and female as was Mrs. Woolf's Orlando, nor did his wives and daughters go mad over the "dark urge" as did the heroines of Mr. Lawrence's novels, nor could he see that Mr. Huxley's characters were anything like real life. Here, I think, the Plain Man and the Plain Critic went a great deal too far. Their determination *not* to read what they called by the horrible phrase of the "Highbrow Novelists" deprived them of some of the finest work of their time. It has been, in my opinion, the great crime of the superior critics that they have frightened the ordinary intelligent man from so much that he would otherwise have enjoyed. It is one thing to proclaim loudly that you care only for the very best, but the superior arrogance of that cry has its dangers, and especially in the case of the novel which, as Mr. Wells once said, is intended to do everything and anything except be boring.

The beauties of Virginia Woolf, for instance, are as easily understood as the ironical sentimentalities of Sterne, and when Mrs. Dalloway walks through a London Park on a summer day, when that last voyage is taken to the Lighthouse, when the Elizabethan world blazes on the frozen Thames, beauty is added permanently to English letters. So, too, the brilliance of Aldous Huxley's dialogue is no ordinary matter, and D. H. Lawrence's genius of perception and descriptive prose no repetitive sexual agonies can dim.

The principal danger of this group of writers, however, lay not in themselves, but rather in their influence. Their example was dangerous because it was so easy to follow.

It was tempting, obviously, for the young novelist of 1926 and 1927 to copy those serious writers who were most frequently noticed and praised by the more serious critics. Moreover, these serious novelists were plainly contributing something new to the novel, while novelists like Mr. Priestley, Mr. Brett Young, even Mr. Somerset Maugham were content with the old methods and the old straightforward narrative. It was possible, in fact, to be clever, lazy and daring all at once. Joyce had shown that all you needed was "to look in yourself and write". Never mind what you found there—however untidy, however minute, however shocking, out it must all come!

This incoherent autobiography was very much easier *and* very much more modern than the old weary business of inventing a narrative and creating characters *outside* yourself. Moreover, as every novelist knows, it is very much simpler to be gloomy than cheerful, to write about lunatics rather than sane men. We are all, so Freud has told us, sexually, mad hopelessly frustrated, potentially imbecile. The novel, if it is to survive at all, must move forward.

The subjective, autobiographical method, has however one very serious drawback—namely, that it can become very boring unless you happen yourself to be a very exceptional person. Exceptional persons are rare, and I venture to doubt whether, if you omit from them what was almost their whole stock in trade, their creative zest, Fielding and Jane Austen, Thackeray and George Eliot, were in themselves very exceptional persons. But creative zest is the very thing that the new subjective autobiographical novel forbade because above all else it must tell the truth, must avoid excess, must fear sentiment like the devil (far more indeed than the devil) and limit itself to minute and unchallengeable detail.

The result of this was that the English novel found itself checkmated. It could not move in any direction with safety. Novel after novel appeared that resolved itself into a clever analysis of frustration and an intensely bitter revelation of nothing.

Every link with ordinary suffering, patient and often humorously courageous humanity, disappeared. Humanity was, of course, in a bad way, but it had been in a bad way before.

At one of the most dangerous and despairing moments in English history some of the Elizabethans produced the most courageous and defiant literature in the language, but to read most of the clever novels published in England between 1925 and 1930 you would imagine that this brave Island was inhabited only by waiting gnats and blindly agitated ants.

This attitude of negation could not, of course, endure for long. Rebellion against it was inevitable, but the danger of that rebellion was, and still is, that the benefits to the novel of these post-war experiments might be lost.

One thing at least is certain: that however the plain man and the plain critic may exclaim and protest, may appeal for a return to "the heartiness and exuberance of the Victorians", the English novel can never be the same as it was before Joyce. Lawrence and Virginia Woolf experimented on it. And this is true, especially, of the sexual freedom and frankness that Joyce and Lawrence brought into it. While it is certain that there are other things in life beside sex, it is also certain that both modern psychology and modern life make the old reticences and taboos as absurd as they are old-fashioned. The Victorian novel assumed quite falsely that marriage was the best possible haven for its more virtuous characters. We have changed all that in our lives as well as in our novels.

On the other hand, the assumption of the post-war realists that there is no haven anywhere and that a condition of happiness is an impossible sentimentality is as absurd as unreality. What has happened, therefore, is that the novel in the last three years has begun to expand in a new and more romantic direction. This new romance is very different from the old, which was a very simple manifestation of cloak-and-sword narrative, often full of zest and excitement, but ending as completely in nothing at all as the examples of minor post-war realism.

One characteristic of the new romantic novel was the sudden appearance of long family histories. Just when it had seemed that the novelists were content to write very cleverly about nothing whatever, they began to write defiantly about everything.

Phyllis Bentley in *Inheritance*, Clemence Dane in *Broome Stages*, Louis Golding in *Magnolia Street*, Francis Brett-Young

in *The House Under the Water*, Mazo de la Roche in her *Jalna Chronicles*, the vast works of John Cowper Powys, *Wolf Solent* and *A Glastonbury Romance*—these, in spite of the wailings of the reviewers, have been among the prominent successes of the last few years.

All these novels may, in one form or another, be called romantic, but, at the same time, there is no one of them that does not show the influences of *Ulysses*, of *The Rainbow*, of *Mrs. Dalloway*. Whatever may be said about these novels critically, we may at least sigh with relief because we have escaped, when it almost seemed that we were doomed, from sexual trivialities, sexless autobiography.

One further element there is in the new English novel that must be mentioned—a fresh interest in the things of the spirit. The leader in this is Charles Morgan, whose *Portrait in a Mirror* and *The Fountain* have had a quite astonishing success. I say "astonishing" because these grave, quiet, very carefully written books would not, one would have supposed, have appealed to a large public. But they have insisted that man does not live by bread alone, a doctrine that had been absent from the more intellectual English novel for nearly twenty years.

In the work now of all the more interesting younger writers there is a new spirit, very far indeed from the defeatism of ten years ago. Men like L. A. G. Strong, William Plomer, John Collier, Francis Stuart; women like Rosamund Lehmann, Marguerite Steen, E. Arnot Robertson, Kate O'Brien, Helen Simpson—to name only a few—look on life, however perilous it may appear, with humour, courage and wisdom. We have broken away, it seems, from pessimism and artificiality and, in this new world of adventure, new genius should be born.

Best of all (and here I return to the interrogation mark at the beginning of this article) the novel is once again beginning to be a novel, it is once again experimenting both in narrative and the creation of character, the two achievements for which this beautiful and exciting art, more than any other of the arts of writing, is especially adapted.

PARTY FUSION IN SOUTH AFRICA

BY LEONARD BARNES

DURING the last nine months the sequence of important political events in South Africa, as in so many other countries, has been rapid and dramatic. In December 1932 relations between Dutch and British were apparently more embittered than they had been at any time since the quarrel over the national flag. For Natal the years of "Boer domination"—1932 was the ninth of them—were evidently proving a burden too grievous to be borne. A movement sprang up in the Province threatening secession from the Union. True, it was soon realized that this was something too haughty; and the secession cry dwindled first into a demand for the reconstitution of the Union on a federal instead of a unitary basis and, finally, after a masterly intervention by General Smuts, into acceptance of extended powers for Provincial Councils within the four walls of the existing constitution. But Natal's restiveness found an echo in many another English-speaking centre up and down the country, which General Hertzog professed to interpret as an impending attack all along the line on the Dutch language and people. He accordingly rallied his supporters to resist. This, in turn, led to British counter-moves and plans for organizing on strictly racial lines. A general election, though not legally due till 1934, was confidently predicted for 1933, and the country seemed to be drifting towards a conflict in which the gnashing of racial teeth would be long and furious.

Such was the position up to December 16th. On February 10th General Hertzog made General Smuts an offer of coalition. By March 31st the Coalition Government was in office. In May the general election was held, and resulted in a sweeping victory for the Hertzog-Smuts alliance. There followed a brief session, curtailed to a few weeks to enable the South

African delegation to leave in time for the World Economic Conference. While it lasted, the animosities of twenty years were laid aside, ancient foes fraternized with cordiality, and members generally behaved like men awakened from bad dreams. By August the Transvaal Nationalist Congress, long celebrated as a stronghold of "bitter-enders", had passed a unanimous resolution in favour of the permanent fusion of their party and the Smuts party into a single whole.

Outwardly the country seems to have undergone an experience analogous to religious conversion. But such mysteries are unknown to the political world. Salvation is no concern of parties, nor are they given to sloughing off the settled attitudes of a quarter of a century in obedience to some momentary emotional impulse. The strange enthusiasm which has captured South Africa certainly affords colour for the belief of some patriotic observers in England that the old snake of racial strife between Boer and Briton, so often scotched, has at last been killed, and that the communal aspirations of the former have finally found satisfaction within the Empire fold. Yet the sceptic may equally well suspect that what seems a miracle is really no more than a conjuring trick. What has really happened?

In point of fact, it is clear enough that General Hertzog has been influenced throughout by the considerations of expediency usually followed by honest politicians. In mid-December he was still vowing that his Government would never accept responsibility for an abandonment of the gold standard, and was evidently determined to complete, if he could, his full term of office, which would not expire until the middle of 1934. In spite of a severe defeat a few weeks before at a by-election in Germiston on the Rand, and of one or two other gaps in his parliamentary ranks, he still had a working majority of nine in the House. On the other hand, there was a growing discontent with his gold standard policy, and the whole country was heartily sick of the insufferable racial squabbling which his party's tactics, no less than those of the opposite faction, seemed calculated to perpetuate. The first signs were emerging of a movement of popular sentiment in favour of an experiment in non-party government. After the Germiston election General

Smuts made an appeal for a change of government not to his party followers alone but to all electors of good will, emphasizing that the critical condition of the country called for an administration free from sectional pre-occupations and representative of all parties. Nine leading members of the Labour Party at once signified their willingness to serve under the Smuts banner for this purpose. On December 21st Mr. Tielman Roos, an Appeal Court Judge who had once been leader of the Nationalist Party in the Transvaal and had served as Minister of Justice in General Hertzog's first Government, resigned from the bench, and returned to the political arena with a loud cry. The cry was "No more gold" and "No more racialism". By December 28th the gold currency standard was no more, and Mr. Roos was actively seeking an alliance with General Smuts with a view to turning the Hertzog Government out.

The Roos activities looked very much like treason within the Nationalist camp, and General Hertzog duly fulminated against them as such. They also imparted a rather forlorn appearance to the parliamentary majority of nine. For Mr. Roos had great influence in the Transvaal, and if he contrived to swing only four Nationalist members over into opposition to the Ministry, that majority would disappear. It was certain that he could not do this, and indeed did not wish to, in order to place the South African Party in power. But he might be able to do it in order to place a Roos-Smuts alliance in power. What line was General Hertzog to take?—resign and plunge into a general election on the old and never-failing ticket of the invading English and the swarming Bantu before his enemies had time to combine, or trust in the well-drilled solidarity of his Afrikaner following and fight where he stood? In view of his repeated declarations that his Government would never consent to a departure from the gold standard, the country expected resignation. It was disappointed. He decided it was his duty to stay and rescue the country from the currency disaster he had unavailingly striven to avert. Declaring fiercely that he would have nothing to do with co-operation with the opposition, "which would drag our people further in the way of dissension and bitterness", he met Parliament on January 20th and asked for a vote of confidence. The debate, full of hate

and frightfulness, dragged on for ten days, during which General Smuts and Mr. Roos were negotiating behind the scenes. The negotiations failed and General Hertzog got his vote of confidence by a majority of twelve. Fortune, it seemed, had favoured the brave.

General Hertzog had the penetration to see the hollowness of his victory. It did nothing to allay the popular disgust with the endless party vendetta, nor to meet the popular conviction that policies suited to such disjointed times could not be framed in an atmosphere of stale racial recriminations. Credit had just collapsed in the United States and the American banking system was at a standstill. In Germany the Nazi revolution was in its first stages, and the European situation was troubled and obscure. These were not promising omens for the swift alleviation of South Africa's economic crisis. Altogether it seemed rather deep water for a Government with a small majority at its back and a rising public anxiety in front. The need for a ministry with broad enough popular support to be able to take unpopular measures was too clear to be any longer denied. There was no prospect of any one party furnishing such a ministry. The Roosites were adventurers with no organization, and dependent entirely on such strength as they could detach from the two main parties. There was only one thing for it. The two main parties must, after all, come together directly. General Hertzog began to see something of General Smuts.

Within a fortnight the terms of coalition were agreed. That this represented a complete *volte-face* on General Hertzog's part is true. Throughout January he had maintained that an alliance with the South African party was unthinkable and could only intensify racial bitterness. In the second half of February he was insisting that the economic situation was so grave that only supra-party action could hope to deal with it, and that, if he had turned a deaf ear to General Smuts' urgent call for a national administration, the result must have been to divide the Dutch-speaking members of the South African party from their Nationalist kith and kin for ever, and to thrust the whole of General Smuts' following over towards opposition to the ideal of self-sufficient nationalism. It had taken General

Smuts three months to put his view across on General Hertzog. After more than twenty years of acute political hostility between the two men this was fairly quick work. And fortunately General Hertzog has always had the courage of his changes of mind.

That this time his mind was well changed was soon abundantly clear from the relief and joy with which the country hailed the coalition project. "Peace is come, and wars are over" was the general feeling. The people took a deep breath and prepared to live a new life. When General Smuts informed them that the national government was the direct expression of their creative will, it hardly occurred to them to question the statement. All the politicians felt that, instead of trying to drive a grumbling nation along a stony track, they were themselves now being wafted merrily ahead by a stiff breeze of popular approval; and most exhilarating they found it after the dust and heat. The only croaking came from certain ultra-Nationalist circles in the Cape Province—circles which, under the leadership of Dr. D. F. Malan, Minister of Interior in all General Hertzog's Governments since 1924, had long stood for Afrikaner supremacy and deprecated inter-racial compromise and conciliation.

The wave of new-found enthusiasm did not spend itself with the formation of the Coalition Government—in which, incidentally, Dr. Malan was not included. It surged forward to tackle the far more ambitious task of uniting the Nationalist Party and the South African Party, those hitherto implacable enemies, in one body. The movement began, obviously with General Hertzog's encouragement, in Transvaal Nationalist quarters. Early in August the Nationalist Congress in the Transvaal passed without a dissenting voice a resolution in favour of fusion. On August 22nd the Natal Nationalist Congress accepted a similar resolution, but only after much hesitation and General Hertzog's personal intervention. The question will be considered by the Free State Congress on October 10th, and by the Cape Congress on October 4th. The Malanites of the Cape, who only accepted the coalition with reservations and without explicit approval, have found the idea of fusion more than they can stomach. They are organizing their opposi-

tion and are all set for a straight fight with General Hertzog at the October Congress. As to the South African party, that too is not without misgivings, but it has been lying low deliberately during General Smuts' absence in London, and the common impression is that if General Smuts gives the lead for fusion, the main body at least will be prepared to follow. Broadly speaking, it seems more likely that the whole of the South African party will follow General Smuts than that the whole of the Nationalist party will follow General Hertzog. After all, a major political re-alignment of this kind can hardly be expected to complete itself without defections somewhere. On the other hand, there is a widespread conviction that, whatever happens on the extreme flanks, the coalition will be followed by the amalgamation of the moderates of both parties into a new and powerful central bloc. "The only alternative", as the Cape Town correspondent of *The Times* puts it, "is a return to the old intolerable wrangles". In truth, ever since the question of imperial relations was settled in 1926, only the old intolerable wrangles have kept the two big parties apart; there has been no major point of political or economic principle to divide them.

In this sense, fusion may be taken to be inevitable. It will be important, because it will represent a more extensive co-operation between Dutch and British than the country has known before. It will be a sharp and, it may be hoped, a final check to the split-up into two racial camps which seemed so real a danger last December. Even allowing for Dr. Malan's probable activities, there ought to be a net diminution of racial hostility. What form those activities will take, and on what principle of cleavage from the new centre party they will be based, is not easy to foresee. National independence, the unitary constitution, equal language rights, the national flag, help for the farmer, the "civilized labour policy"—all these things are fully safeguarded by the terms of coalition, and will continue to be safeguarded after fusion. As for the poor white or the native, Dr. Malan would be hard put to it to outdo the centre party in sympathy for the one or in repression of the other. Nor is the republican cry worth what it used to be; it has slumped badly since the Statute of Westminster. There is not

much left, except bare non-co-operation and the aggressive championship of "Afrikaans culture". That probably is what it will come to. In many ways Dr. Malan's breakaway with an extremist group from General Hertzog is closely parallel to General Hertzog's breakaway with an extremist group from Botha in 1912. General Hertzog spent many years in the wilderness, but he came back to power at the head of the best organized party in the State; his pilgrimage was a roaring success in that it contrived to make the Dutch outlook the dominant factor in the psychology of all white South Africa. Dr. Malan is naturally inspired by the example; but he will hardly achieve so striking a feat of arms. He and his followers are a mopping-up party moving across a position already carried by the main attack.

One thing the general rapprochement does not mean—that there is any weakening of the specific sentiment to which the Nationalist creed appeals. Nationalism, not as a detailed programme but as a cast of mind, is stronger and more widespread than it has ever been. Were this not so—had General Hertzog seen in the South African party any fixed incompatibility of feeling with his own party's traditions and ideals, he would assuredly have preferred, if need were, to go down with colours flying, rather than incur the risks of compromise. In 1912 he deserted Botha and launched his crusade for what he called a "two-stream" policy, because he feared the anglicization of his people. It was, he then insisted, essential, if the Boers were ever to develop a language and a culture of their own, that their manners and customs should not be carelessly exposed to the impact of a forceful "Englishry" that already embraced a large part of the globe. Political unification must not mean the cultural absorption of the Boer. Boer cultural life must flow in a separate channel dug by the exertions of its own exponents until it should have developed far enough to be able to face a confluence with the English in full confidence that its distinctive character would not thereby be overwhelmed and diluted beyond recognition. Today General Hertzog seems prepared for confluence; nor does his understanding with General Smuts include any reference to the maintenance of the two-stream policy. That is not because he has abandoned his

life work in despair. It is because he knows that his victory is won, and that the "risk" attached to confluence is now no longer the anglicizing of the Boer, but the Afrikanerizing of the Briton. The same concentrated stubbornness that once wore down the pride of Spain in Holland has triumphed anew.

A by-product of the recent changes which is worth notice is the disappearance, at least for the present, of the Labour Party as a serious factor in South African politics. In the new Parliament it has only two members. From the time when he assumed office in 1924 until last May General Hertzog was under close treaty relations with the Labour party, and Labour representatives were included in his various ministries. His ministries were, in fact, all coalitions, and it was Labour support which enabled him to command an effective majority in Parliament. This combination, profitable as it was for the Nationalists, proved fatal to the Labour party. It was never a natural combination, since the strength of Labour was drawn from the more radical elements in the towns, while that of the Nationalists was drawn from the reactionary landed interests. And it was inevitable that, when a conflict of principles arose, the Labour principle should be the one to go by the board. The only alternative involved letting General Smuts in again; and to avoid such a disaster the Labour party, since the Rand disturbances of 1922, was ready to submit to any indignity. This spirit of malice in the end destroyed those who harboured it. The continual parliamentary difficulties, combined with inept leadership, resulted in the break-up of the party into warring and diminishing fragments. The European workers on the gold mines, who in 1924 had returned the bulk of the Labour M.P.s, were becoming more and more Dutch in composition. The newcomers brought with them from the countryside which they were deserting an instinct to feel themselves Dutchmen first and workers afterwards. And their consequent inclination to vote Nationalist rather than Labour was strengthened by the fact that for the time being the two parties were for parliamentary purposes one. Throughout its history the Labour party, so far from coming forward as the champion of the workers as such, has shown itself even more anxious to exploit the native than the capitalists are. It has been an otiose buttress of forms

of race privilege which the two main parties are no less concerned to maintain. Its eclipse, therefore, will have little effect on the political balance of the State.

Finally, a word should be said about the bearing of the new situation on the most important of all the problems confronting South Africa—the native problem. For seven years now General Hertzog has had before Parliament a batch of Bills which he often quaintly refers to as “the solution of the native problem”. In spite of the great patience and determination he has shown in regard to them, they have made little headway, and during many sessions they have peacefully slumbered in the arms of a succession of Select Committees. No report of progress has been published. One of the conditions on which General Hertzog offered coalition was that a speedy passage should be found for the Bills. The point caused some difficulty in the negotiations with General Smuts, and in the end it was agreed that the Bills should “not necessarily be proceeded with” during the life of the present Parliament. In the view of many authorities a legislative truce in respect of the native question would be no bad thing, so the shelving of General Hertzog’s panacea can probably be set down among the benefits which coalition has already conferred. Taking a longer view, it is doubtful whether the native community has either much to hope or much to fear from a fusion of parties. The repressionist outlook is, in any case, so greatly in the ascendant that party amalgamation will make little difference. Liberal ideas on native policy are entertained in Parliament only by a dwindling band of Cape members of the South African party, reinforced, some would say, by the present Minister of Interior, Mr. J. H. Hofmeyr. In that party their influence is small; in the centre-party-to-be it will be negligible. That is all. The old Cape tradition based on that earlier Anglo-Dutch pact of Rhodes and Hofmeyr is dead. Fusion will bury it. In this sphere the success of Afrikanerism is particularly complete.

FAREWELL AND HAIL TO TABLE-MANNERS

BY H. PEARL ADAM

“SILENCE for the tongues of nightingales”, cried a lyrical maitre d’hôtel, drawing up the musical programme for a banquet in one of Stephen Phillips’ plays—*Nero*, probably. “I should prefer it with the soup”, murmured someone in the audience with a contraction of the brow, due to some painful memory. In those days soup-spoons were pointed, but it was not permissible to use the point as a controlling feeder; from the long unbroken side the soup had to be absorbed without any choral effects, or the diner was without the pale. Not long after the pale suffered a storm that laid most of it flat. One of the results is the soup-spoon that is the shape of the Hunter’s moon. It is quite impossible to make a mistake with it, short of holding it between the teeth and letting go the handle. The soup-spoon camouflages this useful change, and comes in the guise of a necessity to any plate-drawer, eschewing the possibility of its being a table-spoon when not being used for soup. It has no point to mislead the simple, and could be called really successful if it were not that vocalisation continues. Perhaps this is why hors d’œuvre are enjoying increasing favour.

It is time that the whole question of table-manners suffered a revision in theory, since it has suffered such a revolution in fact. When even a soup-spoon is no longer a table-spoon, why should a new manner not be a table-manner? The table is different from what it was, the manners are different, the food is different, the table furniture is different; but these are real differences. It is the abiding humiliation of the guests that they are only different in their clothing, of mind and of body, and not in their essential make-up of feelings and wishes.

The main passions still direct the dinner-guests, just as the main lines of the human anatomy still shape their bodies; the most exigent code of smartness will not prevent people loving

each other ; the wildest cubism will not put the ankles where the shoulders are. We work within set limits, turning yesterday into dust as busily as beseems us, who are all articulated to death, the Dust King. The difficulty is to get our good daily dust out of stuff that has such a persistent life in it as we find in ourselves. We work so hard, and something goes on laughing at our finest pulverisators. Our noblest and deepest passions are shared with Walhalla and Nibelheim. That we can bear. What really annoys us is that by the hardest thinking we cannot invent an affectation or a mannerism which has not been thought of so often before that one can almost look it up in the index of a good historical encyclopædia.

It is not for want of trying. The trouble is that there were warriors before Agamemnon, and rebels before Jack Cade. We are handicapped in our search for originality by the fact that a good many things had happened before we were born, and an even worse drawback is that we have to seem so darned open-minded about everything, because open-mindedness is in fashion. They must have had a nice easy time when they fed their lions with those awkward Christians, or got rid of the elderly surplus population by calling them heretics or witches and burning them. Now we have to let everybody think the way they do, because we say that we think everybody should. And what we say is so often printed in the newspapers that we have to go on with it.

The war is an excellent whipping-boy. Let us place upon that scarred back the restlessness which has threaded our meals with tobacco and jazz. We can find room on those shoulders for the economic stress which has altered the shape, if not the meaning, of our hospitality. The stately homes of England stand as beautifully as Mrs. Hemans said they did, but they do not entertain on the same scale. The Dower House is often let, and the Dowager has a small flat in Knightsbridge. The younger son has married a very jolly little Miss Godknowswho (not even pronounced Goo), and they have a half-time charwoman and a whole-time baby on a top floor in Bloomsbury.

The classes which are so middle that they will not consent to drop either the initial h or the final g are garmented in light from their own intellect. They have got over reading Proust,

thank God ! but they are taking it out on tubular chromium furniture.

The half-instructed classes (covering most of us) are using plain wallpapers with a clouded effect, because patterns are out ; we have scrapped the cabbage-rose cretonne for tweed check upholsteries because they are in ; our library consists of a guide-book and two maps under the flap in our Pocket Six car.

The amusement-hunters in all classes have achieved a democracy of their own. Partly owing to the ready-made dress trade, partly owing to the uniformity of the lipstick standard, which publishes a woman's face in terms of smartness, and tends to confound the Vere de Veres with the Whos of Nowhere, Lady Clara and Cissie meet on equal terms of recognition or avoidance in a number of haunts. Dancing began it, but class distinction only vanished when the small car rendered accessible hostleries and wayside meal-places hitherto remote, and also made possible dance-orchestras in such spots, not to mention varied menus and an enlarged idea of the nature of ices. The swimming-pool followed, and who can tell the difference between Gert and Lady Gertrude when both are pretty and both can swim and neither has thought it necessary to go much beyond half a pinafore and a pair of shoulder-straps ?

It would not be likely that table-manners should escape such a sweeping change as these things involve. They have not escaped. They have felt the winds of the equinox. In moments of depression the elders of today are tempted to think that there are plenty of table-manners left, just as there was once a man of whom it was said that he had a great deal of taste, and all of it was bad. But this is mere jaundice. The bright ones of today, young and old, are not always rude when they seem so, and are often polite without knowing it. If their habit of filling their mouths with the taste of tobacco and/or getting up to dance between courses would have caused a Vatel to commit a thousand suicides between the soup and the savoury, it must in fairness be recognised that there is no Vatel to destroy himself even once because the fish has not arrived. The noble art of cookery will not squander itself on producing such a man for an age which does not need him, and, far from appreciating him,

would think him a nuisance. The poor mutt wouldn't know how to hit the old palate up.

It is only natural that when we go to have a spot of dinner with Blinky and Susan in their little cubby-hole, and no need to change, we should not behave quite as we did (and sometimes do) in the matter of dining on a ten days' invitation with the Alexanders on the 21st to meet the Cæsars. We live in a period of violent transition, and most people have two codes of manners or, rather, issue the code in two colourings. It would be a great simplification if somebody would take that code and adapt it for us, as Chaucer fitted the inchoate speech of his time to its growing thought, as the Renaissance writers on courtesy shaped the habits of humanity to the needs of a new social life.

It is curious that mankind should have chosen to make of one of its least picturesque necessities a rite so important, so complicated, as that of the table, and a principal engine of social intercourse. Eating is in itself such an unhandsome business that in some countries it is a rule of courtesy to turn one's back on one's neighbour, if no further privacy offers. In our European civilisation a large body of most earnest exhortations, published over a period of nearly a thousand years, testifies to the necessity of imparting an acquired elegance to the inelegant process. The habits of small boys in particular have produced such masses of injunctions to such of them as are called upon to act as pages as give one a sad picture of what can have gone on before the Crusades and then the Renaissance took in hand the manners of the age. No point was too small for consideration by the writers of the early Courtesy books; how to hand a plate, even if it be only a thick slice of bread; how to compose the conflicting claims of a cold in the head and a job of carving; where to look and in what manner; which subjects of conversation to choose (with a unanimous ban on backbiting at table)—all is settled.

Manners enthralled the western world. Not only did monitors (including the great Chaucer) delight to write in prose and verse about the niceties of behaviour, but august travellers took pains to etch with the finest point pictures of the daily life of foreign country. England and the English live with the diminutive clarity of a camera's finder in the account written by the Venetian

Ambassador to this country early in the sixteenth century. Merchants like Marco Polo were fascinated by all they saw, and noted down items of behaviour much more fully than details of national monuments. They saw in the various practices of courtesy valuable psychological evidence of the nature of peoples. Thus that the English were silent at table was a subject for consideration. (Two centuries later our Table-Talk took an honourable and permanent place in the light literature of the world.)

From the Crusades came the first idea of a unified code of manners. When the Levant was filled to overflowing with scores of thousands of foreigners of mixed race, of every rank, and in character ranging from the loftiest saintliness and the most single-hearted lust for power down to the meanest cut-purse ruffianism and the humblest devotion, the common weal demanded some kind of tabulation. The Levantines and the rank and file could rub along together as best they might; but when it came to a couple of emperors and a handful of kings, all as haughty as the devil, and their suites of nobles, all much haughtier; when their jealousies and their ambitions were almost as hot as their tempers, and imaginations were inflamed by the idea of the still unconquered Sepulchre; then some kind of regulation for behaviour was so necessary that it finally sprang, not from any officials applying codes like plasters from without, but from the same unquiet breasts that made it necessary.

Take the Conqueror's father. Bidden with his retinue to an imperial feast in Constantinople they arrive to find all seats taken. Quietly and without sign of annoyance the guests fold their richly jewelled cloaks and sit on those. At the end of the feast they leave; the emperor sends after them to say they have forgotten their cloaks. "Tell your master," says Duke William, "that it is not a Norman custom to take away the seats used at an entertainment." Of such highly inflammatory matter were our early manners made. But there had been no vulgar massacre at dinner. Progress had begun.

Eight hundred and fifty years later another Emperor bids to his table, tardily and churlishly, a great lady who was very good to him when he was a penniless exile in her country. According her the minimum of recognition, and that late in the evening, Louis Napoleon asks: "*Vous restez longtemps à Paris,*

Madame? " Lady Blessington sinks to the ground in a curtsy and replies : "*Je crois que non. Et vous, Sire?*" The science of rebuke is very closely bound up with the art of manners.

It must be conceded that Lady Blessington was only a little more subtle than Duke William, while he was a world away from his contemporary, King Canute, at whose table the company was allowed to register displeasure against any guest who took a higher place than was his due by pelting him with bones. It must have been a gay scene, but how they must have hurried through the meat-course ! Unless a special bowl of bones was kept in the larder against need, the predecessors of electioneering eggs.

This would have made an additional reason for the preliminary washing-service which figures for centuries on the dinner-ritual of the modern world. The post-prandial ablution, appearing till recently on private tables, and still at royal and official banquets, in the guise of finger-bowls (with their doileys under them, the vestige of the towel that accompanied the basin), was a necessity until long after the fork had been introduced ; it had no guise of courtesy or anything but sheer personal convenience while people still dipped their food from a common dish with their fingers.

The great fork question is a pleasant subject for consideration. It is inevitable that Thomas Coryat should be mentioned. so it seems wise to get that over. He did meet with forks in Italy and bring one home and get himself teased about it, just as Americans were teased about wrist-watches until well through the war-years. But there were forks in England in Anglo-Saxon days, though they were only used for serving fruit and meat. Why this method of ameliorating the greasy side of dinner should have been denied to the individual diner for five hundred years it is difficult to say.

When it did come, it was welcomed so fervently that it became a storm centre for a new set of manners. It was always to be used in preference to the knife or the spoon, and never with the spoon. It had to be used for peas (in Victorian days), but there was a painful transition period when the two-pronged fork made peas practically uneatable for the genteel. Readers of *Cranford* will remember that the only solution was provided by the fact

that with such old-fashioned forks went broadly round-ended knives. This explains the mystery that has troubled many moderns : To eat peas with a knife is a solecism, but is it not also a magnificent work of skill ? No, evidently not ; they had good knives for pea-eating once.

So late as 1860 the convenience of the knife as a vehicle 'twixt plate and lip is vaunted by an American writer intrepid enough to call his book *The Perfect Gentleman*. He says " it is not considered proper to use your knife to convey food to your mouth. This is one of the most arbitrary and perhaps least sensible rules of table etiquette. The reason for it probably is that in conveying food to the mouth on a knife it is in some danger of falling off and dropping back into the plate or on the table. The knife is used for cutting, and the fork or spoon for feeding. Dr. Johnson and Dean Swift used to pay little attention to this form of etiquette ; but as you are neither Dr. Johnson nor Dean Swift it is doubtful if you can afford to disregard it." A curious brace of names ; both of them two-pronged forks themselves, having ready recourse to comfortably rounded knives.

The sanitary and protocol aspects of table manners are interesting, but the real human side of the matter is concerned with courtesy, including hospitality. A gentleman has been defined as one who makes the fewest number uneasy. That covers all the laws of hospitality and all the laws of the table. A great deal of dead wood has gathered round the green, but the green is plentiful still. One cannot try to find out why it is murder in Brittany to turn the loaf down, why to help you to salt is to help you to sorrow, or why caraway used to be served at dessert, without coming upon evidence that the usages of the table are in their degree as respectable an issue from the tribal mind as the edict against murder. Even their tides are interesting ; in 1886 people were not pressed to eat as they had been half a century before, when the host brought every dish to the notice of each guest, and almost insisted on a second portion of everything being consumed. One can perhaps trace in this the influence of the more prosperous era upon manners. In the early hard times it was vulgar to eat much, as though one were hungry ; that might have argued the poverty it was courteous to conceal.

Times had changed, and therefore manners were easier, in the eighties ; also, a trace of hurry was already observable in the daily life of the period.

This trace was to become the whirlpool, the gallopade, the stampede, the dam-burst, of today. Of course, it has swept the old manners away with it, as it has swept everything else. There is no time for them. How long did a curtsy take to one person ? Longer than "hallo, chaps !" and a wave of the hand to a whole roomful. Madame de Genlis records with approval that at the French court, unless there was a reigning monarch present, the hostess had a lady at each side of her ; it would have been unbecoming for her to ask any man to sit next her for an hour and a half. In Victorian times dinner took two hours, a banquet three or four. Nobody has the time, the patience, or the digestion for such meals today. The new menu, the new hospitality, gaily casual, and the new income, are alike against formality. Let it go, nobody wants starch ; but it would be a pity if courtesy went with it.

Formality is the bugbear of the post-war period. It is true that it was very largely an empty weariness. It survived its usefulness, which was undoubted after the freedom of the Stuart times. Like the lilies and languors of the Aesthetes, which exaggerated themselves in proportion to the robust horrors of the fifties and sixties, formalism in manners exaggerated itself in proportion to the license it combated. Every new movement has to state itself in terms, not of its own intrinsic merit, but of the hostility it has to meet before it can establish the merit. If the Caroleans made love at table the Georgians would behave as though love were non-existent, at table or anywhere else. Nothing less would drive the unseemly creature from the dining-room. Only the coming of Table-Talk to replace Genteel Conversation saved the institution of dinner from losing its place as a social institution.

In Victorian times the pleasure of being weighty was much in favour. Table, chairs, linen, silver, glass, china, food, conversation, people and their clothes, were all solid. The last bubble had gone with Lamb and Hazlitt. At intellectual tables the Victorian giants played Sir Oracle, and any dog that might bark was heavily chained in a massive kennel. At the tables

of those who considered intellect untrustworthy, or did not consider it at all, Dombey or Barnes Newcome reigned. Not, perhaps, Mr. Dombey, who never drew breath, and could therefore be eaten by the strictest vegetarian, but Dombeyism.

Against this long term of office of the formal the present tendency is one of quite comprehensible rejection. But it would be lamentable if the rage of Cromwell were allowed to dominate (as it already tries to do) the warriors. The destruction of beauty and knowledge is a sin not forgiven by succeeding generations. Omar, who burned the library of Alexandria, Cromwell, whose men smashed every breakable work of art they could see, did damage to the world which it will not ever mend. Somebody should try and keep table-manners from over-stating their case ; from stabling horses where there should be tall lights and sounds of praise.

It is an understood fact that today a dinner-table is surrounded by people enjoying themselves because there are so few restraints to irk them. In a restaurant they get up to dance. Everywhere they smoke between courses, and in some places during them, causing turbulence in the thoughts, and sometimes in the bodily feelings, of those who have minds to imagine, and noses to detect, the warfare of flavours. What cooks think about it cannot be reported here.

The carving pages of eight hundred years ago, youths so savage that they had to be told to hand meat with the left hand (the only instance of this otherwise dishonoured member being given an honourable duty), because they held the knife with the right hand, which also blew their noses, were told not to comb their hair in the dining-room. The modern siren combs it over the table. She there performs other rites of the toilet which make it clear that she is too proud to hide the fact that she has something to alter.

It was laid down centuries ago, in the then centre of good manners, France, that it was not courteous to announce aversions from this or that kind of food ; that these were mostly imaginary, and should be corrected in youth ; but if the disgust was invincible one should let it lie on the plate, hand the plate to the footman unseen, and make play with eating something

else meanwhile. These ordinances were also being taught forty years ago, and even later.

There were also rules governing conversation at table, which was never, however remotely, to touch on the ailments of those present, or their incomes, nor on the private affairs of anyone. Not to backbite at table was a cardinal rule a very long time ago, and also the day before yesterday, but nowadays it is difficult to rule out what one can only call frontbiting, since the subjects gladly provide all the information themselves, and welcome discussion of all they do and feel. "Iangylle nether with Iak nor Iylle" was a good rule, but nobody now minds a dash of row-making at table. (Row pronounced as in thou, combined word as in laugh-making, fun-making, joy-making, or the very exact sick-making.)

As for ailments, we shouldn't have much to talk about except Bernard Shaw and the talkies and income tax and the cricket score, should we, if we didn't tell about our something itis or our chronic what-aesia? From our sufferings to our diet is nothing of a step; and the necessity for being a siren, not only in hair-combings but in figure, has added another item to the complicated job of the hostess, who must cater for all the won'ts and can'ts and mustn'ts of a tableful of people who have never been brought to enjoy what some youthful whim first made them refuse.

As for money, admittedly we have to talk about it, or at least allow it a page-boy's privilege of presence in the background of our talk.

There is so much enjoyment in turning over old idols that one understands the existence of such large numbers of people who, exasperated by the middle-people's clinging to old forms, think it well-bred to be bad-mannered. Or at least intelligent. Let them be patient. So far as one can see no forms of the old code will be left before long, except perhaps the excellent one of enjoying oneself, furthering acquaintance and friendship, and thus adding to the amenities of life. To eat what is put before one would add a good deal to the peace of mind of the prospective and actual hostess, but we may come back to that. In the meanwhile let us remember that in Herculaneum untidy ways were kindly catered for in advance, by architects who laid

down floors representing in mosaic the remains of a feast, as dropped by guests.

And let us quite honestly admit that the old etiquette book which adjured us not to chuckle and rub our stomachs when anything we particularly liked was put on the table, sinned against the light. A hostess who had cooked that dish would ask of us nothing better. And in the East, from which came our manners, is it not still the rule to eructate as loudly as possible to show how much we have enjoyed our food? We may yet take our tabloids with audible gusto.

EGYPT TODAY

BY ARTHUR MERTON

ISMAIL SIDKY PASHA, Prime Minister of Egypt, has resumed office after an absence in Europe of some four months and an abstention of nearly eight months from active participation in the government of the country.* The state of affairs that has developed during his incapacitation has been far from satisfactory. To anyone who has closely watched recent developments and knows anything about the inner working of the Egyptian political machine it is abundantly patent that the present condition of things cannot safely continue, that a tightening up is urgently called for in every direction. The question is, will Sidky Pasha be able to cope with this situation or will he be compelled to make way for someone physically better fitted to deal with the difficulties that the immediate future holds in store?

Sidky Pasha has done admirable work since he took office in June, 1930, in response to the appeal of King Fuad, whose prerogatives the Wafd had threatened after the abortive treaty negotiations between its head, Nahas Pasha and Mr. Henderson, then British Foreign Secretary. His personality, courage and ability undoubtedly saved the situation, immediately for his sovereign, since his firmness stultified the revolutionary efforts of the Wafd, and in due course for his country, since his financial acumen has mitigated the effects of an acute economic crisis.

Gradually he drew towards him the more influential personalities in the opposition. He reformed the Constitution and the Electoral Law so that, without touching the essential principles of the rights of the people, both became more consistent with the intellectual and social level of the country. Within a year parliamentary government was restored and Sidky Pasha, through his new party, the Shaab, and the Ittihad or Union

party, which co-operated with it, had obtained an overwhelming majority in the Chamber. This, together with the lively support of the foreign business communities, who had great faith in his financial ability and his forceful character, enabled him to consolidate his position and become the power in the land.

Only a man with the physical and intellectual capacity of Sidky Pasha could have achieved such results in so short a time. But eighteen hours' intensive daily work, coupled with the anxiety of the situation and an active social life, was bound to leave its traces. Already before his final breakdown he was showing signs of the strain of office.

One noticeable symptom was his growing sensibility towards anything which savoured at all of criticism. Not a statement, however trivial, was made which might be construed in any way as a reflection on his administration but an official *démenti* followed immediately. So much so that his Cabinet has come to be dubbed the "*Cabinet aux déments*".

Another indication that his sense of realities was not what it had been was the libel action he brought eighteen months ago against Mohamed Mahmud Pasha, the Liberal leader and former Prime Minister. Friendly representations that, owing to the manner in which the Egyptian law allows such cases to be conducted and reported, his lawsuit could do him social and political harm, were of no avail. Only just before he sailed for Europe last summer did he recognize whither it was leading him. A meeting was arranged with Mahmud Pasha, when they shook hands and the personal quarrel was settled, though, of course, they remain political antagonists. Sidky Pasha withdrew the case. But his gesture could not fail, in a country like Egypt, to be interpreted as weakness. It did not improve the already diminishing authority of his government.

Even before his illness dissatisfaction was noticeable within his own party. Many of his supporters disapproved of the "ramps" of which his administration was accused. Signs were not wanting of growing lukewarmness among the Ittihadists. Information was leaking out to show that corruption, which, it is true, can never be entirely eradicated in an Oriental country, was rife to an extent never known since the Occupation started. There was restlessness among the foreign communities,

* He had a stroke on January 26th last.

without whose support Sidky Pasha could never have survived the early difficult days of his regime.

This decrease in foreign confidence had been accentuated by what has come to be known as the "Badari Affair" and—another indication of lack of political vision—by the attempts to circumvent the Capitulations* in the matter of new taxation applicable to foreigners, which necessitated official protests from the diplomatic representatives.

The details of the Badari Affair,† which aroused much feeling, were ventilated in the press at the time. Suffice it to say that Sidky Pasha seemed to prefer to dispense with two colleagues—Abdel Fattah Yehia Pasha, Minister for Foreign Affairs, and Ali Maher Pasha, Minister for Justice—to whose presence the Cabinet largely owed the respect and authority it enjoyed, rather than admit that the provincial authorities had resorted to any questionable methods in dealing with criminals and suspects. His handling of the incident was an error of judgment, aptly described by a foreign observer as a case of "*trop d'audace et pas assez de courage*."‡

His unfortunate illness—a veritable calamity for the country in the midst of its acute economic crisis—merely served to emphasize the defects that had already crept into the system. The regime he had set up had become a one-man regime. His outstanding ability had made him the hub around which everything revolved. His strong personality had tended gradually to deprive colleagues and subordinates of all initiative or sense of responsibility. To such an extent had everyone come to depend on him that the most technical questions were often not settled by the responsible Minister until he had had an opportunity of consulting the Premier.

The sudden withdrawal of this dynamic force produced a general state of paralysis in the government. For some time no decision could be obtained on any point. Ever since there

* Contrary to what Government spokesmen insinuate, foreigners in Egypt pay exactly the same taxes as the indigenous population.

† In rejecting the appeal against sentences by the Assize Court lodged by two Egyptians accused of murdering a Mamur (District Officer) the Court of Cassation recorded its regret that the law debarred it from reducing the punishment and its opinion that the lower court should have taken into consideration the evidence of provocation presented by the fact that the accused had been tortured.

‡ It is significant that the sentences were subsequently reduced by the exercise of the Royal prerogative.

has been growing demoralization in the administrations, a lack of discipline in the majority party and in Parliament. Controversial questions have been raised, and still have to be settled, that would never have seen the light of day, or would have been stifled at birth, had Sidky Pasha been in active control.

The reconstruction of his Cabinet after the Badari Affair had, moreover, not been of a nature to enhance its authority in the eyes of the people. His choice of new colleagues, then and later, to replace those he had thrown over was unfortunate to say the least of it. The Cabinet, in fact, no longer represents the best elements in the country. Even now, after his resumption of office, it does not enjoy anything approaching its old authority. There is a lifelessness, a lack of efficiency in the administration seriously affecting public confidence and trade. The condition of the fellah is deplorable despite the much-vaunted allocation of vast funds to relieve him and encourage agriculture.*

It would undoubtedly have been wiser, and more in the interest of the country, if Sidky Pasha had resigned immediately he fell ill, instead of trying to continue to direct affairs from his sick bed and from Europe. He would then have made way for someone who could have officiated with all the authority of an active Prime Minister and so have prevented some, at least, of the "rot" that has since set in.

His present decision, reached after much political discussion, to resume office without any change in the cabinet and to retain the portfolio of Finance, in addition to the Premiership, is no doubt prompted by his well-known public-spirit. But the nature of his recent illness makes this seem to be asking too much of fortune.

The situation is far more difficult than that which confronted him three years ago. Then he had to consolidate his position and impose himself on the people. But today he has to regain lost ground and revitalize a demoralized administration—psychologically quite another proposition, calling for even more physical and moral strength than he enjoyed before his illness. A difficult Parliamentary situation, with at least one major

* As much as L.E.11,000,000 has been allocated, mostly from the Reserve. It is complained that a large portion has been used for political purposes, to encourage support of the regime and tempt opponents to come over or retire from active politics.

question—the Presidency of the Chamber—likely to provoke serious conflict, and a series of delicate international problems threaten further to complicate the already heavy task of the Prime Minister of Egypt.

An important point to be considered is that in two years Egypt will be faced with general elections, which in certain circumstances might vitally affect the future of the country.

Although the regime has operated for three years, it has not made any fundamental change in the political position. True, there has been a split in the Wafd, the one militant opposing party, and its more reasonable heads have severed themselves from Nahas Pasha and his extremist companions. But they have done practically nothing to establish themselves as a political force beyond, like the Liberals, making their peace with the Palace, which must ever remain the great factor in the political situation.

On the other hand, the Wafd retains its place in the imagination of the masses. In the popular mind it is still identified with the great Zaghlul, who was almost deified. It constitutes a sort of fetish, the force of which no amount of folly on the part of Nahas Pasha can affect and the influence of which it will take generations to destroy.

The Wafd owes its hold on the country to two further factors. Firstly, unlike those of any other party, its leaders are of democratic origin and seem to know instinctively how, on occasion, to make the direct appeal to the masses. Secondly, it exercises a strong intimidatory influence over all classes.

In Egypt everyone rushes to the rescue of the strong. As soon as a non-Wafd government displays any weakness there is a tendency to hedge and a visible slide towards the Wafd. None forgets that during each of its terms of office the Wafd revenged itself cruelly on all who had resisted it. Numbers of Egyptians remember the vacillation of British policy, which in the past has laid them at the mercy of the Wafd after having loyally supported an orderly government. The present regime gained its ascendancy not so much because its politics appealed to its supporters, as because it was strong and seemed likely to last. The obvious weakening in its position has caused the support it has hitherto enjoyed to waver. Any continuation of

this condition of things must turn to the benefit of the Wafd in the long run.

At the last elections both the Wafd and the Liberals abstained on the ground that participation would mean acceptance of the new Constitution and Electoral Law of which they disapproved. They have since realized their tactical error. Both parties will most certainly find an excuse to go back on their decision of 1931 and seek the suffrages of the people. The Liberals are not likely to obtain many seats. It will be a different story with the Wafd, unless the country has in the meantime been organized by a strong government which will control the elections.

The foregoing may appear to be contrary to the principles of constitutional government which provide that the electorate should be left free from administrative pressure. But Egypt has at all times been a land of paradox. It is actually for the good of constitutional government that administrative control should be exercised over the electorate. That, under existing conditions, is the sole means for ensuring that the electors do not give their votes to candidates whose return would inevitably herald the substitution of anarchy for an orderly regime.

If the electorate were left free from any administrative direction this would mean (Egypt has witnessed more than one example of this) not that voters would be free to vote in the sense we understand, but that the Wafd would be free to exercise the intimidation with which it has ever been identified, and which would produce, as before, an overwhelming majority for its candidates in almost every constituency.

The return of the Wafd would be disastrous for Egypt and Great Britain. Not only would there be a revival of the era of chaos and disorder and mad spending, to which Sidky Pasha so admirably put an end three years ago, but a critical situation affecting the position of the Sovereign would immediately arise.

Apart from the fact that basically the Wafd is republican, Nahas Pasha and his colleagues will certainly avenge themselves for their fall from power in 1930, when they tried to force the King to approve of legislation, to which, in the interests of the country, he very rightly objected. They will at once call upon him to sign that legislation and decree a return to the 1923 Constitution, which gives them more power than the present one.

Either of these eventualities would bring in its train a conflict between Throne and Parliament, which no sensible Egyptian desires to see. In the circumstances the weakening, which the present Cabinet has undergone, is a serious matter calling for urgent attention. Either Sidky Pasha must reinforce his Cabinet so that it regains its lost authority and cleanse the Augean stables, the condition of which has so affected the prestige of the administration, or there must be an entirely new Cabinet, composed of reputable men, capable of organizing the country politically, of impressing the people with their strength and their authority, and of making it impossible for the Wafd to reassert its hold on the electorate.

In view of his exceptional ability, which is an asset to Egypt at the present juncture, one would like to see Sidky Pasha continue in office so as to be able to re-establish the authority of the government and direct the next elections. But there is unfortunately good reason to foresee that he will not stand the pace, and that long before that event a new pilot will have to be sought. The question should therefore be faced today as to the nature of the government that will follow.

The majority of thinking Egyptians agree that the regime introduced by Sidky Pasha responds better to the needs of the country than the 1923 one; that tinkering with the Constitution every few years or whenever a new Cabinet is imminent cannot be tolerated; and that, for the good of law, order and progress, the present regime must continue until Parliament, if it sees fit, can alter the terms of the Constitution in a constitutional manner at the end of the statutory period of ten years from its promulgation.

Since it is clear that there can be no change in regime, a national cabinet of all parties is, of course, out of the question. Indeed, it is absurd ever to entertain the idea of such a combination in Egypt, where personalities and not principles count in politics, and personal ambitions and personal animosities eclipse all considerations of national interest. Herein lies, moreover, the reason why, under present-day conditions, treaty negotiations are foredoomed to failure.

It is not because the necessity of safeguarding Imperial and foreign interests cuts across the demands of Egyptian negotia-

tors. It is because, on the one hand there are Egyptian elements, which, having special interests at stake, will never allow a treaty to go through, however much they may pay lip-service to the idea of a settlement of outstanding Anglo-Egyptian questions, and, on the other hand, however favourable might be the conditions which any negotiator might secure, all his political opponents would criticize and damn them in the eyes of the Egyptian public, merely because acceptance would accord him the credit of successful negotiation which each of them covets for himself.

It seems doubtful whether the Liberals would come into any combination—though they have changed their minds so often that nothing should surprise one. The Wafd is, of course, out of the question.

The Cabinet, whether reorganized or an entirely new one, must therefore continue to be of the same complexion, i.e., a coalition of the Shaab and the Ittihad with, perhaps, one or two independents and dissentient Wafdists. The only change might be that instead of being Shaab-Ittihad it might be Ittihad-Shaab.

But whatever development the situation may undergo in the matter of Ministerial composition, the country will be under a dictatorship. The peculiar character of the people makes that the only form of government standing any chance of success. Egypt's history, since Parliamentary government was introduced in 1924, is there to confirm this. Each of the Wafd regimes, 1924, 1926-8 and 1930, was of that character. The intervening governments have, with but one exception, been official dictatorships. Even Sidky Pasha's regime developed into a dictatorship, enforced, it is true, under the cloak of a constitutional government—much like what is being done in Persia—but none the less a dictatorship, under which the Palace has come to take a more prominent share in the administration than has ever been known before.

The position in this respect is not likely to change under the present or the coming cabinet. It is, indeed, not so certain that a regime in which the Palace plays a dominant part is not after all the best for the country, provided, of course, that there is some counterpoise to prevent abuse of power by Palace officials.

In the circumstances the new High Commissioner will find

himself called upon to take a far more active interest in Egyptian affairs than his immediate predecessor was allowed to do. There will be no *official* change in policy. But given the present political situation in Egypt and the special position Great Britain enjoys in the Nile Valley, a change in attitude on the part of the British representative in Cairo will be inevitable.

Such a change would be for the benefit of Egypt, for it would ensure a more just and less oppressive government of the people. Incidentally it would enhance British prestige.

Memories may be short in the East. But old habits of thought persist. The British Government may say, and sincerely mean it, that it is maintaining a neutral position. Yet, it will continue, as of old, to be regarded by the people—and this is by no means confined to the ignorant and uneducated classes—as the arbiter in every question that arises.

The strict neutrality which Sir Percy Loraine was ordered to adopt has not prevented Great Britain from being held responsible by the Egyptian nation and the foreign communities for all the “ramps” of the present Government. Great Britain has to bear the odium of the errors of omission and commission of the Sidky Cabinet, just as if the High Commissioner enjoyed all the authority which was his attribute until the policy of strict neutrality was decreed three years ago. It is, moreover, not as if this abstention has in any way benefited Egypt. On the contrary, it has been responsible for the maladministration which exists today.

The lesson of the past four years, therefore, is that if Great Britain is to do her duty to Egypt, to the Empire and to the foreign interests she has undertaken to defend, she cannot disinterest herself in everyday developments in the Valley of the Nile, as she has done since 1930. She must act, as she had always acted up to then, as guide, philosopher and friend, on occasion as counterpoise, even dictator, which is what the majority of Egyptians desire in their inmost hearts to see, though none of them dare say so.

FOCH AND THE FATE OF BRITAIN

BY CAPTAIN LIDDELL HART

HOW many people realize that the British share in the War, and its effect on the lives of all of us, was largely determined by a Frenchman—before the War arrived? That man of destiny was named Ferdinand Foch. In the War he became famous as the Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Armies. But his greatest influence on history, especially our history, was achieved several years before 1914, when he was a comparatively obscure French general, known only to military students.

Foch was born at a time when a new view of history was becoming popular—the idea that movements are independent of individual men, that “the Captains and the Kings” count for little, and that the tide of history flows on unperturbed by their broils. Foch’s career was to prove the fallacy of this “evolutionary” history. While currents may create opportunities, it is men who take or miss those opportunities. And history may be utterly changed by the way they are taken or missed. The story of the nations has many examples, of which Foch’s career was but the latest.

Can one believe that the history of the world would have been the same if the Persians had conquered Greece? If Hannibal had won at Zama? or if Napoleon had been killed at the bridge of Lodi? Again, is it likely that our own history would have been unaffected if William of Normandy, who was to become fixed on every schoolboy’s mind as “the Conqueror”, had been beaten at Hastings?

But even those who realize how often history has turned on such cataclysmic events are apt to overlook the part that some military novelty has played in their course. It is our romantic habit to ascribe the issue to a flash of inspiration, when in reality it has been due to seeds long sown, to the previous development of

some new military practice by the victors, or to gradual decay in the military system of the losers.

The success of the Greeks over the Persians was not merely a matter of a battle—for the battle of Marathon was but an incident in that tremendous struggle. The real cause lay in the superiority of the Greek phalanx and its weapon, the 10 foot Doric spear, over the inferior arms and formations of the Persians.

The Roman victory at Zama, which gave the Mediterranean world to Rome, was by no means inevitable. It was due to a man, Scipio, who had the insight to realize the defects of Roman tactics and set out patiently to develop a new cavalry arm, the very arm by which Hannibal had previously conquered his countrymen in battle after battle. At Hastings the scales trembled in the balance and were turned because William profited by a superior military technique which he had acquired. The Spanish Armada offers another example of the "evolutionary" fallacy. Can we believe that the tide of English history would have flowed on unchanged if Drake's naval skill and our superior seamanship had failed to exploit the weak points of the Armada? Again, the course of the Civil War, and the success of the Commonwealth over Charles I, was due above all to the "New Model" army which Cromwell devised and created.

The American Revolution offers a contrasting example. Modern historians have shown what a touch-and-go affair it was, and how close the American colonies were to collapse. But they have failed to bring out how greatly our disasters were due to the stiff-drilled formalism of our tactics, which in turn were due to an unthinking passion for Prussian fashions which had swept over our generals as a result of the triumphs of our ally, Frederick the Great. They had hastened to copy the dress and drill of his troops, imagining that the secret of his success lay in these superficialities!

Last century, that historical best-seller, J. R. Green's *Short History of the British People*, perpetrated the astonishing remark that war has played a small part in the history of Europe, and our own history least of all. This statement spread a delusion. For the truth is that no country has been affected more by war than our own, and none has profited more. And even today, when peace is certainly our supreme interest, there is perhaps no

greater danger than that brought by the proverbial ostrich-like disregard of this unpopular subject. For the menace of war has repeatedly meant the disarmament of the pacifist. Most of us are agreed now as to the fallacy of the old saying, "If you wish for peace, prepare for war". But I am convinced of the truth of a new saying, which is, "If you wish for peace, understand war". And the proof of its truth is to be found in the documents of the different countries which deal with the origins of war, where time after time one discovers that a move for peace was frustrated by so-called military reasons that could easily have been demolished, if any of the statesmen concerned had combined a real understanding of war with a wish for peace.

Now, to understand the fateful influence of Foch upon us, one must first point out our traditional method of war. This was based on the use of sea-power, supplemented by military action against the enemy's weak extremities, and the munitioning of our allies. That method we pursued with success for three centuries. First, against Spain, then against Holland, and finally against France. In each case our rivals dropped out because they became exhausted in the double effort to win great victories on land, while contending with us for overseas prizes. During those centuries we certainly owed much to geography—not least that discovery of the New World, which brought this island from the outskirts of the civilized world into the centre of the world's commercial routes. But if geography created the opportunity for us, it was our traditional method of war which exploited it. We alone of the countries avoided the mirage of "Continental victories". In the last war, however, we abandoned our method—and in doing so we spent the strength of England.

That change from all our past history was due above all to the influence of Foch. In 1848, the Duke of Wellington remarked—"France needs a Napoleon". She actually found two. One, Napoleon III, recreated the Empire, and then lost it on the field of Sedan. The second was a humble civil servant, Napoleon Foch. His son, Ferdinand, was to command greater armies than the world had ever seen, to avenge the defeats suffered by the First and Second Napoleons—to gain for his country more powerful allies than she had ever had. But in friendship he was to cause

such loss to England as Napoleon I in hatred never achieved.

It was environment above all that moulded Foch. It was the environment of childhood that moulded the young soldier—the environment of the young soldier that moulded the Staff College professor, and the Staff College professor who moulded the fortunes of this country. As Commander-in-Chief of the Allied armies, Foch, in his own words, was no more than a conductor of an orchestra. But as a teacher of war, his was the hand that rocked the cradle—the cradle of the deep—in which we had lain so long securely.

On Foch, as a child, religion and Napoleon were the dominant influences. His family, devoutly religious, were among the first to believe in the vision of the Virgin of Lourdes. In his family, too, which numbered several old soldiers of Napoleon, the atmosphere was full of hero-worship.

Then came 1870—a further influence. Foch, as a young soldier, witnessed the defeat and shame of his country. Mentally, the result for him was two-fold. First, his mind was filled henceforth with the idea of expelling the invader from the soil of France. A patriotic idea—but a narrow one. Secondly, because the conquering German army was trained on the doctrines of Clausewitz, Foch, like many other French soldiers, accepted its victories as proof that Clausewitz was the authentic interpreter of Napoleon. So, in the years that followed, he carried even further than Clausewitz the idea that the only form of war was “absolute war”. A war, in other words, where the conductor does not know where to stop. Foch also carried to an extreme the idea that the only objective in war was the “main armed forces” of the enemy. He could see nothing else. In theory it may well be true that if you defeat the enemy’s main army, everything else falls of itself. In practice it proves very difficult to overthrow it. For it means that you are attacking the enemy at his strongest.

Foch’s own special development of the theory of Clausewitz was his emphasis on the will to conquer—that victory would rest with the side which had an unyielding determination not to admit defeat. Perhaps we may find the explanation of this excessive emphasis on the moral factor in a deep-seated inferiority complex, resulting from the defeats of 1870. It led Foch into

becoming an apostle of the offensive—to a belief that the offensive was the only way to express the will to conquer.

Foch’s absorption with the moral side also led to the material side being neglected. He was persuaded, and tried to persuade others, that any improvement in firearms was bound to strengthen the offensive. Such an assumption was contrary to all experiences of the nineteenth century—where the development, first of the musket into the rifle, and then of the rifle into the machine-gun, made attacks more and more difficult and costly. It was left for bullets—the hardest of facts—to disprove Foch’s belief in 1914.

I come now to the question:—How did Foch influence us? The study of war in this country was a comparatively new, and rather shallow growth in the decade before 1914. We not only copied our military headgear from the Continental, but what was under it.* Even the General Staff in this country was only created in 1904. Thus our theory of war was in a liquid state, awaiting a mould.

The mould was created already in France. In 1908, Foch became Commandant of the French Staff College, and there forged the doctrines on which the French would go to war. By coincidence, his opposite number in England, the Commandant of our Staff College, was a man who had been brought up in childhood by a French governess, and had become imbued with a devout admiration for everything French. I speak of Sir Henry Wilson—a man sparkling but unsubstantial.

As the Entente Cordiale became cemented, Wilson was moved by an impulse to visit Foch. He went to the French Staff College one morning, and was shown round, but had rather a frigid reception. Undeterred by this, however, he came back again in the afternoon, and after listening to lectures, eagerly jumped at Foch’s casual invitation to have a cup of tea with him. Over the tea-table Foch gradually thawed, and a friendship developed that was of vital consequence. For Wilson became more and more

* We seem to have had an almost pathetic faith in this imitation of hats. As far on as 1918, Sir Henry Wilson’s Diaries have told us how in trying to forecast the German plan he got part of his staff to turn their hats back to front, in order to look like, and try to feel like Germans. This device did not succeed in helping him to foresee what the German plan really would be.

hypnotised by Foch's personality. He brought French methods over to England, and planted them at the Staff College. And to this imitation he added the unthinking adoration of the romantic lover, carried so far, indeed, that a few years later, when visiting the battlefields of 1870, he laid at the foot of the statue of "La France" a map of the British concentration areas on French soil in case of war. It was a poetic gesture—but hardly the sign of a calculating strategist.

Foch, on his side, was certainly not carried away in the same manner. He preserved his power of calculation. When Wilson questioned him as to the help Britain could render France in case of war, he replied, "Send one private soldier. That is all; and we will take good care that he gets killed". The remark gives an insight into his purpose. He regarded the little British Expeditionary Forces as a lever by which he could throw the whole weight of the British people into the Continental scale. But his outlook was still narrow—so narrow that, when reminded of the help which the British Navy might offer, he declared that it was not worth one bayonet.

Meantime, in these years of preparation, Wilson, in England, promoted to a big post at the War Office, was working out plans in the minutest detail—plans which made the British Army an appendage of the French, and which were so elaborately organized that no alternative course was possible when war came. His arrangements were, in 1914, to prove a rope round our neck that could not be loosened. The tightness of these ties was only realized by other soldiers, and by our statesmen, when the emergency came.

What were the consequences? If we had not gone in with France, the assurances implied in Wilson's arrangements would have laid us open to justified reproach. I do not suggest we should not have gone in—but we were certainly so tied up with France by military, far more than by diplomatic, arrangements, that to stand aside was almost impossible.

Secondly, those arrangements ensured that we had to send our Army to France to share in the French plan—with the consequence that the Belgians were left unsupported. In the light of present knowledge, we can see that if the Belgians had been adequately supported—as they could easily have been—they

would probably have brought the German invasion to a halt on the frontier.

A third consequence which followed was that these arrangements, by opening a path through Belgium, opened a path across the weakest part of the French frontier. That meant that our Army was engulfed in the disastrous French collapse. The disaster was retrieved on the Marne, but that partial success was not sufficient to release us from our enforced role of cementing the French front. Henceforward it meant that we had to send more and more of our forces to France, and could spare only a fraction for our traditional strategy. It meant that we became—and remained—the junior partner of the alliance, whereas in all our past wars we had been the senior partner, and, standing aloof, had been able to call the tune. It meant the starvation of the Gallipoli expedition; the consequent loss of the Balkans; the collapse of Russia; and above all a prolonged war. Yet in the end it was our naval blockade, together with the cutting away of the props of Germany, her junior partners, that decided the issue.

In the Western theatre during those years our repeated and incessant efforts to overthrow the enemy at his strongest point drained ourselves. Yet the loss we inflicted in each year of that attrition struggle did not even equal the annual intake of recruits into the German Army from youths reaching military age.

MONGOLIA IN THE MELTING-POT

BY W. WATKIN DAVIES

FEW have been the Englishmen who, in the last fifty years, have had any real grasp of the politics of Asia, either as of importance in themselves or as part of the big interplay of world movements. The late Lord Curzon possessed it ; but, except in his books and speeches, one searches in vain for indications of a thought-out Asiatic policy on the part of recent British statesmen, anything better than rule of thumb, or sentimental partiality for Asiatics who are astute enough to do lip-service to the current catchwords of democracy. Hundreds of volumes have been written about the Peace Treaties, Reparations, Mandates, and all the rest of the preoccupations of a distracted Europe ; but how difficult is it to find anything authentic about the problems of Central Asia ! The British citizen is not given the chance to know about them. And yet, not only are they replete with interest in themselves, but may easily turn out to be the factor insufficient attention to which dooms all our dreaming and planning to ultimate failure.

Thus, among the many intelligent citizens of this country who are taking a lively interest in the conflict at present in progress in the Far East, few, perhaps, have grasped the full significance of the Mongolian factor. Readers of Marco Polo's *Travels*—a book which perhaps ranks next to Herodotus as the greatest work of history and travel combined ever written—and students of Asiatic history in the period between the 11th and the 17th centuries, will think of the Mongols as one of the most gifted and enterprising peoples that the world has ever seen. Tamerlane, with his destructive mania, and his gruesome relish for colossal pyramids of human skulls, doubtless was simply a barbarian. But we should not be over-stepping the mark if we were to compare Akbar to Charlemagne, if we compared Jehan to Cosimo de Medici, and if we claimed that Genghis

Khan was the peer of Julius Caesar, and the superior of Napoleon. From the earliest dawn of history the mountains and deserts of Central Asia have sent out forces, often simply physical, but sometimes intellectual and moral as well, that have subjugated vast regions of the earth's surface. For a thousand years before the birth of Christ, and for sixteen hundred years after it, there was incessant conflict between the nomad and the settled farmer and artisan ; a conflict between two civilizations, the underlying assumptions of whose life were very different. We of the West have grown so accustomed to think of international groupings as consisting of states and nations that we are apt to pay too little regard to something much bigger and more fundamental, that is, civilizations. States may rise and wane ; even nations can be made and unmade ; but a civilization is about the most stable and durable thing that man has created. Two different civilizations will no more mix than will oil and water.

The Mongols are not a state or a nation, but emphatically they are a civilization. They were always nomads who pressed upon the fringes of the more settled communities of Southern Asia, eventually conquering them and assimilating much of their culture. The mighty empire of Genghis Khan in the 13th century stretched from the Yellow Sea to the frontiers of Germany, and from the Arctic Circle to the tropics. Its towns were far more splendid than the Rome, Paris, London, or Seville of that date. Its network of great roads rivalled those of the Roman Empire at their best. It had a perfect postal system, first-rate administration, equitable laws, and a high level of general culture. Recent historians have dispelled the myth that its marvellous conquests of whole continents was simply the outcome of irresistible numbers and ruthless barbarity ; and have proved, on the contrary, that its leaders had a considerable knowledge of strategy, as well as a perfect understanding of the internal and external politics of the states whose overthrow it happened to be planning. We can no longer hold the view that Europe in the middle-ages stood alone in the world, holding aloft the lamp of culture fed by the triple stream of Palestine, Greece, and Rome. Ample, if belated, justice has been done to the Moslem culture of those days, and amends are due in equal measure to the Mongols of the same period. It is at least

arguable that, had Christendom possessed sufficient missionary enthusiasm and moral force to avail itself of Kublai Khan's invitation to the Pope in 1269 to send a hundred men of learning and ability to his Court to treat of matters appertaining to the moral and political well-being of Europe and Asia, the proverbially impossible might have happened, and East and West not only have met, but even have merged into one. The opportunity, however, was missed; and never again did the two continents approach one another in such an atmosphere of goodwill.

In the presence of the rising sun of Chinese power the light of the Mongols grew ever more dim until, after the 17th century, when they had helped the Manchus to establish themselves on the throne at Peking, they reverted to an almost primitive nomadism, and were simply wiped out of the pages of current history. The consequence is that those Europeans who know nothing about the Mongols prior to the Manchu conquest of China think of them only as a dwindling race inhabiting a vast region of indeterminate frontier somewhere in the bowels of Asia, divided politically, subject to foreign Powers and, compared with their neighbours, almost barbarous. For Europeans, the politics of Mongolia meant simply and solely the respective portions of that country that Russia and China succeeded in absorbing; just as the politics of the Moslem world in the fifty years or so anterior to 1914 meant for all good Europeans the share of it that was to fall into the wide open mouth of England, France, Italy, Russia, Germany, or Austria. And it is unquestionably true that up to comparatively recently the Mongols were moribund, sinking rapidly into total subjection to foreign domination, and living upon memories of former greatness which grew ever more dim. That, however, is the case no longer. With the example of Ireland, Poland, Lithuania, Czechoslovakia, and many other new states before our eyes, further demonstration of the almost indestructible nature of the consciousness of nationhood is surely unnecessary; and consequently no one need be surprised to learn that Mongolia today is shaking itself out of the sleep of ages, and wistfully wondering whether it may not be permitted to look to the future with the same satisfaction that it does to the distant past.

The re-birth of a nation is naturally always of importance to the people of that nation themselves: it is sometimes even more important from the point of view of the world as a whole. How different is the Persia which today negotiates on equal terms with the Anglo-Persian Oil Company from the feeble nation which lay helpless at the feet of England and Russia in 1907. And that is no less true of Mongolia. Indeed, when we consider the vastness of the region, its resources and strategic position, and the importance of the neighbouring nations whose interests are involved, it may confidently be averred that, with the solitary exception of India, no country in the world today is of greater significance from the international standpoint. But before attempting to sum up the international complexities of the situation it will be as well to explain what the position of Mongolia is at present.

Mongolia is, of course, simply a geographical term, the name of a region, not much smaller than Western Europe, composed almost entirely of pasture lands and desert, and situated in Central-Eastern Asia between Russia, China, and Manchuria. Politically speaking there are three main regions inhabited by Mongols: Outer Mongolia, Inner Mongolia, and the Chinese Eastern Provinces, parts of which are now included in Manchukuo. That is to say, a section of the Mongol people look for light and leading to Moscow; another is still subject to China; and a third section waits anxiously before defining its attitude towards Japan. Altogether there may be some four million Mongols in the world today.

The position in Outer Mongolia is full of interest. Much obscurity has enshrouded its history in the past dozen years. Only rumours, now known to have borne little relation to the truth, trickled through to Europe. But recently the veil has been partially lifted, and we have come into possession of authentic information.

It is a region stretching for a thousand miles east and west, sandwiched between the territories of China and Russia. The Mongol inhabitants, of whom there are roughly a million, are semi-nomadic, living almost entirely by rearing animals—cattle, camels, horses, sheep, and goats. There exists a promising fur trade; for marmots, squirrels, foxes, wild cats, skunks, and

beavers abound. Agriculture is in a rudimentary stage ; and of what little there is the Chinese and Russians have a monopoly. We are given to believe that there exists considerable untapped mineral wealth ; but up to the present scarcely a beginning has been made with regard to either mining or industry.

Up to 1911 Outer Mongolia was subject to China, and that willingly. The Mongol chiefs had lent invaluable aid to the Manchus in their conquest of China ; and that great adventure was regarded as a joint victory. But it was to the Manchu Emperors in person that the Mongols felt bound ; and so when they were deposed and China became a republic, they considered their allegiance forfeited. In this matter their position is roughly analogous to that of the Indian Native States, whose rulers acknowledge their dependence upon the British Crown, but who, apart from their own freely given consent, would repudiate any obligation to obey the Parliament of an independent Indian Republic. Accordingly, in 1912 Outer Mongolia proclaimed its independence. That was Russia's opportunity ; and in the last years of its existence the Tsardom greatly strengthened its hold upon the country.

In 1919, however, profiting by the chaos which then prevailed in Russia, and also deluded by the rash declarations of the Bolshevik leaders that they intended to abandon all former imperialist acquisitions in the East, the Chinese sent an army to Outer Mongolia, and with great ease reduced it to submission. So unspeakably brutal, however, was their rule that the entire population, led by a handful of anti-Bolshevik Russians, rose in rebellion, and expelled them from the land. For some time after that the nominal government lay with the Living Buddha of Urga ; but all real power was in the hands of Russian soldier refugees under the command of Ungern-Sternberg, who earned for himself the nickname of "the Mad Baron". This new Russian government outdid even its Chinese predecessor in cruelty, so that when Red Russian troops appeared on the scene in 1924 they were welcomed by the greater part of the suffering people as deliverers.

For six years or more after that Outer Mongolia was closed to the world. Reports would reach Europe from time to time telling of a stern Bolshevik despotism riveted upon an unwilling

people. More recently, however, an occasional traveller, equipped with the necessary knowledge of the language, has penetrated the frontiers, and the tale which these travellers tell is a very different one. According to most reliable witnesses the social revolution which has taken place in Outer Mongolia is a spontaneous and indigenous one, organized by the native People's Revolutionary Party. It appears to be fairly well established that the country has not, in these recent years, been held down forcibly by foreign troops ; in fact, that there has not been a single Russian soldier there since about 1925. Undoubtedly the country is governed tyrannically by a small minority, but that minority is a Mongol minority ruling a Mongol majority. As this article is being written reports are appearing in certain English newspapers to the effect that a great concentration of Russian troops, tanks and artillery, is taking place in Outer Mongolia. These reports may be true or mendacious. If true, their significance is international : the Russians have gone there not to ensure a victory for Communism among the Mongols, but as a counterblast to Japan's Mongol policy in Manchuria.

The native Bolshevik minority, which is in the saddle, stands for the recreation of a great and free Mongol nation ; and the instrument to be employed in its making are modernization, progress, and civilization in the material sense. The leaders maintain that the ancient Mongol traditions, no less than alien Chinese culture, spell the destruction of the Mongols as a separate people. They are fascinated by the exhibition of organized strength, and the rapid movement towards a pre-determined goal, which are to be seen in the Union of Soviet Republics around them ; and they are convinced that there they have the fitting example which they ought to follow.

It is significant, however, that Outer Mongolia has not sought admission into the Union as an associated republic, but has remained outside, emulating freely, yet clinging to its own political independence. Russia is only the channel through which modernizing influences have flowed into Mongolia ; just as the United States was the chief channel through which they flowed into China ; and England, France, and Germany the channels through which they flowed into Japan. Here, as is

so often the case with what is apparently simply political, geography proves to be the determining factor.

Meanwhile there is a numerous majority which is hostile to all that has taken place in the past ten years, and which proclaims as loudly as it dares that Mongol salvation is to be found only in a return to the ancient national tradition. Still, majority and minority alike are Mongols first; neither of them will any longer consent to political subjection.

Inner Mongolia is situated far nearer to China, and consequently the power of the latter, as well as the influence of its fine and persistent culture, has been experienced there in a far greater degree. For centuries the problem of China was that of ancient Rome—that of the peaceful settled community surrounded by envious barbarians. In the East the barbarians were Manchus and Mongols; and when they proved too powerful to be defeated in battle, the Chinese adopted the much more effective weapons of colonization and cultural permeation. Railways have been the principal instrument in effecting this peaceful penetration, and it is reckoned that for fifty years now Chinese colonists have been advancing into Mongol territory at an average rate of one million a year. Nominally Inner Mongolia is still subject to China, but it is hardly necessary to add that the great Republic, convulsed with anarchy, wields no real authority there.

Today Inner Mongolia is the refuge place and citadel of everything that has been destroyed through Bolshevik influence in Outer Mongolia—tradition, the power of the native princes, the established religion, and the old Mongol culture. It is standing manfully, though a little fearfully, at bay against the permeating influence of Chinese culture on the one hand, and that of Russian Communism on the other. Within the borders of the country itself the conservative forces are being challenged by a weak, but growing, Young Mongol Party, an organization which is anti-Chinese, anti-religious, anti-aristocratic, and which stands for education and progress. But it is very significant that here again, as in Outer Mongolia, both progressives and conservatives are intensely nationalist, and filled with eagerness to revive the glories of their race.

Outer Mongolia and Inner Mongolia between them contain perhaps two out of the four million Mongols to be found in the

world; the rest are to be found in the so-called "Eastern Provinces" of China. There are a million and a half in Manchuria and half a million in Jehol. In Manchuria, the Japanese have recognized their presence and their claim to separate treatment by creating the province of Hsingan and placing at its head a Mongol governor. This province marches with the two Mongolias; and, quite naturally, these Mongols, racially and sentimentally one though politically divided into three, are today stretching out their hands invitingly to one another across the boundaries. Among the Mongols of Jehol also national sentiment is powerful; they seldom if ever inter-marry with the Chinese, and they regard with contempt any Mongol who compromises with Chinese ways of living. What the problem of the Ukraine is to Poland and Russia; what the problem of the Kurds is to Turkey, Iraq and Persia; that the problem of these borderland Mongols is to Japan, China and Russia.

The bearing of all these facts upon the Far Eastern situation is obvious.

What part will Japan and Russia elect to play in the drama of Mongolian revival? They are the two leading protagonists; and that which they ultimately decide upon will have to be accepted by China, however offensive it may be to her pride. It is likely enough that Japan could, at any moment, rally all the Mongols to her side by a promise of autonomy, and by pledging her protection to a united Mongol state. To make the issue doubly sure she would only have to revive the Imperial title in the person of the Manchu Chief Executive of Manchukuo. The Emperor P'u Yi would be gladly acclaimed by every Mongol who reveres the past. It is possible that, in addition, Japan would have to promise that no more Japanese money should be used for railway construction in the direction of Mongolia. Such a policy must have great attractions for the Government at Tokyo; but there are attendant difficulties of an almost insuperable character. In the first place, the Chinese are in a majority of at least thirty to one in Manchuria; and it would not be politic for Japan to alienate their sympathies by too open an espousal of the Mongol cause. Then again, is it likely that the clash of social ideals between the two Mongolias could be reduced to harmony by the simple

expedient of joining the territories in one state under Japanese suzerainty? And, lastly, how would Russia regard the emergence of a united Mongolia, owing its creation and preservation to Japan? For, as the present writer pointed out in an article in the August number of this Review, Manchuria is not a hinterland to be approached from the sea, but the natural outlet of Central Asia to the ocean highways of the world. It is a vital flank, but Mongolia is the real prize. Karl Radek, in an article which he contributed in July, 1932, to *Foreign Affairs*, struck a warning note. After dilating upon the pacific aspirations of the Soviet, he went on to say: "But she (Russia) will know how to defend her vital rights. Those who think that she will sacrifice them because she is afraid of a conflict are just as wrong as those who believe that she will become a tool of foreign interests". The context of these significant phrases proves beyond dispute that what this able and influential exponent of Bolshevik foreign policy had in mind was the future of Mongolia.

What the maximum ambitions of Russia and Japan in Central and Eastern Asia may be we can only guess. For Japan, the total expulsion of Russian power from the Maritime Provinces, Manchuria, and all the Mongolias, is probably the aim in mind. The possession of Manchuria will, of course, furnish her with the pretext that it is her duty, no less than her interest, to defend the liberties of oppressed Mongols who have not as yet found refuge behind her protecting arms. Indeed, she has always made it plain that the "special rights" in virtue of which she is in Manchuria today extend to Inner Mongolia as well. In the famous Twenty-One Demands of 1915 we see that Group II would have converted Eastern Inner Mongolia into an economic sphere, in which Japan would have enjoyed a virtual monopoly of railroad construction, public loans and political influence. A further effort to obtain recognition of both Manchuria and Inner Mongolia as a Japanese sphere was made in 1919-1920, when a request was made that those regions should not be included in the new banking consortium, on the ground that Japan had "very special interests" in them. Some responsible Japanese statesmen interpret the Japanese Monroe Doctrine as applying to the whole of Asia; and even the more moderate

would certainly contend that the whole of Manchuria comes within its purview. Addressing himself to the United States, that distinguished Japanese statesman, Viscount Ishii, wrote: "From our point of view, Japan possesses interests superior to other Powers in China as a whole, especially in the contiguous regions (*e.g.*, Mongolia), such as the position of your country in the Western Hemisphere, especially in Mexico and Central American countries".

That both Russia and Japan are determined, in one way or another, to win supremacy in Mongolia may be taken as certain. It is proved by Japan's reckless determination to entrench herself securely in Manchuria; and also by the series of Non-Aggression Pacts which Litvinoff has just concluded with the possible enemies of Russia in Europe, a diplomatic success so ably conceived and so tactfully accomplished that it goes far to entitle their author to rank high as a diplomatist.

There is a further point, more speculative perhaps, but even fraught with serious consequences for the world as a whole; that is, whether Japan's aim may not be to make the East a closed region, a "coloured" world. Unhappy as such a re-organization of mankind would be, it must be regarded as one of the possibilities of the day. What measure of success such a plan could command must depend, partly upon the attitude of Russia, but chiefly upon the position of India. So long as India remains within the multi-coloured British Commonwealth, it will serve as a bridge between white, yellow, and black; and it is big and powerful enough to make any scheme of a "coloured" world which leaves it out of account ridiculous.

Here, incidentally, in terms of world politics, lies the paramount importance of a British policy of conciliation towards India.

The part which Mongolia might play in these great events is considerable, if perhaps not apparent at first sight. Russian armies, whether they advance south from Siberia, or west from the Soviet Republic of Samarkand, will have to reckon with Mongolia and with Tibet. The British expedition to Lhasa in 1904, be it remembered, was an anti-Russian demonstration. Three years later England and Russia liquidated their differences all the world over, with the result that both Powers withdrew

from Tibet. But Russia never ceased from extending her influence in Mongolia, and advancing along the line begun with the conquest of the Buriats of Lake Baikal two centuries earlier.

Governments may come and go ; social organization may be radically changed ; but the facts of geography remain ever the same. The rejuvenescence of Turkey, and the establishment of Japan in Manchuria, render the acquisition of a port on the Yellow Sea or the Mediterranean more unlikely than ever. Will that mean the turning of Russia to the other strings of her bow—the Persian Gulf and India ?

COMPLETION OF THE ELECTRIC GRID

By G. E. MOORE

DURING the last hundred years the advance of man's knowledge of electricity has been astounding. From being the occasional interest of a few savants and the product of a laboratory experiment, it now provides the livelihood of a vast industry, and is released in a bewildering number of activities. To mention some of its less obvious industrial applications, medical diagnosis and treatment are now greatly dependent upon electricity ; the entertainment world has been revolutionized ; even agriculture, never a tractable subject, is being benefited by special lamps for livestock and plants, by electric hay-drying and soil-heating, and by motor-driven milkers, pumps, and other farm machinery.

In connection with electricity supply certain facts are especially significant. Obviously, the energy is not easily and simply produced ; not only is this so, but there is no early possibility whatever (atom-splitting sensations notwithstanding) of the present system of generation and supply being superseded. That system is, of course, based on coal, for 96 per cent. of the generating plant of this country is steam driven. It does not require unusual shrewdness to realize that, even should nature be persuaded to release electricity readily, a vast and lengthy process of changing-over will be inevitable. Harnessing the tides or developing inland water-power have a certain attraction to both the engineer and the man in the street, but these sources of power are few and capital costs very heavy.

The present system, then, is with us for some time to come. This being so, it is vital that a certain characteristic should be understood. Being a public utility, the electricity must be ready for the consumer's use at any moment, but the energy cannot be stored. Hence the supplier must at all times have at least

some steam-plant and generators working and must always be prepared to meet the heaviest demand for energy (with some plant in addition ready to meet contingencies within the power station and without). This is an incubus indeed.

The supply systems which prevailed before the era of the Grid could be likened to a number of liquid-fuel manufacturers scattered over the country, distributing their products by means of pipes to users who at once employed the fuel by turning on a tap. In some cases the pipes were lengthy and the pressure must needs be raised. All the fuel was liquid fuel, but many of the works produced unusual brands.

The present-day tendency towards rationalization has been particularly evident in the electricity industry, and the country's need for "cheap and abundant" energy led to the enactment of legislation of far-reaching character. Whatever may be one's views of state guidance in ordinary manufacture, there is something apt and sane in treating so fundamental and universal a force on a broad basis. Parliament's first effort in this direction was the Electricity (Supply) Act of 1919. Under this Act five Electricity Commissioners were appointed to supervise supply, but the Act did not put effective power into their hands. Electricity was fated to receive still further attention (with a not inconsiderable amount of baiting and mauling) in the political arena. Upon the conclusions of the Weir Committee, which was helped by the Electricity Commissioners' examination of general conditions, there was based another Electricity Supply Act—that of 1926.

The passage of this Act was the cause of great controversy, in which the electrical industry shared; wild and misleading prophecies of "electricity as cheap as water" were made; and the 52 sections and 7 schedules which emerged contained provisions that, inevitably, were the result of uninformed criticism and compromise. Doubtless all legislation thus suffers in some degree. The Act, however, was an important step. The conception of general availability of electricity emerges; because of this, and because of significant results in practice, the provisions merit the explanatory digest which follows.

A Board (the Central Electricity Board) was to be appointed by the Ministry of Transport, answerable to Parliament rather

than to the Ministry. The Board was not under a Government department, unlike the Electricity Commissioners, who were part of the Ministry. The Board's somewhat untrammelled position, akin in some respects to that of the Governors of the Broadcasting Corporation, is significant. Moreover, the Board was not to be a technical body. Its duty was to supply electricity to authorised undertakers, with power to fix tariffs for the supplies.

Schemes for the development and re-organisation of electricity supply were to be prepared by the Commissioners—generating stations of suitable merit being chosen, interconnection of these planned, and a standard frequency adopted. This work is of great importance in the practical realization of national supply. It can be explained by referring again to the analogy of the liquid-fuel manufacturers.

These, it will be recalled, had works scattered throughout the land, each sending fuel by pipes for immediate use by near-by consumers. Of all the brands of fuel made one was most suitable for general adoption; it had the peculiarity of being delivered in a pulsing form and of being readily sent great distances. The works which best made this brand of fuel would be chosen. All of them would be connected together by pipe-lines, the fuel being forced along the lengthy pipes at high pressure. In order to carry out this working together, it would be necessary for the pulses (the "frequency") of all the works to be similar. The completed interconnection would form a kind of gridiron.

The Board was to make arrangements with the owners for the running of the selected generating stations or for the erection of new ones; and it would itself erect the necessary lines to form the "Grid". Stations would be worked to the Board's directions. Electricity would be sold to the Board at cost, and undertakings would buy back the energy required for their own local purpose (not, however, paying more than they would have spent had they generated for themselves). Inevitably small and uneconomic generating stations would be superseded.

Though many of the provisions in the Act of 1926—and more recently again the vast and costly standardizing schemes—were strongly opposed by influential members of the electrical

industry, it can be said with perfect truth that the Act and the new conditions have been accepted in good spirit. The Electricity Commissioners have now been at work for more than a decade ; and in spite of the fact that they often, perforce, must merely content themselves with recommendations, a certain rationalizing effect has become evident. This is as it should be, and it is closely related to the constant and successful efforts made by the whole electrical industry to place cheaper and more efficient products in the market.

Under the 1926 Act the Commissioners prepared nine regional schemes for England, Wales, Central and Southern Scotland. The Central Electricity Board duly acted upon the Commissioners' proposals. Of all the generating stations in the country 119 were selected, with 16 to be built by authorized undertakers. Interconnection—by means of the now well-known "Grid" of the country—has been an immense constructional task, involving new problems for the whole industry.

The national Grid may be termed the main electrical artery for the country. It forms what is known as a "ring-main". Thus a fault may at a connection station interrupt supply from one direction, but it will be maintained from the other. By its means all generating stations are connected together. As it traverses portions of country without supply the Grid will have the good, if somewhat incidental, purpose of serving such parts ; directly or indirectly, it will give bulk supplies for existing distributing systems ; and it will inevitably make electricity available to most small undertakings at a lower cost than that at which they are generating now.

This year is particularly significant. The great constructional task, estimated to take eight years, has been completed in six. The Ministry of Transport has announced that the total cost of the Grid has been $26\frac{3}{4}$ millions sterling—or within $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of the Commissioners' original estimate. Three thousand miles of primary lines at a necessarily high pressure (actually 132,000 volts), a certain amount at lesser pressure, and 273 connection stations have come into existence. The overhead lines have in places met with strenuous opposition, and it has not been fully appreciated that to send electricity underground entails many times the expense. It is noteworthy that in only 594 instances

(out of 21,026) were compulsory wayleaves required for such erections as pylons.

The duties of the Board consist of the concentration of electricity manufacture by selected generating stations (these and any new plant tending to be limited in number and of highest possible efficiency), the interconnection of these stations and the linking-up of all distributing systems. The practical aspect of these duties has just been explained. A further duty consists of the standardization of frequency in order that certain systems and plant which do not pulse at the correct rate (and cannot for this reason be connected) may be included in the general scheme. This work is of a comprehensive character ; in North-Eastern England alone many millions of pounds must be spent. For the whole country the gross cost will be in the neighbourhood of £19,000,000, with net cost £16,300,000 (the balance being recovered from undertakings for plant normally needed but installed earlier).

Yet a further duty lies in the Board's actual trading activities. With the completion of the Grid this important and critical phase is being entered, and a beginning is being made in the Central Scotland and Mid-East Region. One calls this a critical phase because commercial performance is the ultimate test, and the interest of every user of electricity is involved. The basis of the present "Grid Tariff" is such that development will be helped, and purchasing undertakings enabled to make early economies. No immediate profit is expected, but as the demand for electricity rises in future years the Board will benefit proportionately. It may be thought that this is undue optimism. There is, however, a continued expansion taking place—this in spite of commercial and industrial depression. Though the "power" load has fallen (notably in Central Scotland and N.E. England) the net increase in consumption of energy in the last official year was 5 per cent., and indeed there is evidence that of recent years the rate of progress in this country is greater than in the United States and Canada.

So far I have dealt with the making of electricity. Before referring to distribution there are certain points which are worthy of brief mention, for they have a bearing upon the consumer's position. It has been pointed out that the Grid power stations

will be of the highest attainable efficiency. This is naturally of basic importance. The average cost in the immediate past has been practically $\frac{1}{4}$ d. per unit, but this figure will be much lower with the weeding-out of poor stations. Technical progress, too, is unceasing; in the past decade, for example, 162 per cent. more electricity has been generated for a rise in fuel of less than 50 per cent. Further benefits will ensue because the "stand-by" or reserve plant needed for emergencies of all kinds will be reduced by about two-thirds.

Now let us consider the position of the public supply undertakers. Under the new conditions those which formerly met their own local needs are relieved of the cares of manufacture. All undertakings will be able to concentrate upon distribution and commercial developments. And at this juncture a popular fallacy must be exploded: the Grid, operating at so immensely high a pressure, cannot readily and cheaply be "tapped". One must also note that the cost of distribution is more than that of the cost of generation. Indeed, on the whole capital expenditure incurred throughout the country distribution is responsible for double that of generation, and the persons engaged are in the same proportion. To quote the cost of generating electricity, therefore, as a basis for charge per unit is misleading in the extreme. In some cases the ultimate charge per unit may be thirty or forty times the cost at the generator, but doom has been pronounced on these uneconomical concerns.

It was inevitable in the past that electricity should for the most part be generated in and for densely populated districts. Extensions into sparsely inhabited rural areas were defeated by capital costs, the discouraging attitude of local and other authorities, and the impossibility of offering an attractive price for electricity. In all these directions progress is being made, and the helpful effect of a widespread network of supply will be obvious. Moreover, as has already been mentioned, undertakings are now able to concentrate upon actual supply. The rural load under the changed conditions will be well worth cultivating. There is a distinct movement of factories from the town to the country because of improved transport; these, with the farms, villages and country residences, are all inevitable consumers. To show the scope for rural development, of the

400,000 farms in this country only 1 per cent. are at present supplied.

The field of distribution is obviously of great importance, and the changing conditions with respect to electricity supply must inevitably affect it. As has been pointed out, undertakings are being freed from the pre-occupations of generation work, and will concentrate upon distributing the electrical energy. Signs are not wanting that a rationalising movement is in progress. It is natural that organizations which are deriving their commodity from a common source and making it available in a manner which, under expanding conditions, brings them into closer touch, must tend toward deliberate co-operation and amalgamation. At the moment, as the result of a conference of supply representatives, a report dealing with distribution upon an area basis has been presented to the Ministry of Transport; elimination or absorption of small undertakings would seem to be indicated, and there is a feeling that Parliamentary action may later be taken. Whether a Bill dealing with distribution in large-scale fashion be introduced or not, existing undertakings may, in general, be expected to move in a direction beneficial to the consumer. The industry is alive to the problems and the opportunities, and in the near future there will begin a nation-wide campaign for electricity which should stir both suppliers, consumers and prospective users.

There is no doubt that electricity tariffs are numerous and diversified, and in many cases somewhat baffling. It is necessary that we should understand the reason for the variation in price. It has been pointed out that, in contrast with gas and water, electricity for public supply cannot be stored—all the complicated plant (with "stand-by") having at all times to be prepared to meet demand. And hence there have been introduced systems of charging which, in some cases crudely, and in others more scientifically and equitably, are designed to lessen the suppliers' difficulties and benefit the consumer.

Thus, as lighting is, in general, a short-period load while supply costs continue unendingly, the price per unit is high; on the other hand, consumers of "power" and the like provide not only a bigger but a prolonged load, and a lower price can be offered. And especially cheap rates are available when much

energy is taken steadily or such purposes as water-heating during the night are arranged ; again, low rates for summer-time loads are common. All such schemes are designed not to discourage ordinary demands for supply, but to encourage what is called the " off-peak " load.

The ordinary flat rate of charging has serious disadvantages. Naturally, the rate must be fixed at a level which profits the supplier over the whole revenue ; electricity will be taken by consumers who will range from those who are steady customers to those who, as it were, patronise the shop infrequently and inconveniently. So critical a matter is the fixing of the charge that it has been stated that an error of 1-32d. per unit in respect of all the electricity supplied by one undertaking represented one million pounds. Though there are many advantages in the flat rate method of charging, it is nevertheless inequitable to the supplier and many users : for the apportionment of all the fixed capital and other costs in supply cannot be correct in all cases.

Hence there was introduced the two-part tariff, consisting of a fixed charge and a running charge. The fixed charge represents the consumer's share of all the plant and of constant expenses ; this fixed charge may be based upon the greatest demand the consumer makes, but most people know it through such methods as an annual or quarterly charge upon floor area or rateable value of premises. The fixed charge being levied, the user is able to buy his units of electricity merely at the cost of fuel and slight generating expenses—this " running charge " usually being less than 1d. per unit.

Obviously, this basis is preferable to one which is a compromise as between the good and the bad customer ; and, equally obviously, high consumption results in a low charge per unit. The two-part tariff in one form or another has been growing in use for some years. It is applied to practically all large supplies (including purchases from the Grid). The Commissioners urge its adoption, though a simple flat rate is not precluded.

It will be appropriate at this juncture to make a brief survey of charges in this and other countries, for an opinion exists that electricity is more costly here. The flat rate is the most convenient index, for such methods as the two-part tariff, varying,

as they do, in basis and complexity, are impossible to treat here. And here it should be remarked, when considering the question of charges in other countries, that one should not accept a quoted figure without ensuring that all related conditions are considered in the comparison, for an unusually low figure may depend upon such an " incidental " as time of day, large consumption, kind of load, and so forth. The writer recalls a quoted charge at the attractive value of $\frac{1}{2}$ d., but the fact that 200,000 units per year must be used was not mentioned !

In examining world conditions in this respect there appears, on the whole, considerable unanimity as regards the charge per unit for lighting, heating and cooking, and for power. Lighting is about 4d. ; heating and cooking rather more than 1d. ; and power, very subject to sliding-scale treatment, from about $2\frac{1}{2}$ d. to below 1d. These figures are just as typical of many parts of Great Britain. As in many districts throughout the world, small or out-of-the-way undertakings here charge as much as 10d. or 1s. Then, many foreign undertakings have sliding scale, " restricted-hour " or similar arrangements whereby all kinds of loads are charged below 1d. Yet, in this country, one may meet domestic tariffs having a figure sliding to below 1d. ; bulk " power ", or heating and cooking, well below 1d. ; and water heating at $\frac{1}{2}$ d. Thus it would seem that in Great Britain the general conditions of other countries are typified. Under the influence of the Commissioners' and the Central Electricity Board's work, however, simplification of tariffs and the disappearance of excessive local charges may confidently be expected, and there will be a steady advance towards the favourable rates which can be offered by a great undertaking.

With the completion of the Grid the national supply system has taken shape. Many of the directions which progress will take have been indicated. No spectacular changes will be effected. Standardization will bring undoubted economic benefits in supply and in electrical and general manufacture. This standardization, together with co-ordination, could not have been avoided much longer without serious consequences. The Central Electricity Board has entered upon its trading functions at a time when the prolonged depression menaces its prospects of an industrial load ; nevertheless, electrification of industry will

continue, for at present only 65 per cent of factory power is electrical. There is no falling-off in annual increase of consumption, and, as no more than 30 per cent. of the population has been reached, there are big potentialities here, especially as regards such loads as water-heating.

All this affects the Board's outlook and, ultimately, the consumer. The average price for electricity may reasonably be expected to fall gradually during the next five or ten years, but rapid early changes are out of the question. Though the consumer in an enterprising and progressive undertaking may receive no marked benefit, yet in general there is bound to ensue a scaling down, with more equitable and attractive rates.

But if much is expected of electricity in this way, one is entitled to ask that this great and useful force should receive fair play. We must see that it is not hampered by harsh restrictions—restrictions which may have a rational basis, but which are made needlessly burdensome and disproportionate to capacity of the industry to bear. Thus, undue discrimination by local authorities and by the Government must be discountenanced: the cost per unit for rates and taxes often exceeds the coal cost, and when a far-sighted manufacturer adopts "electric drive" he may find his rate assessment increased seriously. Agitation against pylons and overhead lines must at least be informed, and the much heavier cost of the concealed cables, which are the alternative, must be given due consideration. So, too, with the exaggerated objections to chimney emissions—one power station has spent about £250,000 to meet such complaints. The Chancellor of the Exchequer may propose to place additional direct or indirect burdens upon the industry. Against such hindrances as these to "cheap and abundant" electricity the consumer must be on his guard, for in the end it is always the consumer who pays.

THE AWAKENING

BY ISAAC BABEL

Translated from the Russian by George Reavey

ALL the men of our circle—brokers, shopkeepers, employees of banks and shipping companies—had their children taught music. It was a perfect mania. Our fathers, in their eager hankering after success, had invented a lottery. And they took as their stakes the bones of the little men. Odessa had been afflicted with this craze more than other cities. And our city had, as a matter of fact, in the course of a dozen years supplied the concert halls of the entire world with infant prodigies. Mischa Elman, Zimbalist, Gabrilovitch, they all came from Odessa; and it is with us that Jascha Heifetz made his début.

As soon as a boy reached the age of four or five, his mother would take this diminutive and puny being to see Zagoursky. Zagoursky had started a factory of infant prodigies, a factory of Jew-dwarfs in lace collars and patent shoes. He routed them out of the lower-class quarters of the Moldavanka and out of the rank yards of the Old Market. Zagoursky inculcated the first elements, then the children went to professor Auer in Petersburg. A powerful harmony vibrated in the souls of these dwarfs with blue, puffed craniums. Many of them have become famous virtuosos! And so my father decided to do as much for me. I was almost fourteen, and had long outstripped the age of infant prodigies, but so small and delicate was I that I might very easily have been mistaken for eight. And there lay all our hope.

I was taken to see Zagoursky. Out of respect for my grandfather, he agreed to charge the small sum of a rouble a lesson. My grandfather, Levvi-Itskhok, was the laughing-stock and ornament of the town. Dressed in a top hat and a shabby pair of shoes, he used to meander through the streets and solve the

knottiest problems. He was asked why the Jacobins had betrayed Robespierre, how artificial silk was manufactured, the nature of a goblin and the meaning of a Cæsarean operation. My ancestor was equal to all these questions. Out of respect for his wisdom and madness, Zagoursky charged us only a rouble a lesson. And it was only out of fear for my grandfather that he did take pains with me, for there was nothing to take pains over. The sounds that escaped from my violin grated like iron filings. I was the first to have my heart flayed by these sounds; my father, however, refused to desist from his idea. At home there was only thought of Mischa Elman whom the Tsar, in person, had exempted from military service. According to my father's information, Zimbalist had been presented to the King of England, and had played at Buckingham Palace; Gabrilovitch's parents had bought two mansions in Petersburg. The infant prodigies had brought fortune to their families. My father would have put up with poverty, but he hankered after glory.

"It's impossible", his guests whispered in his ear. "It's impossible that the grandchild of such a grandfather . . ."

I, however, had other ideas. Whilst practising, I would place a volume of Dumas or Turgenev on the music stand, and, at the same time as scraping God knows what, I devoured page after page. In the daytime I told the urchins of the quarter fanciful stories which I had set down in writing during the night. Authorship was hereditary in our family. Levvi-Itskhok, who lost his reason in his old age, had spent his whole life writing a story entitled *The Headless Man*. I carried on the tradition.

Three times a week I used to drag myself, burdened with my violin case and music books, to Witté Street, formerly the Street of the Nobles, where Zagoursky had his apartment. There, lined up along the walls, stood inflammable and hysterical little Jewish girls waiting their turn. To their feeble knees they hugged violins of a size far more imposing than that of their owners, who were destined to play in Buckingham Palace.

The door of the sanctuary would swing open. Big-headed, freckled children would come staggering out of Zagoursky's study; they had necks as slender as flower-stalks and the purple-hued cheeks of epileptics. The door would shut again swallowing

a fresh gnome. Behind the partition, the professor in a flowing tie, and with ginger locks and skipping legs, fussed, sang and directed. Promoter of a monstrous lottery, he was subject to fits of inspiration, and peopled the Moldavanka and the blind alleys of the Old Market with the ghosts of pizzicatos and cantilenas. These airs later on, in the hands of Professor Auer, acquired a diabolical sparkle.

I felt out of place in the midst of this sect. A dwarf among other dwarfs, I heard another note in the voice of my ancestors.

I had some difficulty in taking the initial step. One day I left home with my violin case, music, and a dozen roubles, the monthly amount of my lessons. I went down the Nejinskaya street. To reach Zagoursky's I ought to have turned down the Street of the Nobles, instead I descended the Tirapolskaya and found myself at the seashore. I spent my leisure hours in the Port. This was the first step of my liberation. Zagoursky's waiting-room did not see me again. More serious problems now became the unique object of my pre-occupations. My comrade Nemanov and I had fallen into the habit of going on board the steamer *Kensington* to visit an old sailor, Mister Trotturn. Nemanov was my junior by twelve months, and yet, ever since the age of eight, he had devoted himself to a most ingenious trade. He had a genius for business, and has realized his promise. He is now a New York millionaire and a director of General Motors, a company as powerful as Ford's. Nemanov suffered me only because I obeyed him implicitly. He used to buy contraband pipes from Mister Trotturn. These pipes were made in Lincoln by the old sailor's brother.

"Gentlemen", Mister Trotturn addressed us, "Remember my words: every man ought to fashion himself the things that are dear to him . . . To smoke a ready-made pipe is as bad as sucking an enema . . . Have you heard of Benvenuto Cellini? He was a craftsman, a master. My brother minds his own business. He has only one conviction: that every man ought to fashion himself the things that are dear to him, and not leave their care to others. How can we not share his opinion, gentlemen?"

Nemanov sold Trotturn's pipes to bank directors, foreign consuls and rich Greeks. He made a hundred per cent. profit.

The pipes of the Lincoln craftsman had a breath of poetry about them. There was in each of them an idea, a drop of eternity. Their stems glowed yellow; their cases were lined with satin. I used to try and imagine the life that Matthew Trotterburn, the last of the pipe artists, and rebel against the normal course of things, led in Old England.

"Impossible, gentlemen, to refute the fact that every man ought to fashion himself the things he holds dear . . ."

The heavy waves of the jetty bore me further and further away from my home, pregnant with the odour of onion and Jewish destiny. I left the Port and took up my stand beyond the jetty. There, on a tiny bank of sand, the urchins of Primorskaya Street spent their days. From morning till night they strolled about trouserless, diving under the pinnacles and stealing cocoanuts for their dinner in expectation of better days when the barges of Kerson and Kamenka would appear laden with water-melons, which could be cracked open against the mooring-posts.

I was obsessed by the dream of swimming. I was ashamed to confess to those bronzed children that, born in Odessa, I had not glimpsed the sea until the age of ten, and that, at fourteen, I did not know how to swim.

It was late in life to learn such an essential thing. My childhood had been spent studying the Hemara, and I had lived the life of a sage. But once grown up I began climbing trees.

The science of swimming proved unattainable to me. The hydrophobia of all my ancestors, Spanish rabbis and Frankfort money-changers, dragged me to the bottom of the sea. The water did not bear me up in the least. Completely exhausted and soaked in salt water I used to stagger out of the water towards my violin and music. For I had become welded to the instruments of my crime and always lugged them about with me. The contest between the rabbis and the sea continued until the moment when the local Neptune, Efim Nikititch Smolitch, a proof-reader of the *Odessa News*, took pity on me. The latter's athletic chest simulated a feeling of pity for Jewish children. Nikititch reigned over crowds of rachitic dwarfs. He picked them up in the Moldavanka hovels, led them to the seashore, dug them into the sand, made them do gymnastic exercises,

dived with them, taught them songs, and, whilst grilling in the perpendicular rays of the sun, told them stories of fishes and animals. To grown-ups Nikititch would explain that he was a nature philosopher. Listening to his talk, the Jewish urchins would burst their sides with laughing; they fretted and became importunate as fledglings. And the sun sprinkled them with fugitive lizard-like stains.

The old man had, from the corner of his eye and without a word, observed my duel with the waves. As soon as he understood that there was no hope left and that I would never learn to swim, he took me entirely to his heart. His gay heart, free of all ambition, of all covetousness, of all anguish, belonged to us wholly. . . . This man with his copper-coloured shoulders, with his bronzed and slightly crooked legs, and with a head that made one think of an ageing gladiator, would lie there, on the sands beyond the jetty, as might a sovereign of these waters consecrated to petrol and water-melons, in the midst of us others, the ultimate residues of a tribe which has not learned how to die.

For Nikititch I felt a love such as only a boy subject to pains in the head and hysteria might feel for an athlete. I did not leave his side for an instant, and was on the look-out ready to do the slightest service for him.

He said to me:

"Don't fluster yourself. Strengthen your nerves. Swimming will come later of its own. What's that story of your's about the water not bearing you up. And why shouldn't it bear you up?"

Nikititch, observing my efforts, made an exception in my favour. He invited me to his attic. It was large and tidy, covered over with matting; and he showed me his dogs, his pigeons, his hedgehog and his tortoise. In return for these treasures I brought him a tragedy which I had written.

"I had a suspicion you scribbled", Nikititch said. "One can see it in your eyes . . . For the most part you don't look at anything."

He read my manuscript, shrugged his shoulders, passed his hand over his grey, thick locks, and paced the attic.

"Must believe", he said, drawling his syllables and with a

pause between each word, "that there's a divine spark in you . . ."

We came out into the street. The old man stopped, struck the pavement violently with his cane and looked hard at me.

"What do you lack? Youth's not misfortune, and will pass with age. What you lack is a feeling for nature."

He pointed with his cane to a tree with a reddish trunk and low-spreading foliage.

"What's the name of that tree?"

I had no idea.

"What grows on this shrub?"

I did not know either. We were crossing the Alexandrovsky Square. The old man pointed out all the trees with his stick, caught hold of my shoulder as a bird came into sight and forced me to listen to its call.

"What bird is that singing?"

I was incapable of replying. I knew nothing: neither the names of trees nor of birds, neither the countries to which they migrated, nor their classifications, neither the point of the horizon where the sun rises nor the hour of greatest dew-fall.

"And you dare write? . . . A man who does not live in contact with nature is incapable of composing even a couple of lines of any value. Your landscape reminds one of the description of a stage setting. What the devil were your parents dreaming of these fourteen years?"

What had they dreamt of? Of bank drafts, of Mischa Elman's palatial mansions. I did not tell this to Nikititch, but remained silent.

"A feeling for nature", I said to myself. "My God, why had I never thought of it? . . . Where could I find a man to explain to me the calls of birds and the names of trees? What do I know about it? I can recognize lilac, and that only when in flower. Lilac and acacia. The Gretcheskaya and Derbas streets are planted with acacias."

During the meal, my father told yet another story about Jascha Heifetz. On his way to see Robine, he had met Mendelsohn, Jascha's uncle. Just think, the boy earns a hundred roubles a night. Calculate how much that would make at the rate of fifteen concerts a month.

I calculated: twelve thousand roubles a month. As I was going through the multiplication and was carrying four, I glanced out of the window. Zagoursky, my professor of music, was crossing the small concrete courtyard, majestically leaning on his cane. He wore a cloak which the wind ruffled gently; his reddish locks floated free of his soft felt hat. It could not be argued that he was seized with premature suspicion. Over three months had elapsed since the day I had thrown my violin on the sand by the jetty . . .

Zagoursky approached the entrance door. I made a dash for the back door; but this, the day before, had been condemned as unsafe from thieves. No escape. I shut myself in the lavatory. Half an hour later the entire family had congregated in front of the door. The women were weeping. My aunt Bobka rubbed her fat shoulders against the door-frame and sobbed scalding tears. My father preserved silence. Then he began speaking in a low and distinct voice which he had never used before.

"I am an officer", he said. "I have an estate. I hunt. The peasants pay me rent. I placed my son in the cadet corps. I have no further trouble with my son . . ."

He grew silent. The women blubbered. Then a terrific blow shook the lavatory door; my father was pounding it with his whole body and taking a run each time.

"I am an officer", he howled, "I hunt . . . I'll kill him . . . It's the end . . ."

The hook gave way, and the door was now held only by a side bolt fixed by a single nail. The women were rolling on the ground screaming, catching at my father's feet. Half-mad, he tore himself free. His mother, an old woman, hobbled up, attracted by the noise.

"My child", she said to him in Yiddish. "Great is our sorrow. It has no bounds. Only blood is lacking in our house. I do not wish to see blood in our house . . ."

My father groaned. I heard him walk away with dragging step. The side-bolt hung on a single nail.

I kept my fortress till the fall of night. When everybody had gone to bed my aunt Bobka led me off to my grandmother's. It was a long walk. The moonlight fell rigidly upon unknown

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shrubs and anonymous trees. An invisible bird whistled, then stopped or perhaps fell asleep. What bird was it? Does dew fall in the evening? . . . Where is the constellation of the Great Bear? Where does the sun rise?

We were skirting Potchtovaya Street. Bobka gripped my hand tightly to prevent my running away. She was right. I was thinking of flight.

EBB AND FLOW

A Monthly Commentary

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

IT is curious to observe how attention in the press is divided between Roosevelt and Hitler. England seems to feel that what matters most is the American experiment. This may be temperamental: they like the man; he is playing a bold and powerful game and playing it like cricket. There may be some body-line bowling, but we do not hear complaints. He is getting his way, as Mr. Ratcliffe and other qualified observers point out, by getting the people to back him, and all the resources of what English people consider fair propaganda come into play so that a masterful personality may extend its influence over a hundred million people, nearly all of whom can read print. Democracy is being tried out as perhaps never before, and England in its own way is grateful to the experimenter. It is an experiment for Americans by Americans. No promises are held out to the world beyond America's boundary, but also there are no threats. I can see no glimmer of a suggestion that the United States, if President Roosevelt succeeds, will become less rigidly exclusive in their policy of protection. Hopes exist undoubtedly wherever there is supply of some drink better than America can fabricate for itself, but the French, who should be most concerned, show little excitement over this prospect. All that France appears concerned about is the question of war debts; while at the back of the English mind there is undoubtedly the conviction proper to a self-confident commercial race that if prosperity can be restored to the United States, England will

be in some measure a gainer. But I think this is less strong than the impulse of sympathetic admiration. The news is followed with extreme interest and a touch of bewilderment, but not as news which can have any immediate bearing on the fortunes of England or of Europe.

It is very different about Germany. What is going on there, English people regard, to put it in a word, with disgust. They do not wish to hear a great deal about things . . . and the German that they detest yet are powerless to remedy or prevent. They are not disturbed for their own security. There is no trace of the excitement which fills the columns of French newspapers with details about the speeches and the doings of Herr Hitler and the nation which he appears to dominate. Manifestly this crop of news is by no means altogether unwelcome to the French, who take it as a challenge, and a challenge which has not come at a bad time; which is to Europe at large, and even to the English-speaking world (neither quite in nor quite out of Europe), a full justification of France's attitude. There are no threats; they leave those to Germany; but one significant gesture was fully emphasized. At the moment of the great Nuremberg demonstration, M. Daladier made a tour of inspection along the fortifications of France's eastern frontier. While floods of emotion were being poured over the assembled multitudes in the old Bavarian city, and gigantic junketings consumed untold quantities of beer and wine and sausages, this hard-eyed little Frenchman was going quietly from one fortress to another and saying nothing, till at the end of his tour a brief paragraph was published, thanking the military authorities for the completeness of their work.

There is a similar lack of demonstrative talk in Poland and in Czechoslovakia, but one may be very sure this does not mean lack of attention. The outcry against Nazi violence comes chiefly from Austria, but it has echoes in Belgium and even in Switzerland—very naturally, since the declared object of German policy is to create a movement in all countries that are German by race or history for union with a central Reich of some ninety million

people. Belgium holds Eupen and Malmédy—and it was not Hitler but Hindenburg who said: "What was German shall be German". Here some disquieting symptoms have been felt; while the Swiss frontier is little more respected than the Austrian. Conditions are such that Germany today has some cause to speak of encirclement. Many individuals in society who suffer from extreme mental excitement have had the same complaint to make. Herr Hitler has inspired the German people with a passionate admiration for themselves; he has held up to them the old familiar ideal of a zeal that sacrifices everything to the cult of military efficiency, and the professors once more chime in and exhort to those means of war proper to a people so circumstanced—namely gases and bacteria. In fact there seems to be on hand a dual attempt—to represent Germany as disgracefully unarmed, and at the same time to make Europe's flesh creep by suggesting the means of destruction which Germany commands and is ready to employ. They have succeeded in persuading continental Europe that within a few weeks Germany could become most formidable on land or in the air, lacking only in the factor of heavy artillery, which could not be produced under six months.

Since at the same time Germany thrusts out with contempt the whole Jewish race from its boundaries and declares war on every form of intelligence that will not cry "Heil Hitler", it is certainly true that the nation has no friends. In Italy it may have admirers; one member of the Fascist Grand Council wrote with enthusiasm of the Nuremberg gathering, as the expression of a superb national ardour. But it is not possible that Italy should forget what she holds in the Tyrol. It is true that when German Nazis succeeded in entering an Austrian prison where Hofer, the Austrian Nazi leader, was confined, and brought him across the frontier into Italy, Italy's rulers refused to give him up to the Austrian police. He was, they said, a political refugee; and though his jailors had been somewhat damaged in the scuffle, that was part of the game. The gesture was all the more distinguished because Hofer is the leader of Tyrolese Nazis, and presumably desires to recruit to Germany those citizens, young and old, whom strong pressure is at present moulding to an Italian pattern.

It is, however, a significant part of the European situation that Signor Mussolini enjoys a growing prestige; and this is based mainly on his relations with Germany.

**The
Regrouping of
Europe**

For psychological reasons, he has no fear of German aggression; fascism would not declare war on itself; and because he is the inventor of black shirts, his word carries weight with the brown shirts, or is believed to. At least he can make representations to Germany that will be well received, and this can scarcely be said of any other power.

Yet, looking ahead, one has to consider what will happen if the Nazi propaganda wins against Herr Dollfuss, and is able to prove its victory at the polls. In that case I doubt whether any consideration would unite England with France in opposition to a popular will so declared; and Italy might become the essential factor in checking this development—more feared from the continental point of view than from the insular.

The oddest part of the imbroglio is that German outrageousness has made Russia seem quite inoffensive. While Germany has been threatening to pull in territory from this side and that, and create a Napoleonic empire based on a common nationalism, the Soviets have been quietly signing treaties of non-aggression with the bordering states along their European front. They are now in active parley with France. M. Herriot was there lately, accompanied by the recently-appointed Ambassador, M. Alphand, sometime minister in the Irish Free State. We saw enough of him there to know that if France's purpose is to establish friendly relations, no more efficiently genial representative could have been chosen. In other words, Herr Hitler has not only succeeded in making all its neighbours apprehensive of German designs: he has actually made them forget to be afraid of Russia. It is a comparatively small achievement that he has split the French Socialist party which up to the present has refused to be identified with what it considered too militarist a policy. Now, over fifty of these deputies have declared that all Socialists should be ready to assist the Government—and they are of course denounced by the more orthodox group which follows M. Léon Blum—with the result that when the next French administration comes to be formed, it will be on a more broadly national basis—*Heil Hitler!*

Even English politics may be touched with the same influence. Now that Mr. Henderson has been restored to the House of Commons—a welcome return—it will be of interest to see how recent contact with his electorate has affected his views. Can he affirm that the state of things which exists today in Central Europe can be dealt with simply by disarmament and by declarations that there will be no aggression?

Ireland has gone through a curious phase, and evidently the popular feeling is that General O'Duffy did well when he formed a new organization outside of the older parties and appealing to the young; that he did well in asserting its right to meet in public unarmed, and inoffensively, though prepared to retaliate if attacked; and that he forced Mr. de Valera into displaying a scandalous partiality in administration. The Irish Republican Army, which is armed and which refuses to recognize the State, had been allowed to continue its existence; this new National Guard was at once proclaimed as a dangerous organization—apparently on the ground that if it held meetings, collisions between it and the other body would lead to serious results. General O'Duffy pushed matters to the point of calling a great muster to celebrate the anniversary of the day when Michael Collins was killed by an ambush laid by the I.R.A. This was proclaimed; Mr. de Valera called out troops; General O'Duffy yielded to the display of force, and was held by some (for instance, by a French observer) to have been politically wiped out. Ireland thought otherwise. By a trick General O'Duffy succeeded in addressing a large part of the muster—the sort of thing which Ireland loved to see William O'Brien accomplish when he was defying Mr. Balfour. At all events, it must have appeared to the other opponents of the de Valera policy that the Government's action had been unpopular and that General O'Duffy retained his prestige; it was evident to all that the situation was dangerous; and a fusion was effected, under which the leadership of all the opposition was entrusted to General O'Duffy, whose gifts as an organizer are very considerable. Mr. Cosgrave agreed to come in on a footing of equality with two much younger men, Mr. MacDermott and Mr. Dillon, whose party in the Dáil has less

than a dozen members, and who have never been in office. The other leaders of the Cosgrave party stood aside. Leadership in the Dáil will rest with Mr. Cosgrave. General O'Duffy has no seat, and may not seek one at present. He made what appears to have been a serious mistake in declaring himself unhelpful of the existing parliamentary system, which he wished to replace by vocational councils. All this sounded much too Fascist to be acceptable, and probably no more will be heard of it.

One cannot be certain how such a combination will work ; but it offers considerable advantages. Ireland had grown sick of the division of power between the surviving elements of the old Sinn Féin party which conducted the struggle from 1918 to the Treaty of 1921. Outside of these was the large section of the people who still held by the parliamentary Nationalist tradition, and the small but important minority which was mainly Protestant and Unionist, and included most of the old landlord and professional class. Mr. Dillon, son of the old Nationalist leader, and Mr. MacDermott represent these two groups by their early affiliations. Both these elements are clear of the bitterness of civil war, and that will be welcome to Ireland. I think also that the country may be touched by the self-abnegation of the men who carried the Free State through the first difficult years of its existence ; though their courage and their talents have earned far less gratitude in Ireland than they deserved.

Meantime the extremists of the I.R.A. have publicly denounced Mr. de Valera as half-hearted in his Republicanism, and members of their organization daily defy the laws of the State and undertake on their own account a " boycott " of British goods, which takes the form of breaking up consignments of Bass's Ale. But the Government can count at the polls on large support from landless young men who have been led to believe that the big grass farms will be broken up into small holdings and distributed. This, of course, is reinforced by hero worship of Mr. de Valera and the passion for abstract Republican ideas and a clean cut from England. On the other hand, General O'Duffy appears to have been able to do what Mr. Cosgrave and his colleagues failed in. He has recruited a large

following of active young men who want to break the tyranny of the secret society for good and all. It is the best service that anyone could do to Ireland.

In writing this for the general public, it is only fair to add that less than twelve years have elapsed since England handed over the country in a complete chaos, without police, law-courts, or means of communication ; and that even today anyone who goes there will find the machinery of life running as smoothly as anywhere else. The country is being ruined by a theorist in politics who seeks to transform its whole economy in defiance of soil, climate, geography and tradition. But the causes which brought him into power, and have helped to keep him there are found in the large complex of facts which may be described in one sentence. Ireland attained to self-government after a revolution carried out by successive stages over a period of a hundred years. Commonsense does not grow easily in such a garden.

Much has been written, much more will be written about Lord Grey's death ; it is a kind of self-indulgence to add words

about one who surpassed other men not by any special quality but by a kind of harmonious perfection. I never saw so complete a man.

Lord Grey Other men had more genius, more eloquence, but he could often by the mere effect of his personality prevail where genius and eloquence would have failed. With the great gift of knowing where his strength lay, he never attempted what did not come natural to him. Yet it is misleading to suggest that he thought out a method ; that impression of high sincerity which he never failed to leave came to him by the grace of nature. The office he held often imposed reticence on him ; but by instinct he was simple and outspoken beyond all common standards, too free of self-consciousness for any artificial reserve. Whatever he said seemed to be the expression of the whole man ; and this was as true in private company as in the House.

I had the luck to meet him first in one of the houses where he was most intimate, and owed my luck to an article about fishing. He and I walked back together to the House, and in reply to some remark about his work, " It sounds absurd to

say it", he said, "but every man has a passion, and the country is my passion. I am cut off from it." He went on to predict gloomily that as long as he was Foreign Secretary he would never catch another salmon. It was not so bad as that. Some years later I saw him unexpectedly in the lobby (for even at the most critical times close attendance was not asked from the holder of that laborious office). He seemed to have a good deal to say to his neighbours, and I asked what he had been doing. "Killing fifty salmon in a fortnight", was the prompt answer. I really believe he had come down simply to jubilate with sympathisers. I never saw him fish, but he could do with mastery all the things that men do in competition. Just before the war, at a big country house, I watched him take on first his host and then another match performer at singles in a squash racket court—one of the most exhausting games, owing to the length of rallies. He was fifty, and had had no exercise or practice, but he beat them both and showed no fatigue. But games and even fishing were occasional; what he never missed, if he could help it, was a weekly sight of his trees and flowers; and it was delight to hear him talk of his birds at Fallodon. I suppose no man ever got more pleasure of his eyes than he through watching wild things and also through reading; one cannot regret that his years of blindness are at an end. He never seemed bookish, and I think read only in English and not very widely; but what he read with enjoyment entered into him bodily. Going to dine once at the house where I first met him, I saw two odd elderly people arrive, like a German professor and professorin. They were the de Morgans; *Joseph Vance* had just been published. After dinner the company divided between the two drawing-rooms, one group gathering round de Morgan to ask how he did it, the rest round his wife asking the same. Grey was in the second party with our beautiful hostess, and I, whose business it had been to keep abreast of current literature, was amazed to hear this hard-driven statesman show that he knew the new book almost as if it were *Pickwick*—in which he counted himself unstumpable. And if ever I saw an old lady glow with pride and happiness, it was Mrs. de Morgan that night.

When one talks of his simplicity, it is well to be guarded.

Wisdom is much simpler than cunning. Grey saw things very straight and saw them whole. But also he saw them as an experienced member of Parliament. He was essentially a House of Commons man—and I found when once or twice I went to him to present some point of view on Irish matters, he looked at the whole almost narrowly within the limits of what would be feasible through parliament. In the House, he had as a rule influence rather than domination; but he could be master there. Once in the turbulent times when the Parliament Act was in dispute, the Opposition howled down Mr. Asquith with cries of Traitor, and after an interval thought to mark the personal insult by letting Grey be heard. They must have realized their mistake in a minute; a man whom few had seen angry stood up and scourged them with a few brief sentences before he ended with "You have refused to hear our leader—you shall hear none of us". I do not think anyone can have liked that chastisement; but I am sure that there was not one but liked Grey the better for his wrath.

Yet I dare say few remember that episode. No man who was present can have forgotten Grey's supreme moment when he led England into war. This is no exaggerated phrase; I who found myself that day sitting on a chair beside the Serjeant-at-Arms, watched the development of the drama on both sides of the House, strange and staggering. Grey began with France; he stressed France's claims, and response came enthusiastic from here and from there—and from unlooked for quarters: Willy Redmond, who had cheered for the Mahdi, Arthur Lynch who had been sentenced to death for joining the Boers in war, were on their feet cheering as wildly as the most belligerent Tories. But still the temper of the House hung uncertain until Grey came to Belgium and England's plighted word; the defence of a small nation brutally assailed that England was pledged to defend. Never since there were parliaments in England was there a man fitter to set out the call of plain honour and integrity, and the House of Commons, transformed from a partisan assemblage into a gathering of representative Englishmen, Scotsmen and Welshmen, swung into line with passionate response. It was left for Redmond in an electric climax to bring Ireland in; but the truth is that Grey's words struck home to

every man who heard them. People may read themselves dizzy with State papers, but the plain fact is that on that day at that hour a great Englishman had the people of these islands before him and evoked in them a response answering to the passionate sincerity of his own heart. Nor was it passing. In that hour and in the four years that followed, some of us learnt to respect England as never before; and Grey more than any man stood to me at least for England.

As to his part in what came before that critical hour and after, criticism has much to say. One thing is clear to me. Grey would neither threaten nor promise what he could not with certainty make good, and as a Liberal he held that the House of Commons must have the right to decide. All his speech was on that assumption. Beyond this, the man had his limitations, his very English limitations. But none of them were ignoble. On the main issue, the broad issue of justice, he never can have doubted. Yet for all his superb physical equipment the war broke him, while it was adding strength and vitality to other men who shared his responsibility to the full. It was perhaps his nature to feel responsibility more keenly; and he was denied what would have been his natural anodyne. If Grey had been free to become, as he certainly would have become, an admirable battalion or brigade commander, he would, whether he lived or died, have lived or died free from care. He was the kind of man to be happy and make others happy in the trenches; doing things that could be done, face to face with concrete difficulties, enduring the common hardships. These things would have been congenial to him. The infinitely harder things he had to attempt, too often the impossible, can have had little solace for one who never valued either the name or the reality of power.

That at all events is how I feel about one of whom it seems perfectly natural to say—such was his simple friendliness—that on a little knowledge I never liked a man so much; but still more natural to write here, that to have been even a little on terms of friendship with him was an honour of which any man may for the rest of his life be honourably proud.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

A MODERN HARUN AL RASHID

by SIR ARNOLD WILSON.

IBN SA'UD. THE PURITAN KING OF ARABIA, by Kenneth Williams. *Jonathan Cape.* 8s. 6d.

THIS is the life story of the greatest man in Arabia—one who, judged by whatever standard, would have been accounted great in any other age. He won his kingdom by force; he has held it because he is feared and respected by all, and commands the whole-hearted allegiance of the most influential groups among his subjects. He is the product of his environment; in Goldsmith's words

"No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword."

Ibn Sa'ud's Kingdom, "a land of iron with a sky of brass", to quote Disraeli, is a crucible in which the Ishmaelites of Arabia have been tried by fire and have emerged, not free from dross, but more keenly tempered than any other race in touch with Europe and the Mediterranean. Mr. Williams recounts with skill and sympathy the successive steps which led Ibn Sa'ud to assume the hegemony of territories which had not for a thousand years accepted the rule of one man. He contrasts, without undue emphasis, the contrast between the secular conceptions of western governments, and the theocratic basis of his hero.

Ibn Sa'ud, even according to pre-war standards, has always "played fair". Assassination has played no part in his accession to power; he has treated his enemies with chivalry, and has never been guilty in word or deed of an unkingly act. Like Harun al Rashid and Napoleon, Henry VIII and Nelson, he is, in Aloysius Horne's classic phrase, "choicely about women"; but so are his followers when opportunity permits. His conquests have not been unaccompanied by bloodshed, but have been marked with an economy of life which recalls the exploits of Alexander. He has been successful in waging war, but even more so in making and keeping the peace in circumstances of unparalleled difficulty.

Mr. Williams wisely devotes much space to a recital of the tortuous course of British policy in Arabia, and to the complications which arose from the fact that we were, for some years, simultaneously supporting "King" Husain and his rival, Ibn Sa'ud and, later on, found ourselves compelled to use Air Power to restrain Ibn Sa'ud's followers from attacks on the Kingdom of Husain's son in Iraq, and on the protected principality of Kuwait.

These developments were in part due, as Mr. Williams shows, to our western passion for drawing frontier lines on maps across deserts where sovereignty

attaches rather to tribes than to the soil, and where climatic conditions compel a nomadic existence which, in turn, involves migrations of many hundred miles in search of water and pasture. He pays a tribute to the confidence inspired, on both sides, by that veteran diplomatist of Arabia, Sir Percy Cox. So far as he was permitted to shape British policy, it was realistic, and well adapted to current needs. So far as he was the agent of H.M.'s Government in carrying out a policy with which he was not in accord, he mitigated the untoward results which he foresaw were bound to follow. Like Mr. Philby, of whose work Mr. Williams speaks with proper appreciation, Sir Percy Cox never for a moment wavered in his conviction that Ibn Sa'ud, not King Husain, would stay the course. Had he remained a few years longer in the saddle at Baghdad, much bloodshed might have been avoided, for, in Arabia as elsewhere, personality is of more value than paper, and Sir Percy Cox enjoyed the confidence of Arab rulers and of their subjects in these regions in a measure approached by none of his successors. Not only did he speak and read their tongue, but he had known them and their fathers for twenty years before the outbreak of the Great War. He was seldom seen in Whitehall, but he was at home in every Arab principality, and had travelled extensively in their remotest fastnesses.

With his departure, "the sequence of Iraq's military defeat and British aerial compulsion became melancholy with repetition," as it has since become in Kurdistan. "The British inflicted on the Wahhabis such casualties as could not have been feared even in night-mares. Barely one Najdi returned to Central Arabia to tell of the horror of the skies. . . . From Qaf as far as Jauf was one long line of corpses". It was the just retribution of massacres in which neither age nor sex was spared,

and it was accomplished almost without loss to the defenders. There have been no more large-scale raids since 1929, but, as Mr. Williams wisely observes, "The economic factor in the Peninsula is in the long run the winning factor; if Governments forbid their subjects to raid they must provide for the tribes, who not seldom experience starvation, the means to live".

In this direction the record of the past decade does us little credit. There is good reason to believe that in very many parts of Ibn Sa'ud's dominions water is to be found at no great depth, and could be inexpensively reached and brought to the surface by modern methods of drilling and pumping.

Water, rather than pasturage, is the primary need of a pastoral people. A Scientific Mission to find water for Ibn Sa'ud and his neighbours would do more than all the weapons of modern war to restore peace. The economic factor is all-important. Neither the Arabians, nor the people of this country, can feel secure, nor can they abandon their reliance on arms, until they can produce within their own borders the bare essentials of life. That is for us one of the lessons of Arabia.

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A GREAT DIE-HARD

by SIR JOHN MARRIOTT.

**THE LIFE OF HENRY DUNDAS
FIRST VISCOUNT MELVILLE,
1742-1811**, by Cyril Matheson. *Constable.* 20s. 0d.

In this book Mr. Matheson has made a notable contribution to English political biography. We have waited long for an authoritative life of Henry Dundas, First Viscount Melville; but we have not waited in vain; the task has now fallen into hands which are evidently competent.

Dundas never actually became Prime Minister, but once at least, if not oftener, he was very near it. He was, during many difficult years, the right-hand man of Lord North, and in days still more difficult, the right-hand man of Pitt. He cannot be included in the small and select "First Class" of British parliamentary statesmen, not because he never reached the first place—neither Pym nor Castlereagh nor Joseph Chamberlain did that—but for other reasons which emerge clearly enough from Mr. Matheson's perspicuous narrative. If, however, Dundas must be excluded from the First Class he is very high up in the Second—well above the Newcastles, Portlands, Percevals, and Rockinghams, who did actually preside over Cabinets in Dundas's day.

Henry Dundas was born in 1742, the year in which Sir Robert Walpole fell; he died in 1811, when Napoleon's fortunes had begun definitely to decline. He had already achieved brilliant success at the Scottish Bar when, in 1774, he entered the House of Commons as Member for Midlothian. For that con-

stituency he was elected no fewer than seven times, but in 1790 he gave up the seat to his nephew, Robert Dundas, at that time Lord Advocate, and afterwards Lord Arniston, and was himself returned for Edinburgh. For one or other of these constituencies, Henry Dundas sat continuously—save for a few weeks in 1782 when awaiting re-election for Midlothian—until, in 1792, he went to the House of Lords as Viscount Melville. In 1809 he proudly declined an earldom offered to him by Spencer Perceval as a consolation for his exclusion from office.

Dundas's great position in the British Parliament really depended on two things: first, his own outstanding abilities, his brilliance in debate, and his competence in administration; and secondly, on the fact that he was, throughout the greater part of his political career, in control of the electoral machine—both for Commoners and Representative Peers in Scotland. Thus, in 1789, he wrote to Grenville, who had suggested (not perhaps without ulterior motives) that Dundas might take the Presidency of the Court of Session, as follows: "It (the Presidency) was certainly for many years the ultimate object of my ambition. . . . But . . . my secession from all political life at this time would be a very fatal step to the strength and hold the Government has of Scotland . . . a variety of circumstances happen to concur in my person to render me a cement of political strength to the present administration, which, if once dissolved, would produce very ruinous effects."

Dundas understated the case. He

literally "held" Scotland for any Government to which he adhered. Much more than that. "He (Dundas) made Scotland and England equal partners in Britain." So says his biographer, and the claim, though a large one, does not lack justification. Dundas was the first Scottish commoner (he was far from being the last!) to enter a British Cabinet. It was, indeed, not until 1791 that he did actually enter the Cabinet as a Secretary of State, though he had been offered the leadership of the House of Commons eight years earlier and had been, to all intents and purposes, Secretary of State for India since the establishment of the Board of Control (1784).

Apropos of the Secretaryships of State, Mr. Matheson leaves much to be desired in point of lucidity. I do not think that he anywhere falls into error himself, but I am quite sure that he will lead many of his less expert readers into error and confusion. Thus Mr. Matheson writes (p. 69) of "a rumour that he (Dundas) was to be appointed Secretary of State for India. This was premature." Premature indeed, it was in 1781, since there was no Secretaryship of State for India until 1858. Again (p. 78), "he proposed for himself the Secretaryship of State for India and the Colonies"—an office which has never existed. "The" should at least be "a", but Mr. Matheson would be well advised in a new edition to add a note on the Cabinet of the eighteenth century, with a special account of the Secretaryship of State. It should dissipate much confusion.

As a fact, there are no notes or specific references to authorities in the book. The absence of these has, I confess, added much to my own pleasure in reading it; but it will diminish its usefulness to scholars, who will justly object that without references they cannot judge the value of the authorities so frequently cited by Mr. Matheson.

With the big things in Dundas's life I have no space to deal: with his attitude on the American Question, the French Revolution and the Irish Union. On all these great questions I judge Dundas to have taken the sound and sensible line. Call him a Die-hard if you like, but he was no obscurantist: he learnt his Free Trade doctrine from Adam Smith; he would have conceded Catholic Emancipation in 1800; his military strategy may have been all wrong, but no better First Lord ever presided over the Admiralty. The only thing I cannot forgive Dundas was that he did not support Warren Hastings through thick and thin, but that lapse was more than expiated by his own ordeal.

ISLANDS OF THE WEST, by Seton Gordon. *Cassell*. 15s.

UNDER this title Mr. Gordon has gathered together some thirty odd essays on various aspects of the Hebrides, those much sung of but seldom visited islands of the west. Most of his sketches are written about Skye, but there are delightful excursions to Harris and St. Kilda, and one rather brief and guide-bookish description of the Scilly islands.

No Songs of the Hebrides greeted Mr. Gordon's ears as he was rowed up the deep sea lochs of the islands—the nearest approach being the long drawn Ho--Ro of the fishermen as they pulled at the oars—but the cries of thousands of sea-birds accompanied him wherever he went, and ever-curious seals swam near to view the author armed with nothing more dangerous than a telescope and a camera.

The result of Mr. Gordon's careful stalking through the rough heather and boulders of these barren islands is shown in a series of magnificent plates, which are alone worth the price of the book.

M. M.

A SEA DOG IN PARLIAMENT

by ELLEN WILKINSON.

SAILORS, STATESMEN AND OTHERS, by J. M. Kenworthy. *Rich & Cowan*. 18s.

It is part of the formula for writing a British parliamentary biography that the author should devote part of a chapter to an eulogy of the House of Commons as a pre-eminent judge of the character of its inmates. The excellence of this judgment should not be surprising considering that the hundred or so active spirits in any Parliament are cooped up together, eight or ten hours a day, for seven months of the year. Men will even listen to other men talking about themselves, in order to have a little change from the prevailing parliamentary shop. But it is curious that the politicians who are most sure of the ability of the House of Commons to judge other men are always equally convinced that they were the unique exception—the ardour of whose heart and the complete unselfishness of whose motives being given far less than their due.

Commander Kenworthy, in his autobiography, thinks so too: but why? For if ever there was a man whose exact measure was taken by his parliamentary colleagues it was this breezy, likeable, but naively ambitious and breath-takingly egotistical ex-Naval Officer.

A good many of us shared his disappointment that he was not sent as the Ambassador of the Labour Government to Moscow. We felt that someone of proved irreverence for tradition, particularly of "the spit and polish" type, was needed. Kenworthy might have been clay in the hands of the clever psychologists of the Russian foreign office—seeing that he swallowed the pro-

Patiala propaganda while in India—yet he would not have made the blunders of the eminently correct and conservative diplomat who was chosen by Mr. MacDonald for the position.

But some friend ought, in kindness, to have read the MS. of this book and told Commander Kenworthy of the sort of comments that were made in the House about his ambition to be the Viceroy of India. The House is always kind in these matters. Mr. J. H. Thomas would, no doubt, assure a colleague who wanted the throne itself that it was "a shame he didn't get it", but such sympathy is one of the more exquisite cruelties of Parliamentary life.

As an introduction to politics, life and war, this book would be an excellent gift to an intelligent youngster, thinking he would like to "take up politics"—except that that young man nowadays would probably be the enthusiastic owner of a black or a red shirt and a profound conviction that Parliament is no good anyway. But if he reads this breezy and entertaining book he will at least learn the useful but simple lesson that in the War *he* will have to fight, his life and those of many thousands of his comrades will probably be lost because some hide-bound old Admiral or General of the old school will not use the information that brilliant scientific men have used their brains to map out for him.

Good as all the service and "open-air" part of the book is, its politics are curiously old-fashioned. The author will be furious, but I can't help saying that, in certain fundamental respects, Snowden, MacDonald and Thomas were

more modern than he and understood better the material in which they worked.

It is the easiest mistake to make in Parliament that the young men, the men of great physical energy, of courage in standing up for their own pet ideas are necessarily the most "advanced". Mosley, whose political ideas belong to the fifteenth century, crashed his career on that snag. Kenworthy is a typical, generous-minded, but class-ridden Liberal of the nineteenth century. Mr. J. H. Thomas is a product of the mass movement of the twentieth. The bright young men who have joined the Labour movement since it became a successful rival for power to the older parties, think they are joining a sort of semi-revolutionary, semi-idealistic party, with a strong inferiority complex, who will be duly grateful for the attentions of the well-groomed. When they bump their heads badly against the rocky trade union wall, they rage, as both Kenworthy and Mosley do, against trade union stupidity, and "ducal traditions", which force the gift of seats in the Cabinet to Trade Union Officials, ignoring their own public school trained brains.

They will not see that the Labour ranks are not revolutionary in their sense, very highly conservative in fact, but that they do represent a new force in politics, the class-conscious workman who would prefer to be governed, even if badly, by one of his own gang, than continue to be bossed for his supposed good by the members of the class his trade unions were formed to fight.

It is because he understood this feeling that Mr. MacDonald is still Premier of Britain. He dug himself into the very fibre of the mass movement in his obscure days. The workman knew nothing of the intrigues behind the scenes, which Mr. Kenworthy so interestingly describes, but they knew "Mac", or thought they did, and they voted accordingly.

LENIN: A BIOGRAPHY, by Ralph Fox. Gollancz. 5s.

SOVIET LITERATURE: An Anthology by George Reavey and Marc Slonim. Wishart. 8s. 6d.

As a stylist, Mr. Fox has certain well-conditioned complexes. The exploits of his hero are greeted with a vigorous and ecstatic tail-wagging; the names of Kerensky, Trotsky and Kautsky provoke a howl of pained disapproval; and every mention of Stalin sends him off in search of a stereotyped phrase to proclaim how perfectly that worthy man understood and obeyed Lenin. He has also some curious blind spots. The reader will search in vain for any of Lenin's tributes to the magnificent services of Trotsky, or for any reference to Lenin's testamentary warning against Stalin's treachery. In enumerating countries where trade unions are "controlled and run by the police", Mr. Fox achieves the feat of omitting the Soviet Union and including England—the latter on the ground that trade union leaders (we wonder which) "sit on the Magistrates' Bench or on the local Watch Committee".

Such crudities apart, this new *Lenin* is a sound piece of work in the good old Victorian tradition of laurel-wreath biography. It methodically collects the known facts about its subject's life, and lays them as a respectful and admiring tribute on his tomb-stone. But it does not add anything essential to our knowledge of history or our understanding of Lenin's enigmatic personality. We may have to wait a long time before a biographer is found who will treat Lenin neither as a demi-god nor as a monster. Until then we must be content with Mr. Fox, who has given us more "facts" about Lenin than any previous English writer.

A more original book, and one which really breaks new ground, is Messrs. Reavey and Slonim's *Anthology of Soviet Literature*. Except for Babel's *Red Cavalry*, and a few farcical novels which

are not literature, none of the few Soviet works translated into English has enjoyed any appreciable success in this country. The gap is too wide to be bridged by mere translation. Something further in the way of interpretation is required; and that something the present volume attempts to provide. It begins with a long introduction on "The New Spirit in Russian Literature"; it gives ample extracts from the principal novelists and poets, classified under the schools to which they belong; and finally there is a section of "Criticism" containing the manifestoes and other characteristic pronouncements of the said schools on the vexed and vital question of "Proletarian Art".

Russian literature has always had a taste for introspection; and Soviet literature has been from the start morbidly self-conscious. There are many people who think that its achievements would have been greater if it had wasted less time explaining to a rather bored world its own unique character. But this is a normal disease of adolescence, and you cannot understand the Soviet writers of the last fifteen years unless you take it into account. When all the Russian world went red, it was clear that art must go red too. The jargon of politics was applied to literature. *Bourgeois* art must be "liquidated"; proletarian art must be born. And the unfortunate Soviet writer was left face to face with the question which has tormented him ever since like a riddle out of *Alice in Wonderland*; What is "Proletarian Art"?

There is ample material in this volume for sampling the various replies which have been given. In the first years, Soviet literature was dominated by clever young men in charge of "advanced" literary movements. Mayakovsky, the poet, was a Futurist; Pilniak, the novelist, had studied Joyce; and it was loudly, if paradoxically,

proclaimed that "proletarian art", in the literary field, was a matter of the significant manipulation of words and forms. But there are no worlds further apart from each other than Bohemia and the factory; and the one person to whom these subtleties meant little or nothing was the worker himself. It was not surprising, therefore, to find these literary gentlemen swept aside, from about 1925 onwards, by real proletarians who sat down to write for themselves. They wrote, on the whole, badly and with a tendency to moralize, which might have gone down in the England of Samuel Smiles, but in these degenerate times produces only a wan smile. But one achievement must be placed to their credit. As the result of their efforts, proletarian literature is now admitted to consist, like *bourgeois* literature, in people expressing, in straightforward and untrammelled language, things they feel about things they know. On this basis, the proletarian writers may eventually get somewhere, though up to the present they have promise rather than performance to their credit.

JOHN HALLETT.

THE TESTAMENT OF YOUTH, by Vera Brittain. Gollancz. 8s. 6d.

THE value and importance of this book at the present time can hardly be overestimated. Miss Vera Brittain belongs to the generation that was just old enough to serve at the outbreak of the Great War and her book is an autobiography which deals especially with the War years and the years that followed until her marriage in 1925.

For the young men and women of that generation the War was perhaps more cruel and disastrous than for any other. At its outbreak they had not yet emerged from the small circle of intimate friends formed at school or at the

university and their young hopes and illusions were still intact. Those of us who were some years older had already gone out into the world and by a gradual and natural, even if painful, process our hopes and illusions had already been exploded or modified. We had been hardened; and, besides, we had formed the wider circle of friends, acquaintances and interests which give to the adult man and woman a firmer hold on life. But no such merciful process awaited Miss Brittain's contemporaries. When, for thousands of those that survived, hopes and illusions and friendships were shattered suddenly and devastatingly, they had nothing, it seemed, to fall back upon, nothing left to make life worth living. One by one, Miss Brittain lost her only brother and her three dearest friends, to one of which she was engaged to be married; and, besides this ordeal, she served throughout the War as a V.A.D. in England, France and Malta. The experience of tending, week after week, month after month, men terribly wounded or gassed can hardly have been less terrible and may well have been more so than the battles and bombardments than we others experienced in the fighting line.

In a long, rapid, almost breathless narrative, eked out by letters and diaries of those years, Miss Brittain gives the story of the War as she knew it and of the slow spiritual recovery of the years that followed. It is a terrible book, too terrible, in fact, to write or read were it not for its importance as a human document, as history, and above all as propaganda. Its supreme value lies in the fact that it is not, like so much propaganda, a mere reasoned argument against war. It is a tragedy presenting living characters, characters that the reader comes to know and love, and so it brings home the reality of war as no pamphleteering can ever do. Today, when many people in self-defence have

forgotten the full horror of the War and many others have grown up who had no experience of it, newspapers and individuals talk glibly of the possibility of new wars. If the peoples of Europe and America could be compelled to read and inwardly digest *The Testament of Youth* such an attitude could not exist. The book by its very nature would effect more than any League of Nations can effect, because its action is direct, fundamental and immediate. Its appeal is not to the mind, the reason, the sense of justice: it strikes directly at the heart as no organized pacifism is able to do.

Of Miss Brittain's skill as a writer I have said nothing, because in a brief review it was necessary to speak first of the book's other values. But the skill is there all right. Technically it must, I think, have been a very difficult book to construct, and the hand of the artist is evident for those who can see it. Its relation to organized pacifism is the relation of poetry to science, logic, history, philosophy; for it persuades not by argument and scientific demonstration, but by direct revelation.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG.

THE HORIZON OF EXPERIENCE,
by C. Delisle Burns. *Allen & Unwin.*
12s. 6d.

A MODERN PRELUDE, by Hugh I'Anson Fausset. *Jonathan Cape.*
10s. 6d.

THE common factor in these two books is the feeling that the percentage is one of new ideas, which require formulation in order to influence society in such a way that modern Western man can again live in harmony with his environment.

Mr. Fausset tackles the problem exclusively from the religious angle, and only here and there are we allowed to see that what he is groping for is some criterion by which the value of different

human experiences may be gauged. In spite of his objections to Victorian dualism, he seems to be a pronounced dualist himself. Throughout the book there are continued references to "higher" and "lower" selves, impulses, and the like, which not only give the book a very priggish flavour, but also beg the whole question which the author seeks to investigate. It seems difficult to decide why he should have chosen this title for his book, since he seems quite unaware that many of the so-called spiritual experiences which he describes have in modern times been generally acknowledged to spring from quite other causes. This is not to deny the existence of any spiritual experience. But Mr. Fausset hardly seems to be aware of the grounds for doubt about certain particular kinds of it. He also possesses a most casual style.

Mr. Delisle Burns also discusses many of the results of modern psychology rather brusquely, though he makes use of others. He does, however, acknowledge the real basis of modern uncertainty in the fact that physics has now confined the doubts first fully propounded by them about the makers of reality. Having said this, on the other hand, Mr. Burns then proceeds to assume the "objectivity" of the external world, but chooses value rather than qualities as the basis of his kind of reality. The result is, naturally, not conclusive in any metaphysical sense, though undoubtedly provocative and stimulating.

As an essay in the history of culture the book is profoundly interesting. Here again, however, Mr. Burns is a little arbitrary in the use which he makes, or refuses to make, of modern theory. In one place, for instance, he even seems to assume that women owe their place in modern public and industrial life to feminism, instead of the other way round.

In general, however, the main thesis that culture alternates between periods of new horizons, and of re-formulation, and that the present belongs to the former category, is a welcome one, since it allows of much illuminating correlation of general cultural history with the history of philosophy. It is in making such correlations that the author is at his best, and if we expect a pragmatist nigger in the wood pile we can at least be thankful at being presented with an alternative to the rigidity of a purely materialist theory of cultural origins. The underivative nature of values is strange doctrine from a Socialist, but at least it avoids the absurdity of pure materialism in an age when matter is not even an unproved assumption of the physicist.

ALAN M. WELLS.

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FAMOUS PLAYS OF 1933. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

MR. HOUSMAN likes to present history in ten-minute glimpses. To the selective and concentrating power of this one-act mind he adds a peculiar interest in the House of Hanover, now Windsor. Queen Victoria especially fascinates him and enables him to fascinate us as he makes his subject revolve upon her plinth; the figure turns and we see her as bride, widow, churchwoman, or admirer of Lord Kitchener. (One hopes, rather doubtfully, that K. of K. was as neat a conversationalist as Mr. Housman charitably makes him.) The resulting sketches are, owing to the censorship, inadmissible on the public stage, and one shudders to think of them being ineptly handled by amateurs behind closed doors. Not all of them, perhaps, would gain anything by performance, but all are delicious to read. This is the third volume of its kind, and to say that it does not fall below the level of polite wit and sensitive perception established in *The Queen's Progress* and *Palace Plays* is to give it the highest praise. For tenderness *Bereavement* is admirable, for delicate humour *Religious Difficulties*, for broader fun *We Are Not Amused*, and for a keener touch of satire the little piece on Kitchener and the Mahdi's head. Mr. Housman has surely found a discerning public who relish

these volumes; we are very much amused and sometimes deeply touched. The picture of the queen-bride in *Morning Glory* is not the least enchanting feature of this palace gallery.

Mr. Barrett H. Clark is an expert and industrious recorder of the modern American drama. He is also a critic of acumen and he submits the work of Eugene O'Neill to a keen analysis as well as to generous praise. His essay follows O'Neill's work up to the gigantic trilogy *Mourning Becomes Electra*, which one American critic summarised with the caption "Evening Becomes Intolerable". Mr. O'Neill works on grandiose lines and his grandiosity is evidently going to increase. He recently told Mr. Clark that:—

All the most dramatic episodes of my life I have so far kept out of my plays, and the majority of the things I have seen happen to other people. I've hardly begun to work up all this material, but I'm saving up a lot of it for one thing in particular: a cycle of plays I hope to do some day. There'll be nine separate plays, to be acted on nine successive nights; together they will form a sort of dramatic autobiography, something in the style of "War and Peace" or "Jean-Christophe."

So Mr. Clark, biographer, admirer and critic of Mr. O'Neill, will have his work cut out to keep pace. Meanwhile he has provided for the student of drama a careful summary of the dramatist's work with judicious conclusions which few will dispute.

He has written a good deal that may be just as well forgotten, he has given us plays that are inept, violent and

verging on the pretentious; he has unmistakably set up his standard as a prophet; he has too often striven to write jewelled passages instead of stinging dialogue; he is, in short, a maker of plays that are good, bad, and indifferent. But so far he has never written a line that was deliberately insincere, nor has he once tried to capture the prizes of material success.

More might have been said about Mr. O'Neill's lack of humour. If only he had been more often able to laugh at the world and at himself, this considerable playwright might have been a master of the first lustre.

Play-reading societies with bargain-hunting members must be grateful to Mr. Gollancz for his annual collection of the year's best plays bound together at a price which works out at one and threepence apiece. This year they are offered Gordon Daviot's "Richard of Bordeaux", "The Late Christopher Bean", adapted from the French by Mr. Emlyn Williams; "Ten Minute Alibi", by Mr. Anthony Armstrong; "Sometimes, Even Now", by Mr. W. Chetham-Strode, and two American successes "Alien Corn", by Sidney Howard, and "Of Thee I Sing", the gorgeous burlesque of American politics by George S. Kaufman and Morris Ryskind. "Alien Corn" is a clever study of the Austrian exiled in the Middle West.

The only member of the series which did not have a long run on the stage is "Sometimes, Even Now". This is a well-considered chronicle of lives into which the War broke and its dispersed action, which may have hindered its stage success, does not in the least disturb the sympathies of the reader. It merits its place in the annual, and that is no small honour. On the first three plays mentioned, playgoers have for many months voted in the affirmative, and a short review need only acknowledge their presence in the book.

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RICHARD JEFFERIES. By Richard Arkell. *Rich & Cowan.* 7s. 6d. net.

MR. REGINALD ARKELL seems to have been designed by fate to be the perfect biographer of Richard Jefferies. All the cards are in his favour. He was himself born to the same life as Jefferies, and on the same countryside, which he knows by heart. He has the true feeling for rural beauty and rural pursuits—seed-time and harvest, birds'-nesting, rook-shooting, the whirring covey, the sound of the flail. He is also fortunately endowed with the literary gift. His account of the neighbourhood round Burderop Park quivers with charm as a summer landscape quivers behind its veil of hazy heat. He has sympathy with rustic character, and his country portraits are true to type. He has written a fragrant and a human book; but it might easily have been better. That indeed is the case with most literary enterprises; but it is a pity it should be the case with this.

The trouble is that Mr. Arkell is an incorrigible egotist. Obsessed by the conviction of his aptitude for his task, the great-great-grandson of a man who entertained William Cobbett upon one of his rural rides—he simply cannot keep himself and his family out of his narrative. He indulges in digressions of personal reminiscence; he cannot free his imagination from the sense of his audience; he is forever striking an attitude, and looking round to notice its effect. In a long book this would be troublesome; in a short one it is sometimes exasperating. The foible is an insistent, if pardonable blot upon a piece of very delicate workmanship, in other respects distinguished and revealing.

Apart from this, Mr. Arkell's portrait of Richard Jefferies is, in the fullest sense of the words, both critical and constructive. There is a natural allure

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about the career of Jefferies, and his latest biographer gives it free play. The boyhood on Coate farm, with the inherited call of the fields, which in young Dick's case was a call to leisurely dreams and not to work; the gradual decline in the fortunes of his father, who was forced at last to leave the farm, and accept a gardener's job in Bath; the young man's first attempts at local journalism, his cheerful forestry with the Burderop keeper, his crude exploits as a novelist, and his final exodus to London, where at last he found his feet; all these incidents make up a picturesque story of a mode of life long since supplanted and obsolete. Jefferies shouldered the vicissitudes that befell him, and found places in London where he could dream at ease; but at heart he was an exile in the city streets, wistfully yearning for the freedom of the hedgerows. He died before he was forty, and the banishment from his native atmosphere may well have hastened his end.

In a very suggestive chapter, dealing with the failure of English agricultural life, as the machinery of industrialism stealthily drew the rural population townwards, Mr. Arkell leaves the reader with the impression that Jefferies was one of the last laggards of a vanishing race, the men "who stood face to face with nature and the unknown," knowing the secret of the fields, and the lore of cloud and water. He is even persuaded that Nature Study, as Jefferies practised it, is dead, and that his books are generally disregarded, if not forgotten. Here Mr. Arkell is surely too despondent. The passion for the open country is an inalienable part of the Englishman's heritage; and, so long as it endures, the work of Richard Jefferies will never lack an appreciative and a loyal public.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

MANCHUKUO, CHILD OF CONFLICT. By K. K. Kawakami. *Macmillan*. 10s. 6d.

ALTHOUGH the author's nationality will put him out of court with some readers, this is nevertheless a valuable and illuminating book. Having lived in Washington as correspondent of the *Hochi Shimbun* for several years, Mr. Kawakami is able to take a remarkably detached view; at the same time, it is not difficult to see where his natural sympathies get the better of him. He dismisses the Committee of Nineteen (which handled the Lytton Report at Geneva) as "a packed jury," not without justice; but he blames the Japanese Government's treatment of the Report, describing it "as a whole, a commendable document". Now that passion has subsided, fairer consideration may be given to Mr. Kawakami's clear and undoubtedly accurate account of the long progress of events which led up to the explosion of September 18th, 1931, as the inevitable outcome of the internal disquiet of both China and Japan. The point at which it became impossible to acquit Japan was when she recognized the independence of Manchuria on the eve of the Lytton Report's publication. From that there was no retreat; she could not unrecognize Manchuria; and the fair-minded solution offered by Lord Lytton became so much waste paper. Mr. Kawakami persuades himself that the disapproval of his country shown by the West was chiefly jealousy of the yellow man's presumption in taking up the white man's burden. It is an interesting example of how the Japanese misunderstand Western psychology as completely as Geneva misunderstood theirs.

Having taken up that burden in Manchuria, Japan certainly shows the most praiseworthy determination to bring it to a successful end. Army expenditure, which, under the old regime was about eighty per cent. of the whole revenue,

has been reduced to less than thirty; taxation has been simplified and cut down; most striking of all, the Central Bank, which on its creation was faced with fifteen different sorts of worthless paper notes to a total of \$140,000,000, has redeemed over a third of them, and its notes actually stand at a premium in Shanghai. The results are already shown in the renewed influx of Chinese into Manchuria this year. The greatest problems are "squeeze", that is the commissions exacted by Chinese officials, a practice so rooted in antiquity as hardly to be deemed illicit; and opium, both evils being intimately intertwined. The only practical way with the latter is to make it a Government monopoly, as India has done. But for that to be effective, a civil service inspired by new ideals must first be created.

The most interesting pages are those which describe the new Manchurian Government (as distinct from its Japanese "steel frame") and the lofty doctrine of *Wangtao*, the "Way of the King"; which is none the less a reality to millions of Chinese, although it dates from Confucius's Golden Age of 4,000 years ago. The Lytton Commission was, in fact, misinformed about the Manchurian independence movement, which, as a revival of the native Chinese philosophy against the hybrid Westernizing of the Kuomintang, quite apart from Japan, is well worth watching. Ultimately, of course, Manchuria will go back to China, because it is Chinese; and China has always ended by conquering her invaders by sheer weight of numbers and the tenacity of her own civilization. For that day the new Manchurians are content to wait.

O. M. GREEN.

MY GARDEN, by W. H. Davies. *Cape*. 3s. 6d.

READERS who hope to learn anything of gardens will call on Mr. Davies in vain,

though not necessarily to their loss. After all, one could hardly hope to visit a poet, even in his garden, and see more of the latter than of the former, particularly when the poet intersperses his casual talk with the recitation of apposite lyrics such as only he can write today. Here is spontaneity again, which even children lose too early now, and only the few rare souls like Mr. Davies, who never has grown up and never will, manage to preserve beyond their youth. A first-rate book for the bedside, this, though far too short to please the reader. Will Mr. Davies please chat again and give us a companion volume to put beside *My Birds* and this? For how better compose oneself to rest than listening to this wayward talk in a garden—conversation as fresh and unspoilt as an April morning in the garden itself?

J. L.

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SELECTED FICTION

THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME,
by H. G. Wells. Hutchinson. 8s. 6d.

THE gift of prophecy has fallen abundantly on the second and third decades of the twentieth century. With the well-known impartiality of rain it descends on the learned and the simple alike with results that appear to fall short of unanimity only because the learned are apt to see and fight shy of ridicule on its way, more readily than the simple do.

Historians and economists, like Maynard Keynes and Harold Nicolson; journalists and pamphleteers, like Beverley Nichols and the contributors to *What the Next War will be like*, who start from Versailles; earnest interpreters of the book of Daniel and the Revelation of St. John the Divine who start from the Destruction of Jerusalem, all reach the same conclusion. There is going to be another war; whether it be called the World War in the Air, or Armageddon, it is the same war and it is due round about the year 1940. The learned limit themselves to explaining why they think this catastrophe probable; the simple declare that it is been ordained. The learned, with Spengler, usually stop short at the collapse of our present Civilization; the simple push forward to the Millennium and the subsequent end of the world.

Mr. H. G. Wells, whose assimilative and expository genius works most powerfully in this domain has placed himself between, and above, these various prophets and, in an enormous and enormously vivacious book, has grafted the labours of the learned on to the utterances of the simple and so produced an entertaining, if at moments, terrifying whole.

The plan of *The Shape of Things to Come*, the vision it makes explicit coincide in outline and, in all but two

portentous details, with that of a sermon on *The Immediate Prospects of Mankind* preached last May at Queen's Hall by Mr. A. E. Ware, and since published in the form of a pamphlet. According to Mr. Ware the meeting of the World Economic Council last May was the signal for which he and the interpreters of Daniel and St. John have been waiting. It followed the rise to power of Herr Hitler in whom he recognizes Antichrist, and by whom the world is to be plunged into the Abomination of Desolation; World War; World Pestilence; World Ruin. Mr. Wells accepts the London Conference as a significant failure rather than a foretold portent, and is inclined to include Japan in the International Anti-Christian Spirit. In a Note on Hatred with a subdivision on the Natural History of Cruelty Mr. Wells prophesies the ultimate disappearance of these allied psychoses from the scientifically regulated emotional make-up of regenerated mankind: Mr. Ware is equally optimistic but includes this amelioration briefly under the general heading of Millennium. Mr. Ware places the establishment of the Millennium in 1940, whereas this year starts a decade of final Warfare according to Mr. Wells who does not see his Modern State in Control of Life until somewhere around 2059.

Mr. Ware, believing himself to be the interpreter of God's inscrutable but quite definite plan, wastes no words on analysis or explanation; Mr. Wells, believing that his inspiration is no more than the fruit of his own super-abundant intelligence at work in a purely mundane field, argues and elaborates and justifies by copious reference to actual and imagined authority, each step of his construction of the shape of things to come. He is a prophetic thinker in

control of his own Time Machine which he works backwards and forwards with the aid of a mysterious pilot called Dr. Philip Raven who, being dead, is free to remember both past and future. This device, though it obviously simplifies Mr. Wells's own task by shifting the responsibility for some of his prophecy on to other, if imaginary, shoulders is not nearly so simple in itself as Mr. Ware's method of basing his announcements on selected passages from the Old and New Testaments.

"The end of the religious world", says Mr. Ware, "is depicted in Revelation XVII. The future of the peoples of earth in the closing three and a half years of the age, is depicted in Revelation XIII, and the fearful results of according worship to the Anti-Christ are found in Revelation XIV, verses 9, 10, 11".

Thus, with a threepenny pamphlet and a copy of the Bible any reader may work out for himself the major conclusions arrived at by Mr. Wells in over four hundred handsome pages heavily bound. The detail, of course, is Mr. Wells's own, but it makes no difference to the plot. A painter-seer in whom the spirits of Leonardo da Vinci and El Greco seem to find a coalescent reincarnation, enriches one chapter, and a statesman called Emil Donadieu is made the mouthpiece of the Messianic sense of enlightened mankind. Mr. Ware would no doubt admit both these conceptions into his own prophecy. But on two points there is convergence between our prophets.

Mr. Ware has been divinely assured that the Ruler, who is to inaugurate the Millennium from Jerusalem, will be a Jew recognized by the Jews as their Messiah; by Christians as the Jesus of a Second Advent. Mr. Wells prophesies the complete absorption of the Semitic race into one amalgamated Human Species. This is the first point of divergence: the second is more difficult.

Mr. Ware had definitely announced that on or about June 12th, 1933, the righteous would be summoned from a cloud and wafted away from the Wrath to Come.

Mr. Wells has not noticed this promise any more than we have noticed its fulfilment. But he has given us alarming details of what those of us who, being still alive on earth, are probably not numbered among the saved, have to expect. As no one, so far, has recorded any simultaneous and miraculous departure we may still hope that Mr. Ware has miscalculated, and that we ourselves may yet be taken. There is, of course, the alternative hope that by some collective Will to Peace we may skip Armageddon and set to work on the Millennium ourselves and in our own time. But neither of our prophets has urged this gospel upon us.

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MARTIN LAWRENCE

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SEA WALL, by L. A. G. Strong.
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Armstrong. *Gollancz. 7s. 6d.*

THE SNOWS OF HELICON, by
H. M. Tomlinson. *Heinemann. 7s. 6d.*

WONDER HERO, by J. B. Priestley.
Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

MR. STRONG, I suppose, is now a "big name" in fiction; yet he continues to write good books. A reviewer can quite simply divide the books that come to him into two classes: those that he reads, and those that he reads with pleasure. Mr. Strong's (so far as I am concerned) are in the second class. He hasn't learnt, thank goodness, the Arnold Bennett trick of manipulating the public at different levels, and if he were to write a really bad book (which seems unlikely), it would nevertheless have been his intention to achieve a really good one.

Sea Wall is not, it seems to me, Strong at his best, but many parts of it are. The story is a series of episodes in the life of the hero, and each episode—a child's tram-journey in Dublin, a boxing match at school, a binge in a French café behind the lines—is brilliant and convincing. All the minor characters are good—so good, indeed, that a lack of substance in the central figure of Nicky becomes obvious as the book advances. Nicky is an ordinary person to whom things happen ordinarily: childhood—fishing from the sea wall and swimming in a pool; schooldays—a big fight; the war—a swimming race during a lull in the fighting. "There is for every man some one scene, some one adventure, some one picture, that is the image of his secret life"; this sentence of Mr. W. B. Yeats is quoted on the title page. For Nicky the sea-wall of his childhood is this one scene and image: the book ends finely with his return to it in an aeroplane which flies over the place where once he sat and fished and

fought an intruder. But in what sense is this the "image of his secret life"? What, indeed, is the "secret life" of Nicky? Mr. Strong seems to have seen Nicky in the perspective of the short story and the rest of the characters in the perspective of the novel. The two don't quite join. Though actually, I was not disappointed in *Sea Wall* until I had finished it.

The Foster Mother possesses the unity and movement which *Sea Wall*, despite its incidental richness, finally lacks. Mr. Armstrong has written a compelling, if perhaps too single-minded, story of the conflict between an embittered and repressed old woman and a growing girl who rebels against her tyranny. Mrs. Murdle takes charge of the two children of a friend who has died; she means well, but her unrelenting sense of duty provokes resistance and in the end hatred. She is a god-fearing bully of the old type, become pathetic by her final loss of authority. Judith refuses to be broken by her and after a shattering struggle escapes, hardened, but, one gathers, unharmed. The old woman, whose rage has brought on several strokes, dies in a muddled fury. Clear-cut from the beginning, this struggle is sensitively described; one even feels sorry for the old woman in her better moments, and Judith, besides catching our obvious sympathy, is charmingly alive.

I don't know what Mr. Tomlinson is doing in *The Snows of Helicon*. The book seems to be meant for a serious study of an artist's struggle to produce beauty in a world which will have little of it, but everything in the story is so muzzy and the writing is so often spoilt by emotional pretentiousness that if it had not been for the description on the dust-cover I should have given up the whole thing as merely a clever problem novel of the year.

Mr. Priestley's *Wonder Hero* is straight-

forward fiction of a good, popular sort. The moral—that easy money and cheap publicity are bad for the average man; the love story of a Northerner who comes to London and goes back home to marry a home girl: we find the expected ingredients of the magazine story competently mixed. Mr. Priestley tells the story well, the conversations with landladies, barmen and press reporters are lively and lifelike, and the whole book is good for reading in a train. Unlike some of Mr. Priestley's other novels, it is also about the right length.

G. W. STONIER.

THE WOMEN ON THE BEAST, by
Helen Simpson. *Heinemann. 8s. 6d.*

SPIDER, by Marguerite Steen. *Gollancz. 7s. 6d.*

EXCURSION TO LILLIPUT, by
Lewis Gibbs. *Dent. 7s. 6d.*

GLORY, by Francis Stuart. *Gollancz. 7s. 6d.*

IN *The Woman On the Beast* Miss Helen Simpson's great talents are shown more vividly than ever before. The book consists of three short novels, a prologue, and an epilogue, and one is informed by the author that the three stories have the same idea in common, "that men are driven to persecute and betray, not by malice or folly, but by the good they passionately wish their fellow men". It is possible to accept Miss Simpson's explanation with respect and to read the stories without being too much troubled by it. "The Indies, 1579", seems to me to be the best thing that Miss Simpson has written, and very strong and horrible it is. The Inquisidor at Goa courageously determines to prove that the bones of a supposed saint possess no special merit. This naturally upsets the Governor and the Archbishop, who find that annual pilgrimages to the shrine and the "miracles" performed there are a source of considerable profit to their pockets.

There is a tremendous irony in the quiet ending when the Inquisidor himself is killed as a human sacrifice and so provides Goa with a most convenient martyr, whose death restores prosperity to the coffers of church and state, and furnishes the natives with an object for their simple faith. The narrative excellence of "The Indies, 1579", is remarkable. The pathetic story of Valentine Desjardins, a French actress of the eighteenth century, is an effective contrast to this barbaric chronicle, and the third story is a flight into the future, with an Australian setting, in which the disciples of the great Emma Jordan Sopwith are shown waging a bloody crusade on behalf of their "Gospel or Go" movement.

The Woman On the Beast is written with great vigour and colour by a writer with a full imagination and unusual intellectual powers. Miss Simpson may be congratulated heartily upon it.

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Miss Maguerite Steen's new novel, *Spider*, is in a different manner almost as memorable a book. The spider of her story is Jacoba Adam, the widow of the great musician, Richard Adam, and out of his posthumous fame she fashioned a lifetime of commemorative ritual that involved her children and her one grandchild, Daniela Champion, and a large retinue of secretaries and servants, all more or less willing slaves to the memory of Richard Adam. The annual rites at Bayreuth fade into insignificance by the side of Jacoba's relentless determination to gain a measure of immortality for herself with her husband's reputation to help her. To do her justice, it must be admitted that she never realized herself that she was only the inspiration of Adam's later and more indifferent works. There had been earlier and happier influences, but she suppressed the memory of them by the simple process of buying any inconvenient letters and destroying them, so that they should find no place in her official biography of the great man. She found her first and an unexpected adversary in her granddaughter, and *Spider* is the story of the struggle between the two women, ending in Jacoba's highly strategic abdication—with most of the honours of war—at the age of ninety. Then and then only did the indomitable woman settle down to enjoy her last years in comfort. Miss Steen is at present not altogether happy in the creation of her male characters, but Jacoba is magnificent, and the carefully stage-managed household at Edengarde, with the theatrically imposing Galerie Adam, is done with great effect and fine irony. I feel that the author of *The Birthplace* would have enjoyed *Spider*.

There have been recently numerous stories about schools and small boys, and *Excursion to Lilliput* is one of the best of them. It describes a day in the life

quiet and normal and convincing. Rob is a likeable boy, and his parents and masters are ordinary and thoroughly interesting human beings and not subjects for the pathologist. The mountains of Lilliput can be very terrifying to a small boy, and the theft of a pencil can assume the proportions of an extensive jewel robbery. "A queer country, this Lilliput. Its mountains are molehills, and we can wade easily across its seas and rivers. We can bring off its fleets in leading-strings and take up its armies by handfuls. But the Lilliputian himself can be dashed to pieces in a desperate ascent of his molehill mountains, or be swallowed in the depths of his little seas with the wrecks of his armadas."

The novels of Mr. Francis Stuart have aroused a chorus of excited praise from various eminent literary people, and on this account a small dissenting voice is not likely to be heard in the general hubbub of acclamation. The characterization in *Glory* seems to me to be well done, but, as in his earlier novels, the motives of these people and the actions they perform appear to be highly unlikely, so that the reading of *Glory* was a very difficult business for me.

ERIC GILLET.

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There is nothing startling in this book—no flaring revolt, no melodrama; merely the crushing out, in one case of freedom, in the other of life, by an unbending, almost fanatical, authority. Miss Morrison has suited her manner admirably to her theme, so that the character of Lisbet, the narrator, stands out as clearly as Julia's or Emmy's, all drawn with a fine economy, while the limitations of Lisbet's age and situation are accepted in a way that makes her story ring true throughout. In contrast with the quiet tone of the whole, the gusts of the "gowk-storm" and its unhappy aftermath are rendered doubly effective. It is a pity that such small blemishes as the failure of both author and publisher to note the sudden change from winter to summer in "several days" (pp. 138-9) should have remained to mar, however slightly, an otherwise excellent piece of work.

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*Contributors to the October (1933) number include :
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THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

NOVEMBER, 1933

THE DRIFT TOWARDS WAR

BY WICKHAM STEED

OUR people are wont to look at any critical situation without informed retrospect and therefore without true perspective. They like to see things "in the flat", and to be told "all about" an emergency by "somebody who knows"—with the unconscious mental reservation that they will forget what they may have been told as soon as some other and less perturbing topic comes into the foreground. If what they are told disturbs them, they wonder whether things are "really so", and avoid what is, to them, the most painful of mental operations—that of making up their minds. They wish their temporary mentors to be "judgmatic", to suggest that while there is a good deal to be said on one side, there is quite as much, if not more, to be said on the other side. Thus they get a comforting impression of "fairness" and feel confidence in what they have heard because it leaves them to enjoy the luxury of a lazy and open mind.

Soon after midday on Saturday, October 14, when news came that Germany had left the Disarmament Conference and had given notice of withdrawal from the League of Nations, everybody wanted to be told all about it and especially what it would mean. Suggestions that what Germany had done was the logical outcome of what she and others, including Great Britain, had done before, were received with impatience as not affording the desired "explanation" in tabloid form. That evening Mr. Vernon Bartlett, the regular B.B.C. commentator upon foreign affairs, got himself—or was got—into grievous trouble by laying

down the law from too obviously a pro-German point of view in a panic-stricken tone. His popularity as a broadcaster in the past had been due to his way of stating the "pros" and "cons" quite as much as to his special gift for this kind of work. But this time he let himself, or was advised to let himself, go, and many of his hearers revolted.

In this instance their revolt was justified. It was not a moment, when Hitlerite Germany had just slapped the Disarmament Conference and the League in the face, with especial intent to leave the mark of a backhander on Sir John Simon's rubicund cheek, to say, as Mr. Bartlett said :

When there have been crises in the past there was always one party that was too weak to do more than put up a passive resistance.

Now Germany is rapidly nearing the stage when she will show active resistance, when she will fight, if necessary, with fists and pitchforks in defence of what she sincerely believes to be honour and justice.

We know that the Germans have a legitimate complaint—that we have not yet reduced our arms as we promised to do. We in Great Britain felt that strongly until Hitler came into power. We should not forget it, even though Hitler's brutal treatment of the Jews has turned our sympathy away from Germany ; two wrongs do not make a right.

There was much more of this sort, culminating in a hint that we ought to "swallow some of our pride" and "make another attempt to understand why the Germans behave as they do, and to meet their point of view". Mr. Bartlett added that we must also do what we can to remove the French fear of attack, since he did not believe that there would ever be peace between France and Germany until they knew much more definitely where Great Britain stood.

For this belief there are good grounds. His grounds for thinking that Germany has a "legitimate grievance" are more slender. Mr. Bartlett was born in April, 1894. He had nearly completed his eleventh year on March 31, 1905, when the German Emperor made the spectacular visit to Tangier, which marked the beginning of the pre-war European crisis. He may, therefore, be pardoned for knowing little of that attempt to test the cohesion of Great Britain and France, or of the dismissal of M. Delcassé by the French Cabinet, under stress of German threats, in the following June. So he may not have understood that present German methods are true to type.

Nor was he of very ripe age when Germany sent the "Panther" to Agadir in July, 1911, in the hope of driving a wedge between England and France, with an eye to an ulterior bargain, and evoked from Mr. Lloyd George a remonstrance that might have saved the peace of Europe had it represented, and been known to represent, the settled policy of the British Government. But in England another mood soon supervened. Germany paraded, then as now, a "legitimate grievance". Her "place in the sun", she alleged, was altogether inadequate. Great Britain and France were dogs in the manger. So attempts were made to "understand why the Germans behaved as they did". France conceded to them a large slice of territory in Africa. Great Britain negotiated with them a Baghdad railway agreement which put them within striking distance of the Persian Gulf and strengthened their grip on the Ottoman Empire. Sir Edward Grey revised and initialled with them the Anglo-German Treaty of 1898 for the eventual partition of the Portuguese colonies ; and in the summer of 1914 the British Fleet was sent to Kiel as a demonstration of Anglo-German friendship.

We had our reward. As the Austro-Hungarian official documents and the posthumous papers of Dr. Viktor Naumann show, the German Foreign Office sent Dr. Naumann as an emissary to Vienna on June 27, 1914, to inform the Austro-Hungarian Government that, in view of the Anglo-German agreement upon Africa and the Portuguese colonies, and the visit of the British Fleet to Kiel, "people in Berlin" believed it certain that "England would not intervene in a European war". Therefore, he added, the German Foreign Office, and not only German military and naval circles, were by no means so opposed to the idea of a preventive war against Russia as they had been a year before.

It is significant that this emissary reached Vienna on June 27, 1914, that is to say, the day before the assassination of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand and his consort at Sarajevo. Thus the Sarajevo crime played no part in the German belief that a "preventive war" would be opportune because Great Britain was certain not to intervene in it. On account of the turmoil caused by the crime, Dr. Viktor Naumann could not deliver his message until July 1. Then—as the "very secret" memorandum

written by an important Austrian official, Count Hoyos, on that day to the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister shows—the German emissary was quick to argue that “after the bloody deed of Sarajevo the very existence of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy was in question, and that it could not allow this crime to go unpunished but must destroy Serbia”.

In assessing the value of German repudiations of “war guilt” this document is of capital importance. Sir Edward Grey cannot have guessed how Germany had taken advantage of his good faith and of his desire to placate her by “understanding her point of view”. Still less had the British Cabinet or British public opinion any notion that their goodwill was being interpreted as conclusive proof that Great Britain would hold aloof from a European war. Not until I read Count Hoyos’s memorandum (No. 9966. Austro-Hungarian Documents. Vol. VIII) did I understand why Count Mensdorff, the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador in London, should have told me, on July 22, 1914, that he had “the assurance” that England would not intervene in a European war. The whole episode goes to prove that, in dealing with Germany, the only safe course for British statesmen is to leave no room for doubt what British policy will be, should any continental Power have recourse to war as an instrument of national policy.

But, it may be said, Herr Hitler is not the Emperor William, and the German Foreign Office today is not what it was in 1914. Perhaps. The Emperor William hastened the other day to signify his all-highest approval of Herr Hitler’s decisions to withdraw from the Disarmament Conference and from the League of Nations; and in Herr Hitler’s autobiography, *Mein Kampf*, there is at least one phrase that suggests his spiritual kinship with the ex-Kaiser. After describing how he came to hate the Jews, he writes: “So today I believe that I act according to the mind of the Almighty Creator: In beating off the Jew I fight for the Work of the Lord”. Here we have the same familiarity with the Almighty as the Emperor William used to claim. “The Lord” was always dragged into his magniloquent rodomontades, from the time when he first spoke of God as his “old ally”. Nor has the spirit of German diplomacy changed. The Prussian Junker tradition dominates it, and if Baron von Neurath is not

a born Junker, his tone and methods are not less Prussian than were those of Herr von Holstein and Prince Bülow.

Since his accession to power, at all events, Herr Hitler himself has been an instrument of the Prussian Junkers and industrialists. We are dealing with precisely the same mentality as that which prevailed in pre-War days. To forget this fact is to court a disillusionment and, sooner or later, a disaster like those which befell us in 1914. It is my firm belief, based upon some 40 years of experience and observation, that nothing short of a firm and clear-sighted British policy, publicly proclaimed in unmistakable terms, can now save Europe from drifting towards a war which it is our highest interest to prevent.

What should this policy be? Here again the position cannot be rightly seen “in the flat”. We must look back before we glance forward; and in looking back we must remember that the post-War European situation began to degenerate from the moment the Lloyd George-Bonar Law Coalition Government decided, in November, 1920, that we could not uphold on our own account the guarantee of French security against unprovoked German attack which we had given, jointly with the United States, on June 28, 1919. A year before the occupation of the Ruhr, Mr. Lloyd George had felt the drawbacks of his and Mr. Bonar Law’s policy so severely that he offered M. Briand, at the Cannes Conference of January, 1922, a British guarantee of French security for ten years against any unprovoked German attack upon French soil. M. Briand accepted the offer. But before it could be made effective, a Nationalist intrigue in Paris overthrew him. Thus France lost her chance. Nevertheless, the Cannes Conference produced one document of permanent interest. In reply to a memorandum from the Italian Delegation, which had objected to the proposed Anglo-French Pact, Mr. Lloyd George addressed to the Italians on January 11, 1922, a British memorandum of which the principal passage ran:

Great Britain’s special interest in the security of France’s eastern frontiers against German attack has been revealed to all peoples in the fierce light of war. Germany’s invading armies in 1914 swept close to the Channel Ports and were finally held along a line in France and Flanders nearer than any part of the Continent to the English coast. The sound of German guns was heard in England daily for four years. England knows that were

Germany, in some future struggle, to succeed in planting her artillery upon the coast of France, London itself would be within the range of German shells. Not only Britain, but all the Dominions of the British Empire, gave unreservedly of their manhood and their wealth to overwhelm the common enemy, side by side with the French armies. The fields of France now cover many hundreds of thousands of British dead. The whole of the British Empire is represented amongst those graves. Britain, therefore, has an interest not less than that of France in ensuring that the sacrifices of the French and British peoples shall not have been made in vain.

In conclusion, this British memorandum stated that it was on these grounds that Great Britain had signed, together with the representatives of the United States, on June 28, 1919, a Treaty agreeing to come immediately to the assistance of France in the event of any unprovoked movement of aggression being made against her by Germany; and it added that, though that Treaty had hitherto been a dead letter,

the understanding which it contained influenced French policy in certain important respects during the negotiation of the Treaty of Versailles, and Great Britain therefore considers herself bound in honour to renew the pledge.

In a wider form, and in altered circumstances, Mr. Lloyd George's arguments hold good today. The Germans claim that they have faithfully fulfilled all their Treaty obligations, particularly in the matter of armaments. As Mr. J. H. Morgan, formerly Brigadier-General, has reminded us, the Inter-Allied Control Commission never reported to this effect; and were it, or some similar body, to investigate the state of German armaments today, it would be still less able to substantiate the German claim. Germany was never disarmed to the level fixed by the Versailles Treaty. For years she has been stealthily rearming, and will soon reach a point of material and moral rearmament that would make her a formidable antagonist. This the Germans know well, whatever they may say to the contrary.

On the strength of the Locarno Treaties of October, 1925, Dr. Stresemann, it is true, led the German Delegation into the League Assembly and took a permanent seat on the League Council. It was not then realized that Dr. Stresemann had been, and still was, the most ardent opponent of any admission of German "war guilt", and that only repeated protests from France, Great Britain and other countries had prevented him in 1924 from wrecking the situation by an official repudiation

of it. These things have since been revealed in his voluminous *Testament*, a book of which all knowledge has hitherto been withheld from British readers. Otherwise they would have learned how Stresemann explained to the German ex-Crown Prince—to whom he reported regularly and for whom he professed deep admiration—in September, 1925, a month before going to Locarno, the spirit in which he proposed to enter the League. In a memorandum he informed the ex-Crown Prince that the three great tasks which lay before German foreign policy were: (1) a settlement of reparations in a manner tolerable for Germany, and safeguarding peace as a postulate of the recovery of German strength; (2) the protection of Germans abroad where ten or twelve million people of German race lived under a foreign yoke; (3) the amendment of Germany's Eastern frontiers by the recovery of Danzig and of the Polish Corridor, and a revision of the frontier in Upper Silesia. In the background, Stresemann continued, there was the union of Germany with Austria, though he doubted whether that union would be entirely advantageous. By renouncing, under the proposed Rhineland Security Pact (which became the main Locarno Treaty) a fight with France for the recovery of Alsace-Lorraine, Germany would be making merely a theoretical renunciation, inasmuch as there was then no possibility of making war upon France. At Geneva, the German delegation would be the spokesman of the whole community of German culture, because the whole German world would see in it its shield and defender. On the League Council Germany could not be out-voted because unanimity was required. Besides, all the questions that burned in the heart of the German people—war guilt, general disarmament, Danzig, the Saar Basin—were League affairs which a clever speaker in the Assembly could turn into so many embarrassments for Great Britain and France. But Germany's weightiest task would be to free German soil from foreign occupation. The memorandum concluded: "We must first get the fingers of the strangler off our throat. Therefore, in this respect, German policy will have to be, for the present, what Metternich said about Austria after 1809: to pettefogg and to avoid big decisions".

Herr Hitler, in Dr. Stresemann's place, could hardly have done

much better. Now he has given notice of withdrawal from the League and therefore, by implication, of Germany's intention not to be bound by the Locarno Treaty whenever the notice takes effect. He may look upon it as taking effect immediately, and as involving a repudiation of the Versailles Treaty of which the League Covenant forms the first 26 Articles. For us, and for other members of the League and parties to the Locarno Settlement, the question arises whether we remain bound by Locarno. The answer is undoubtedly in the affirmative. A contract cannot be invalidated by one-sided repudiation of it; and Mr. Stanley Baldwin has said that we stand by our signature to the Locarno Treaty as we stood by our signature of the Belgian Treaty in 1914.

There remains the unfounded assertion that (to quote Mr. Vernon Bartlett's wireless words) "we have not yet reduced our arms as we promised to do". In the first place, we have reduced our arms, and reduced them to a level far below the safety line if the uncertainty of our "peace policy" be considered. What is more, France also has reduced her armaments very notably. To pretend the contrary is neither true nor just. If by "promise" the Preamble to the military, naval and air clauses of the Versailles Treaty be meant, the answer is that this Preamble was a declaration of intention, contingent upon the effective disarmament of Germany to the Treaty level. No "promise" to Germany has ever been made.

On the other hand, it is true that under Article 8 of the League Covenant, we recognized that the maintenance of peace requires the reduction of national armaments to the lowest point consistent with national safety "and the enforcement by common action of international obligations". Our behaviour is, indeed, open to serious criticism on this latter point, for we have never shown readiness to enforce international obligations by common action.

Stranger still, our representatives at Geneva have always maintained that it is impossible to define aggression. Now, to our confusion, we see so comprehensive and exact a definition of aggression embodied in the non-aggression pacts, which Soviet Russia concluded with her neighbours during the London Economic Conference last summer, as to cover every conceivable

form of hostile action. We have seen, too, the Little Entente consolidate itself into what is, to all intents and purposes, another Great Power, and we may be certain that this consolidation does not lack military teeth. We see every neighbour of Germany perturbed by the menace of Hitlerism and by German rearmament. Yet we wonder whether, in these circumstances, something cannot be done to mitigate this dangerous state of things by making fresh "concessions" to the self-fomented sense of injured innocence and outraged righteousness from which Germany is undoubtedly suffering!

Where lies the remedy? Mr. Arthur Henderson indicated it in the statement which he broadcast from Geneva on the evening of Monday, October 16. He said that Governments can no longer escape from the problems of armaments and international security, and that "disarmament is possible only on the basis of the collective peace system". If he had said this at the beginning of the Disarmament Conference, and if Great Britain had then based her policy on this principle, in the Far East as well as in Europe, there would have been a very different story to tell. Now the only alternatives are a firm and valid system of collective security against war and warmakers, as a basis for disarmament, or a rapid drift towards a European war from which we shall be unable to hold aloof. There must be a firm front against the continuance of German rearmament in the first instance, a front which need be no more than moral if it be made strong enough. Hitlerite Germany has managed to isolate itself with unprecedented completeness. From this isolation it should not be allowed to escape until it mends its ways at home and abroad. The short sense of the whole position is that, if Germany be allowed to feel that she can gain concessions by threats and manœuvring, she will use those concessions to break up the peace front, and will end by attacking one or more of her neighbours, without warning, as soon as she feels strong enough to do so. But if she finds that there is no way out save through a thorough change of method, the chances are that her methods will be changed, and that Hitlerism itself will presently be a thing of the past.

THE NEW FARM POLICY IN OPERATION

BY C. S. ORWIN

Director, Agricultural Economics Research Institute, Oxford

SO much has been heard for the last two generations of the "neglect of agriculture" that the reproach of national indifference to this great industry has long been tacitly accepted without leading, however, to any practical measures for its removal. The nation had resolved that farming must swim or sink according to its capacity to adapt itself to open competition in its market. It was not repentance for neglect, nor the disclosure of some hidden flaw even in the national reasoning as things were then, which led the nation deliberately to make drastic changes in its rural economy, for, regarded academically, the only rational structure upon which to build the industrial and social life of the world was one in which each corner of it contributed that which it was most fitted to produce.

But it is practical issues rather than theoretical considerations which concern the State, and in a world in which nearly every other country seems to have resolved upon the policy of economic nationalism, the policy of free exchange, which had served Britain so well, seemed to call for reconsideration. The spectacle of nation after nation hedging itself round with barriers against imports, whilst resorting to every means in their power to foster exports, suggests a degree of economic insanity which defies explanation, but it fairly represents the position confronting the National Government in this country when it took office.

The line of least resistance was to develop a similar economy for this country, not so much from a belief in its inherent soundness, but rather in the hope that when the various barriers against free exchange were universal, they would tend to cancel out, and so

in this clumsy way there would be an approximation once more to the English ideal. Thus, for the first time in living memory British agriculture became the first concern of the Government. The nations of the world were to be free no longer to make England the depository of their surplus food products while at the same time refusing to take payment in British manufactures.

What the farmers wanted, in circumstances which had reduced the market prices of most of their products far below the cost level, was straightforward protection. They wanted tariffs upon grain, meat, dairy produce and market garden stuff sufficient to raise prices in the home market once more to a remunerative level. They wanted to stabilize their industry and their methods. They were not prepared to admit that there remained anything undone which they could do to help themselves. And so, when the last Labour Government brought in its Agricultural Marketing Bill in 1931, a measure which sought to give them the means to organize the marketing of their products on more efficient lines, to prevent under-cutting, they opposed it upon the ground that it interfered with their liberty of action whilst imposing no control upon their overseas competitors. The promise of the late Minister of Agriculture to consider any further steps which might be necessary to bring prosperity back to farming, if the reorganization of distribution under the powers of the Agricultural Marketing Act were insufficient, did not satisfy them. They were prepared only to consider the surrender of their individualism if this were coupled with the control of imports from abroad. So it happened that the only marketing organization set up under the Act was one making it compulsory on all hop-growers to sell their hops through the Hop Marketing Board, and this was effective only because hops enjoyed already a protected market.

With the advent of the National Government and the change in the national sentiment towards import duties, the way was clear to give the farmers that which they were seeking. It was impossible, however, to proceed by a uniform policy. Straightforward protection, in many ways the easiest and probably the most effective, might serve for luxury products, such as hot-house grapes, and French beans and new potatoes in January, and for semi-luxuries as the season for such things advances.

Those who could not afford to pay enhanced prices would not be seriously prejudiced by abstaining. Moreover, all or nearly all of such things are the produce of foreign countries rather than of the British dependencies, so that no Imperial question would be raised by the imposition of tariff duties on them.

But the position of the staple articles of diet was much more difficult. Four-fifths of our wheat supply, for example, is imported. Protection would undoubtedly encourage production at home and reduce the balance, but no tariffs within the bounds of practicability could ever bring the country within sight of self-sufficiency in bread corn, so that a duty on imports high enough to raise wheat prices to the profit level would impose a heavy tax on the people's food without the compensating advantage of any material expansion of home production. Nor is this the only difficulty. Much of the imported wheat supply is the produce of the Empire, and to treat it as foreign produce and tax it effectively would have been contrary to national sentiment and to the whole conception of imperial unity. Wheat, then, needed another remedy if the harassed arable farmers in the Eastern Counties were to be relieved, and the Government resolved upon the policy of subsidizing the wheat grower by means of deficiency payments, calculated to raise the market price of home-grown wheat to a figure which would give them a working profit. This policy was designed to make the best of both worlds. If the countries with surplus wheat were willing to send their produce into this country to be sold below the cost of production, the British consumer had the advantage of it to the extent of some four-fifths of his total requirements. In consideration for this, he was to pay such a price for the small balance as would give the home producer a living.

Meat presented a similar problem. About half the nation's supplies are imported, but no amount of protection could ever raise the home production to the self-sufficient level. The agricultural land of this country is limited, and whatever views may be held as to the possibility of its more intensive use, it is roughly true to say that the expansion of any one farming industry on a material scale can only be accomplished at the expense of others. So, extension of the wheat area displaces the acreage under barley or temporary pastures, and any attempts

to increase the numbers of beef cattle and sheep would reduce the area devoted to dairying. In the prairie countries, a rise in grain prices releases a vast area of marginal land for wheat cultivation, and the extent of natural grazing still awaiting exploitation by the pastoral farmers in some of the new countries is immense. But in England, meat, like wheat, could not be the subject of a straight tariff, and for many reasons it was also unsuited to the subsidy policy adopted for wheat. In this difficult position the Government decided to proceed by the restriction of meat imports. Foreign countries compulsorily, and the Dominions voluntarily, were to reduce their exports to this country, and, with the falling off in supplies, farmers' wholesale prices on this side might be expected to rise.

The national armoury for the defence of home agriculture, then, has produced three weapons, tariffs, subsidies, and restriction of imports. But these were to be used only if the farmers were prepared to take up the weapons placed to their hands by the Agricultural Marketing Act, 1931, which empowered a majority of the producers of any agricultural commodity to force a recalcitrant minority into a joint scheme, compulsory on all, for the better marketing of the commodity.

In pursuance of the bargain, Marketing Boards have been set up for hops, bacon pigs, and milk, and Reorganization Commissions have been appointed to consider marketing schemes for potatoes, meat, and poultry and eggs. Just as there is no uniform method of assistance to the farmer in his production, so it seems certain that the new methods of disposal of his products will be equally various. The wheat crop is to be sold in the open market, and upon the production of a certificate of sale the farmer receives a deficiency payment amounting to the difference between the average price of wheat during the year and the figure of 45 shillings. Bacon pigs, on the other hand, are to be produced on contract for the bacon curers, whose payments to the producers will vary above or below the basic figure of 12s. per score pounds, according to the fluctuations in the prices of feeding stuffs, with certain extras and deductions dependent upon the quality of the carcass. Milk, again, conforms to neither of these methods, but it is to be sold to distributors and manufacturers at a whole range of prices, extending from 6d. to 1s. 5d. a gallon,

dependent partly upon the season of the year, but otherwise upon the use to which the milk is to be put, the cheese and butter makers paying less than the manufacturers of milk chocolate, while the vendors of liquid milk for domestic use pay most of all.

It is not likely that schemes for the marketing of farm produce will be limited to those enumerated above. The meat industry is one of great complexity, but as farmers, on the one hand, are dissatisfied with the operation of import restrictions, while the Government, on the other hand, are unlikely to provide any further assistance under the present archaic methods of meat marketing, a scheme for its better regulation must shortly be forthcoming. Eggs and poultry will as surely follow, and consideration is being given already to a scheme for the sale of sugar beet, to come into force when the Act under which manufacturers of home-grown sugar are subsidized expires next year. In the face of this complete revolution in so many of his traditional practices, it is worth while to try to forecast what the farmer's ultimate reactions will be, and to make some estimate of the changes which may be wrought in the rural economy of Britain.

Compulsion, State interference, and anything which savoured of "Farming from Whitehall" has always been anathema to the British farmer. All the circumstances of his life and work, his comparative isolation, his lack of organization, the combination in one man of all the functions of management and very often of execution, too, have tended to make the farmer, the world over, a fierce individualist, and nothing but the parlous state into which his industry had fallen by the year 1932 would have induced him to accept assistance upon the terms offered. Even now it is doubtful whether he realizes fully the extent to which he has surrendered his freedom of action. In order to give full effect to the Government proposals, the powers conferred by the Agricultural Marketing Act, 1931, needed extension, and these were secured under the Agricultural Marketing Act, 1933. This Act makes it possible for the State to impose limitations upon production of any commodity at home, in addition to the powers already being exercised for the restriction of imports from abroad. Thus, the farmer exceptionally well

placed to market a commodity upon favourable terms may be compelled not only to forgo his advantage in the general interest, but may be called upon to stop the expansion of its production, or even to reduce it.

This will shortly be the position of many hop-growers if action should follow the representations made by the Hops Marketing Board to the Minister of Agriculture. The Board's case is that the organization was brought into being to raise hop prices from the ruinous levels to which they had fallen by unorganized sale. But the better prices now being secured under the Marketing Scheme will stimulate production, and over-production will stultify all the efforts of the Board to maintain remunerative prices. Stated thus, the argument for compulsory restriction of hop-growing is unanswerable, but the practical danger lies in the difficulty of making such nice adjustments in the quantity of a commodity which is subject to the uncontrollable forces of nature as always to satisfy the requirements of the brewing industry, and any miscalculation, or any upset of a reasonable calculation by unfavourable weather, might result in a market scramble for hops which would send prices soaring to unreasonable heights. A more academic objection to restriction of production, not, of course, to organized marketing, might be found in its effect on the efficiency of the industry. Those desirous of increasing their acreage will always be those best suited to the task, either by the natural and economic factors of production which control their gardens, or by their own technical and business efficiency. Clearly, these are the people who should be allowed to expand, and the attempt to restrict their operations is nothing more than an attempt to bolster up the less efficient and the less fortunate.

Wheat presents quite another problem, both to the farmer and to the national economist. Before the introduction of the subsidy, the world was already glutted with wheat, and the Government saw that merely to guarantee a remunerative price to British wheat growers could only lead to further over-production, particularly during a time when most farm produce was selling at very low prices. A limit, therefore, was put by the Wheat Act, 1931, to the quantity upon which the deficiency payment would be made. Should this quantity be exceeded

in any year, there would be no increase in the maximum sum payable to growers, which would have to be spread over the larger amount of grain, and the price receivable per quarter by every grower would be less, proportionately, than the maximum price named in the Act. The principle here applied to wheat is exactly opposed to that which the Hops Marketing Board are seeking to establish. The more expensive wheat grower, whether from the circumstances of his farm or from his lower standard of efficiency, is to be frozen out as the acreage under wheat increases and the price is forced down.

It is interesting to note that the wheat grower has responded with great vigour to the guarantee of a remunerative price, and the acreage to be harvested in 1934 will exceed, in all probability, the maximum upon which the full price is payable.

The economics of hop production and marketing are not of much moment either to the agricultural or to the general community. Hops have no use except in the manufacture of beer, and they bulk only fractionally in its cost. The wheat position, clearly, will take care of itself, seeing that any excessive production will bring about its own penalty in the reduction of the deficiency payment to the grower. But the situation of the milk industry under the Milk Marketing Scheme seems less satisfactory in its probable developments, alike for a large number of dairy farmers and for the whole of the milk-consuming community. The position is one of exceptional interest as a study in the economics of price-fixing. Some ten years ago there appeared to be a glut of liquid milk in the country, and many producers who had enjoyed a monopoly of the liquid market by reason of their nearness to the big centres of consumption found their monopoly was being assailed by cheaper producers in more remote dairying districts, whose milk had gone, previously, to the manufacture of butter and cheese or to the raising of calves. To protect them from this competition, a scheme was evolved with the distributing trade, under which milk was no longer to be treated as one commodity enjoying a free market, but it was to be bought and sold at different price levels dependent upon the uses to which it was to be put, milk for liquid sale commanding a higher price than milk for manufacture.

This convention, which was hailed with satisfaction by farmers

catering for the liquid market, was probably the root of the trouble from which the dairying industry is suffering today. It created a vested interest in milk production by the more expensive methods which prevailed around the chief centres of consumption, and it attracted more and more farmers into milk production by holding up the price of liquid milk above the real competitive level, thus aggravating the situation which it sought to relieve. So much so, that when the competition from the cheaper areas could no longer be held off, and the milk market was within sight of complete disorganization, the Milk Reorganization Commission felt bound to recognize the convention of two prices for the same commodity, from a fear that an immediate reversion to a sounder method of trading would bring ruin to too many of those who had enjoyed an artificially protected market. The convention has even been extended to differentiate between the prices of milk sold for different forms of manufacture, milk for cream standing highest in the scale, and that for butter and cheese lowest.

These are early days in which to assess the chances of success of the Milk Marketing Scheme. At a poll which was taken, registered milk producers were practically unanimous for the scheme, but no figures were published to show what proportion those registered bore to the total number of milk producers. On the face of it, success depends upon the maintenance of high prices to the liquid consumers, for only in this way can funds be provided to buy off the competition of the cheap producers segregated as suppliers of milk for manufacture. The scheme may work so long as they can be placated, but in proportion as the prices they receive are raised by the pool average, so will their numbers and their production increase, thus aggravating the difficulty which the Milk Marketing Board was created to solve, unless, of course, the aid of the Agricultural Marketing Act, 1933, is invoked to limit the production of milk.

High hopes have been expressed in some quarters that the Minister will use the powers conferred upon him to limit the imports of condensed and other forms of manufactured milk, but too much must not be expected from this. Most of the cheese and much of the butter entering this country are Empire products, and as the creditor member of the Empire, it would

be difficult for Britain to restrict the trade of her Dominions while expecting them to maintain their debt services.

The milk supply is of such importance in national life that any serious interference with it cannot be contemplated. It is probable that the Milk Marketing Scheme is too complex, too artificial, to last very long, but it may prove to be the next stage in the development of a public utility service, an ideal towards which New York and many smaller places in Europe and America are already advancing rapidly.

Turning now to the Pig Marketing Scheme, this also is still in the stage of only partial comprehension by many farmers. Only the larger producers can take the risk of entering into contracts with bacon curers direct, for deliveries of pigs must be regular and uniform if the full price is to be secured. So the smaller farmers must contract with area agents, appointed to average out the small supplies by bulking them for distribution to the factories. This introduces the middleman under a new guise. On the other hand, the Pig Marketing Scheme is a straightforward piece of work, designed to remove the uncertainty to the market by an arrangement for production on contract prices, and aimed at the increase, not at the restriction, of production. Its weakness lies, probably, in the absence, so far, of any regulation of the market for fresh pork, and until this situation is met by the scheme for fresh meat marketing, which is now the subject of deliberation by a marketing commission, the chances of a gamble in fresh pork must militate against the full success of the scheme for bacon pigs.

Fresh meat must present most serious difficulties to the Reorganization Commission. It is obvious that the hundreds of small, private slaughterhouses in England should be abolished, that all markets for the sale of fat stock on the hoof should be closed, and that cattle, sheep, and pigs should be handled at a few central abattoirs, where the meat would be graded after killing and sold by grade to the butchers. It is equally obvious that the difficulties in the way of such drastic reorganization are immense, and even allowing for the economies which would follow this reform, there is no guarantee that the British farmer's margin could be maintained in the face of the competition of imports. Improvements in the quality of foreign and colonial

livestock and in the technique of meat-packing are always going on, and there is the old difficulty of Dominion *versus* home interests. How can the British lion lie down with the Canterbury lamb?

Much is hoped from the Eggs and Poultry Reorganization Commission. In the attempts to secure the identification of foreign supplies, and of fresh as opposed to preserved eggs, a body of regulations for the sale of eggs has grown up which often operates with gross unfairness to the home producer. Whether much can be done without restriction of imports to give the producer better prices is doubtful, but a re-classification on more equitable lines of the many qualities of eggs on sale to the public would itself be of great value.

To sum up, the attitude of farmers in general towards this great reorganization of agriculture is one of cautious optimism. It is possible that some of the marketing schemes may not work; it is certain that all of them will require drastic amendments in details in the light of experience. It is certain, also, that the organization for control of agricultural marketing is not yet complete, and powers will have to be taken for some federation of agricultural marketing boards, if extraordinary and undesirable consequences are to be avoided. The rush of farmers into sugar beet and the return of land to wheat under the effect of the subsidies, the enormous increase of dairying under the artificial stimulus of the differential prices for milk and the fall in the value of other commodities, are examples of what can happen as the result of dissociated efforts in price control. Nothing is less to be desired than that farmers should be swinging their business this way and that as one Marketing Board after another seems to offer them some advantage, and it is desirable that there should be an Association of Chairmen of Marketing Boards or even the appointment of an independent body of agricultural economists, to watch the interactions of the various price policies and to advise the individual Boards thereon.

On one point there can be little doubt. Whatever measure of success may attend this great experiment, the distribution of agricultural produce can never slip back into the unorganized condition which has made the farming industry a happy hunting ground for commission agents of every kind ever since subsistence farming gave place to production for the market.

MR. ROOSEVELT FACES A CRISIS

BY RAYMOND GRAM SWING

LABOUR DAY in America is nearly two months past, and the recovery programme of the Roosevelt Administration is still in doubt. General Hugh Johnson had predicted the re-employment of 6,000,000 by September 4, which would have reduced unemployment by nearly half. Instead, not many more than 2,000,000 workers have been reabsorbed. The President had promised that America should not endure another winter like the last; but now it appears probable that unemployment cannot fall much below the 8,000,000 level. Even with the generous relief plans mapped out by the Government, America is certain to have a bitter winter.

It is arguable that a recovery programme which reabsorbs 2,000,000 workers in a few months has not failed. Many Americans, admitting it has not accomplished what they expected, still consider the method essentially sound. How else, they ask, is there to be recovery if not by stimulating retail buying? During September, signs were not wanting that the Administration itself was beginning to lose faith in the National Recovery Administration. But in October a scheme was worked out to liberate over \$1,000,000,000 of frozen bank deposits, and General Johnson launched a nation-wide "Buy Now" campaign, which is just now coming to a close. So the emphasis of the programme remains on retail buying.

This programme has been both eulogized and condemned in this country. The Trades Union Congress saw in it an approximation of the Labour philosophy that consumption could best be increased by raising wages and simultaneously reducing working hours. The T.U.C. also delighted in the belated recognition in America of the right of collective bargaining. City opinion, in the main, has been sceptical. The increase of wages, it was foreseen, would mean an immediate increase

in costs. The costs would either be borne by the employer or by the retail buyer. Unless the employer possessed huge resources which he was willing to deplete, or could borrow in anticipation of future profits, he could not carry the burden. He would have to pass on the costs by charging higher prices. The tendency would be that the higher wages would be absorbed in buying the same quantity of goods. There would be little increased output of a permanent character, and little recovery.

Other snags in the economics of the N.R.A. have been encountered, but it is enough for a moment to point out that the programme naturally divides itself into two parts, one economic, one social. Purchasing power was to be increased by improving labour conditions.

The N.R.A. thus might be called a Siamese-twin policy. The theory was that the social baby would grow strong and pass its strength into the economic baby. The phenomenon did not occur. If anything, the social baby has thrived at the expense of economic recovery. Trade unionism in America is enjoying a revival, but business after rising in June declined again in August and has not regained the June level. Costs have gone up, so have retail prices. And while employment has improved, it has not brought an increase in consumption which in itself promises recovery.

The summer decline can also be attributed to other causes. Credit expansion did not produce any marked increase of industrial borrowing. The new Securities Act prevented the flotation of new issues. The Government's programme of public works was paralysed by unexpected technical difficulties, and the \$3,300,000,000 available for public expenditure did not get into the consumer's purse. But the summer demonstrated the fundamental contradiction of the Siamese-twin method. A recovery could not be induced simply by raising wages and reducing hours. The exhausting effort of General Johnson and the President in wheedling and threatening big industry into swallowing the social features of the codes was not wasted only if the social portion of the programme was worth saving.

American prosperity in the past has been based chiefly on the purchase of capital (or permanent) goods, bought by industrialists and distributors serving the retail consumer. The retail con-

sumer in the last analysis has carried the structure of prosperity, but the purchases of those who serve him have given it its real body.

The theory in Washington may have been that simply by increasing retail consumption the rest of the process of achieving prosperity would be set in motion. If so, this is the theory which broke down. Retail consumption was stimulated, partly by frightening the public into buying with talk of inflation and higher prices, partly with the higher wage bill. The first surge of this buying came in the early summer, before the spectacular battle between big industry and the Administration over the "blanket code". It did not lead to any expansion whatever in the consumption of capital goods. Then, with the reabsorption of more labour, retail purchases, while not rising still further, at least maintained some of the gains inspired by the fear of inflation. But even with this modest level of recovery in retail consumption prosperity did not begin, and did not even show intimations of beginning.

American recovery in 1921-25 was almost wholly in the sphere of capital goods, which were increased about 90 per cent. The great slump of the present is not in retail consumption, which has fallen off only about 20 per cent. It is in the manufacture of the means of production, and the decline in the production of capital goods is about 80 per cent. since 1929. In that year, production of capital goods was valued at about \$15,000,000,000, of which \$7,000,000,000 was in new machinery and equipment, and \$5,000,000,000 in new building. Last year the expenditure was only \$3,000,000,000. It might appear as though Washington thought that, by raising retail consumption 20 per cent., there would naturally follow an increase in capital production of 80 per cent. Otherwise Washington might be taking the view of some economists that future prosperity must not depend on manufacture of the means of production, but on retail consumption. In other words, America must not grow rich by equipping herself, but must recover while restricting herself to the equipment she already possesses. If this doctrine is right, it would mean a new and undoubtedly steadier economy, but also a lower standard of life.

This much is certain about the American problem: increased

retail consumption has not so far inspired increased capital expenditure. And what is more, the Siamese-twin method—social reform as a means of nourishing economic recovery—has distinctly prevented the expansion of capital investment. The industrialist's costs have been increased, and his profits threatened. Hence he has not been encouraged to seek new capital. Nor have lenders cared to entrust money to him in the face of the uncertain future of profits. He has no prospect of finding this money unless retail consumption increases steadily despite rising prices. He still does not know how much the social part of the Roosevelt programme is going to cost, and until he is sure of profits he can find no new capital.

So much for the general economic problem. Roosevelt has made an experiment, aiming to achieve recovery by stimulating retail buying. He began with frightening the buying-public with an inflation scare. He followed by reducing unemployment and increasing wages, but at the same time putting capital into a straight-jacket with the social bonds of the N.R.A. Then he tried to induce the public to buy still more, with the plea that otherwise recovery would be impossible. At the same time he took measures to expand credit effectively.

If this programme appears complex to foreigners, it seems still more so to most Americans. It must be remembered that Americans have often shown a flair for over-simplified economic half-truths, and that there is to-day an overwhelming majority in favour of currency inflation. Senator Thomas stated recently that in Congress the inflationists outnumber their opponents twenty to one. The farmers are inflationist to a man, and they are followed in this faith by most of the communities closest to the farm. Fully three-fourths of the country is either out-and-out inflationist or predisposed in that direction. The belief in "sound money" begins in the cities, and, as might be expected, is held chiefly by the creditor-class. The inflationists have a simple creed. The income of the nation, they say, has gone down by nearly half since 1929, while debts have remained the same. The way to meet the debts is to double the income. Just how printing bank notes will double the income they are not agreed.

When the President offered, instead of currency inflation,

the indirect scheme of trying to restore prosperity by increasing prices and purchasing power, and depreciating the currency on the foreign exchanges but not at home, the country was puzzled. But his popularity was great enough to give him an enthusiastic following. The Blue Eagle campaign swept the country. Particularly in the large cities, it brought its marchers by the tens and hundreds of thousands. And commentators remarked that where hundreds of thousands were marching for a programme it could hardly fail. No doubt about it, there was enthusiasm. The Blue Eagle became the badge of patriotism in the cities, and the defiance of the bird was treason. But this fervour was not universal, and it may have been over-estimated. A great many Americans, while responding to the campaign, knew at the same time it was "bally-hoo". They marched all day, but in the weary morning their minds were beset by doubts. They did not doubt the President, they doubted the programme. They hoped it would work, they were ready to give it a chance, but they were not sure. Henry Ford stood out against the automobile code, and the President, using the sharpest political nose in existence, forbore to make him a national martyr. Senator Carter Glass, as good a Democrat as walks, permitted the editors of his newspapers to use the Blue Eagle, but he threatened, if they did so, to write an article on page one about "the old buzzard" and denounce the N.R.A. as unconstitutional and as an instrument of great hardship to many individuals.

Out in the country, the Blue Eagle was often a confusing emblem. The big employer could raise money to meet his increased wage-bill, but the little fellow with only a handful of employees often could not. It was the little fellow one got to know about; he is the one who has neighbours. And it bothered the neighbours to see him singled out as lacking patriotism. In a small town in upper New York State are two stores; one is owned by a respected local citizen, the other is a chain-store. In the depression, the chain-store discharged many employees and cut wages drastically. The local shopkeeper, feeling his personal responsibility to the fellow-townsmen who worked with him, kept his staff intact and did not reduce wages. Then came the N.R.A. and the call to take on

more employees and increase wages. The chain-store did so, and could display the Blue Eagle. The local shopkeeper could not increase employment and wages and could not show the Blue Eagle. The citizens did not dutifully transfer their business to the chain-store. When Washington asked the leaders of the community to serve on the local Blue Eagle committee, they declined.

Someone from the town visited Washington and told the story at the headquarters of General Johnson. "The local merchant", he said to one of the numerous young Columbia graduates in the great bureau, "may have to go out of business".

"So much the better", responded the young man. "Once we get all the retail business into the hands of the chain-stores it will be easier for the Government to take it over".

General Johnson might have sacked his young disciple had he heard the remark. The General is not a Socialist, and may not appreciate that some of his younger collaborators believe that he and the President are heralds of a new era of American socialization. Nor would the country tolerate this kind of opinion from responsible quarters. *Laissez faire* had broken down—the Government had to interfere in business and in banking. But this is revolution enough for most Americans.

Another concealed source of dissatisfaction with the President's policy is among those who dislike the revival of collective bargaining. This includes the great body of employers. A few years ago it could be said that unionism in America was dying, and most employers were right glad of it. American trade unions had never been a social force as in Britain and Germany, and the solidarity of American labour has never existed. During the War, President Wilson tried to impose on industry a more generous attitude toward labour by appointing a War Labour Board to settle disputes. This Board, as a general thing, increased wages and favoured the unions, and it was bitterly resented in many quarters. I served under this Board for a year, holding wage hearings in many parts of the country. The farther from Washington I went, the greater I found the resistance of employers. They could be told that the Government asked this of them to help win the War. Some would reply: "The Government? We don't know anything about

the Government". These men were patriots when it came to buying Liberty bonds, and they had a loyal desire to see the War won. But in a clash between this loyalty and their hatred of the closed shop the loyalty vanished. And they were right: they knew very little about the Government. That was the Government they wanted, one that left them alone.

By the close of the War the American Federation of Labour had grown to quite formidable proportions. Then the drift of American development took a new direction. The doctrine of high wages and permanent prosperity swept the country, and unionism became a side-issue, along with other expressions of liberalism. It bespeaks the courage of President Roosevelt that he has reinstated collective bargaining in the American vocabulary. But, despite his success in imposing the codes on big industry, he has created a powerful faction of potential enemies in so doing.

The treatment, too, according to big business leaders in Washington, has been far different from what they handsomely received under Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover. In their days, a big industrialist was not seen cooling his heels in the outer offices of Washington. They were respectfully shown in. Now they sit where all may see that they wait their turns. It is like any other bureaucracy. And when they are shown in, they are told that the Government asks this and expects that, in tones that are anything but gentle.

But big business took this medicine, partly because there was nothing else to do, partly, too, because it might be only a price for a fabulous benefit. It knew the President was not to be flouted, for though the country was not sure he was on the right track, it was sure he was the right man to follow. But beyond collective bargaining and the waiting-rooms of Washington lay a hope. In the N.R.A. was a feature which promised great things. Even if it included collective bargaining, it also made a dead-letter of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, the legislation which has kept big business from becoming bigger. Once this was out of the way, and with the trend towards centralization, big business perhaps might be riding to an entirely unexpected victory. Business men could not be sure which way the President was heading. He was a liberal, no question about that. But

underneath his liberalism he might still be a "sensible" man. They took heart at the sight of Barney Baruch and other veterans of their faith among the academic "brain-trusters", and hoped for the best.

For another reason business men did not want to oppose the President. They wanted recovery, and they came to appreciate that the N.R.A. and its further amplification by public spending and still easier credit might be the one bulwark against the heresies of Pat Harrison and Huey Long, and other "wild men" in Congress. So, like the rest of the public, they follow the President and will continue for a time to follow him, with two minds. If he goes their way, well and good. If he brings recovery, well and good. But if he turns out to be only a liberal, and if there is no recovery, big business will never forgive him the ignominies of this summer, nor the resurrection of the viper of trade unionism.

Higher wages, shorter hours, increased prices, easier credit—all these have been applied to the American depression and have produced only partial results. What of public works? What has stood in the way of spending the available \$3,300,000,000 voted by Congress? If purchasing power is wanted, it is waiting. The President has talked expansively about public works, and urged programmes of public spending on Britain and France. Not a third of the available Federal money has been allotted, and much less than this actually put into use. The delay in expenditure is due to an unfamiliar reason: it has been difficult to spend Government money, much more difficult than anyone had foreseen. The chief obstruction was created by the Administration itself, which laid down the rule that money should go only to self-liquidating enterprises. This, no doubt, is a prudent consideration, but it reduces the scope for public spending to the limits governing private lending. The trouble in America is not the shortage of credit: the sound banks are bulging with it. The shortage is in just these self-liquidating enterprises. If they were at hand, the banks could take care of them. The aim of the Administration is presumably to get money into circulation, and such a limitation is pure frustration.

A further difficulty has been that States and cities to whom the money was to be lent were in most cases prevented by statute

from accepting it. Their borrowing powers have been laid down by law, and thanks to three years of depression they have already borrowed to the limit. It sounds well to offer money, say, to the city of Philadelphia, which might use it for a number of meritorious projects—a new subway, a new high-speed bridge over the Delaware River, or for slum clearance. But to accept the offer Philadelphia would have to borrow 70 per cent. of the money herself, and is forbidden to do so by the State constitution. The public works funds were available for months before one city, Cleveland, found a way to use some of it for a slum-clearing project.

The conditions governing public spending may be relaxed with the one aim of getting the money out of the Treasury into private pocket books. Ways to spend it are not wanting. One plan, which would have absorbed almost the entire available amount, was to abolish all the railroad level crossings in the country. This might have been accepted by the Administration, even if not strictly self-liquidating. But the railroads balked at it: it was going to help their chief competitors, the motor lorries.

The railroads are the most natural objects for public assistance, for they have been too poor to spend money on re-equipment. Though the American railway system is the largest in the world, the industry supplying goods-wagons did through the whole of last year the equivalent of one half-day's work at full capacity. Not a single new railway locomotive was built in the United States last year. Re-equipment of American railways with modern locomotives and wagons would mean an immediate reduction of operating costs, and if the railways themselves were self-liquidating (as they may be after the reorganization promised by the President), re-equipment would be a self-liquidating enterprise. The President has his eye on this field, for he already has talked with the steel industry about a plan to supply rails paid for by Government loan. And the interest charged by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation for railroad loans has been reduced.

For the President the next three months are crucial. There must be recovery at a new rhythm before Congress meets, or he may forfeit his leadership. The N.R.A. had not succeeded

by September 4th. Can it be made to produce results before the first week in January? Congress will not be patient. The pressure of 8,000,000 unemployed and the weight of farm debts will be too great. Besides, the entire House of Representatives must present itself for re-election next November. In a year without elections Congress can afford to consider constructive, patient, and not necessarily popular measures. In an election year it must key itself to the prejudices of the constituencies.

When Congress meets, the farmer comes back into the picture. Earlier in the year he was admittedly the President's first concern. If he did not get high prices for his crops and livestock, how was he to buy the products of industry? Some rise in farm prices was induced by the fear of inflation. Then came the battle of the codes, and the farmer was pushed off the stage. But the rise in prices had not met his needs. The farm income in America increased \$1,200,000,000 this year over last, a gain of 23 per cent. But since the end of April the cost of living has risen 18 per cent. The margin for the farmer is not great; he still cannot pay his debts. And for the whole agrarian America the accepted cure for this illness of debt is currency inflation.

Just what Congress means by currency inflation would be hard to say. The South is now clamouring for the old-fashioned method of printing greenbacks. Other elements would be contented by a final devaluation of the dollar. And this the President may do on his own simply to keep Congress from doing it for him. It is his ace of trumps in the game with Congress.

Even if the President devalues the dollar, the N.R.A. and all the supplementary measures must work if he is to keep his leadership. He must put an end to the outburst of labour troubles which has followed his revitalization of trade unionism. Employment must increase, purchasing power must rise, capital expenditure must be resumed. Prosperity, which has been "around the corner" too long, must come into full view. If not, the probability is that Congress will argue that credit expansion is not enough, that devaluation has not been enough, and it will set out on a hunt for recovery with a divining-rod.

CAN AUSTRIA SURVIVE?

BY C. F. MELVILLE

THE Austro-German situation has now entered upon the last phase, and the question as to whether Austria will succumb or will continue to exist as a separate entity will soon be put to the final decisive test.

Germany is intent upon the realization to the full of the Hitlerite programme of national resurgence, which includes German rearmament and the creation of a Third Reich which shall include Austria and, if possible, all the other German-speaking communities in Europe. The will and the purpose are there. Only the question of method has been open to any shade of doubt. Would Herr Hitler's Government play for time, and, in the manner of Japan with the League, seek to put off a preventive war with France by means of a calculated policy of delay, or would she take time by the forelock and act violently and suddenly? The answer to this question, as far as rearmament is concerned, seems almost to have been given already, for as I pen these lines the "Führer" is shouting through the microphone that Germany has walked out of the Disarmament Conference and will sever her connection with the League of Nations.

It is not quite so easy, however, to answer this question in regard to Austria. The policy of gaining time would enable Germany to submit Austria to the slow agony of the economic squeeze until, in the long run, that country would take the plunge into Nazism as the final counsel of despair. Such a policy would enable Germany to attach Austria to the Reich without having to pull up one frontier post (as in the case of Danzig). Some such tactic as this is probably favoured by the more experienced "professionals" at the Wilhelmstrasse. On the other hand, the amateur hotspurs of the so-called Nazi Department for Foreign Affairs, led by the enterprising if inexperienced Herr Rosenberg, would probably favour "direct" action. If

we were to be guided by the feeling of exultation in Germany at the moment, we might conclude that those who exercise power in Germany are likely to prefer the more dynamic foreign policy.

At all events, whether the proposals of the official Foreign Office or of the Nazi so-called Foreign Department prevail, whether the inevitability of gradualness or the sanction of swift action be the final way chosen, it is all purely a question of tactics. Of the fixed purpose, the definite policy, the avowed aim—the subjection of Austria to the Hitlerist Third German Empire—there is now not the slightest shadow of doubt. To give Herr Hitler and his friends their due, they do not hide their purpose behind a conciliatory façade in the manner of the German statesmen of the pre-Nazi era. Theirs is not the art of *finessieren* at which Stresemann was such an adept. They actually say what they mean.

It is precisely this sureness of purpose and unity of will which is lacking on the part of the Powers which desire to oppose the German aspirations on the Danube. A whole series of plans for obviating this new version of the old German *drang nach Osten* has been produced by the various Powers. To these multitudinous plans and schemes I shall return later in this article. The main point, however, is that none of these schemes has so far been put into effective action, mainly because the various Powers opposed to the *Anschluss*—and particularly to a Hitlerist *Anschluss*—are in most cases opposed to it for totally different reasons, and their schemes for averting it are designed to serve totally different and mutually opposed interests.

Thus it has come to pass that Germany, having achieved one by one the various objectives she set out to achieve—evacuation of the Rhineland, wiping out of reparations, defiance of the restriction on rearmament—is now ready for the achievement of her next objective, *i.e.*, the union of Austria with Germany; and there is but little to oppose her in this save the spirited resistance of Dr. Dollfuss and that section of the Austrian people which supports him, and the weak and confused and indeterminate efforts of the Powers to support Dr. Dollfuss.

The efforts of European diplomacy to restrain Germany in regard to Austria and to help Austria to preserve her independence

present a pitiful picture of ineptitude. In the first place, there was the Anglo-French *démarche* in Berlin, from which Italy stood aloof. Signor Mussolini, playing the role of the man with a foot in each camp, persuaded the British to modify their *démarche*, on the grounds that, as he himself enjoyed a privileged position in Berlin, he would be able by means of friendly representations to induce Germany to call off her anti-Austrian campaign. The dismal failure of these tactics has now passed into contemporary history. The German "assurances" to Italy had no sooner been given than the German propaganda against Austria was intensified.

This result notwithstanding, London and Paris continued to leave it to Rome to bring about a solution of the Danubian problem in general and the Austrian question in particular. France was willing that Italy should more or less take the lead in the preservation of Austrian independence, in order that Italy, in return, should refrain from supporting Germany at Geneva on the major issue of German rearmament. Britain took this line in pursuance of her policy of trying to bring about a Franco-Italian *détente*, so that the division of Europe into two camps—France, Poland and the Little Entente *versus* Germany, Italy and Hungary—should be obviated, and a more or less united front be created in Europe in the event of Germany refusing the British scheme of equality of status.

Italy on her part desired to sit on two stools at once. She wanted to prevent the *Anschluss* because she fears a greater Germany on the Brenner, but at the same time she wanted to keep the Rome-Berlin wire intact against the eventuality of an Italo-French dispute. Similarly, she wanted to help Austria to economic revival, whilst at the same time trying to prevent such an economic revival coming about through the plan of France's friends, the States of the Little Entente, for a general Danubian grouping.

All these carefully calculated diplomatic considerations on the part of London and Paris, and all the much-prized prestige of Italy as the moderator in European politics, both in respect to the Four-Power Pact and the Austrian question, have, however, vanished now in the smoke of the diplomatic bomb which Herr Hitler threw into Geneva on October 14th. London and

Paris obtained a certain degree of Italian support at Geneva, in return for allowing Italy to take the lead in regard to Danubian reconstruction, but it was all for naught, since Germany has now walked off the Genevan stage.

Germany has, it must be admitted, recreated for herself that *cauchemar de coalition* against which Bismarck warned his Prussian contemporaries. Germany now stands isolated in Europe. In that sense, the diplomacy of London and Paris may perhaps have achieved a brilliant triumph. In this article, however, I am dealing not with the general European situation, but with the future of Austria. From this point of view the diplomacy of London and Paris in leaving the initiative to Rome has been a rather bad failure.

The German rebuff to the Powers over Austria, however, caused them to try and save their faces by evolving a new formula to the effect that political *démarches* were but the negative side of their effort on behalf of Austrian independence. What was wanted, said the official spokesmen of the Foreign Office, the Quai d'Orsay and the Palazzo Chigi, was a positive programme of economic reconstruction in the Danube, which would improve also the Austrian economic situation and thereby give Dr. Dollfuss a counter-attraction to Nazism which he could offer to that section of his people which was wavering. Signor Mussolini and Dr. Dollfuss went bathing together in Italy, and ambitious plans were mooted with the blessings of London and Paris. But in hard fact only two concrete schemes actually exist at the moment, those of the Little Entente and of Italy respectively.

A brief examination of these two schemes will show that, whereas both are designed for the economic rehabilitation of Danubian Europe, the underlying political aims are totally different and in many ways utterly opposed. The Little Entente, for instance, plans to extend the economic collaboration now existing between its component parts to include neighbouring States, with a view to the eventual creation of a wide grouping of Danubian and Balkan States, all of them economically interdependent, and each one of them politically independent. The Italian plan, on the other hand, envisages a series of bilateral economic agreements between Italy and the various Danubian States individually, with the emphasis on Italo-Austrian-

Bulgarian agreements. Whereas the Little Entente plan would necessarily eliminate the predominating influence of any one or more Great Powers in the Danube, the Italian plan would enable Italy to play a leading role in Central and South Eastern Europe.

The Little Entente plan, in the view of its authors, would mean the inception of a new era in Danubian Europe, whereby all the States concerned would be able to find amongst themselves a common means of economic life and at the same time emancipate themselves from the political ambitions of rival Great Powers.

This, in practical effect, would obviate both the Austro-German *Anschluss* and the resurrection of the Habsburg Monarchy under Italian ægis. The Italian plan, on the other hand, would likewise prevent the *Anschluss*, but it would at the same time prevent the realization of the Little Entente idea of a wide and self-contained Danubian grouping which would be proof against all outside influences. It would, moreover, leave the door open for a Habsburg restoration either in Austria alone or by means of a personal union between Austria and Hungary, under Italian tutelage; or alternatively for that other Italian project of a sort of triple alliance of Fascist States comprising Italy, Germany and Austria, with Hungary and Bulgaria in friendly association. Both Italian methods are aimed at preserving Austrian independence whilst avoiding an Italo-German rupture, and at the same time are designed to clip the wings of the Little Entente in general and of Yugoslavia in particular, with a view to reserving to Italy the paramount influence on the Danube.

The Little Entente proposes to work by means of a series of practical steps which, modest in themselves, are capable in the long run of bringing about the desired consolidation of Central and South Eastern Europe. The Little Entente had already created its new statute, comprising a common Council and Secretariat, with a common foreign policy. The recent Little Entente Conference at Sinaia, however, carried matters a stage further, when concrete proposals for economic and financial co-operation between the three allied States were drawn up by the General Council for elaboration by the Economic Council. This provides a working basis for any possible extension of

these economic plans to embrace neighbouring States outside the Alliance.

Here we have two main conceptions: that of MM. Benes, Titulesco and Jevtitch, which means, in a nutshell, the preservation of existing frontiers, with a guarantee of peace, together with the making of such frontiers economically invisible, which would result in the States of Danubian Europe—including Austria—and the Balkan Powers becoming a comprehensive and powerful group; and that of Italy, which would improve the economic situation in Danubian Europe and the Balkans, but would leave the way open for Italy to be the most influential Great Power in that part of the world. The British and French attitude in all this seems to be that the general plan, something more or less on the lines suggested by the Little Entente, a sort of economic rebirth of the old "Austria", would be the best final solution, as being the one most calculated to bring about an economic settlement without political complications. But in the meantime these Powers agree to the Italian method of bilateral agreements.

In the foregoing I have explained the relation of the Austrian situation to the general European situation, and the policies (or rather the lack of them) of the Great Powers in relation to Austria. I have also explained the two schemes for the economic rehabilitation of the Danubian States, in relation to the question of Austria's future, which have been promoted by the Little Entente and by Italy respectively.

But there remains Austria herself. While Germany threatens to swallow her on one side, and Britain, France, Italy and the Little Entente propose (for totally different reasons) to save her on the other, it may be reasonably asked: What is Austria herself doing about it? This question can, perhaps, best be answered in the form of an answer to another question: Can Dollfuss hold out against Nazism? The chances are, I think, about equal for and against.

In the course of his gallant and spirited fight against Nazism and for the preservation of his country's independence, Dr. Dollfuss has been obliged to lean more and more on the Fascist element in Austria (*i.e.*, the Heimwehr, or "Black" Fascism, as opposed to Nazi or "Brown" Fascism) in internal affairs,

and more and more upon Fascist Italy in external affairs. For this reason he has been obliged to make war on the Social-Democrats (who would have co-operated with him against Hitlerism, but this would have meant the defection of the powerful Heimwehr organization); and to accept more and more the ideas of the Heimwehr chiefs, Prince Starhemberg and Major Fey. At the same time he is not desirous of setting up a full-blooded Fascist State. He has, therefore, essayed a way out, by taking virtually all the power into his own hands, abolishing the party system, and laying the foundations of a new form of state which, while it will have economical resemblance to the Italian Fascist model, will nevertheless be specifically "Austrian" in spirit and in form. This is the Catholic Corporative Constitution, the details of which are being worked out by the moderate Dr. Ender, a form of state which will derive in spirit from the Papal Encyclical of May, 1933, *Quadragesimo Anno*, a system which, in Dr. Dollfuss's own words, "*will be authoritative without being tyrannical*", and in which there will be no "*Gleichschaltung*" and no "*brutality*".

Dr. Dollfuss certainly has behind him much more support in Austria than was the case a few months ago. At least two-thirds of the Austrian people are anti-Nazi, and not all the Austrian Nazis are in favour of the *Anschluss*. At the same time the fact that Dr. Dollfuss has had to antagonize the Social-Democrats in order to retain the support of the Heimwehr has put him in the position, as he himself says, of "*fighting on two fronts*" (i.e., against the Nazis and the Socialists), and this must necessarily be a weakening factor for him.

If the Powers could put aside their own political *arrière pensées* in regard to Austria, and agree upon a really constructive and comprehensive economic reconstruction in the Danubian regions, Austria might achieve a measure of economic improvement which, taken in comparison with the economic difficulties which will face Germany this winter, would vastly weaken the Nazi movement in Austria and vastly strengthen the position of Dollfuss. If this happened, and a firm and united European "No" were pronounced to the German pretensions in Austria, then there would be every reason why the "Dollfuss system" (as their Nazi opponents call it) should achieve a final and lasting

triumph over Nazism. But there is no certainty that things will develop along these lines, and therefore no certainty as to whether or not Dr. Dollfuss will be able to stay the course.

Failing any other solution, Dr. Dollfuss might, perhaps, call back the Habsburgs. Many competent observers are of the opinion that the restoration of the Monarchy would unite all the warring elements in Austria behind Dollfuss and his fight for an independent Austria. But here again there are difficulties. The Little Entente would oppose the restoration. Even Hungary, where once the Habsburg hopes burned so brightly, is opposed, or at least, the Regent, Admiral Horthy, and the Premier, General Gömbös, are. Italy, generally speaking, is in favour of the restoration, although Archduke Otto's imprudent declarations about the return of the one-time Southern Tyrol (Upper Adige) have somewhat cooled Italian enthusiasm.

To sum up the position: The "Dollfuss system"—which is synonymous with the continuance of Austria as an independent entity—has a fair chance of succeeding. If the Powers would really pool their energies and unitedly take the Austrian situation in hand, then I should say that Dr. Dollfuss's fair chance would become a certainty. Failing that, there is a grave and imminent danger that the pressure of Nazism both from within and without, and Nazi exploitation of the parlous economic condition in Austria, will end in the defeat of Dollfuss and the victory of Hitler. The consequences of such a victory for Hitler would be disastrous for Europe. The subjection of Austria by Hitlerist Germany would be the beginning of a policy of active expansionism on the part of Germany, ending in a final German challenge to Europe which would inevitably lead to war.

Thus, the future of Austria is of greater import to Europe than a matter of a choice of political systems, or a question of different conceptions of Germanism. For important, even very important, though these aspects of the question undoubtedly are, the real issue at stake in the Austro-German situation is something much more fundamental. It is this: Is Austria to be retained for Europe, or is she to become just a stepping-stone on the path of a new German Imperialism? It is for Europe herself to answer this question.

THE FUTURE OF THE FRANC

BY G. A. MARTELLI

PREDICTIONS that the franc will fall have been frequent for some time past. If not today, or perhaps the next day, some time or other, we are assured, the collapse will come. It is presented, in fact, as something inevitable, predestined almost, against which it would be childish to strive.

Leaving aside the desire for a managed currency, two immediate reasons for abandoning the gold standard are familiar to us. We saw, first, how England was forced to suspend convertibility in face of a massive withdrawal of funds by foreign holders who had lost confidence in us (it might, of course, just as easily have been English holders who were responsible). Here was a case of purely involuntary devalorization. By contrast we have the depreciation of the dollar, resulting from a deliberate act on the part of the Government in the interest of economic recovery.

As regards the managed currency, there is, of course, no question of its introduction in France, and will not be until, if ever, a Socialist Government is in power. The two causes cited above may, therefore, be regarded as covering all the conditions favourable to the abandonment of the gold standard. Whence people who declare that the franc is condemned should be able to show in support of their thesis that one at least of these causes exists in France. Can they do so?

The second of the two can be dismissed at once. The anti-inflationist policy of the present Government has been declared again and again. Both M. Daladier and M. Bonnet have reiterated that their intention at all costs is to maintain the gold standard, and it is unlikely that in London and Paris the French representatives would have been at such pains to protect the franc against speculators unless they were firmly resolved to defend it.

The official policy corresponds, moreover, to a deep and widespread sentiment. The franc, it will be remembered, has already been devalorized once in this generation, and the overwhelming majority are against a second experience of the same sort. The only justification for it would be the desire to raise prices. But, so far from this being a legitimate motive, what France is suffering from chiefly at the moment is the fact that her price level is so much higher than the world's. Between 1929 and 1932, in fact, the cost of living only diminished by 5·4 per cent., as compared with 21·4 per cent. in Germany, 16·5 per cent. in Belgium, 14·3 per cent. in Switzerland, 13·9 per cent. in Italy, 12·8 per cent. in Great Britain. The problem, therefore, is not so much a price-raising one, as that of reducing the margin separating the internal level from the external. As M. Daladier has said, the solution for France lies in the raising of world prices to equality with her own.

The only person who refuses to accept such an obvious fact is M. Blum, the Socialist leader, whose isolation even in his own following, is increasingly conspicuous. M. Blum thinks that inflation would increase the spending power of the wage earners, give an impulse to business, and through the expansion of the revenue facilitate the balancing of the Budget. But he forgets—or deliberately ignores—that wages always lag behind prices, so that the first to suffer by inflation are the salaried classes. In any case, nobody listens to M. Blum, whose subversive intentions are too patent to leave any doubt as to his ultimate motive. Nor does M. Blum himself make any secret of his readiness to adopt any policy calculated to undermine the present order, as inflationism undoubtedly is. How discredited he is is shown by the action of the neo-Socialists—the Parliamentary group in revolt against the official direction of the party—who recently pronounced themselves in favour of the gold standard.

Having rejected the possibility of deliberate inflation, there remains that of an involuntary inflation through loss of confidence. This we will now examine.

Loss of confidence in a nation's money can be traced to various causes. A financial crisis, economic difficulties, social

unrest, disaffection in essential services such as the police or defence forces, are among the most common. Administrative paralysis resulting from a political deadlock is another. Nobody would deny that certain of these elements and other unfavourable factors are present in the actual situation of France. The question to be answered is whether they are sufficient to destroy her credit.

There is, for instance, the matter of the Budget. When the Government deposited the Finance Bill last spring, the deficit admitted was at least £100,000,000. After interminable party squabbles, Parliament succeeded in voting a number of measures which it was estimated would reduce this figure by about £40,000,000. At the same time the Government promised to prepare immediately a plan for covering the whole balance. The project was afterwards postponed till the autumn, and it figures at the head of the programme for the present session. In the meantime the official deficit, which should have been reduced to £60,000,000, has increased to £75,000,000 for various reasons—the chief being the failure of taxation to realize expectations.

To meet this situation there is only one safe course, namely economies. For by general consent neither of the other two alternatives, taxation and borrowing, is now practicable; taxation has reached the limit where it stops being profitable, while another loan unaccompanied by a rehabilitation of the finances would deal a fatal blow to confidence. Retrenchment is, therefore, ineluctable if the franc is to be saved.

Deflation of salaries without a corresponding fall in the cost of living is, of course, always difficult for democracy to sanction, and there is much to be said for the argument that the position of the Treasury can only be improved by a revival of business, and that to reduce the spending capacity of the nation goes contrary to this result. The business revival, however, cannot be commanded, and in the meantime the State has got to live. Nothing can alter the law that in periods of leanness a nation, like an individual, must cut its cloth to suit its purse, or cease to inspire confidence. Up to date the present Parliament—or rather the government majority—has refused to acknowledge this truism. If it continues to do so, a flight from the franc

with all its consequences—political and social as well as economic—is inevitable. It remains to be seen whether the deputies, even Socialist, will assume responsibility for it. But the very fact that they would be blamed for the result will make them think twice before risking it.

It may be objected that inflation is not necessarily an evil, and that the French might well discover, like many of the English, a blessing in what had formerly been a boggy. The situation, however, is not analogous. In France, with the exception of the minority interest represented by the export industries, the consensus of opinion is heavily against inflation, and the collapse of the franc purely as a result of the failure of Parliament to vote economies would be attributed to that institution, and might well be fatal to its already diminished prestige. In any case it would be a valuable encouragement to the many enemies of democracy. The parties have too much interest in preserving the regime to be willing to invite its replacement by one of the many would-be dictators who are only too ready to take over control. And if moderation is indicated for domestic reasons, there is an additional motive for avoiding upheaval in the dangers outside. The sobering effect which the advent of Hitler has had on the milder Socialists, many of whom have been converted tardily to nationalism by the Nazis, is of special significance in this respect. Another favourable factor is the personal prestige of M. Daladier, who more than anybody is capable of combining ordinary prudence with Radicalism.

But, it may be objected, even suppose the immediate snag is negotiated, and a reasonable measure of financial restoration put through, that will only relieve the Treasury, the economic situation will not be improved. What about the industrial and agricultural crisis? What about the unfavourable commercial balance?

The objection is perfectly valid. Let us see how serious it is.

Like all countries, France is suffering from a double crisis—the world's and her own. One is a crisis of general over-production, or under-consumption if you prefer it; the other of particular maladjustment. One is periodic and temporary, the other fundamental and permanent; and in proportion as the

second is important, so the effects of the first will be felt. In other words, the reliance of a nation on international trade is a direct measure of the depression it experiences in the slump. On the other hand, the fact that the slump is due not only to periodic and transient causes, but also to permanently altered world conditions makes it much more serious for nations who have been dependent on external relations. It is this that explains the relative immunity of France.

Take, for instance, the case of Britain. Our politicians never tire of telling us that prosperity is conditioned by the revival of world trade. This tenet is the basis for their policy at international conferences, the *leit-motif* of all their speeches, the guiding principle in their negotiations with foreign Powers. They remember the past, the good old times—some of their memories even go back to the nineteenth century—and they dream of a return to the *status quo*. It will come, they feel sure—when the trade cycle has turned again. There have been periods of depression before, they have passed, they always pass. We must be patient . . . and so on. What they do not tell us—at least, not sufficiently—is that the unique position we enjoyed roughly down to the last war we shall never completely recover, for the simple fact that more and more of the countries to which we once exported now produce the goods we used to send them in their own factories. Moreover, not only do they satisfy their own needs, they also (some of them) produce a surplus which competes with our goods in the few markets still open to them. Hence our problem is not so much that of tiding over a temporary state of affairs, as that of finding a new orientation for our energies. The good old times, in fact, will never come back; there may be good times and even better again, but they will result from quite a different conception.

Now, compare this situation with that of France, and you will find that French economy is relatively well adapted to the new outlook which the rise of industrialism in the “backward” countries imposes on the more advanced. France has never lost the balance between agriculture and industry which Britain sacrificed—understandably perhaps—in the nineteenth century for the sake of what was practically a world industrial monopoly. In doing so, Britain grew much richer than her neighbour across

the Channel, but the latter is now reaping the benefits of her conservatism. For the fact that France has remained to a large extent self-sufficient, producing nearly all the food she has need of and never becoming dependent, like Britain, on foreign markets, makes it easier for her to support the consequences of the present tendency of nations to fall back on their own resources. What readjustment has to be made is small; it does not necessitate a vast national reorganisation, virtually an economic revolution, such as the revival of agriculture now taking place in England represents.

The French export industries have frequently complained, especially in the last few years, of the protection afforded to agriculture, to which they attribute the high cost of living and hence their difficulties in competing with foreign producers. But the conflict between the two interests is inevitable, and cannot be taken to denote a profound disequilibrium. It is only natural that a nation which has built up its prosperity chiefly on the hard work and thrift of its peasantry should put the cultivator first, and if certain measures may be deemed excessive, such as the recent Corn Bill, which by fixing a minimum price may have the effect of encouraging the present overproduction, there is no doubt that on the whole France's protectionist policy has been justified by events. There was in any case no option, as without protection the slump in world prices would have ruined the peasant beyond recovery. The export industries, moreover, can console themselves with the hope, which is denied to many British industrialists, of participating in the world recovery when it comes. For, unlike Britain, which is faced with permanent competition from countries such as Japan, India, and Australia, French exports consist largely of luxury articles (clothes, scent, wines, etc.), in the production of which France has practically a monopoly. Here, therefore, is no need of permanent readjustment; it is simply a question of holding out till people have money to spend again.

The importance of the unfavourable commercial balance, it is true, presents a problem. Between 1929 and 1932 the excess of imports over exports increased from £100,000,000 to £125,000,000, while the deficit registered for the first six months of 1933, amounting to £75,000,000, showed that it was still

augmenting. The Government, however, has recently taken steps to redress the balance, and the effects of this measure will no doubt be felt shortly. Not included in the balance, moreover, are the invisible exports, the most important of which, deriving from the tourist industry, has recently given distinct indications of revival.

It must be remembered, too, that the state of the commercial balance, which depends on the volume of international trade, is by no means the only criterion of prosperity. We in England have come to think it so because of the preponderance of our export industry, but it is not the same with other countries. In fact, in an age of economic "autarchies", and as nations look more and more to their internal market to absorb output, the commercial balance is increasingly unreliable as an economic barometer. That this is so in the case of France is strongly suggested by the fact that, though the commercial deficit has been growing, industrial activity is steadily increasing. This is proved by the following figures taken from the general index of industrial production. One hundred represents the production for 1913, and July, 1932, where the table begins, is the bottom of the slump.

1932			1933		
July	..	92	January	..	100
August	..	93	February	..	103
September	..	94	March	..	105
October	..	95	April	..	107
November	..	97	May	..	109
December	..	98	June	..	112

The improvement during the twelve months covered applies to all the basic industries—mechanical, metallurgical, textile, leather, paper, rubber, automobile. The only exception is building, which is still suffering from the spate provoked by the boom. It is confirmed by the fall in the unemployment figure, which on September 2nd showed a further decline, dropping to 234,087, as compared with 260,493 recorded on the same date last year.

There would seem, therefore, to be unmistakable signs that France has turned the corner, though it would be rash to assume that all her troubles are over.

We see then that neither from a financial nor an economic point of view is there reason to despair. Economically, France maintains her relatively favourable position, and can expect to consolidate rather than diminish it eventually. As for the Budget, it depends, as explained, purely on the will of a few deputies; if the handful of Socialists making part of the majority choose to abandon the franc rather than compromise certain principles (and promises), we may expect the usual consequences: collapse of confidence, a run on the banks, suspension of payments. I have stated my personal opinion that they will not risk such an eventuality, and given my reasons. Only the future can show whether I am right.

There is one matter I have not touched—that of the enormous gold reserve of the Bank of France. Amounting, according to the most recent statement to roughly £1,000,000,000, it represents just under 80 per cent. of the fiduciary issue—a record proportion. It might be argued that with such a backing there can be no danger to the franc. I have purposely not invoked this reasoning owing to my scepticism as to whether the possession of gold, in however abundant quantities, can be a substitute for confidence in the state. Once a run began on it, it would not take long to drain away this hoard. There is, however, one point which favours my thesis. The removal of securities from France for reasons of safety implies the existence of a superior refuge. Paris may not be a desirable place in which to keep money, but is there in the world today a better?

DEAN INGE AND THE ENGLISH PREACHERS

BY J. R. GLORNEY BOLTON

ONLY a few ecclesiastical partisans can have welcomed the announcement that the Dean of St. Paul's is about to retire, so that he may spend the closing years of his life in the neighbourhood of Oxford. He became Dean of St. Paul's in the year of the King's Coronation. Asquith, himself a great Oxonian, declared that the successor of John Donne and R. W. Church, the historian of the Oxford Movement, should be one of the best scholars of the day. And when, in 1911, the Deanery of St. Paul's fell vacant, Asquith chose a man, who, as a master at Eton, was not a conspicuous success and who, as a London vicar, was rather a dismal failure.

Many influential men raised their protests. Oxford theologians announced that the views of the new Dean were heretical; but Asquith, resembling the deists of the eighteenth century, cared little for the niceties of Anglican theology. It was he, after all, who appointed Canon Hensley Henson to be the Dean of Durham. One or two of the popular journalists clamoured against the appointment, but Asquith, who never disguised his contempt for popular journalism, knew that the Archbishop would come to his aid, for in his dread of enthusiasm Archbishop Davidson was another child of the eighteenth century. The majority, needless to say, accepted the appointment without marked approval. Dr. Rashdall Hastings, himself to become a celebrated Dean of Carlisle, was asked whether he liked Dr. Inge's appointment. "Why not?" he replied, "He's a Buddhist and hates the poor".

Asquith had his own reasons, which time was to justify. He loved St. Paul's. It represented the age to which spiritually he belonged. Often, when he sought a shelter from the busy idleness of public affairs, he sat alone beneath the dome of

the cathedral. People saw him sitting there during some of the darkest days of the War, and the knowledge that the Prime Minister of belligerent England could find time to meditate in peace gave them fresh confidence. He was sitting there soon after he heard that his son Raymond had been killed in the War. He was there when Cabinet disputes had forced him to resign and his eight years' career as the Prime Minister had come to an end. The Cathedral's grandeur, its silence challenging the activities and stir of the City of London, helped him to accept defeat with the quiet dignity of which strong men alone are capable. He, alone of all the Prime Ministers of England, had earned the right to make an unfettered appointment to the Deanery of St. Paul's.

It was during the War that the Dean came fully into his own. Great war services were held in St. Paul's—the funeral of Lord Roberts, the memorial services for Nurse Cavell and for those who were drowned when the Germans sank the *Lusitania*. In the crypt lie the remains of Nelson and Wellington. In a chapel the effigy of Kitchener covers an empty tomb. The Cathedral bears the furniture and trappings of war. It is in danger of becoming a war museum. Yet its chief custodian was one of the very few clergymen who remained level-headed throughout the War. Soon after Great Britain declared war upon Germany, Dr. Cosmo Gordon Lang, then Archbishop of York, admitted that he used to have a great affection for Germany. He became at once the target for some absurd abuse. Dr. Edward Lyttleton preached in a similar vein and was driven from Eton, though he happened to be the greatest of England's headmasters. Dr. Lang is now the Archbishop of Canterbury; but it is certain that if the Archbishopric of Canterbury had fallen vacant during the War, neither Mr. Asquith nor Mr. Lloyd George would have dared to appoint Dr. Lang. For that matter, many people complained that Archbishop Davidson was far too mild to be a war-time Primate. Some of the Bishops eagerly fulfilled the part the public expected of them. They became recruiting officers in gaiters. At least two of them were seldom seen in public except in khaki. Very few clergymen, one suspects, would care to have their war-time sermons republished. Yet Dean

Inge did recently publish a sermon he had preached during the War. In it he had some hard things to say of Germany ; but, if hard, they were not unjust. As an indictment of Germany the congregation must have thought the sermon altogether too easy-going.

The Armistice was signed, and the Dean who had kept his head came still more into prominence. The clamour for making Germany pay and for hanging the Kaiser disgusted him. He realised that some of the leading men at Versailles knew nothing of history or economics. "The morrow of victory", declared Mazzini, "is often more perilous than its eve". Vindictiveness and stupidity, the Dean believed, would lead the Allies to give away everything that might have been won and made permanent. He raised his voice, and for a wonder, he gained a hearing. People read and quoted what he wrote. Here was prose second only to the prose of Newman. Here was the challenge of views second only to those of Mr. Bernard Shaw. In Judæa there were prophets whom the people did not heed. In England there was a prophet whose epigrams people knew by heart and whose fearful prophecies were commanding a brisk sale. Yet few were convinced. It was as though they saw the yawning abyss and pretended that their eyes had deceived them. Many would laugh, wrote Dr. Jacks, if anyone proposed to send Dean Inge to the Peace Conference ; but they would be laughing at an obvious truth.

The *intelligentsia* of England is small and keen. It is sentimental and hates war. It gave Mr. Ramsay MacDonald his first encouragement when he attempted to re-enter Parliament after the War. It is kind to Mr. Gandhi, though it thinks him muddle-headed. But its influence on popular opinion is distressingly slight and wayward. Because it has no illusions about democracy, it has never taken seriously to the task of informing democracy. It has even grown uncertain of itself. For some years it identified itself with Labour and prophesied the crash of a capitalist society. But when, in 1931, the financial crisis suggested that its prophecy was about to be fulfilled, the *intelligentsia* lost courage and deserted Labour. Dean Inge, it is true, has never been a genuine representative of this *intelligentsia*. For one thing, he has a hatred of Socialism.

He believes that the working-classes are unnecessarily pampered. Dean Hastings was not altogether wrong when he declared that the Dean of St. Paul's "hates the poor".

Lord Beaverbrook invited the Dean to contribute to the *Evening Standard*. He entered at once into the front rank of amateur journalists. Not even Mr. Winston Churchill, Lord Birkenhead and, later, Mr. Lloyd George, could compete successfully against him. He became "a pillar of the Church and two columns of the *Evening Standard*". Like Mr. Bernard Shaw, he came to fame through his persistent attacks upon existing institutions. Like Mr. Bernard Shaw, he has ended by becoming a national institution himself. And yet these articles did not really enhance his reputation. He was saying very little that he had not already said in his books and sermons. He was shouting in the market-place and competing against younger men who needed both a hearing and a competence. He was helping—no doubt unconsciously—to degrade English journalism, from which the amateur with a famous or fashionable name expelled the man whose best work was usually anonymous. The man who can write may have no name. The man who has a name must often find someone to write for him. Even books may be written by someone whose name never appears. Dean Inge is himself a man of great sincerity. His articles never disguised his contempt for the class to which Lord Beaverbrook himself belongs. Woe betide the sub-editor who, in Whistler's phrase, presumed to alter a masterpiece.

Yet the fact that the Dean accepted the platform offered by Lord Beaverbrook had its effect upon the working-class mind. Rightly or wrongly, the English working man is profoundly distrustful of Fleet Street and its men. They sell their talents as women have sold their bodies. They write barristerially. They change their pseudonyms, which enables them to attack in one paper what they have written in another. They are ready for change. They know when the political or social ship is sinking. Among themselves they indulge in the wildest revolutionary talk. Whether there is to be a Fascist or a Communist revolution in England, the revolutionary Government will have all the talents of Fleet Street at its command. Many of the Fleet Street men belong to the *intelligentsia*. The safer

their jobs, the more pronounced their sympathies with Communism usually become. Mr. Bernard Shaw, professing Socialism while he is earning twenty thousand pounds a year, has done more than any man living to make a cynical disregard for the poverty of others respectable. His letters are now readily accepted by the Editor of *The Times*. In this fashion are Socialism and Communism made safe for English society. Dean Inge saw the perils which beset his country. Those perils were real. But before 1931 men did not believe. They laughed. And, like Voltaire, the Dean laughed too.

The Dean, however, soon realized that he had placed himself in a false position. In a comparatively short time he foreswore his lucrative journalism and was to be found in the Deanery at work on a new book. The scholar, the thinker—if you will, the man of God—triumphed over the journalist, whose facile pen enabled lazy men to laugh and snigger as the suburban train took them back to their monotonous little bungalows in the Surrey urban districts. It was in the book which cultured men would read carefully and in the sermon to which reverent men would listen attentively that the influence of the great Dean of St. Paul's was to endure.

If this is so, can it be true, as many have argued, that the English pulpit has fallen into disrepute? When people thought that Canon Liddon was about to preach another sermon like his "First five minutes after death", they so crowded into St. Paul's Cathedral that it was almost impossible for late-comers to find accommodation. Spurgeon's chapel was always full. His fame was such that some of the most respectable members of the Church of England were tempted to make their first appearance in a dissenting place of worship: even Queen Victoria—so conscientious in considering the ecclesiastical appointments of her Ministers—is said to have gone to hear Spurgeon, wearing a deep disguise. Nor were the great preachers of the Church of Rome neglected. Oxford waited impatiently for the return of the aged Newman to his old college. Thousands of Londoners came to pay their last respects when Manning died. There was no lack of preachers during the brief Edwardian period. Henry Scott Holland still held large congregations in St. Paul's. Charles Gore was then the exceedingly busy Bishop

of a Midland diocese, and though he had no pretence to eloquence, he was heard by large congregations wherever he went. It was the power of a man—a not very original man—who said what he believed fearlessly and straightforwardly. R. J. Campbell, author of the *New Theology*, made preaching history in the City Temple.

Where is their influence today? R. J. Campbell retired from the City Temple, repudiated the *New Theology*, and became an Anglican clergyman. Today he is a Canon living in a sleepy Cathedral city. He is rarely heard in a London pulpit. The Church of England has offered him no career. Soon after he was ordained, Dr. Campbell was, indeed, invited to preach in St. Paul's Cathedral, and the congregation was suitably large. The convert from Congregationalism was eloquent; he had the looks and gestures that an actor might have envied. Yet it is doubtful whether the congregation was greatly impressed. The style which moved the Edwardians is seldom effective today, and the men who usually fill St. Paul's are very different.

There is, to begin with, the Dean himself. He is unmusical and deaf. The choir can make no appeal to him. His voice is harsh and metallic. Though his own prose is incomparable, he cannot read it as it should be read. "Do you call that beautiful?" Carson asked, as he read extracts from Oscar Wilde's works during the unhappy trial. "Not as you read it", came the imperturbable reply. Yet this man whose forbidding voice reverberates beneath the Dome draws more people to hear him than does any other divine. Rather more than ten years ago he went up to Oxford to address the undergraduates on the religious life, which, he told them, "begins as an experiment and ends as an experience". He was speaking in the Examination Schools to an audience of some two thousand undergraduates, which is a very large proportion of the University population. Only one man could draw an audience that was anything like so large, and this was the old Baron von Hügel. In many ways Baron von Hügel was the antithesis of Dean Inge. He was a loyal Roman Catholic, a man with all the gifts of the good speaker, whose talk fell easily into banter and slang.

More than one volume of sermons has shown that the good

preacher still exists in this country. He has not been daunted by the manifest falling-off in the number of people who now go to church. He seeks quality rather than quantity. As a rule, he does not hold high office in his Church. There is in the Church of England such a love of organization for its own sake that only the good organizer is offered—and can accept—a bishopric. Nor is the Church of England the only offender, for the Catholic hierarchy does not produce preachers so good as Father C. C. Martindale or Father Ronald Knox. Among the recognized leaders of the Church of Scotland and the English Free Churches good preachers are few, though they abound in the lower ranks. This is all the more significant, for English Nonconformity has made a great tradition of good preaching. Congregationalism has recently thrown up Mr. J. S. Whale, the new President of Cheshunt, who is still in his early thirties. When the war ended, he went to Oxford and entered Mansfield College, of which Dr. W. B. Selbie was then the head. After a brief experience in a suburb of Manchester, he returned to Mansfield, where he helped to make the recent prestige of Nonconformity in Anglican Oxford secure. Perhaps the preaching tradition of the older Nonconformity still lurks in Mr. Whale's sermons. They are emotional and a little strident. They proclaim Christ from the housetops. They have none of the gentle, almost tutorial, pleading of the sermons preached by Canon J. S. Bezzant, Mr. Whale's contemporary at Oxford, who must be the youngest clergyman ever to have occupied the pulpit of Westminster Abbey.

And this, perhaps, is the test of the good sermon today—that it pleads gently and persuades. The old-fashioned sermon was a good fighting speech on a religious subject. Its technique was little different from a speech in defence of Free Trade or in protest against the Turkish persecution of the Armenians. It is no accident that the Liberals of Gladstone's day sought the aid of local preachers when canvassing in their constituencies. Charles Gore showed before the war that men will always listen to those who speak the truth that is in them. It so happens that the most satisfactory attempt to refute Mr. Bertrand Russell's philosophy appears in a Bampton Lecture which Canon Streeter delivered at Oxford last year in the University Church.

"Must philosophic reflection stop", he asked, "when it has discovered the limitations of science, or can it venture to explore the territory outside those limits? . . . No theory of the universe can be satisfactory which does not adequately account for the phenomenon of life, especially in that richest form which finds expression in human personality. . . . Since no two individuals have identical experience, no two can have an identical inner life; and since new events demand new reactions, experience is never static. For the philosopher, then, the study of *race-experience* is vital; but where shall he find the subjective experience of innumerable minds given him in a form that admits of study? Clearly he can do this only if there are available *objectifications* of this experience. And such there are. In a language, in a literature, in a national art, in social customs and institutions, in the historic religions, we see what are in effect objectifications of race consciousness reflecting on race experience. And what is here embodied is not merely an expression of the individual and corporate experience of average humanity, but also that extension of experience and enhanced power of interpreting it which appertains to what we call genius. By studying these objectifications in the right way we gain understanding—not directly, but indirectly—of the inner quality of the experience which produced them. But nowhere do we find objectified such a wealth, depth, and range of intuition, experience and reflexion on experience, as in the great World Religions. Accordingly, it is here first that we should look, if we want to see *writ large* the content of personal life at its maximum both of elevation and intensity. If science were the only way of knowledge, Mr. Russell would be right. But is it the only way? . . ."

This Bampton Lecture was delivered from the pulpit used by John Keble when, a hundred years ago, he preached his Assize Sermon on National Apostasy and, so doing, heralded the Oxford Movement. Keble, Newman, and Pusey dreaded the onrush of Liberalism and Radicalism. They wished to stem their tide. Liberalism and Radicalism came none the less, and if some of the results were evil, the evil was not permanent. "We see now", said Emerson, "events forced on us which seem to retard the civility of ages. But the world spirit is a good swimmer, storms and waves cannot drown him; through the years and the centuries a great and beneficent tendency irresistibly streams". The intellectual climate in which Canon Streeter and his contemporaries live is very different from that known to Keble and the Oxford dons of King William's reign. But how many of the great truths of religious and personal experience have since lost their validity? The prospects before Keble and his friends were horrible to contemplate. The prospects before us now are horrible. But in the years to come the solution to our difficulties will seem comparatively easy to

have overcome. It will appear that we have worried and fretted too much. We shall acquire a better perspective and regain the right spiritual values.

Some of Keble's friends prophesied a day when education would be completely secularized, when laymen would predominate among the dons and people cease to attend church. That prophecy has been fulfilled. Yet the consequences have not been so bad as they feared. Education, if more secular, is better. The dons, if laymen, are more intelligent. The churches, if half-full, are probably more vital. Canon Streeter's sermons are as good as any preached by Keble or Pusey. More and more laymen are entering the pulpit. Sir Arnold Wilson can preach an excellent sermon. Many of the headmasters who are now laymen—a fact that would have shocked the early Tractarians—are fond of preaching. A layman is allowed a greater latitude than the clergyman. He is free from the probably cramped training of the theological college. Such is his freedom that many would give non-Churchmen access to the pulpit. They would like to see the pulpits of St. Paul's and Westminster occupied by men like Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. Aldous Huxley, Dr. Julian Huxley, and Mr. Richard Aldington. Each of them, we may be sure, would gladly accept the invitation.

A century ago it was comparatively easy to distinguish the man with faith from the man without faith. That distinction has since disappeared. The man of science has his faith as much as the man of religion.

The range of knowledge and sympathy is very much wider than it was a century ago. To whom shall the preacher appeal—to the historian, the internationalist, or the cosmopolitan, the scientist, the student of comparative religion, or to that indescribable phantom, the man in the street? Fundamentally, he must be true to himself. A modern and severely critical congregation makes preaching an ordeal. Slipshod preparation and presentation are no longer excused. The Anglo-Catholics have paid dearly for insisting in the past that preaching is of minor importance. The pulpit is still the testing place for ideas and beliefs.

AUSTRALIA'S RECOVERY

BY H. CAMPBELL JONES

WELL might Australians have said, in the words of Captain Scott, "Things have come out against us", when the national income of 6,700,000 people fell from £650,000,000 to £450,000,000 in three years. Equally might they rejoice that in a similar period they have won back to solvency and stability; but they are too thankful for the good fortune which under Providence they have enjoyed to vaunt their unique recovery.

When the cloud first appeared on the horizon, there were few indeed who read the signs aright. After the sharp set-back of 1921 prosperity in imponderable profusion appeared to descend upon the Commonwealth. Those who at first feared a day of reckoning jettisoned the haunting dread when year followed year with ever-growing trade and riches, and the Midas touch was common property. The soothsayers were silenced, the most acute financial brains joined in the hectic pursuit of the golden fleece, and there was frantic scramble to share the wealth which was within the reach of every section of the community. From overseas there came an occasional grumble, "Those people are living beyond their means", but when the Australian studied the commercial or social life of England (or, as some prefer to call this island, "Home"), he discovered it to be as intent upon imitating Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford as he was, and he paid little heed.

Suddenly the rhythm of his daily harmony was broken. The bankers had become alarmed by the monstrous growth of his obligations, internal and external, but he laughed at their fears, and went his spendthrift way. When they translated their brooding forebodings into action by decreeing that accommodation must be restricted, he became genuinely angry, and wondered why he had not detected long before that they had

feet of clay. He called upon his other idols to replace these doubting Thomases with men of vision, and of worth; and there were many hard words exchanged when the financial institutions for the first time passed from private protest to public expostulation, and suggested to politicians that they should set an example by displaying caution in their budgeting. Then, in curious measure which none could understand, the perennial flow of riches commenced to dry up. Demand slackened, business became flabby, accounts could not be quickly collected, stocks hung fire, staffs were reduced, factories did not work full time, and a wave of apprehension swept across the Continent. Confidence wavered and gave ground, returned, and broke again. Over the cables came the paralysing news of the sagging of prices for primary products which are the life-blood of this young nation. Then it was true, after all; things had gone to the dickens in a night.

Values fell with vertiginous speed. Capital and incomes alike went into the bottomless pit. Men went to bed believing that they were protected against the slings and arrows of misfortune, and awoke to find they had been targets even while they slumbered uneasily. To their political leaders they looked for guidance, and especially to the Federal Government, which had the benefit of the advice of Sir Otto Niemeyer. Mr. Scullin, a Labour Prime Minister, was in office, and the masses had the greatest confidence in his political acumen. He spoke with modesty and outlined the way out of the Serbonian bog, but the men of vision among his followers were few.

Circumstances took him to London, and in his absence opportunism ran riot in his Cabinet, which chased inflation without being tethered like Jason when the mermaids ogled him. Some of his colleagues—despite his insistent condemnation of it—first flirted with repudiation and then feverishly espoused it. Back in Australia, Mr. Scullin found that banded unionism had prejudged this panacea, and he gave utterance to many warnings—and the more he said, the less the plain man could understand what he was driving at. Then there came an election, during which he lent ear to the discredited E. D. Theodore, and his forces were dispersed most dramatically by a people who cannot abide any approach to equivocation in time of national

crisis. They do not bother their heads overmuch about the tricks of the political trade when conditions are happy and prosperous, but the devil himself must be a saint when the body politic is sickly.

The constituencies hustled out the Labour administration, which had honestly done some excellent initial work efficiently, and the National and Country parties, working in conjunction, were returned with handsome majorities in both Houses of the Federal Legislature. Fortunately, Mr. Lyons possesses part of the qualities of Agag. He walks warily, and this quality was very necessary. If anyone takes the Australian by the nape of the neck and tries to thrust him anywhere, let him beware the reaction. Mr. Stanley Bruce, in an unhappy moment, assured the electorates that he alone could be their Moses, and they recoiled so definitely that he lost his seat, which was a most serious mishap for the Federation. Earlier, Mr. W. M. Hughes had ridden the nation with the whip, and he has been forced into the obscurity of the Greek chorus ever since, sharing with Mr. Bruce a wholly unmerited indifference by the people whom he served so truly and well.

The stage was set, and it remained to see if the qualities which had enabled a people to settle an enormous continent had been sapped by a somewhat sybaritic spell of luxury and high living. The Australian comes of pioneer stock of sturdy Anglo-Saxon lineage, and his forefathers had to fight nature at her worst before they could boast substantial settlement. Their explorers were men of extraordinary strength of character and moral worth, whose deeds have been overlain by the miracles wrought by their heirs. Curiosity caused the writer years ago to inquire how many men were broken on the wheel before any virgin soil, fertile though it ultimately might be, would yield a sufficiency for the sustenance of a hard-working family, and it was proven that on an average the blood and treasure of five settlers was absorbed before the last comer could make bread and butter. (Ignorant of this vital fact, soldiers were planted on new country as if they were potatoes, and failed.) Conquering the coastal districts, and the valleys, and the highlands, and the plains of the interior, and "outback", was a giant's task, and the Australian succeeded in doing it.

Initiative is his, and invention, and imagination, and courage, and fortitude, and indomitable perseverance, and a native honesty of character. His politics have many times been heterodox, for he has no abiding faith in inflexible formulæ, and the events of the War knocked belief in many of the accepted dogmas of economics out of his head; but he never lost confidence in the eternal verities. One word was always on his lips—is, in fact, still there—"Betterment". Whoever seemed likely to achieve the greatest degree of well-being for the multitude received his support. That was why militants like W. G. Spence with sentences aggregating 565 years; and "Andy" Dawson, who set up a republic in a town of tin shanties; and "Jim" Page, who loosened the bolts of the rails on a railway line to stop the transport of "scab" shearers, were elected to the Commonwealth Parliament; while men so dissimilar as Lord Forrest, with his gusty "Pooh! what's a million?" and Sir George Turner, most penurious Treasurer, who sketched out his budget speeches on used envelopes, were colleagues in Cabinets.

With the national income down by £200,000,000; with overseas loans which had averaged £21,000,000 per annum for a decade switched off; and with deficits of the Federal and State Parliaments in the vicinity of £40,000,000, the hour of trial had struck. With infinite labour the two groups of legislatures—Federal and State—had to shed their antagonisms and aversions and co-operate, otherwise it was patent that a crash was imminent, and inescapable. From a welter of words emerged the Premiers' Plan, suggested in a large degree by the sagacious report of Sir Otto Niemeyer, lent by the Bank of England. The State Premiers met in concert with the Scullin Ministry and agreed upon a scheme to be spread over several years, which embodied: (a) a reduction of 20 per cent. in all adjustable Government expenditure—which meant everything except interest commitments; (b) conversion of the internal debts of the Governments on the basis of a $22\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. reduction of interest; (c) the raising of additional revenue by taxation; (d) a reduction of bank and savings bank rates of interest on deposits and advances; and (e) relief in respect of private mortgages.

It was an enormous undertaking, and, with utmost goodwill,

was almost affrighting; it was additionally onerous when the Premier of the largest State, Mr. J. T. Lang, of New South Wales, denied the expediency and the effectiveness of the proposals which had been adopted, and affirmed that he would plough a lonely furrow which finally took him to repudiation, and which in the meantime tremendously embarrassed the other Governments, until he made a slip in his do-or-die policy, and the Governor, Sir Philip Game, dismissed him. The electors of the State endorsed the Governor's action, and Mr. Stevens led the National Party to the Treasury benches, and with remarkable financial prescience collaborated with his fellows and consolidated the intricate permutations of the plan.

That fear which is the beginning of wisdom was in the hearts of most sections of the populace, and though each step was contested bitterly by some, the majority disciplined itself to fortitude. Mr. Scullin had opened the fight with adversity by attacking the balance of trade, which was a millstone round the neck of the nation. He prohibited many luxury and some necessary lines, and internal activity resulted in the local factories entering upon a period of expansion which was without precedent. He agreed to cut Federal expenditure, but he shrank from the turmoil in his party which this involved. He made furious resolves like Cyrus Gilfain in *Floradora*, and let them be chilled by caucus quarrels. So that practically the whole recovery troubles had to be borne by the Lyons Ministry. It declared for deflation. It advanced the exchange rate to 25 per cent. It cut its own salaries, and those of members of both Houses. It pruned the estimates, and reduced civil service remuneration by over 20 per cent. It made similar savings in the social services, including Old Age, Invalid, and Widows' Pensions, and even Soldiers' Pensions—action which in a country dedicated to betterment, and with Cabinets dependent upon universal suffrage, called for courage of the highest quality.

Slowly the trade figures contracted, and a solitary shaft of sunlight percolated through the murk. Here is the story of the last three years, culled from official statistics:

Australia's imports from Great Britain have been (values in British currency):

<i>Total Imports</i>	<i>Imports from United Kingdom</i>	<i>Percentage of Imports from U.K. to Total Imports</i>
£59,164,668	£23,291,013	39·37%
43,499,307	17,409,556	40·02%
57,825,138	23,881,782	41·30%

The percentage which imports from the United Kingdom bear to total imports at the present time is better than the figures above indicate. In the first half of 1932-33, before the benefits of the Ottawa Agreement could be felt to any large degree, the British percentage fell to 38·67 per cent., but in the second half of the year (i.e., January-June, 1933), the percentage rose to 44·33 per cent.

The external adjustment was successfully accomplished. For the year ending 30th June, 1932, Australia had a favourable trade balance of £34,000,000. For the year 1932-33 the favourable trade balance was £26,682,000, which is more than sufficient to meet overseas obligations for interest and sinking fund. When it is realised that there was an adverse trade balance for the year ending 30th June, 1930, of £34,000,000, the magnitude of the accomplishment will be appreciated. These figures, however, striking as they are, do not tell the whole story. For the year 1931-32 the volume of exports was one-third greater than for the year 1928-29. In 1928-29 the value of Australia's exports of merchandise was £138,000,000, excluding bullion and specie. For the year 1931-32 it was only £75,000,000 sterling, although one-third greater in volume. In other words, for the same volume of export which in 1928-29 realized £138,000,000, in 1931-32 Australia obtained only £50,000,000 sterling.

Faced with the fall in the value of her exports to this extent, and the necessity of providing some £30 million for interest overseas, it is clear how great the curtailment of Australia's imports had to be. The curtailment which was effected was from £131 million in 1929-30 to £44 million in 1931-32, and was brought about by prohibitions and restrictions and very heavy increases in Customs duties.

By a great conversion scheme, all interest on the £556 million internal debts has been reduced by $22\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. A reduction of interest on deposits and advances by banks and savings banks has also been brought about, and relief has been afforded in

respect of private mortgages. And last, but by no means least, wages and salaries have been reduced by between 20 and 30 per cent., which, allowing for the adjustment through fall in cost of living, means a cut of about 10 per cent. in real wages.

Side by side with these reductions of expenditure, taxation has been increased. An estimated aggregate budget deficit (Commonwealth and States) for 1931-32 of £40 million was reduced to £20 million. Actually in the Commonwealth budget a deficit of £20,000,000, which was in prospect before the plan came into operation, was turned into a surplus in 1931-32 of £1,300,000. During the year 1932-33 the Commonwealth results showed a surplus of £3,545,000, while the deficits of the State Governments amounted to £8,988,000, giving a net deficit for the Commonwealth and States of £5,064,000. Had Australia suspended payment to the Sinking Fund, as Great Britain has done, Australia this year would have practically balanced her Budget. That is worth recording in letters of gold.

Without haste, and without rest, the Federal Government, with the assistance of economists, reviewed the whole of its operations, making a dexterous cut here, administering a tonic there, and always aiming to assure private enterprise, with the impulse of patriotic motive behind it, the freedom of action which would most assist the Commonwealth to recovery of its lost tone. Never did it make State assistance the be-all and end-all of its policy. It staked its fortunes upon private enterprise, backed by sympathetic Government stimulus, and it has been justified. In a thousand ways it hazarded its reputation and its popularity. It overhauled the tariff; it subsidised in a sane and practical way the wheat and wool industries; it sat on the Treasury chest. There was nothing within its authority which it did not tackle. Inevitably it made mistakes, but it did not make any serious and irrecoverable errors. When the tide had swung back towards controlled finance, it adventured on the London money market, and thanks to the Englishman's appreciation of hard work well done, and the skilful advocacy and handling of Mr. S. M. Bruce, it has scaled the interest charges upon a large proportion of its London indebtedness.

Meanwhile, the several State Ministries were also rendering

yeoman service, lopping down their top-heavy disbursements, adjusting freights to the advantage of the producers, distributing the cash provided by loan and by the Federal Government in the manner most calculated to help the farmers over their prickly stile, and, maybe, greatest of all, educating the vagrant mind of many of the electors to the nature of the crisis so that they should—if they were disposed to condemn—remain to pray. The Langites were their worst problem. The ex-Premier is one of the few men of dynamic parts in politics, and having persuaded himself that a particular course is the right one, he has a knack of hypnotising others. His relentless opposition, not only in New South Wales, but in the Federal Parliament, through a cleverly manipulated rump, and in the other States was a sore embarrassment—is, for that matter, still—but vigorous contention often helps by bringing out latent fighting qualities in men who would otherwise be easy-going. Mr. Lang's slashing assaults evoked unsuspected fire and belligerence in Mr. Lyons and his Ministers, and when history strikes a balance, it will probably be found that the intransigence of the Sydney Labour leader and inflationist was more a help than a hindrance.

To-day the Federal Prime Minister and the State Premiers can survey their labours and not be guilty of vanity if they feel a modest satisfaction. Here is the position in a nutshell :

The preliminary financial returns of the Commonwealth and State Governments for the year ended 30th June, 1933, which have been made available by the Commonwealth Statistician, indicate the progress that has been made towards budgetary equilibrium under the Premiers' Plan.

The aggregate deficit of the State Governments was £8,609,000, which was within the limit of £9,000,000 agreed upon at the Premiers' Conference in July of last year, and compares with an actual deficit of £20,803,000 for the year 1931-32.

On the other hand, the Commonwealth results showed a surplus of £3,545,000 compared with an estimated surplus of £12,000, and an actual surplus of £1,314,000 for 1931-32. Thus the net deficit for the Commonwealth and States for 1932-33 was £5,064,000, compared with an estimated deficit of £8,988,000, and an actual deficit in the previous year of £19,489,000.

The following table shows the revenue and expenditure of

the Commonwealth and State Governments for the financial years 1931-32 and 1932-33 :

Commonwealth or States	1931-32		1932-33 (Preliminary)	
	Revenue £'000	Expenditure £'000	Revenue £'000	Expenditure £'000
Commonwealth ..	71,532	70,218	73,512	69,967
States :				
N.S. Wales ..	42,417	56,644	50,721	54,992
Victoria ..	24,076	25,684	24,283	25,139
Queensland ..	12,994	15,069	13,397	14,951
S. Australia ..	10,482	11,545	10,161	11,170
W. Australia ..	8,035	9,593	8,332	9,196
Tasmania ..	2,385	2,657	2,522	2,577
TOTAL ..	100,389	121,192	109,416	118,025
GRAND TOTAL	171,921	191,410	182,928	187,992

For an interval of supreme value party issues were sunk. Gradually they appear to be emerging again. The tariff has to be recast, first because of the Ottawa decisions, and secondly—and primarily—because it has not been careened for years and is badly in need of a fierce scraping. The Langites will not hesitate to take every conceivable advantage of the chance it affords for log rolling and new political entanglements and orientations. Everything depends upon the man in the street. If, with the exuberance of success, he were to think that the day of reckoning has lost its menace, he might hearken to the sophistries of Mr. Lang, but, if not, he will curtly reject them and be guided by the voice of reason.

To appreciate what has happened, it must be remembered that Australia is a very young country, and that youth possesses almost incalculable powers of recuperation—and that luck has been singularly generous to the primary producers of the Commonwealth. Without the world rise in the price of primary commodities, all the gallant sacrifices would have been in vain.

TENDENCIES OF THE MODERN NOVEL.

II.—FRANCE

BY HAMISH MILES

I

BUT are there such things? To the artist, whether he be novelist, poet or painter, a "tendency", or a "technique", is generally a quite natural attribute or process of which he himself is seldom consciously aware, a descriptive classification provided for him, often very surprisingly, by outsiders. He is apt to be suspicious of it. And not without reason: for a "tendency" is often a pattern arbitrarily imposed on the outward scene by a critic more anxious to find that pattern than truthfully convinced of its existence. As a form of literature, the novel is probably the most tempting to generalize about. Generically regarded, the novel is like one of those insect's eyes which, endowed with (is it?) eight hundred and eighty lenses, duly reflect eight hundred and eighty pictures of the earthly scene. But with the novel the separate lenses, the individual novelists, are all different; and the pictures are no less diversified. Sorting them out, one might find in the novelists' pictures of life certain resemblances, and group them in classes accordingly. But on the whole the spectacle of the Novel, like the spectacle of life, from which it draws its sustenance, is too complex to seize at a glance. As in watching an ant-heap, the eye soon falls back on the individual worker, and by watching that, seeks clues to the activity of the whole.

France is the most individualist of Western countries. And it is not surprising that the novel, a highly individualistic form of writing, should in France offer singularly good opportunities of observing through its medium the currents and forces of contemporary French life. Even in its less important forms,

the novel of entertainment or distraction has its significance in this aspect. Not long ago, for instance, I was told by a French friend that the type of "forbidden" fiction read *en cachette* by the schoolboy of today was of a totally different type from that which he and his contemporaries had smuggled into the *lycée* in pre-war days. Then, it was Octave Mirbeau or Pierre Louÿs, erotica more or less veiled; now, it is the *roman policier* (or such weeklies as *Détective*) which feeds the adolescent craving. And he linked this up with the general shifting of the old preoccupation with sexual interest which marks modern French fiction in general, the vanishing of the morbid glammers of adultery in a world where the older standards of sexual morality have become lax.

That is by the way, but it points to one very characteristic feature of the post-war novel in France, which is worth observing, as it explains, I think, how fundamentally uninteresting a great deal of fiction has been during the past decade and a half, or even longer. In general, I mean the absence from most modern novels of that element of *conflict* which gives intensity of significance to most of the great novels of the past. Most novelists can no longer present in the characters of their creation the conflict of the human with the divine law, nor the clash of men and women in ordered love, because, lacking an apprehension of divinity or a sense of clear-cut standards in the conduct of love, the element of conflict no longer arises. The classic figure of Emma Bovary, to go no further back, for all the clarity of Flaubert's drawing, is blurred to the modern eye (in the more limited sense of "modern") by the supposed unreality of her conflict. The anecdote is told of a young woman lately reading *Madame Bovary* and complaining to a friend that, although it was *très beau*, she could not understand what all the fuss was about. "*Ah, mais vous savez*", replied the friend, "*c'était un péché dans ce temps-là . . .*" On a less lofty plane of literature, a popular novel like Ohnet's *Maître des Forges* is nowadays of significance only as a record of class distinctions which have, for better or worse, lost their validity. This flattening trend in the novel as a literary form is not, of course, exclusively French; neither *Tess of the d'Urbervilles* nor the dramas of Hall Caine could be written in the nineteen-

thirties. But it is conspicuous in the most important contemporary fiction in France—especially, perhaps, because it has moved side by side with a lessening of the artistic sense of *form* which has always characterized French literature—and it shows clearly the interactions of life and letters in the social organism. François Mauriac, a novelist in whom the old sense of conflict has never been atrophied, has pointed out that the absence of these moral or ethical conflicts has not only been a matter of indifference to many writers, but has even become the positive and essential theme of their writing. He cites the characteristic figure of Paul Morand, whose earlier work showed an unvarying series of “men and women, of every race and every class, seeking each other, taking each other, leaving each other, meeting each other again, unaware of any barriers, slaves of momentary instinct, and made more incapable of pleasure because the sole law known to them is that which forces them to a perpetual process of refining their own sensations”. Morand’s pitiless skill in the portrayal of these men and women will stand as a ferocious commentary on the years which followed the War of 1914-18—a kind of Goya’s “Disasters of War”—but fundamentally it is monotonous and empty; for, as Mauriac remarks, “the story of an amorphous society cannot be endlessly written and re-written, as our predecessors wrote and re-wrote the conflicts of spirit and flesh, of duty and passion”.

II

Marcel Proust died without progeny. Nobody has tried to repeat the unique creation of a unique personality and life. But, although *A la recherche du temps perdu* was essentially the culmination of the nineteenth-century novel of analysis rather than the pioneer work of a new age, his perception and presentation of life have had profound influence. He crystallized, if he did not originate, certain habits of thought and vision peculiar to our time. He was one of those novelists who are read because their vision of life provides those who read with a mode of life. André Gide has been another such; in England, to some extent, D. H. Lawrence was also one. The Proust-taught eye learns to catch a sublimated significance, now dramatic, now poetic, in every hour of everyday life. He looked for

reality in the hidden animating forces of men and women, not in their moments of extraordinary experience or crucial decisions. But that is a process which, coupled with the Proustian sense of the mobility and flux of the ego, the deliberate abandonment of any examination of morality, the assumption of a standpoint of knowledge-for-its-own-sake, accorded well with the new temper of the nineteen-twenties. He has been a master, if not a model, to many novelists.

Proust’s mode of vision, for all its apparent exactness, was in some ways related to that spirit of vague but profound disquiet which marked most of French fiction between 1918 and 1930. It was the fashionable malady, and its connection with the frustrated romanticism of the War and Wilsonian idealism is easy to trace. In the Dadaistes the sickness took its extreme form, in their apparently silly, but really quite significant, denial of all accepted validities—the social structure, verbal meaning, intelligence, literature. They saw an escape from despair in acclaiming the total supremacy of spontaneous inspiration, in denying realism and logical intelligence. In the work of the group of “adventure” novelists, of whom Pierre Mac Orlan was the chief, another line of escape was indicated—escape through wild adventuring, or through a world of fantasy which has generally been foreign to the pure French genius. It was followed by Montherlant, by Cocteau, by Morand, by Soupault, by Crevel, and even by Duhamel, in books of very varying character, but having this in common—that their personages are misfits in the life of their time, men to whom actual life is less real than the life of their desires, their invention, or their imagination. The hero of Soupault’s *A la dérive*, for instance, was a perfect example of this class, of “*le hamletisme de nos jours*”, as it has been styled. “*David ne pouvait s’attacher à rien. . . . Il ignorait volontairement les liens, les attaches, les clairières. Très jeune, il comprenait cette impossibilité impérieuse comme une vocation. . . . Le regard de ces hommes impitoyables qui ne peuvent admettre aucun souvenir est semblable à celui de ces bêtes fauves en cage, regard qui va plus loin que le décor proche et qui cherche là-bas une étendue inconnue et solitaire.*” Is he not a pure example of self-conscious, introverted romanticism? Does not that last sentence ring with the true Baudelairean echo?

III

Turn now to individuals.

It is not easy to choose them. A few have been mentioned in passing, and the novels of many more conspicuous writers have attracted attention and left a mark on the consciousness of the past decade: Gide, with *Les faux monnayeurs* and *Si le grain ne meurt*; Jean Giraudoux, with *Siegfried et le Limousin*, *Simon le Pathétique*, *Bella*, *Adorable Clio*; Pierre Hamp, with his documentary pictures of industrial life; Valéry Larbaud, with his curious studies in the *monologue intérieur*; Drieu la Rochelle, as typical as any of the generation which was plunged into war at the university age; Jean Giono, with his simple, seemingly ingenuous pictures of the primitive peasant life of Provence; André Maurois, who, as a novelist, moved forward from his half-playful performances in the Bramble and O'Grady books to the exquisitely finished *Climats* and *Cercle de Famille*; Léon Daudet, a veteran, the greatest living polemical journalist, who has turned out half a dozen novels still throbbing with the vitality of the *furor politicus*; André Malraux, whose elaborate pictures of revolutionary China (notably *Les Conquérants* and *La Condition Humaine*) are surely unrivalled in their vivid presentation to the Western world of the profound significance of the changes in the contemporary East; Eugène Dabit, whose *Hôtel du Nord*, a study of a back-street hotel, was the rallying-point of the so-called *populiste* school a few years ago; Mauriac, the most important of the Catholic novelists, who can present so vividly (his orthodox critics say so dangerously) the battle of the spirit and the flesh; Georges Bernanos, who likewise writes, tempestuously and with stunning prolixity, of spiritual agony, and portrayed, in *Le Soleil de Satan*, a modern saint with grandeur and passion.

The catalogue could be expanded. But at the moment I should like to look more closely at the work of two writers: one unknown as a novelist until his first book appeared; the other a dramatist and man of letters with twenty-five years of consistent work behind him, but both characteristic of their time. The first is Louis Ferdinand Céline, and the second, Jules Romains.

Voyage au bout de la nuit, the novel with which Céline abruptly

broke into the rather circumscribed field of French literature, is one of those books which cannot be labelled and pigeon-holed. Even if it is opened with the cautious scepticism which the experienced reader tends unconsciously to emanate when he notices "195^e édition" on the cover, it takes the breath away. Little is known of its author. He is said to be a doctor in a Paris suburb, so little aware of literary practice that, in submitting his vast mass of manuscript, he offered to pay for its publication. (And in France, be it remembered, writers on the whole form a professional corporation more than they do in England.) But, instinctively one would say, Céline has summed up the moods and experience of the age that followed the War and seems to precede an undefined revolution, with more intensity and passion than any comparable writer.

The novel is as hard to describe as to label. It is written in a style and language which to most foreign readers, and to many French readers, will seem difficult, haphazard, and uncouth. It is rambling, and, by all the accepted rules, ill-proportioned. It is excessively long; but one feels that Céline, like Pascal, might retort: "*Je n'ai pas eu le temps de le faire plus court*". But it seizes one's whole attention, imposes itself on one's imagination, with a force that few novels do. It is too soon to say that Céline has written one of the enduring masterpieces; the strength of *Voyage au bout de la nuit* is probably to a considerable extent dependent on the contemporary mood and experience; it lacks, I suspect, the essentially timeless quality of great fiction.

The story centres round the experiences, during and after the War, of a young man, Bardamu; and the first few pages hint at, and then suddenly clinch, the awful fatality of circumstance which falls upon him, and, by extension, upon his generation. He is caught up in the machinery of war: "*J'allais m'en aller. Mais trop tard! Ils avaient refermé la porte en douce derrière nous les civils. On était faits, comme des rats*". And from that instant Bardamu was caught in the most tragic currents of our time. His journey into the uttermost places of misery is more than the record of a personal experience; it is symbolic of a disintegrating civilization. From the stricken areas of Flanders he escapes—into a lunatic asylum; from the

Paris of the peace he ventures into the interior of Africa, the obscure agent of a trading company, as surely doomed as any front-line infantryman; from Africa he plunges into the America of Ford, and his adventures as a slave, in the new style, become grimly fantastic in chapters which are perhaps the most virulent satire of any on the most specious materialism of our time. Returning to France, he becomes a pitifully ineffective doctor, and his attempts to practice in a squalid faubourg of the capital, culminating in his complicity in crime, enable Céline to pour his corrosive acid on another cluster of plague-spots. Thereafter the novel tends to concentrate more on the personal drama of Bardamu and his friend Robinson; but if it loses some of its universality of vision, the sense of drama is heightened, and the violent climax of Robinson's death is magnificently treated. As the imaginative anatomy of a stricken, uncertain, unstable civilization, the novel is in its kind unmatched.

Jules Romain, on the other hand, is an experienced writer, who knows exactly, almost too exactly, what he is doing. The development of his work, from *Mort de Quelqu'un* or *Les Puissances de Paris*, forward to the opening volumes of his projected series, *Les Hommes de Bonne Volonté*, is disciplined, scientific, deliberate. A few years ago he published a trilogy—*Lucienne*, *Le Dieu des Corps*, and *Quand le Navire* (just published in an English version by John Rodker: *Boriswood*), in which he analysed with extraordinary subtlety the mysticism of the sensual life. And he has now embarked on a greater task, one for which his earlier work as the prophet of *unanimité* has been, he declares, his apprenticeship. Of this, *Les Hommes de Bonne Volonté*, only four volumes have so far appeared—two of them have appeared in English (translated as *Men of Good Will* by Warre B. Wells: *Lovat Dickson*)—and he promises an undetermined, but not indeterminate, number of volumes which will fulfil his purpose of a giant novel with Paris as its background and its hero. Choosing the morning of October 6th, 1908, as the centre, he slices a cross-section from the living flesh of the city, and dissects its living nerves, its veins and arteries, the substance of its tissue. Men and women of every class move to and fro across the pages, their paths impinging, meeting, parting again, in an intricate but beautifully controlled pattern. Romain, in the spectacle

over which he leans, sees "myriads of human activities scattered in all directions by the indifferent forces of self-interest, of passion, even of crime and madness", and apparently destroying themselves or becoming lost in the void. In this turmoil of life he sees a whole, which looks as if its chosen mode of progress were "a series of clumsy jolts". Yet, after all, in that confusion and clash of wills, there must surely be some "of good will". And to extract these, and by his art to muster them, would seem to be his objective. How far he will, or even can, succeed—who can say? But the four opening stages are astonishingly interesting.

And if only because of their ambition, their search for a certain grandeur of conception, the one instinctive, the other willed and almost scientific, these two novels of Céline and Romain have a special significance. For they offer a compensation for what the novel has suffered in vitality by its loss of the element of moral conflict.

CROWNS IN THE CARIBBEAN

BY SIR HARRY LUKE

AN old Irish friend of mine, by occupation a Catholic Bishop, once had for his cook a West Indian negro who was a nobleman and possessed a genuine coat-of-arms. The name of this sable aristocrat was the Marquis Toujours-Vert; and his title and his heraldic achievement were alike as delightful as they were authentic.

The succeeding pages will tell, among other things, how such things could be and how the second largest of the Antilles became within the 19th century the seat of two empires and one kingdom.

Towards the end of the 18th century, when the Revolution was beginning to loom large on the French horizon, Saint Domingue, as was then called the island discovered by Columbus and since 1844 divided between the Haitian and Dominican Republics, was one of the richest colonies which the Old World possessed in the New. The western or Haitian part, with which we are here concerned, belonged to the King of France, the eastern part to the King of Spain; and there were few among the more valuable of tropical products which the island did not grow in abundance. The French part supported at this time a population of 30,000 whites, 27,000 free mulattoes and about half a million coloured slaves. The mulattoes were generally the offspring of white men and negresses—one of these, for example, was the father of Alexandre Dumas *père* born in Haiti in 1762—and the morals of this tropical paradise were distinctly free and easy. Some curious official statistics of 1774 tell us that, out of seven thousand free coloured women, no fewer than five thousand lived in a state of concubinage with white men. The whites and the mulattoes—the *affranchis*—were mostly planters, the latter sometimes as wealthy as the former, but, while theoretically free, in a state of legal and

social inferiority to these. But the *affranchis* looked down upon the black slaves with almost as much contempt as that with which they were regarded by the whites. In other words, they were hated by white and black alike.

In 1789 came the fall of the Bastille, and the passions which that event released in France were echoed in Saint Domingue. The mulattoes demanded full civil rights, which were given them by the National Convention in 1791, only to be withdrawn directly afterwards. Then the slaves in the plantations rose against the French, and the disappointed mulattoes cast their lot in with them. After several years of chaos some sort of order was restored from an unexpected direction, namely, at the hands of a black slave, one of the finest characters that the negro race has produced. François Domingue Toussaint, afterwards known as *l'Ouverture*, the "Opening", because of his success on one occasion in opening a gap in the ranks of the enemy, was a small, middle-aged, sickly negro slave when the trouble broke out. He had been treated kindly by his white master, and he repaid this kindness with a practical gratitude. When the slaves rebelled against their owners he saved his master's family and property before he went to join the insurgents. And this unlikely little man was to develop military talents which extorted for him from the French the position of Governor-General for life of Saint Domingue, and made him sufficiently formidable to arouse the jealousy and anxiety of Bonaparte, then First Consul. It was Toussaint's aim to win emancipation for his people, but always in understanding with and loyalty to the French. For it was France that had given utterance to the principles of liberty, equality, and fraternity which he wanted his countrymen to share; and, although he could have proclaimed the independence of the island, he refused to cast off his allegiance to the country which he regarded as the source of freedom. Bonaparte, suspicious, unwilling to tolerate authority other than his own even in a black colony, decided to reduce it to implicit obedience and to restore slavery. Years afterwards, in St. Helena, he spoke of Saint Domingue as the greatest blunder of his career; but at the time he thought otherwise. In 1802 he despatched his own brother-in-law, General Leclerc, the husband of his sister

Pauline, to Saint Domingue at the head of a force of 25,000 men, with orders to bring the blacks to heel if they would not go quietly back to their masters; and Pauline accompanied the expedition. She thought of it as a pleasant little holiday in the Spanish Main which would soon be over, but might be diverting while it lasted. So she danced and flirted in the palace that had been built for her at Cap-François, while Leclerc alternately bullied and cajoled the blacks. But poor Leclerc was no match either for the negroes or the climate. Having failed to reduce the former to submission he proposed terms which Toussaint accepted, relying on promises that there was to be no more slavery and that there would be passed a law guaranteeing freedom to all. No sooner had he laid down his arms than he was seized and sent to France, where he died in a bleak prison cell in the Jura without having been tried or even charged. But four months earlier Leclerc had died, too, had died in Haiti of yellow fever, and Pauline brought his body back to France to receive the burial of a hero in the Pantheon. She did not mourn him long. Very soon she ceased to be the bourgeoisie Madame Leclerc, to blossom out as the leading *élégante* of the day, as the Princess Borghese renowned for her classic beauty, for the boldness of her *décolletages* and for the number of her lovers.

Toussaint l'Ouverture had had two active helpers, both slave-born like himself, Jean Jacques Dessalines and Henry Christophe. Dessalines now assumed the leadership of the blacks, who were seething with fury at Toussaint's treatment, and renewed the struggle with such effect that in November, 1803, the French evacuated the island and never returned. Then came Bonaparte's proclamation in May, 1804, as Emperor of the French, which put ideas into the head of the negro General. Dessalines, as we shall see later, had no sense of the ludicrous, and in October of the same year he had himself crowned as Emperor of Haiti (he had replaced the white man's name of Saint Domingue by the aboriginal name of Haiti), and became the founder of the first monarchy in the New World since the days of the Aztecs and the Incas.

The flag of Haiti is red and blue. It had originally been the French tricolor of red, white and blue, symbolizing in the eyes

of the islanders the union of blacks, whites and mulattoes. Dessalines tore out the white to mark the end of white authority, but that was his last popular act. He had given proof hitherto, certainly, of great personal bravery; his advent to power proved him to be a bloodthirsty tyrant with no ability and with nothing but physical courage to compensate for the cruelty of an unlettered savage. He decreed that all Frenchmen still in Haiti were to be killed, and, despite the protests of Henry Christophe and others, he saw to it that the order was carried out. On October 8th, 1804, he was crowned on the Champ de Mars of Port-au-Prince as the Emperor Jean Jacques I, and, if he was five months behind Bonaparte in assuming the Imperial dignity, he was two months ahead of him in placing a crown upon his head. A new Constitution was now issued. It declared the Empire of Haiti to be free, sovereign and independent and proclaimed for ever the abolition of slavery and the equality of rank; it disqualified all whites except naturalized Haitians from owning property, and applied the generic name of black—"noir"—to all Haitian subjects irrespective of their colour. The Empire was divided into ten military districts, each commanded by a General; each General was under the direct orders of the Head of the State, who besides being Emperor was also Commander-in-Chief. No one, declared the Constitution, was worthy of the status of Haitian unless he was a good father, a good son, a good husband, and a good soldier.

To the new Emperor and to his wife was given the style of Majesty, and their persons were declared inviolable. The crown was elective, but the Emperor had the right to select his successor from a list of candidates to be drawn up. A life pension was assigned to the Empress during widowhood, as well as to such of the Emperor's children as were recognized by him; the sons of the Sovereign had to pass through all ranks of the army. Any Emperor who should try to create anything in the nature of a personal bodyguard was to be regarded as *ipso facto* at war with the nation and deposed.

Excellent prescriptions, no doubt, many of these, but they were not always obeyed, and they were not always liked. No one objected to one Empress; on the other hand the taxpayers resented having to support a score or so of the Emperor's con-

cubines. Many wanted the institution of titles; Dessalines replied that he intended to be the only noble in the country. It was all very well to give official prestige to the designation "noir", but mulattoes who were nearly white did not really care to be called black. And after a while the Emperor, who at first directed his ferocity solely against the French, became more capricious as he became more bloodthirsty. Without accusation or trial he would order the death of his coloured subjects and even his officers, and soon his people regarded him with terror. And, what was almost worse, they now began to laugh at him as well, for this stockily built, ungainly black, who could undoubtedly ride a horse but could neither read nor write, suddenly conceived the strange ambition to dance and the hallucination that he could do so. His imported dancing masters had to teach him the intricacies of the minuet, his subjects had to applaud the performance. So it was not long before they made up their minds that, what with his tyrannies, his incompetence and his pirouetting, they could bear with him no longer. Two years almost to the day after his coronation they rose against him and killed him, and so ended the first Empire of Haiti.

The Empire had not been popular. A Republic was now proclaimed, and at the end of December, two months and ten days after the death of Jean Jacques, Henry Christophe was elected President for four years. And with Henry Christophe we come to one of the most remarkable negroes, perhaps the most remarkable negro, who has ever lived.

Henry Christophe was born a slave of pure black slave parents in one of the British West Indies, some say in Grenada, others, pointing to his name, in the island that is now called St. Kitts and was then St. Christopher. When he was seven he was apprenticed to a mason who worked on his owner's plantation. When he was twelve he ran away to Haiti, where he was sold as a personal servant to a French naval officer. When he was forty-four he was a crowned king, and before he was fifty-three he was dead, after having created, on the top of a mountain peak three thousand feet above the sea, what one of his biographers* has called "a fortress larger and more massive than

* J. W. Vandercook, *Black Majesty*.

the Tower of London the most impressive structure ever conceived by a negro's brain or executed by black hands in all the world in the tens of thousands of years of the race's history".

The French had gone in 1803, but there was no knowing, with a restless master like Napoleon, that they might not want to return; and a Republic, thought Christophe and his advisers, or rather, two Republics—for the mulatto Pétion, Henry's rival, had established himself as President in the southern part of Haiti—were an exhibition of weakness and an invitation to the French to attempt to come back. A kingdom, if possible a united kingdom, would look better and discourage any ideas of reconquest. Moreover, Henry Christophe was, unlike Dessalines, an administrator of exceptional resource and ingenuity, and, with the additional authority of a crown, could do much, it was thought, to make the independence of Haiti permanent. So in March, 1811, the Council of State made him a monarch, but they did not make him an Emperor. That would have been too reminiscent of the hated Dessalines, of the hated Bonaparte. Haiti was erected into a kingdom, and Christophe became King Henry I.

Among the minor curiosities of historical literature is a volume published in 1811 at Cap-François, now become Cap-Henry, by P. Roux, *Imprimeur du Roi*. The book is by one of King Henry's newly ennobled subjects, the Count de la Limonade, and it is entitled: *Relation des glorieux événements qui ont porté leurs Majestés royales sur le trône d'Hayti, suivie de l'histoire du couronnement, et du sacre du roi Henry Ier et de la reine Marie Louise*. It is dedicated to "Monseigneur Victor Henry, Prince Royal d'Hayti". The publication of this book was soon followed by that of the *Almanach Royal d'Hayti*, which gives us the fullest information concerning the Court and Government of the new King. Beginning, as is customary, with the Calendar for the year and proceeding to the days of the Patron Saints of the parishes of the kingdom, the seven national holidays and the royal anniversaries, it brings the reader by way of an essay on the characteristics of Haitian administration to the section entitled the "Red Book", which deals, as such works still do, with the nobility and gentry and social organization. The first chapter of the Red Book, headed "The Royal Family", furnishes the

usual particulars regarding His Majesty King Henry, Her Majesty Queen Marie Louise and the four royal children. The second chapter gives the names and titles of the great Officers of State, of the Colonel-General of the Haitian Guard, of the Grand Marshal of the Court, of the Minister and Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, the Archbishop, the King's Grand Almoner and the Grand Master of the Ceremonies. The third chapter is devoted to the nobility, which consists, in addition to the Princes of the Blood Royal, of three Princes of the Kingdom, 8 Dukes, 20 Counts, 37 Barons and 11 Knights. The fourth chapter treats of the Royal residences and enumerates nine palaces and eight castles. One of these is called "*le Château des Délices de la Reine*". Here are to be found, too, the Chamberlains, the Secretaries, the Librarians, the Pages, the Governors of the Palaces, the Physicians and Surgeons in Ordinary. We learn that the King's military establishment consisted of a General Staff, a battery of Horse Artillery, two companies of Body Guards, three squadrons of Light Horse and a regiment of infantry. Then follow chapters on the Councils of State and on the Royal Military Order of St. Henry which the King established on his assumption of the crown.

The Church has a chapter to itself. The Roman Catholic religion is the only one officially recognized and publicly practised in the kingdom. The Archbishop has a Cathedral Chapter, a seminary and a college, and three archiepiscopal palaces. The three Bishops have each a Chapter and a seminary endowed with revenues from the State. Attached to the King's Palace of Sans Souci, of which more hereafter, is "*l'église royale et paroissiale de Sans Souci*".

Henry thought of everything.

Chapter IX, consisting of 57 pages and headed "Military Organization of the Kingdom", contains a list of the senior officers of the land and sea forces. The land forces are composed of 50 battalions; the latter has two Vice-Admirals, two *chefs de division*, two Post Captains, four Commanders and so forth.

Chapter X gives a list of the officers of the Treasury, the supervisors of public gardens, water-works and forests, the administrators of the Royal Mint, the inspectors of weights and

measures, and is followed by chapters on the Judicial system, the Posts and Public Instruction. And the end is not yet, for in Chapter XIV, under the heading *Beaux-Arts*, we have the Royal Academy of Music and His Majesty's Court Painters. So much organization, so much detail; and all in so short a time. We are not surprised to find that Chapter XV is concerned with the actors of the Theatre Royal and that the last part of the book relates at length the etiquette of the Court in all its manifold activities.

One of Henry Christophe's earliest royal acts was the promulgation of the Code Henry; and mockers have said that the Code Henry began as follows:—

"Article 1.—No one shall appear at Court except in uniform.

"Article 2.—No two uniforms shall be alike."

There is just enough truth in this gibe to make it not altogether an invention. There was much about the King's Court to justify an easy laugh, as he himself knew well. Count of Limonade and Duke of Marmelade are titles that must evoke a smile even from those who are aware that they were taken from Haitian townships which had received those names from the French. Henry Christophe knew what his people lacked and what they needed: industry, dignity, self-respect, the power to carry an undertaking to completion; we should call it, for want of a more explicit term, efficiency. He set himself, as Mussolini set himself a century later, to change the psychology of a nation, and he knew that, however long he might live, his time would be all too short for the purpose. He was always in a hurry, and he worked overtime in trying to force some part of his pulsating, dynamic energy into every one of his people. He made them work, he made them prosperous, he made himself and his kingdom rich. The soil could produce anything if only it were exploited. Henry saw to it that it was. In a single year his driving force had brought it about that one of his ports alone exported 20,000,000 lbs. of coffee, 5,000,000 lbs. of cocoa, 4,000,000 lbs. of cotton, while his own plantations produced, also in a year, 10,000,000 lbs. of sugar. The kingdom, bankrupt when Henry assumed power, now became self-supporting. It was not sufficient for the country to produce; it was necessary to create a currency and a system of credit. Now of the wild

products of the country the one most necessary to the islanders was the gourd, which grew abundantly and not only provided free food but receptacles and utensils of every sort that were made from the dried rind. As the new crop was about to ripen Henry suddenly ordained that every gourd was the property of the State, and before long a quarter of a million gourds were brought in, and the King put upon each a value of 20 sous. By this time the valuable coffee crop was ready; and, when the farmers brought in their berries, Henry bought them at the current rate, but paid for them in gourds, which the peasants were now beginning to need. He then sold the coffee to the foreign merchants for gold and thus created a stable currency, of which the unit was called, and is still called, a *gourde*. Nor was this all. The King caused a weaving factory to be built and equipped by experts from England, and enabled his dominions to dispense with importing cotton cloth. His kingdom was regarded by the England of the Regency and by Europe in general as a serious and remarkable phenomenon, and a sufficient number of Englishmen settled in this thriving, teeming tropical paradise to necessitate the establishment of a well-found English club. The Code Henry, if it did not lay down in literal truth that no two uniforms were to be alike, did lay down that every adult Haitian, man and woman, must work.

"The following hours of work", it decreed, "are irrevocably established: from daylight to 8 o'clock, then one hour's pause for breakfast on the spot; from 9 to 12, then two hours' rest; from 2 p.m. until nightfall".

What motive force, in addition to constant driving, did Henry devise to make his lazy, happy-go-lucky subjects toil, while to the south of him, in the Republic ruled by his rival, the mulatto Pétion, the people were allowed to be idle and encouraged to denounce the activity enforced by Henry as the rankest slavery?

The answer is to be sought in the three Princes, the eight Dukes, twenty Counts, thirty-seven Barons and eleven Knights—all hereditary—whom Henry had created in time to grace his coronation. Once a week, on Thursdays, he held his Court in the Palace of Sans Souci, which he had built above the little town of Milot and had made what was then believed to be the

finest mansion in the New World. On Thursday mornings he received the commons in audience, and any of his subjects could have access to him. In the afternoons it was the turn of the nobles, and the nobles incurred the King's heavy displeasure if they failed to attend. Henry knew that to save his Court from degenerating into the rankest *opéra bouffe* he must insist on an etiquette of unbending strictness. The Official Order of the Court, fully set out, as we know, in the Red Book, was detailed, and it was rigidly enforced. "The footstool", it declared, "is assigned to Princes and Princesses and Dukes and Duchesses; the folding-chair is assigned to Counts and Countesses, Barons and Baronesses, Knights and their ladies". The King and Queen sat on thrones on a raised dais, flanked by the dignitaries of the Court, while the nobles and their consorts faced them on their folding-chairs, ranged in a semi-circle. For each degree of the nobility a special uniform was devised, and its correctness to the last button was mercilessly insisted upon. Every successive year's Official Order imposed a different uniform, requiring more costly materials and more elaborate decoration; and here we have the truth underlying the jest that I have quoted. And here, too, we have the means devised by the ingenious Henry to make his people work. His nobility was feudal because his nobles were landowners. His nobles loved to show themselves in their cocked hats and gold lace and ivory-hilted swords. But these things are expensive, especially if they have to be changed every year. So the landowners, who were compelled to support the aged and infirm among their cultivators, were required to provide for them medical attendance at their own expense and were forbidden to eject any cultivator on the pretext of illness or infirmity, had to make the best of their lands to support their dearly prized dignities. Moreover, neglect of their lands and dependents was liable to result in the dreadful penalty of their reduction to the ranks of the common labourers. In other words, the Haitians' vanity and love of ceremonial were canalized by Henry into the power that worked the dynamo of productivity and social service. No small achievement on the part of a negro slave.

England was Haiti's best customer, and the British Government thought it would not be a bad thing if the Naval

Commander-in-Chief in the West Indies, Admiral Sir Home Popham, were to pay a visit to Haiti to report at first hand how things were really faring in the island. Henry treated the Admiral well: there was no hitch in the protocol, and on the day after his arrival there was a review of the household troops. The Admiral had previously been to the Republic in the south and had told his host that Pétion's army was not to be despised. Henry was determined that at least an equally reassuring account of his own forces should reach London. So for the whole afternoon his men, magnificently built, magnificently uniformed, passed before the King and the Admiral in apparently unending numbers; and Popham thought he must have seen at least 30,000 of them. He did not know that he had seen exactly one thousand, who thirty times had changed their uniform. It may or may not have been wise to deceive the Admiral, but at all events the staff work was good.

Henry neglected nothing. Unable to do more than write his own name, he saw to it that his children did not suffer from the same disability. One of the wisest and most trusted of his advisers, a mulatto named Pompey Valentin, whom he created Baron de Vastey, was tutor to the Prince Royal Victor Henry; two elderly maiden ladies were imported from Philadelphia to instruct their Royal Highnesses the Princesses Amethyst and Athénaire; Henry's Scottish physician, Dr. Duncan Stewart, was made Professor of Medicine in the Royal College. But after "L'Homme"—the Man—as he was affectionately called by his subjects, had been King for some years he began to concentrate more and more on the great castle of La Ferrière which he was building on the sharp summit of a mountain above Sans Souci. All the resources of the State, all the manpower of its people went into this gigantic fortress, which was to be the citadel of his kingdom against a return of the French, the citadel of his dynasty against enemies at home. It was designed to accommodate a garrison of 10,000 men, it was armed with 365 cannon, it had treasure-chambers, cisterns, powder-magazines and dungeons; above all, it was designed to be the greatest physical achievement of the negro race, the feat whereby his people could win their *amour propre* and could lose, as we should say today, their inferiority complex. Alas, as it was

the Spanish canker that killed Napoleon, so was La Ferrière the canker that killed Henry, for, try as he would, he could not make his people love work for its own sake, especially with Pétion's Republicans in the south ever urging that the regime in the kingdom was more oppressive than the slavery of the French. One of the King's most powerful Generals, Richard, Duke of Marmelade, incurred the King's displeasure one day and was made to work on the citadel as a labourer for three months. The Duke bided his time, but swore to be revenged. His opportunity came earlier than he expected. Henry never slept for more than five hours out of the twenty-four, and worked at high pressure during the rest. One Sunday, while hearing mass—the year was 1820—he had a stroke, and with the power over his body went the power over his people, dominated as they had been by the physical vitality of the man. All their pent-up resentment at the work that Henry had made them do, at the harshnesses of his later years, all the longing to share the *dolce far niente* of Pétion's subjects in the south overran the country like wildfire. The King's troops abandoned him, and Henry, magnificent to the last, shot himself with a golden bullet prepared for some such emergency as this.

The Prince Royal, Victor Henry, was killed by the revolutionaries, determined not to leave the only male of the dynasty alive. They need not have troubled; Monseigneur was arrogant and fat and could never have continued his father's work. Henry's devoted wife and daughters were allowed to leave the island, and poor Queen Marie Louise, the last to die, lived till 1850. The three ladies sought refuge abroad in the consolations of religion and are buried, of all places in the world, at Pisa.

If the first Emperor of the French fired the first Emperor of Haiti with imperial ambitions, the second Emperor of the French followed, doubtless unconsciously, a precedent set by the second Emperor of Haiti. When Napoleon III ascended the throne in 1852 it was from the position of President of the French Republic; similarly, three years previously Faustin Soulouque, President of the Haitian Republic, had become the Emperor Faustin I.

After the death of King Henry, which followed two years upon that of Pétion, Haiti enjoyed the longest period of tran-

quillity it has known. The Republican regime was re-established, and for nearly twenty-five years the power was in the hands of the prudent President Boyer, who not only united the north and south, but for a time, also, the eastern part of the island under one rule. And Boyer did something equally important. He negotiated a treaty with France whereby, against payment by Haiti of an indemnity for the confiscation of the property of the French planters, Haiti's independence was formally and finally recognized by its former masters. But a quarter of a century of government by the same man, however wise, was as much as the volatile, excitable and easily moved Haitians could endure. In 1843 Boyer was forced to abdicate and took refuge in Jamaica; and there followed in rapid succession President after President, of whom one alone, Riché, has left a good reputation. Among the least edifying of this crowd of brutal, greedy and ignorant negro generals was Faustin Soulouque, formerly an officer of the Guard, whom the Ministers of his predecessor made President in 1847 in the hope that he would prove a docile instrument in their hands. But they had mistaken their man. Soulouque, who had quite different intentions, organized a *coup d'état* against them and, after the resultant massacre, directed also against the mulattoes in general, proclaimed himself Emperor under the title of Faustin I. To satisfy his supporters the new Emperor created a fresh crop of nobles and dispensed titles with a lavish hand. Four Princes and no fewer than fifty-nine Dukes headed the new aristocracy, more numerous by far than that of Henry. Counts and Barons followed in profusion, and Marquises now made their appearance for the first time in this Caribbean Peerage. It is from the era of Faustin that the noble family of Toujours-Vert, alluded to at the beginning of this narrative, derives the blueness of its blood.

Faustin took time to prepare for his coronation, which was not celebrated until 1852. But, like so many other things, it doubtless improved with keeping. It cost no less than three-quarters of a million francs, and 50,000 francs were paid for the Imperial Crown. Faustin had even the satisfaction of another little massacre to mark the occasion: there was some talk of a conspiracy against the Lord's Anointed, which led to

the execution of the Chief Justice of Haiti and of an unhappy noble named Prince Bobo.

Sir Spencer St. John, for some years British Minister in Haiti, gives a pleasant account of how the Emperor was married. When he was still a Captain in the Presidential Guard he became enamoured of a handsome negress who was living with one of his own privates. So he sent a sergeant to point out to the private how suitable it would be if he resigned the lady to his superior officer. The private knew his place too well to make any objection, and the transfer duly took place. Apparently no ill-feeling was caused by the affair because, when the lady became Empress, she would often send her former companion to the Imperial kitchen to enjoy a good substantial meal. Her daughter by this amenable gentleman was subsequently adopted by the Emperor and enjoyed considerable popularity in Haitian society as the Princess Olive.

There had certainly been greatness about Henry. There had been an element of greatness, too, in Jean Jacques Dessalines, without whose violent ferocity there might have been no Haitian independence. But there was nothing great about the third and last Haitian to wear a crown. His reign of ten years was mainly a succession of wars with San Domingo, financial mismanagement and wholesale executions. At the end of it all eyes turned towards the mulatto General Geffrard as being the only man capable of restoring good government. After some hesitation Geffrard escaped from Port-au-Prince and proclaimed the Emperor's deposition. Faustin marched against him but his army melted away; and, realizing that he had lost the country's support, he took refuge with the French Minister. But so incensed were the populace against him that they threatened to defy even the sanctity of a foreign Legation and to kill Faustin and his friends, and would have done so—for the Haitian Guard was completely apathetic—but for the timely arrival of a British transport happening to have some gunners on board. These the British Consul-General, Byron, induced to land; the Emperor was placed on board the transport and embarked for Jamaica; and thus ingloriously ended monarchy in Haiti. Not that Haiti fared much better even then. Its history continued to be that dreary succession of revolutions

and counter-revolutions, of *coups d'états* and massacres, which led a British diplomatist accredited to the Republic to exclaim one day: "Curses on Christopher Columbus. If only he had never discovered America I should not be here!" Even when the present writer set eyes on the island in the early years of this century things were much the same. A gigantic negro General named Alexis Nord, a man well over six feet in height and over 90 years of age, had recently seized the power, and there was a general *sauve qui peut* of the enemies—and they were fairly numerous—whom he had accumulated in the course of his four score years and ten.

I remember being shown, soon afterwards, a small three-roomed frame house in an adjacent British Colony, said to be inhabited by 40 refugee Haitian Colonels. And, when the time came, as it was bound to come, for General Nord's compulsory exit, he left the island in the manner that has almost become for Presidents of Haiti what the French would call *protocolaire*: he was smuggled on board a foreign man-of-war swathed in the flag of some kindly European Power.

HERE'S ANOTHER! . . .

BY LUIGI PIRANDELLO

Translated by Joan Redfern

AFTER wandering aimlessly for hours along the banks of the Tiber in the sleeping district of Prati dei Castelli, hugging the walls of the barracks and instinctively avoiding the light from the lamps, Diego Bronner, feeling suddenly tired, paused in the shadow of a tree and climbed on the parapet. There he sat, his face to the river, his legs dangling.

From below came the dark rumbling of the water, in whose black depths were reflected the lamps from the opposite bank, with a continuous, serpentine quivering. Not a sound, not a glimmer from the houses opposite; beyond them, in the distance, rose the haze of Rome; in the sky was a long train of feathery cloudlets, low and ash-coloured—they seemed to be hurrying, scuttling along, to have been summoned in haste, from over there, over there in the east, to some mysterious gathering; and the moon, from on high, seemed to be passing them in review.

The watcher sat motionless, his face turned to the heavens, gazing at that mysterious flight that endowed the moonlit night with such a strange vivacity. Suddenly came the sound of steps. He turned to look.

The steps ceased.

Someone, no doubt, like himself, had paused to gaze at the sight—to watch that trail of hurrying cloudlets being passed in review by the moon, or to look into those black waters with their dark, quivering reflections.

He drew a long sigh. The feeling of that other presence annoyed him, disturbed his sad pleasure in feeling himself alone. But luckily he was sitting in the shadow, so perhaps that stranger couldn't see him. He looked, to make sure—then stared. What on earth was that man doing, standing

there all alone? And what was that thing in his hand? It looked like a parcel. And he was placing it on the finial of a lamp. A parcel? No . . . how strange! . . . it was not a parcel but a *hat*! . . . And now, what next? Whatever was he doing? God! he was climbing over the parapet! No, no! . . . not that! not *that*! . . .

Instinctively Diego cringed backwards, holding his breath and pushing out his hand, and waited for the dreadful thud in the water below.

A suicide! . . . Was it possible! . . . A *suicide*! . . .

Opening his eyes he stared down into the waters, trying to pierce their black depths. Nothing. Silence. Peace. . . . Not a cry. Not a sound. Had no one seen? Had no one heard? And below was a man drowning, perhaps struggling desperately with the river. And there sat he, trembling, impotent, annihilated. Should he run for help? Should he shout? Too late. Sitting there, huddled in the shadow, he had allowed a man to drown! . . . Petrified, he held his breath, asking himself from time to time: Is it over? Is it over?

At last he looked around him. Had it all been a dream? Not a thing seemed changed. The sleeping city, guarded by the lamps, lay, as before, in profound silence. The lights quivered, as before, on the black water, with serpentine reflections. Yes, there was something changed: on the finial of a lamp lay the hat, where the stranger had placed it. The lamp shone on it with a sinister light: it seemed to be accusing him! Seized with a long fit of trembling he swung himself down from the parapet, and running through the shadows, regained his home.

"Diego! Diego! What's wrong?"

"Nothing, Mother. . . . What *should* be wrong?"

"Of course not, dear. It's only . . . I mean . . . it's so late. Shall I get your room ready for you?"

He turned on her, exasperated: "God! you ask me that question every night of my life!"

The little old woman, as though whipped by his reply, hurried from the room, dragging one leg as she went.

He followed her with his eyes, sullenly, with rancour. Then,

as she vanished through the doorway, breathed a sigh of pity for her; but immediately afterwards his impatience returned.

He waited for her, without knowing why, nor for what he was waiting, in that dark, dingy little dressmaker's room with its low, dirty ceiling and torn wallpaper—a sad little room blocked with cheap furniture and the appurtenances of dress-making; a sewing-machine, a heavy, smooth table for the cutting of materials, a pair of tailor's scissors, absurd lay figures with large busts, a tape-measure, a bit of chalk, a heap of dusty fashion-plates with simpering figures—familiar things that Diego hardly noticed.

He had carried back with him, as in a scene from a theatre, the spectacle of that strange sky overrun with those low, light cloudlets, of that black river reflecting the lamps, of those high houses opposite, of that distant haze rising from Rome, of that bridge—and that hat! . . . of all those impassive things, present yet absent, like himself. He had watched from the shadow while a man drowned—as *though he had not been there*; without moving, without shouting for help. And now he was back in his home, bewildered, distraught—as though the things he had seen and heard had been a dream.

Suddenly a large cat, grey and sleek, sprang lightly on the table and sat looking at him with green, empty eyes. It was the household cat, kept against mice. Some days ago this cat had pulled down from the wall a cage with a goldfinch in it, and with diligent, patient ferocity had managed at last to get the bird through the bars, and had eaten it. How upset his mother had been! And even he had felt sickened at the fate of that poor little bird. But the cat, was it worrying? Not a bit of it. There it was sitting, smug and placid, as if nothing had happened! If he chased it roughly from the table it wouldn't know why.

Ah! if *he* could be like that! If he, like the cat, could commit a crime, and then, the very next moment, have forgotten all about it! His curse, his damnation, lay in remembering—in remembering and in knowing that others would remember.

Somehow he was seeing things differently tonight! For instance, his mother. He no longer saw her as his mother, but as a poor little old woman, like any other, with her heavy

nose, slightly squashed to one side, and with a large wart at the base of her left nostril, with her pale cheeks pencilled with blue veins, hanging and flabby, with her tired, spent eyes, that meeting his stare, sank, somehow, ashamed. Of what? He knew very well of what! With an ugly laugh he said: "Good-night, Mother."

And he went into his room, and shut the door.

The old mother sat down at the dressmaker's table, to finish her sewing, which was due for a customer next morning. She sat down to work—and to think.

Whatever could have happened to her boy that night? Why had he been out so late? And why had he been trembling? His face was like a sheet. He had not been drinking—at least, she hadn't smelt it on his breath. And Diego didn't drink. But something, surely, must have happened to him. Could he have met with those bad companions again—those bad companions who had ruined him?

This was her dread.

Tiptoeing to his door, she listened. . . . Not a sound. Perhaps he was in bed, and asleep. Returning to the table, she worked diligently, from time to time removing her spectacles and wiping them. Till Diego had lost his post she had lived on her small widow's pension, which sufficed her. But with Diego out of work she had been forced to earn. Besides, she had a plan. By working very hard and saving, she would scrape together enough money to send Diego to America. Yes, her son should have his chance. Here in Italy things were closed to him, and the enforced idleness was eating into his soul.

America. Yes, America was the place. He should get to America though it meant her own death. Her boy should have his chance. Her own splendid boy, so good, so handsome. Oh! and so clever. Why, he used to write, once. And his things were printed—yes, even in the newspapers! And after all, what harm had he done? It was all just a boyish bit of folly—the fault of those bad companions—of that Russian, or Pole, or whatever he called himself—that dirty foreigner, that drunken sot, who had come to Rome to bring ruin to honest young men, the sons of honoured and respected families. Those

silly young fools, they had lost their heads. When this rich foreigner had invited them to his house they had run quite wild, with women, wine, and whatnot. And that Russian was a gambler, and would bring out cards and insist on playing—yes, *insist*—and then had lost. Well, it was his own fault—why had he insisted? . . . And then—oh! the shame of it!—to accuse his friends of cheating, and to bring that horrible case, to defame those poor young men. . . .

A sound like a sob seemed to come from her son's room, and she called:

"Diego!"

No answer. She listened again, glueing her ear to the door. He was awake, was moving. But whatever was he doing?

She bent and looked through the key-hole. Oh, God! he was reading—was reading those dreadful newspapers with the account of the trial. Why, oh, why was he reading them again, and so late at night?

"Diego!" she called louder, and opened the door.

He turned with a jump.

"What's up, Mother? Why aren't you in bed?"

"And you? Why aren't you in bed?"

He stretched himself and smiled. "I? I'm amusing myself."

The old woman wrung her hands. "Diego, Diego, burn those papers. I implore you. Why d'you hurt yourself? What's the use? Forget that affair . . . forget it."

He looked at her and laughed.

"Splendid! As if by forgetting it myself I'd make others forget it! How nice! And how convenient! We'd all forget it in a lump. Did anything happen? No-o-o, nothing—nothing at all. Prison? Oh, no, certainly not. I simply went abroad—on a holiday . . . a nice holiday of three years." He changed his tone. "Mother, it's no use. Let's talk of something else. Can't you see I'm done for? Can't you see how even *you* look at me?"

"No, no, Diego! Oh, no. You're wrong! The fact is, dear boy, I was looking—er—I was looking . . . at your suit. It's shabby. Yes, you must really get a new one."

He looked down and scrutinized his suit, and laughed.

"So that, you think, is why people stare at me! It's certainly

a bit shabby. And yet, you know, I put it on very carefully, and I brush and press it. I look pretty well in it, I think. I think, even in this suit, I could pass for a gentleman, for a person who could take his part in life without shame. Mother, it's no good. Can't you see that I'm done for?" He pointed to the papers on the desk. "The harm is there—is there. . . . The fact is, we gave the public too good a show. Is it likely they'll forget it in a hurry? They're not so ungrateful. Oho! what a show we gave them! What a spectacle! The spectacle of naked souls, mean and soiled, ashamed to show themselves in public, like consumptives at a levy. . . . And each of us snatched at the gown of our defending counsel, so's to cover our shame. Gosh! what a show, *what* a show! What roars of laughter in the court! . . . when they heard how we treated that Russian, how we rigged him out as an ancient Roman, with toga and sandals—that spotty, snub-nosed man, with his moon face and gold-rimmed spectacles—how we hustled that fat swine, and banged him on the head with his sandals, and the more we banged the better he was pleased. . . . He was drunk——"

"Diego, Diego! . . . Have pity——"

"He was drunk. It was *we* made him drunk——"

"No, no, not you! The others——"

"Bosh! I, too. Mother, d'you know, it was a joke. We were joking. And then came the cards. Playing with a drunken man it was easy to win——"

"Diego! Have pity!"

"We were joking, I tell you. Just joking. And that, Mother, is the truth. But when I said it in court, how they roared! Even the judge—in fact, the Judge most of all. Everyone. Even the policemen. And yet, it was the truth. We cheated without knowing it. Or rather, knowing it, but imagining we were joking. Somehow, it didn't seem like cheating. It was only the money of a dirty lunatic, and it poured from his pockets . . . as afterwards it poured from our own. We threw it away, like him, stupidly, idiotically. Not a penny stuck to us."

He flung round to the bookcase and pulled out a volume.

"My only remorse! The only thing that remains to me of

that money. I bought this book one morning from a bookstall in the street."

He threw it on the desk. It was Ruskin's *Crown of Wild Olives*, in a French translation.

He stared at it, frowning. Now how the devil had it come into his mind in those days to buy that book? He had resolved never to read again, nor to write another line. He had gone to that Russian's to get stupified, to kill a dream, his dream of being a writer—his youthful dream. The sad poverty of his family made the dream impossible, and he had resolved to kill it.

The old woman, too, stood eyeing that mysterious book. Then, after a bit, said timidly:

"Diego, if you started again at your writing?——"

He gave her an ugly look, that contorted his whole face, as if he hated her.

But she persevered:

"But why not *try*? *Why* give up hope? You're so young—why, you're only twenty-six! Who knows what chances life will bring you?—what fine chances to make good?——"

He cut her short, sneering: "Chances? Oh, chances in plenty. I'd a fine chance this very night. I was there when a man threw himself into the river. I watched him. Yes, I sat there like a stone, watching him."

"Diego! You saw a suicide? . . . *You*?"

"Yes, I. I saw a man put his hat on the parapet, and then climb over it, as quietly as you please. And I sat there, and waited for the thud. I was sitting within a few yards of him, in the shadow of a tree. And what did I do? I sat there and allowed him to drown. . . . Yes, I! And when I saw his hat, that he had left behind him, I ran away, afraid."

"Dear boy, you *know* you can't swim. What on earth could you have done to help him!"

"I could have shouted. I could have tried. Just below me was a flight of those stone steps, that go down into the river. Just there!—at two yards from me. D'you know, I saw those steps. I saw them quite well—and pretended I didn't see them. And then, so soon, it was too late . . . he was gone."

"Was there no one else?"

"No. Just me."

"But Diego, be sensible. Whatever could you have done, all alone? It's silly. Dear boy, you're tired out from it all. You're trembling. Go to bed. Go to sleep. Forget it."

She took his hand, timidly, and stroked it. He answered with a nod, and smiled at her:

"Good-night, Mother."

"Sleep well, eh?" she said. She was touched that he had allowed her to stroke his hand. Wiping her eyes behind her spectacles, and thinking of that moment of anguished tenderness, of that caress he had allowed her to give him, she put out the lights, and went to bed.

In less than an hour Diego Bronner was back at his old seat on the parapet, in the shadow of the tree. He sat as before, his face to the river, his legs dangling.

In the sky there was still that flight of cloudlets, low and ash-coloured. Nothing seemed changed. . . . Yes, there was a change—the *hat* had disappeared. Probably a policeman on his rounds had seen it and removed it.

Abruptly Diego got down from the parapet, and walked quickly to the bridge. He took off his hat and put it on the exact spot where the stranger's had been—then smiled:

"Here's another!" he said. He seemed to be doing it for a joke, to get a rise out of the policeman.

Going back to his seat in the shadow of the tree, he sat for a time, exactly as before, contemplating the hat, admiring its effect, *just as if he hadn't been there!* Suddenly he laughed, loudly and horribly. The hat seemed like a mouse, and he like a cat, watching it. . . .

He slid slowly from the parapet and let himself down over the river, clutching the stone edge with his hands. He felt his heart pounding, his hair standing on end. He felt his grasp loosening. His fingers opened; and he was plunged into the void.

WORKED OUT

BY G. E. MOORE

THE mine was abandoned.

Long before living memory acquisitive man had burrowed into a seam in the hillside, had toilsomely cut the coal and hauled it to daylight in baskets. Since then generations of colliers had won countless tons of the dirty black mineral. Engineers had sunk shafts to lower seams far below. The workings had gradually extended until at the furthestmost places the miner and his "mechanical man" had wormed into narrow seams nearly three miles from the shaft.

With the growing application of steam-power, and later of electricity, the amount of mineral wrenched from its jealous and oft-times spiteful guardian had vastly increased. By rail and sea the colliery's noted steam coal was transported to all parts of the compass, and over a continent its energy was liberated into a multitude of activities.

In its heyday the mine had brought great power and fortune to the family which exploited it. The modest royalty paid upon the coal had, paradoxically, sustained an ancient earldom against aggressive industrialism. Around the pit a large community with manifold interests had grown and flourished. And it had seemed that the source of all these varied benefits was illimitable, eternal.

But now the mine was denuded. The clack of the picks, the mutter of the coal-cutters, the rumble of the pumps, the song of the haulage engine, the jingle of harness and snorting of ponies—all the accompaniments of that dim and strenuous life underground would disturb the earth's privacy no more. The last tub of coal had sped to bank and passed to its fate. The storehouse was empty, and all its vast treasure had vanished—spent and transformed.

Robbed of the precious black substance which it had hidden for countless ages, the old earth was now taking possession of its empty caverns. Already in many a gallery the ownership had been sealed by the mighty grip of the rocky strata. Elsewhere, in the ultimate darkness, came every moment awesome symptoms of reassuming sway.

Here and there sounded the faint dripping and running of water. Now and again, like the trickle of sand in a vast hour-glass, would come the fall of a pocket of fine rubble. With this signal the roof shifted somewhat; a shelf of rock suddenly split and fell; the moist, warm air eddied with the reverberant shock; and with a deep mutter of satisfaction the earth relentlessly tightened its embrace.

The few props and girders of steel left by man would bend and crack, or be swallowed whole, with scarcely a protest, but the timbering—which had been wont to utter its warnings to the understanding miner—now groaned in vain before being crushed into silence. Deep down in the lowest workings the besieging water found itself unopposed at last, and, overflowing from the pumphouse sump, took possession of every cranny hewed by its enemy.

This enemy, once so dominant and numerous, and now in full retreat, was at this moment represented by a little rearguard of two. At the shaft-bottom, in the faint light of a safety-lamp, waited a grizzled veteran: silent and rough-hewn as the rock against which he was seated. A constant rain of water was falling from the shaft; the roof and walls streamed with moisture, and tiny rivulets ran across the muddy floor past the miner's feet.

Presently the man stirred. Up an inclined tunnel which once had swallowed the thundering tubs came a bobbing and swaying light. This gradually resolved itself into a lamp, and suddenly, out of the darkness, appeared its bearer—the old manager of the mine, the only other man in the pit. His last survey was completed.

He stooped and entered the cage. The waiting miner gave a rapper signal to bank. Then he followed the manager and, as of long practice, closed the shaft gate and that of the cage. No word had been spoken and yet, in the curious manner of life underground, the two remained in a kind of converse as

Jenny, the old winder, labouredly drew them to the surface.

Nodding to the banksman who received them, the manager clattered down the decrepit iron stairs and trudged away through the debris of the yard. He halted at his office. Its battered wall bore a chalked announcement that it was Lot 21.

But though it might thus declare itself ready for further work, its interior told a silent story of spent life. The worn floorboards, the paper-patched windows, the remnants of doormat and carpet spoke of old age: the thick black dust, the litter of yellowed papers and the out-of-date calendar on the battered desk told of the occupant's failing interest.

The manager seated himself on the uncomfortable little stool and stared at a bill describing the morrow's sale. He speculated on the possible attendance. No doubt a few bargain-hunting engineers would appear, but there was a grim lack of useful material.

Who, for example, would want faithful old Jenny, the 65-year-old steam winder? Or the pumps?—these were electric, but nearly worn out. Still, the coal-cutters were almost modern, and the steel winding rope practically new (the mines inspector had seen to that). . . . Well, everything had been brought up now—ready for the last rites.

He'd endured some arduous times here. He recalled his arrival, years before, and the early realisation that the colliery had already passed through its best years. Practically every circumstance had contributed to emphasize its decline. The richest seam unaccountably petered out; the coal had to be won far from the shafts; of late years the water, draining from the whole extensive valley (and rival collieries), had steadily increased in volume; and, while these and other difficulties had gradually raised the costs, competition, industrial strife, market conditions, and increasing transport charges had accentuated the mine's plight.

He had unceasingly striven to increase the efficiency of the plant and reduce overhead charges. The coal left by old and less efficient methods had been taken, and more mechanical cutters to exploit the thin seams introduced. But it had been a losing battle throughout. Output and quality worsened. More and more colliers left the mine and the village.

Maintenance costs were reduced by the owners until replacements became unattainable luxuries. His own salary dwindled until it was little better wage than that of the men he directed. Yet never had he worked so hard, never had he proved so versatile and capable of practical make-shifts.

For longer and longer periods the pit was "laid off", awaking spasmodically and with ever-increasing difficulty to moribund activity. And at last, after a year of heavy unrelieved losses, the owners ordered the closure.

Then came some weeks of arduous and dispiriting toil, when engines were dismantled, rails pulled up, and every article of value removed—cumbrous parts needing a species of acrobatics before they emerged from the shaft. The small company of ponies early journeyed to bank, and now, in a strange unseen world which seemed illimitable, cropped the sooty grass in an adjoining field.

One by one the few remaining mine-workers had been paid off. To-day, of all the hundreds who had worked at the colliery, only he and three others—with Jenny the old winder-engine—were on duty. And to-morrow the sale. . . .

The manager shivered and, kicking open the top of the stove, noted that the coal glowed no longer. He rose stiffly and stumbled out of "Lot 21".

At the colliery gate he paused to knock the yard mire from his boots, and instinctively he looked back. The old coal-mine lay quiet and desolate. Near him rested several "lots" under their tarpaulin shrouds. The pithead, the tumbledown lamp-cabin and engine-house, and the litter of "scrap" had never appeared so depressing. Beyond towered the great pit-heap of rubble—bleak and unlovely witness to generations of coal-winning and miles of galleries inbye. As he watched, a last wisp of steam floated up from old Jenny.

Abruptly he turned away, for it suddenly came to him that at last his own time, like that of the old colliery with which he had striven for so long, was finished. Both of them were worked out.

Aye, worked out.

EBB AND FLOW

A Monthly Commentary

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

GERMANY has broken away, nominally for sentimental reasons. But her demand was for "prototypes" of those weapons which are forbidden to her by the Treaty of Versailles. English readers should understand what this means to continental minds. The French are convinced that Germany at this moment possesses resources in trained men, in infantry equipment, and in air force, which would make her formidable within a very brief space. The existing handicap is lack of tanks and heavy guns, which could not be made good under a period of six months. What she asked was to establish the plant for making these things—and so to shorten by months the inevitable delay. In face of that, Europe at large, not excluding England, should make an effort to remember why these disabilities were imposed. They were imposed as a protection to the small nations whose newly enfranchised existence Germany might threaten. England is not threatened. The English interest in disarmament is always stated as of two kinds: a general desire to lessen the threat of war for reasons proper to humanity and to civilization, and a particular anxiety to lessen economic waste and to re-establish prosperity. It is increasingly taken for granted that if the liberties of small nations, as established by the Treaty of Versailles, come to be imperilled, England will not feel called upon to defend them. The part which she appears to have chosen is that of the friendly outsider who tries to bring disputants together, the special patroness of the Conference idea.

Still, I find myself tempted to translate, with a large measure of agreement, some expressions of a European who like Ulysses has seen the cities and known the minds of many peoples. "Men", he writes, "taken one by one, are not very sensible

creatures, but taken nation by nation they are still less so, and when they assemble internationally by their representatives (who represent nothing), then it is Bedlam broke loose. Can you conceive anything more idiotic than these Conferences that we are fed up with? These fifteen years of 'living internationally' have led (I always foretold it) to an appalling reinforcement of national parochialism and egoisms. If you want men to think and act as men, not as tribes or as hordes, don't start by setting them down at a palaver of peoples. Let them sicken themselves separately of tribal life, they will find their own way to wider groupings." (This, I may observe, is exactly what is happening in Ireland.) "You can only infuriate national temper by banging it every five or six weeks against the national tempers of all the rest of the universe."

If this continental view is touched with cynicism, here now is a very different expression of disquietude from a source ultra-British and insular. Dr. D'Arcy, Primate of Northern Ireland—and by general consent one of its ablest citizens—has been addressing his diocesan synod on the international leadership of peoples: and he claimed for the British "a world-wide mission and a world-wide influence". "But", he went on, "there are some signs in the world today that we have not the clearness of vision and sense of high duty appointed for us. . . . Instead of the rule of a strong and righteous people, we have settlements and compromises made by conferences and committees, in which one side pulls against another and sloppy sentiment takes the place of strong and righteous dealing. It is inevitable in such circumstances that the second-best, or perhaps the worst possible, will be done. The world is getting sick of conferences and committees. That is why we see nation after nation choosing the rule of the single strong man, sometimes with good effect; but not always."

This certainly does not mean that the Primate is less internationally minded than Mr. MacDonald and Sir John Simon; but one may fairly take it that he is disquieted by the ceaseless busy application of British effort to be the honest broker in continental differences; perpetually in search for formulæ to

reconcile fears and aspirations in which Great Britain is not directly concerned. *The Times* assures us that success has attended these efforts. "The organisation of security continued to be a great obstacle" (to disarmament), "but it has been circumvented." Has it? And is the word "circumvented" very encouraging as to the realities? If by a series of ingenious circumventions, Europe had framed a disarmament convention, would peace be better secured? Mr. Henderson, speaking on October 4, showed a more realistic vision when he said that the "most urgent need was to bring two great powers, the United States and the Soviet Union, into partnership in the task of organizing peace". He was perhaps less of a realist when he added that "considerable progress had been made in that direction".

Frankly, can Great Britain pursue what the Primate—a most representative citizen—calls for, "a strong and righteous policy", while it is simply a giver of good advice? It appears to be universally assumed that if the settlement made after the European war on the Continent is challenged by force, neither an Englishman nor an English gun will be employed to uphold it. That job is to be left to France—helping the small nations to defend for themselves the rights of the small nations. England and America were no less responsible than France for the settlement. America has washed her hands of all responsibility. England has not, and has certainly been indefatigable in her efforts to hold European society together. Yet neither the cynical observer on the Continent nor the serious seeker after righteousness in Ulster finds the result satisfactory. The truth is that the mind of England has not been clear about the justice of what she with the other Allies did at Versailles. A strong imaginative sympathy for the defeated Germany obliterated whatever feeling she had concerning the restoration of Poland, and of the other states in the Little Entente. France was unpopular in England, and these peoples were tarred with the French brush. Just now Germany has, at least for the time, destroyed England's sympathy for her case, and such an article as Mr. Machray contributed to the last number of this REVIEW, setting out what

the Baltic States have to fear from a revival of German ambition, begins to have an effect.

But essentially British political intervention in the continental imbroglio, though it may be righteous, cannot be strong because of Britain's unwillingness to back her views by action. Moreover, all British military policy is hampered by the fear of a situation in which military action—say a blockade—undertaken for League of Nations reasons, might lead to collision with the United States.

It seems to me, on the face of the facts, that there is one direction in which Great Britain can render unique and effective service to the world. Her proper sphere is the sea: but on it she no longer possesses supremacy; yet her security is no less than before dependent on open channels for her supply of food and raw material. Up to the present she proposes to keep these channels open by the action of her fleet. Recent manœuvres have spread some doubt as to whether against air attack that security can be even so well maintained as against the submarine; and even admitting that battleships can defend themselves effectively, I have seen no discussion as to how merchant craft can be protected from this overhead danger. It is, however, as certain as anything can be in this world that the combined naval power of Great Britain and the United States could effectively defend the freedom of the seas; and America before the war and after the war stood for maintaining as a principle that the seas should be free to the commerce of the neutrals. Is there any reason to doubt that the United States would enter into an international agreement to accept and support this principle, which was only set aside in 1919 owing to Great Britain's opposition?

It is in this direction only, I believe, that British action can be both strong and righteous. Only in this direction can you reach the aim of inducing America to take a part in organising international security. The sincerity of British statesmen in their international aspirations is not in doubt: but one may be permitted to question the efficiency of their methods. World affairs are dangerously at a deadlock, and world attention is

concentrated on the European entanglements. What is needed most is a definite new departure, a push in some direction where results can be achieved of a magnitude to stimulate imagination and restore confidence. In such an enterprise England, ceasing to be the broker, would become a principal—the one who had most to give and most to gain. What she would gain in policy would be liberation from her besetting fear of naval collision with the United States: while the States would be spared the hereditary temptation to force any blockade imposed for League of Nations reasons, simply because it was maintained, as it must be, by the British Navy.

Meanwhile it was good to observe Mr. Ormsby Gore affirming in full international assembly his entire dissent from the assertion of Herr Goebbels that parliamentary government stood discredited. Not in England, he said, after six and a half centuries of trial; and the implication was plain that it was good for countries who were good enough for it. France is perhaps less confident; yet M. Tardieu, who has no superior in brains, courage and character among French politicians, denounces the present system. But his remedy is not to suppress the electoral system, but renew and enlarge the electorate. Since men voters have allowed themselves to be organized and manœuvred by a professional clique, he proposes to upset this arrangement by taking women in. It is a notable proposition to come from one in all ways so much a fighting man.

At least the Assembly at Geneva had one good result. It gave the assembled representatives a chance, which in defiance of usage they jumped at, to acclaim that valiant little statesman, Herr Dollfuss. Germany has provided Austria with a degree of international sympathy which may be of use to her—though from sympathy to practical support in matters international, it is a long step. Since then, the attempt on his life by a crazy young fanatic has heightened the sympathy and the wounded man's plucky reaction has turned it into admiration.

The Tshekedi incident may have good reactions, for European opinion in South Africa, both Boer and British, showed strong

disposition to support the native chief who had exceeded his powers by flogging a white man. It would be wrong to suppose for an instant that the colour bar is by any fraction weakened ; on the contrary, white opinion was bitter against the punished European because he had gone native. But in South Africa, as in England, respect was paid to the memory of Khama, one of the most notable men of negro race that ever came under British rule ; and it was recognized that his son Tshekedi had been a worthy successor. Still, one effect of the affair was to proclaim aloud that although, as Mr. Ormsby Gore urged in his speech at Geneva, " the British Empire does not conceive of itself in terms of racial solidarity ", it does lay down that in South Africa a coloured man shall not punish a white ; and the educated African today all over the continent will wince at this public insistence on the fact. If, as is reported, Tshekedi, although restored, still wants to come to England and state his case, it would surely be wise to take this chance of healing whatever smart remains in a grave wound. It is not a small matter to make the loyalty of such a man, and the son of such a man, spring from pride rather than submission.

Lord Hailsham has expressed his surprise that Mr. de Valera should have accused General Mulcahy of a meeting with the British Secretary for War, and that General
A Lesson from Irish History Mulcahy should have fiercely resented the charge, which proved to be groundless. No doubt Lord Hailsham's *naïveté* is a premonition of judicial humour ; for he cannot well be ignorant that when Mr. de Valera's refusal to accept the Treaty of 1921 led to civil war, the party which undertook to govern the Free State was obliged to borrow munitions from the British Army at an early stage of the conflict ; and this has been a constant cause of reproach. The easiest game for Mr. de Valera to play is that of representing his opponents as siding with England against Ireland. English people regard this as proof demonstrative of Irish perversity. It would be well if they could realize how hard it is for an Irish leader to persuade the Irish people that England can ever mean honestly by them. A little study of Irish history would help them to appreciate the courage of Mr. Cosgrave and his late

colleagues who stood for this view. I commend a book which comes from a writer not easily suspected of bias against the British rule. Sir Michael O'Dwyer in the history of his own clan, *The O'Dwyers of Kilnamanagh*, reviews Irish history in relation to one small typical group which held communally a tract of the best land in Tipperary—and there is very little better land anywhere. In the process of history communal tenure was replaced by the English system of ownership ; and here for the first time we have the change treated by a man used to government in regions where tribal rule still prevails—fully aware both of the merits and of the defects inherent in such a state, and of the difficulties attending a change-over ; and knowing also that such a change may be made acceptable by just and capable government. He makes it quite clear that his own forbears in the seventeenth century would have given willing loyalty to the King, if they could have had security for their religion and their land. They got neither, and so in the seventeenth century these Gaelic Catholic gentry were rebels (though fighting in the name of the King) ; and in the eighteenth, they were scattered over Europe, serving in the armies of France, Austria, Spain, and even of Russia, with a distinction equal to that earned by Sir Michael in India. A remnant of the lesser clansmen hung on as tenants, and in the nineteenth century were rebels again ; this time against the land laws, or rather against the abuses of them. Sir Michael does not conceal his sympathy with any of these bygone resistances, still less his detestation of the injustices which provoked them. None the less, " having had " (as he says in his introduction) " to do with many races, he has found none more difficult to understand than his own ". This book shows the way he took towards understanding.

He would be the first to admit need for a wider survey. For instance, more than once he appears to justify Henry VIII's slaughter of the male Kildare Geraldines—
The Kildare Breed which was only not complete because all Ireland from north to south sheltered the youngest boy. Another book has just been published which, like Sir Michael's, should have its place on the shelves of everyone interested in

Ireland: *The Great Earl of Kildare*, by Donough Bryan, who died a year ago at the age of twenty-eight, leaving this work still incomplete. It has been put into shape by Professor Curtis under whom he studied, and Trinity College, his *alma mater*, assisted publication by a grant. Here (as indeed in Sir Michael O'Dwyer's book) documentation is fuller than the general reader may like; but from it there emerges a clear picture of the big jovial fighting man about whom Henry VII said that since all Ireland could not rule the Earl of Kildare, then the Earl of Kildare should rule all Ireland; and who pleaded that he would never have burnt the cathedral of Cashel if he had not thought that the Archbishop was inside. These stories, as Mr. Bryan says, whether true or invented, have the truth of fable; the man in his thirty odd years of rule became a legend and a popular legend. Ireland liked him as it had always liked his kind; he was a sportsman (the O'Dwyers paid him rent in goshawks) and a jolly companion; he might easily, if his ambition rose higher, have established his dynasty as sovereigns, not as mayors of the palace, and his policy, so far as he had such a thing, was to cement Ireland by the most natural ties. Daughters of his married into Gaelic stocks: a McCarthy, an O'Donnell, an O'Neill, an O'Carroll of Ely; others into Anglo-Norman, a Butler, a Fleming of Slane, a Burke of Clanricarde. One of his sons married an O'Connor Faly, another a Plunkett of Dunsany. These are some of the reasons why Henry VIII and Wolsey decided to extirpate the Kildare breed; but it is far from being historically demonstrated that Ireland was the better governed for that decision.

Three women have died this month about whom it is permissible to say something. Indeed, no excuse is needed for writing of Lady Butler, who belongs to history and the tradition of English painting. Up and down the country, here and in Ireland—where she was denized by marriage and by affection—prints of her works are to be seen in private houses and in provincial hotels, oftener than those of any artist except Landseer. She, more than any other, carried on his tradition of dramatic and romantic painting. Few pictures lost less than hers by translation into

black and white, and that no doubt is some disparagement of her work, as painting. Her way of art and the object she aimed at, are out of fashion nowadays: graphic literature, story-telling on canvas, has become anathema. But the pictures pleased in much the same way that Mr. Kipling's stories of fights on the Indian border pleased, and they pleased the same public. Soldiers were quick to approve this woman's pictures of soldiers in action, conceived by an imagination nourished on tales of the Crimean War. Yet I like better those where she concentrated on a single figure—for instance, the Connaught Recruit—seen on a lonely Irish landscape of mountain and bogland, which, to say the truth, does not belong to Connaught. The picture was painted high up on the slopes of Carrigtwohil near the shores of Lough Acoos: hundreds of anglers have fished that Kerry lake from the little Glencar Hotel, where she stayed with her husband, Sir William Butler, painting while he was on lake or river. Her death brings him also back to memory—one of the most picturesque figures I have known: a typical Tipperary man, tall, built both for speed and strength, and gifted with an eloquence that matched his harmonious and powerful voice. The writing by which he is best known, his book on the Red River expedition, does not show at their best the qualities of style which made Ruskin say once that this young officer could, if he chose, have written all that Ruskin had written, and better, too. These were mostly magazine articles; one called "A Plan for the Peasant," is perhaps the most memorable; but in all were the same sympathetic imagination, informed by wide reading and much travel, and the same stately utterance. All this also is out of fashion as much as Lady Butler's painting: yet I do not think it will always remain so.

Lady Burghclere's death came suddenly and unexpected to her friends. Many must feel themselves in her debt for notes on the margin of history; for instance, every student of Wellington's career will find in her books much of what was most human and lovable in that tough old hero. She was bookish, but never authorish; most sociably bookish; all manner of things interested her, and she loved talk and had the gift of making

Two Great
Ladies

people talk who had something to say. There was one sure passport to her regard—to have known and admired her half-brother Aubrey Herbert. A lamp must have gone out in her life when he died—and no wonder.

The other name that I would write on belongs less to the public, and goes further back into the past than even Lady Butler's, for Lady Mathew died in her ninety-seventh year. Sir James Mathew, whom one of his legal colleagues called the Bayard of the English bench, was the favourite nephew of Father Mathew; and Father Mathew's extraordinary temperance crusade belongs to years before the Irish famine of 1848. He and she married young, and, as she loved to tell, most imprudently; she must have known London society for three quarters of a century. But one never thought of her as a link with the past, or as anything but a most living and enjoying human being. Her daughter's marriage to John Dillon brought an element into her life which might have seemed discordant; all the violence and bitterness of Irish politics were oddly out of place in that tranquil existence; yet she entered into these concerns with the most vivid interest—and always with shrewd appreciation. They were as much part of her life as the fortunes of the English bar and bench.

While her husband lived, their dinner parties were the pleasantest I ever went to—and not only for the company: though Henry James, for instance, was a frequent guest. From her widowhood on, she kept court in her drawing-room at Kensington Square, and rare indeed it was to find her and her daughter without half a dozen guests, young and old. Few other ladies past ninety can have left so many people feeling that a great pleasure can no longer be renewed and looked forward to.

Nobody could frequent that house and not be aware how much religion counted for in the lives of its inmates. Partly it was a social interest. But above all one felt it as the spring which fed the brightness of that old face. For in spite of losses, renewed through the years, that cut to the quick of her being, Lady Mathew in her nineties was still the gayest person I knew and had the youngest heart.



THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH

by G. R. STIRLING TAYLOR.

MARLBOROUGH: HIS LIFE AND TIMES. VOL. I., by the Rt. Hon. Winston S. Churchill, C.H., M.P. *Harrop.* 25s.

MR. CHURCHILL has written an exceedingly interesting book. Of course, it will delight those readers who want an exciting plot and vigorous language; that goes without saying. But those who demand much more than verbal decorations will like this book, for it will appeal to their intellects as well as their literary appetites. The wiser of the professional historians will be very annoyed that they were so dull and lazy that they allowed this political orator and adventurous soldier and amateur artist, who seems to have found moments to do something of everything, and yet had enough time to discover documents and (still better) interpret them judiciously; all which the professional historians should have done themselves long ago.

However, to do these historians justice, it must be pointed out that they have been generally very kind to Marlborough in almost all modern works. It is only a rather hazy memory of his school-days at Harrow that makes Mr. Churchill fancy that there is still a dead set against his great ancestor. If he had spent a few years reading the historical sources of Marlborough's day, he would never have taken the charges of correspondence with the Stuarts in France nearly as seriously as he does. He would have known that

men like Sir Robert Walpole received pleasant notes from the Pretender, and then took them round to his Hanoverian King and asked him to initial them (just as if he had been his chief in a Whitehall department) to make it clear that all was perfectly straightforward.

Now it is true that Lord Macaulay wrote a great deal of violent language about Marlborough. Macaulay was, indeed, sometimes as prejudiced a politician as Mr. Churchill is now himself: though, more carefully examined, the charge of "prejudice" in the case of both may be itself prejudice. When a man can state a case very clearly and vigorously, it is so easy to think it must be over-stated. Macaulay was more frequently prejudiced in favour of the truth than anything else. It is really a little unfair to be angry if this very early Victorian gentleman was annoyed when (as everyone agrees) Marlborough became the very agreeable lover of Charles II's well-paid mistress, getting a considerable part of the spoils as his reward. Again, Marlborough's sister, Arabella, was the mistress of James, Charles's brother, and this cannot be ignored when we ask why John Churchill was a favoured member of James's household. It is really not surprising if this all seemed rather shocking to Lord Macaulay. It is also surprising that such a modern writer as Mr. Churchill did not dismiss the stories (which are true, remember) in a few sentences of dainty cynicism—which,

indeed, he seems inclined to do, if he could forget Macaulay!

Even though the historians had not found such convincing evidence as Mr. Churchill has discovered of the innocence of Marlborough in the matter of corresponding with the Stuarts (and particularly in the case of the supposed betrayal of the attack on Brest), yet it was generally understood that the "betrayal" never told anything worth the telling and that William the King was not more than wearily contemptuous at the worst. One does not make a traitor commander-in-chief in Flanders—as William made this "traitor"! It was preposterous to think that there could be any serious charge against Marlborough for betraying his country to France, seeing that he spent his life in beating that enemy off the map of Europe.

In brief, the critics will be quite wrong if they are misled into thinking that Mr. Churchill's great success in this book has been in a rather trivial squabble with Lord Macaulay. The volume has far greater virtues. There are certainly a few passages which one might imagine the author wrote in front of his mirror, in the dream-like fancy that he was addressing the House of Commons. Writing of the war against the French, he puts it thus: "In none has the duty to defend a righteous cause been more compulsory upon the British nation . . . brought our island and all Europe safely through its perils and produced glorious results for Christendom." That is political rhetoric of a very theatrical kind, but all this can be put tolerantly on one side; for Mr. Churchill could scarcely have lived in Parliament without adopting its habitual and self-protective plumage.

What does matter, and what makes this volume so attractive and important, is that a very experienced man of public affairs has here written down judgments that the prim historians had neither the

courage nor the wit to write. Take the character sketch of Louis XIV of France. Mr. Churchill is a man of the world, and, unlike the rather bourgeois schoolmasters, is not dazzled by all the pompous ceremony of the Court of Versailles. On the contrary, he says (and it has never been so well written before) that Louis was a vulgar "high-heeled, beperiwigged dandy, strutting amid the bows and scrapes of mistresses and confessors to the torment of his age." Again, there is a terse summary of the origin of the party system in the struggle between Charles II and Shaftesbury: "Its events were the birth throes of party government, whose sire was the Popish, and whose dam the Rye House, Plot. . . . The three General Elections in succession required and evolved all those organisations—clubs, colours, and slogans—with which in later and gentler ages we are only too familiar." It is interesting that it is a politician, not a professional historian, who proves so contemptuously that political life has been sordid from its birth. All is not gold in this long book, but the wise reader will wander through its picturesque pages while he discovers many valuable gems. It is very pleasant to note the generous acknowledgment that Mr. Churchill makes of any assistance he has received in collecting the material for this volume.

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THE LAST EMPEROR OF FRANCE

by CLENNELL WILKINSON.

**NAPOLÉON III: THE MODERN
EMPEROR**, by Robert Sencourt.
Benn. 21s.

NAPOLÉON III, by Graham Brooks.
Duckworth. 2s.

THE personality and policy of the last Emperor of the French seems to exercise a curious fascination over the present generation of Englishmen—perhaps because we are only now beginning to try to understand him. With cries of glee we have unearthed a new mystery. Mr. Guedalla's brilliant volume is still fresh in our minds. Mr. Simpson's great work (which will surely lay the subject to rest for some time to come) is yet on its way. Mr. Sencourt, having already contributed a life of the Empress Eugenie, now intervenes with a new estimate of Napoleon's character and statesmanship, supported by a surprising array of new evidence in the shape of unpublished correspondence, and sustained, as he tells us, by the advice and help of Mr. Simpson himself.

Everything about Napoleon III was mysterious. His long silences, followed by brief, cryptic utterances; his tawdry, unkempt appearance; the spiked moustache, the glycerined hair, the grey, oily skin, the hooked nose, the pale eyes under their heavy lids—could it be that, behind this façade, he was not merely scheming (for even Mr. Sencourt admits that he was a born conspirator) but that he also found time to *think*—that he had plans in his head for the future of Europe? Mr. Sencourt invites us to regard Napoleon III as essentially a modern, ahead of his own times, in fact, "the representative man of our own day", so that "his importance rises on the horizon of our own decade". It is true

that he foresaw many of our present troubles; it is true too that, like his mighty uncle, the first Napoleon, he had a flair for propaganda and the management of mobs. But otherwise there does not seem to have been anything specially modern about him or his methods. The theory is interesting and provocative, and Mr. Sencourt is so persuasive and so learned in his subject that his arguments cannot be lightly dismissed. But it is only a theory after all. Whether Napoleon was a great statesman or a mere opportunist remains a matter for argument.

Even the outstanding feature of his personality—his alleged charm and power of winning affection—is equally open to doubt, though he died within living memory and his wife survived to see the outbreak of the Great War. Is it necessary to say that he fascinated women? It was not only that he pursued them greedily and indiscriminately, but that they found his whole manner and bearing irresistibly attractive. "I like his face", declared Queen Victoria stoutly—perhaps a little too stoutly. Even she admitted that he was without "outward advantages"; and the Prince Consort, for once disagreeing with her, abruptly described the Emperor as "a walking lie".

So he looked and so he seemed to perhaps the majority of men who could meet him on equal terms. But to the common people he was always a hero, and Mr. Sencourt can justly claim that, though his reign ended in disaster for France, he never forgot the interests of those who raised him to the throne. He introduced a number of useful domestic reforms, he rebuilt the capital,

introduced railways and gave at any rate a temporary prosperity to the middle and lower classes.

It is all very contradictory: in fact, the appearance of Napoleon III in the history book is rather like one of those modern composite photographs in which, by a trick, two or three faces are made to merge into one. To get an appearance of unity all we can do is to pile detail upon detail until a single individual appears to emerge. An informative work like Mr. Sencourt's helps powerfully in that direction. It also makes excellent reading.

Mr. Graham Brooks has been given less scope by his publishers; but within his limit of some twenty-five thousand words he has managed to say a great deal. His survey of the principal events of Napoleon's career is surprisingly complete, and if his rapid sketch of the Emperor's character still leaves us a little perplexed, that is not his fault. His happy trick of apt quotation does at any rate enable us to hear what some of Napoleon's leading contemporaries thought of him. Mr. Brooks very properly emphasises his great services to art. There is a distinctive style in architecture, music and dress which will always be associated with his name, and that—whatever we may think of the style today—is more than can be claimed for many stronger rulers.

AS THEIR FRIENDS SAW THEM: IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS, by Bonamy Dobrée. *Cape*. 5s.

IN these imaginary conversations Mr. Dobrée has given us something new, something particularly his own. There have been imaginary conversations before, but none that, like these, proclaimed as their purpose the giving of biographical sketches, while at the same time revealing the characters of the talkers themselves.

The choice of the form, their author tells us, was nothing if not deliberate. Not without justification, he feels that the historian writing objectively loses a great deal by his detachment; and so it has occurred to him to write these biographical conversations, having Swift and Gay discuss Congreve, for instance, or Congreve and Pope reminisce of young Voltaire. As friends or enemies of the subjects of their talks, these characters, theoretically, should be able to throw into strong relief the persons whom they sit to discuss.

The conversations have all the fascination that might have been ours had these talks been real, and we chance listeners at the doors. And yet, despite their excellence, it is doubtful how far the method is likely to prove profitable. Perhaps, for one thing, Mr. Dobrée has laid too great a burden on his medium in attempting, besides mere conversation, to make each talk into a biography in brief. The wayward and anecdotal nature of conversation destroys historical sequence, at the best. Nor, despite its vivid character, is the conversation so lucidly revealing in the long run as the more detached method of history. The reader, intent on the shuttlecock's flight, is apt to gain but a confused impression of the recumbent figure in the midst, who is at once the net and the subject of discourse.

Regarded, however, as essays or sketches, these conversations possess an intrinsic value of their own as adjuncts or sidelights to history; and while one may hope that others, perhaps less thoroughly steeped in their periods, will not regard the experiment as a precedent for misguided imitation, the present excursion into this hitherto untrodden region will prove as welcome to him who reads them for enjoyment as to the historian for their novelty and their positive historical value.

JOHN LINNELL.

MODERN SCIENCE REVIEWED

LIMITATIONS OF SCIENCE, by J. W. N. Sullivan. *Chatto & Windus*. 7s. 6d.

THE many-sidedness of Mr. Sullivan serves him in good stead as an intermediary between the revolutionary discoveries of contemporary science and our lay realization of what they imply. He opens an extremely readable and attractive book by an historical survey of scientific research in which only the Greeks between archaic society and the Renaissance exhibited the "disinterested scientific spirit". With the growth of a pure and aesthetically governed search for truth, the practical applications of scientific principles became a by-product. This theme recurs more than once in Mr. Sullivan's book, and is an important base for his claim that the gulf between science and art has been much narrowed by modern investigations into the structure of matter. The mysterious properties of atomic energy, its defiance even of the inveterate determinism of Newtonian science, have made the actual nature of the universe more "inscrutable" (in Professor Eddington's words) than it could possibly have been in the Victorian theory of molecules rushing about in their orbits like tiny billiard balls. Modern science speaks of motion and energy in terms both of waves and particles, nor are these waves pictorially imaginable since they correspond far more closely to our symbolic terminology of states of mind such as a "wave of depression". Thus confronted with the immaterials of matter and knowing only the mathematical aspects of entities, nothing of their nature or "reality", science has become much humbler, less imperial in its claims to dominate or reduce to chemico-physical terms other aspects of thought and much readier to accept its limitations. "We are no

longer required to believe that our response to beauty or the mystic's sense of communion with God has no objective counterpart. They may be clues to the nature of reality."

Mr. Sullivan concerns himself mainly with the science of physics whose demolition of the Newtonian and Euclidean concepts has been the supreme intellectual event of our century. He glances more briefly at psychology and biology, and claims that the former, much discredited by the pathological bias of the Freudians and the ridiculous oversimplification of mental processes on the part of the Behaviorists, is in too embryonic a condition to be accounted as yet a true science. Biology has, while preoccupied with evolution, evolved no new concepts of its own to coincide with those of physics which have virtually destroyed the validity of the dogmas to which it still clings. Biology altogether lacks the "originality" of physics, which is the quality Mr. Sullivan relates to the personal vision of the artist. The rest of his book is occupied with revealing in a prose of remarkable clarity and grace of expression the totally new universe which a non-mechanical physics and a non-Euclidean geometry have discovered to a somewhat bewildered laity. When light failed to fit in with the Newtonian system of mechanical categories, that system was doomed, while Planck's demonstration that energy was itself atomic made it essential that matter should be approached from a mental point of view unknown to and unsuspected by the physicists of the past. The nature of the atom forces modern science to consider the revolutionary notion of endowing it with some form of consciousness, and Mr. Sullivan concludes his very suggestive narrative and exposition in the hope that, by such a

bridge, physics will one day make continuity with a biology which no longer allows its insight into life to be obscured by mechanical formulæ.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

GOD AND THE ASTRONOMERS,
by W. R. Inge, D.D. *Longmans.*
12s. 6d.

It has been said that "The throne of the Godhead is the human mind". Dean Inge quotes it, but immediately adds this qualification, "But it is mainly through the external world that God reveals Himself to the human mind". The Incarnation itself is such an eruption of the spiritual into the external world, and Christianity, being wholly based on belief in the Incarnation of Christ, is definitely committed to the belief that God reveals Himself through the external world. But what becomes of Christian theology if the external world is slowly passing away? That it is passing away is the unanimous judgment of the astronomers. By the Second Law of Thermodynamics, or the Law of Entropy, it is certain that the universe is doomed.

The astronomers tell us as a certain fact—Eddington says it is the most certain truth of science—that the whole universe is steadily and irrevocably running down like a clock. The inevitable end, says Jeans, is annihilation—annihilation of life, of consciousness, of memory, even of the elements of matter itself. That is the doom of all that exists—annihilation, from which there can be no recovery and no return.

It is a prospect gloomy in itself, and, moreover, one which utters a challenge to Christian theology. For how can God, perfect, imperishable, changeless, be said to reveal Himself in and for a universe thus doomed to decay and dissolution?

This is the question which Dean Inge seeks to answer. Plainly it is one of the most difficult questions which could be

asked, and his answering of it constitutes a large book, in which he levies under contribution not merely all the great philosophers of history, but also an astonishing number and variety of the modern writers on the philosophical aspect of physics. In a preface to a previous book, the Dean spoke of this one, then in preparation, and said regretfully that in the nature of things it would probably be his last considerable work. If, unhappily, this prophesy should come true, his literary career will have ended in a blaze of glory, for, on any showing, this is a book which has a real importance for modern thought.

Space forbids a detailed exposition of his answer. Very broadly and roughly, his answer is a philosophic amplification of the ancient words of the Psalmist: "Thou, Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundation of the earth, and the heavens are the works of thine hands. They shall perish, but thou remainest; and they all shall wax old as doth a garment; and as a vesture shalt thou fold them up and they shall be changed; but thou art the same and thy years shall not fail". Here we have the clue, for the Psalmist identifies Reality with Timelessness, and though the temporal world has an eternal significance, since souls are saved and lost within it, temporality as such is not the realm in which the true being of God resides, nor yet the essence of humanity. The Law of Entropy is an actuality, but if "our being is in heavenly places" there is a sense in which it is irrelevant to our deeper selves. "The idea of the end of the world is intolerable only to modernist philosophy, which finds in the idea of unending temporal progress a pitiful substitute for the blessed hope of everlasting life. . . . It is this philosophy which makes Time itself an absolute value, and progress a cosmic principle. Against this philosophy my book is a sustained polemic".

Naturally, therefore, the best chapter is that on "The Problem of Time", which by the mouth of many witnesses establishes the hopeless confusion which follows any attempt to make Time the first criterion of reality. But if Time is not that final criterion, then the Law of Entropy, while remaining true in its effects, is ultimately irrelevant. Such is the Dean's case, and he makes it convincingly.

ROGER B. LLOYD.

THE LIFE OF ANDREW CARNEGIE,
by Burton J. Hendrick. *Heinemann.*
25s.

WITHOUT entirely endorsing his publisher's contention that, in selecting his second subject, the author of *The Life and Letters of Walter Hines Page* was attracted by a similarity between the two men, we may, perhaps, agree that both were "world-size figures" and that both played important parts in the relations of England and America. But they were "world-size" in very differing circumstances and they were in themselves essentially different. Page, "the friend of England in her sorest need", played a great part for a few years only, but those the most momentous in the whole of English history. Carnegie, by his rapid rise to wealth and his Scottish-American shrewdness and sagacity, gave its special trend to American industry, and placed himself in a position to meet and influence the chief politicians of his adopted country and to be received with interest and respect by the statesmen and Courts of Europe. And the author's task in this, his second book, has been much harder—Page's life wrote itself from its own intrinsic charm and his great gifts as a letter-writer. Carnegie's attraction is harder to get over the footlights, partly because he had already

given the cream of his reminiscences to the world in his *Autobiography*.

A man's own picture of himself needs, however, to be supplemented by another. Prof. Hendrick has been at great pains to collect much of the detail that Carnegie left out and to bring sidelights to bear upon the founder of America's steel supremacy, and the benefactor of the whole Anglo-Saxon race. The result is a carefully balanced and deeply interesting study of a vital epoch in American history. In its length and size the book is a little daunting to the ordinary reader, but it is packed with interest, and a copious and admirable index will guide the more superficial to the chapters of main interest. How Carnegie rose from bobbin-boy to Railroad President he has told us himself. What his efforts were for the betterment and the peace of the world we shall learn better from his biographer. And when the last disillusionment came and Carnegie gathered together at Skibo in August of 1914 a sad little group of old friends, which included Lord Bryce and Lord Morley, one is glad that Lord Bryce, who should in that very month have unveiled a bust of its giver in the Hague Temple of Peace, called his fellow-guests together and in Carnegie's own library spoke the warm appreciation he had intended to deliver to a wider audience. What Carnegie could be to his friends was never better illustrated than in that dark hour of England's fate. Morley in particular never forgot the sympathy and support he met with at Skibo when his resignation of office rather than support the War had alienated from him so many old friends and associates. Yet Carnegie's endorsement of England's action was undoubted, witness his reply to a distracted factor, lamenting the felling of the forests of Skibo, "So long as there is a stick of wood on Skibo, the Government can have it".

JANET E. COURTNEY.

WILLIAM BLAKE, by J. Middleton Murry. *Cape*. 10s. 6d.

BLAKE, by Alan Clutton-Brock. *Duckworth*. 2s.

WILLIAM BLAKE is the grim Gorgon of English literature. Who can stand long before the cast of his life-mask in the National Portrait Gallery and not feel that were those eyes to open, those lips to speak, one would perforce be turned to stone—or born into a new life? Many in the past have been called to do battle with him, but few, indeed none, have proved victor.

Discreetly, and one would agree necessarily in so brief a study, Mr. Alan Clutton-Brock declines the real combat. He will conduct his reader upon a quite lively tour of the Blake exterior, and even look into some of the outhouses, but the instant the Prophetic Books are mentioned he seats himself quietly but firmly on the doorstep. "The difficulty of understanding the prophetic books," he says, "is that we seldom know when Blake's statements are to be taken literally . . . or when he is using symbols, metaphors, or allegories." And again: "That Blake controlled his fantasies much less than the normal person, and in fact not much more than a good many people now in asylums, seems to me obvious. On any other hypothesis his life and the greater part of his writings seem to me inexplicable."

The objection to that hypothesis itself is, of course, that it leaves them inexplicable anyway! In fact, it is to Mr. Murry's view of Blake as not merely one of the greatest, perhaps the greatest, men of modern times, but also one of the sanest, that we have to turn for explication. The larger part of his lengthy work deals directly with the heart of the problem, in the form of a continuous progressive commentary upon the Prophetic Books themselves. If it would be too much to say that he has made them wholly plain it must certainly be said

that he has to an unprecedented degree shirked no major problem and been baffled in no essential point. Blake's thought is, he protests, "in reality, perfectly coherent; but only if we approach it with the clue of the Divine Vision in our hands." More than that, while it would be arrogant or perverse to deny that the Prophetic Books are very difficult, "yet few of those who have laboured with them and paid the necessary price of a measure of comprehension, would confidently assert that very much of the obscurity with which they had to struggle was unnecessary to Blake's purpose. It is only when we begin to understand his dark statements that we are in a position to pronounce that the darkness is gratuitous; and when we do understand, we are generally compelled to admit that there was no other way of saying what he had to say."

Mr. Murry has earned his right to both these assertions, for his degree of understanding is manifest in his capacity to show Blake's work as the in general perfectly coherent expression of perfectly coherent conceptions. That those conceptions are in themselves far from easily graspable, even in Mr. Murry's most luminous explanations, lies unfortunately in their and our natures, a state of things that only we can change. His is not an easy book, but to those to whom the Divine Vision of the mystics of all ages is no delusion, and who have caught even in the "incomprehensible" Blake intimations of that perdurable illumination, it may well prove a permanently important one. Some years ago Mr. Murry was named by an impartial and responsible writer as the greatest English critic since Coleridge; in his *William Blake* he returns, after some divagations in other fields, to his true sphere. It is his best book since his *Keats and Shakespeare* and a pro-founder than that.

GEOFFREY WEST.

THE WINDING STAIR, by W. B. Yeats. *Macmillan*. 6s.

I KNOW of no poet, either among the living or among the immortals on their dusty shelf, who retains youth so long as Mr. Yeats has done. He is never weary of experimenting with technique. And he is driven to this experiment by the ever-fresh contact of his mind with the external world. Life, and the revelation of his own emotional reaction to it, are still an adventure to him, so exciting and unexpected that he must study to find means to express it. This is rare. Many poets write good poetry in late life; but usually it is the mellowed reflection of their earlier work. They are using the same material as they used forty years before.

Recent volumes of Mr. Yeats' poetry, notably *The Tower*, made me think that this unique continual development was an intellectual one, and that he was burying, with elaborate ritual, his dead heart beneath a monumental erection of esoteric and occult interests. I told myself that soon this symbolism would become totally impersonal, and that its poetic value would be displaced by a religious value; though that religion would be a curiously heterogeneous one drawn from Kabbalistic, Mithraic, and Indian sources. A glorious death to the poet, I thought; he will pass eastward into the sun, and the individual will be dissolved in the general light.

But my fears were premature. Knowing this artist's work, I should have had more faith. Was it possible that such subtle wilfulness, such exquisite and tortuous revolt, could submit utterly to a system, even though the system were a bizarre pastiche of his own making? In this new volume is all the man himself, in that Satanic power which Milton, Blake and Shakespeare never ceased to exhibit; a fallen angel in full song. He is no longer crawling back to Nirvana for forgiveness. He is deliberate enough about it.



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The Department of Overseas Trade has recently issued valuable surveys of the economic and financial conditions of Austria 2s. (2s. 2d.), Germany 4s. 6d. (4s. 9d.), Roumania 2s. 6d. (2s. 8d.), Netherlands 3s. 6d. (3s. 8d.). They are written by the Department's representative in each country.

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The Royal Commission on the Ancient and Historical Monuments of Scotland has completed its survey and inventory of the remains of historic interest in these three counties, which have been so important in Scottish history. The volume is lavishly illustrated with original photographs. Demy 4to, pp. lxi+351; 511 illustrations and maps. 37s. 6d. (38s. 6d.).

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"I am content to follow to its source
Every event in action or in thought;
Measure the lot; forgive myself the
lot!

When such as I cast out remorse
So great a sweetness flows into the
breast

We must laugh and we must sing,
We are blest by everything,
Everything we look upon is blest."

And he raises a great laughter and a great song of defiance against that chief weapon of the Eternal Power; against Time. This great dissolver of all human pride and achievement, this enemy whose indifference grips us and drags us humbled to the Throne, has not yet subdued Mr. Yeats. He is cool and audacious. He provokes it to the utmost by offering it those mortal treasures which it usually snatches from us first; the joys of the senses. Mr. Yeats, with infinite malice, impersonates an old woman, and makes her recollect the generosity of her youth. She looks Time in the eyes, and taunts him with the memories of her beauty, and her gifts, proffered so lavishly, of her fair limbs, her fragrant hair, her honeyed mouth, to her lovers. The old wanton becomes almost lewd, bidding Time let his warning bird

"... sing on,

I offer to love's play
My dark declivities."

But this surprising and almost erotic outbreak by the poet must not be mistaken for the last despairing effort of the body to retain its warmth—that effort which sometimes leads old men to indiscretions in suburban trains. Mr. Yeats makes his old woman say.

"What if I look upon a man
As though on my beloved,
And my blood be cold the while
And my heart unmoved?
Why should he think me cruel
Or that he is betrayed?
I'd have him love the thing that was

Before the world was made."

We thus see the reason for Mr. Yeats' deliberately extravagant impersonation.

He is still seeking that ego which is the only satisfying reward for our pride and our clamourings and our rebellion against the Great Anonymity. In an access of courage, therefore, he taunts the enemy with the symbols of that ego; physical joys and loves.

"Bodily decrepitude is wisdom; young
We loved each other and were
ignorant."

And that condition is the condition in which poetry is made; for wisdom is silent. Mr. Yeats realises that he is still ignorant; and therefore he agonises, and loves—and sings!

RICHARD CHURCH.

**THE ENGLISH GALAXY OF
SHORTER POEMS**, chosen and
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HERE are two excellent anthologies with nothing in common but the publishing house that produces them. Mr. Bullett's *Galaxy* is a selection from English lyric poetry from its beginnings down to the year 1900. No poem covers more than two pages and those that cover more than one begin always on the left page, so that every poem lies visible in its entirety when its page is opened. The reader who glances first, in the prying way that some readers have, at the list of poets and the number of pages assigned to each, will soon, if the scheme I have just mentioned has not already revealed to him the nature of the book, receive a number of shocks. He will find, for instance, that Wordsworth occupies only ten pages, the same number as Bridges, while Campion has seventeen and Herrick twenty-two. He will find that Pope has only one, Byron and Browning each two, Shelley four, Keats five and Tennyson seven, while

Clare and Beddoes have each eight, Carew and Christina Rossetti each nine. But the truth, obvious from these surprising figures if not before, is that the book is not a galaxy of English poets. You cannot present in poems no longer than Kubla Khan the essential Chaucer, the essential Milton, Wordsworth, Browning, Coventry Patmore or Francis Thompson, nor does Mr. Bullett seek to do so. What he does, and does admirably, is to display in miniature the essential genius of the short English lyric. He wisely gives a liberal measure of early work. Skelton, Wyatt and the early anonymous lyrics are well represented. A quarter of the book has been filled before we reach Shakespeare. It is, perhaps, surprising to find that we jump from Cotton to Collins, a period of nearly a century that includes Pope and Prior, in a mere eight pages of which Pope has one and Prior none; but Mr. Bullett might well reply that the English Lyric was less English and less lyrical at that time than at any other. The "beautiful and ineffectual angel" is not a favourite with me nowadays and I have always been somewhat repelled by the too sweet, too effortless perfection of Tennyson, but I could here willingly allow them to usurp the space occupied by the spinsterly, self-pitying muse of Christina Rossetti, who shows herself in this august company strikingly below the fine standard set by Mr. Bullett. But the fact remains that *The English Galaxy* with its five hundred poems is a delightful book, excellently planned and compiled. It easily takes its place in the front rank of anthologies.

The Out of Doors Book includes both verse and prose. It is divided into twelve sections comprising such headings as "The Road," "Wheels and Wings," "Sport and Play," "River, Shore and Sea," "Good Company." Mr. Arthur Stanley appears to be an omnivorous reader. His field of choice

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MARTIN ARMSTRONG.

GOG MAGOG, AND OTHER CRITICAL ESSAYS, by G. W. Stonier.
Dent. 7s. 6d.

LATER CRITIQUES, by Augustus Ralli.
Longmans. 7s. 6d.

THESE two books are a contrast to one another. Mr. Ralli discusses such familiar themes as Reading, Education, Shakespeare's Songs, Shakespearean Criticism, and the Victorian Age with meditative enjoyment. He is sensible and companionable, but not often original or fresh. Mr. Stonier calls his book "an anatomy of modernism in literature," and the only not recent authors of whom he writes are Hans Andersen, Strindberg, and Swinburne. The one might have been written before the War: the other could only have been written afterwards. One has the feeling that Mr. Stonier could be interesting on Mr. Ralli's chosen themes, but that Mr. Ralli would not respond to the modernism that Mr. Stonier anatomises.

The subject that forms a bridge between the two epochs of taste is the poetry of Gerard Manley Hopkins, essays on whom by competent critics (Mr. Stonier is one of them) will be read with interest for some time to come. The interest of Hopkins is that as long ago as the eighties he was writing poetry (though this was not published till 1918) as experimental as any, poetry admired by the modernist poets of to-day, which is yet unmistakably lovely, while some of the latter produce

verse that is admired only by their own generation and that might not have seemed to Hopkins himself poetry at all. The reader, then, who is puzzled by modernist experiments should prepare himself by studying the poetry that both schools admire and from this common ground try to measure the departures that have been taken since. It is remarkable that Hopkins does not antagonise his successors by the religion that impregnates his verse, while few of them seem to forgive Mr. Eliot for having found a creed in traditional beliefs. We "grin," Mr. Stonier remarks himself, at Mr. Eliot's Christian, monarchist, and classical sympathies, and one is sometimes tempted to wonder if a philosophy in fragments is not more prized by these people than the form, the chips in which this breakage is suggested. In fact, Mr. Stonier quotes with approval the contention of Flaubert that the world has become banal and that the artistic problem is how to express that banality in a fine form.

The opening essay, called "Gog and Magog," gives in a sequence of paragraphs a broken picture of the modern scene in which the banality that confronts us from hoardings, newspapers, wireless, is skilfully suggested. The succeeding essays show how Lawrence, Joyce, Eliot, Wyndham Lewis react to these impressions and how their work has grown from this reaction. On each of them Mr. Stonier is worth reading. He is as detached as a critic of their generation can be, but the question remains whether an outer and an inner world in such confusion can produce more than clever kaleidoscopes of itself, whether the "transition" on which he insists can endure or prove more than a phase on the road to some recovery or some disaster. In a very interesting essay on "Words! Words!" he discusses the new coinings of Joyce, and shows clearly the effects intended; but while these

effects are understandable, we may doubt if they will prove more lasting in their interest than those which gave, on a lower plane altogether, it is true, a passing vogue to the imperfect English of a Japanese writer just before the War. From them it is only a step to the disintegration of language, and just as "The Waste Land" proved a terminus to its author so disintegration is likely to prove a blind alley. The main value of the book, however, is its analysis of the present; there is a useful essay on "The Movie," another on the poetry of Auden, Stephen Spender, and Day Lewis, a sympathetic note on Swinburne, an excellent estimate of Strindberg in his middle years, and a friendly tribute to the music of Verdi. For most people the book is likely to be read for its interpretation of modernism, which is highly competent—on the assumption that no other kind of writing is possible for this generation.

OSBERT BURDETT.

JOHN HAMPDEN'S ENGLAND, by John Drinkwater. *Thornton Butterworth. 15s.*

JOHN HAMPDEN, by Hugh Ross Williamson. *Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.*

ALTHOUGH it is more than a hundred years ago that Nugent wrote his *Memorials of John Hampden*, no life of that heroic defender of the English constitution has appeared from that day to this. The omission has now been remedied by the publication of two considerable and sympathetic studies. Of the two, Mr. Williamson's is the more nearly biographical; but so little is known of the life of Hampden, anyhow, that it is impossible to compile a biography in the strict sense of the word. Nor does this matter very much. Our interest in Hampden, today, is so closely interwoven with our interest in those public

events of which he was the focus, that we can almost afford to lose sight of the man in favour of the movement. This Mr. Drinkwater would seem to have realised, since he calls his book *John Hampden's England*. He marshals his facts carefully, accepting Nugent as authority (whereas Mr. Williamson claims to have discovered in him a frequent tendency to slovenliness), and keeping well within the accepted Roundhead interpretation. He shows us the chain of events (Tonnage and Poundage, the impeachment of Buckingham, the Forced Loan, the Petition of Right, the death of Eliot, Ship Money, the execution of Strafford and the Grand Remonstrance) that led inevitably and terribly to the Civil War; and if Hampden's share in these events is sketchy in detail, the implication always is that this was his world, these were the things with which his mind was continually occupied and for which, in the end, he would be called upon to give his life. All the same, *John Hampden's England* remains too much like a not unpleasantly written textbook of the struggle between King and Parliament. We do not feel, after reading it, that we know much more either about Hampden or Hampden's England. "But on a sunny day the peace (of Chalgrove Field) is as unbroken in these convulsive times as it was when the milkmaids were startled on that June morning by the glint of Rupert's spears." If that is anybody's England it is Mr. Drinkwater's.

Mr. Williamson's book is more brisk, more factual. He shares Mr. Drinkwater's Roundhead sympathies; is even more emphatic in the expression of them; but never clogs his narrative with anything suggestive of sticky sentiment. "I have concentrated the story," he writes, "as far as possible on Hampden himself", endeavouring "to recapture a vision of events as they appeared to participators in them". To this end

he has evidently gone to considerable trouble to secure new facts concerning the actual life-history of his hero; and if these facts do not really amount to very much, they do at least, when coupled with his method of identifying Hampden with the narrative of public events, give us something as near flesh and blood as we can probably hope to expect. Whereas, for instance, Mr. Drinkwater plunges his reader almost straight away into the reign of Charles (when Hampden was already in his thirties), Mr. Williamson is at pains to paint in as much as possible of the early background—Hampden's schooldays at Thame and his parliamentary apprenticeship; and whereas, again, Mr. Drinkwater eagerly follows the authority of Gardiner and devotes a lengthy chapter to a description of the battle of Edgehill, Mr. Williamson deliberately throws overboard such obvious opportunities for a touch of drama, preferring to follow those events more immediately concerning his hero. Yet, for all his objective view, Mr. Williamson contrives to leave the reader not only with a more vivid picture than Mr. Drinkwater but with a warmer, more human picture as well. It is on the whole characteristic that, whereas the latter closes his book with a quotation from the psalm sung at Hampden's funeral, the former should close his with that magnificent letter written by Hampden's lifelong friend and neighbour, Arthur Goodwin, to his daughter, requesting "a broad black ribbon to hang about his standard": "Truly, Jenny (and I know you will be easily persuaded to it), he was a gallant man, an honest man, an able man, and, take all, I know not to any man living second. . . . I would we could all lay it to heart that God takes away the best amongst us." Prophetic indeed was the motto of Hampden's house: *Vestigia nulla retrosum*—"no way back."

C. HENRY WARREN.

CAIRO TO PERSIA AND BACK,
by Owen Tweedy. *Jarrollds.* 18s.

FREEMAN OF STAMBOUL, by
Professor Bernard Freeman. *Gollancz.*
18s.

THE *Wanderlust* with Captain Owen Tweedy is no single urge, for combined with it is the impulse to write books. He went to Russia, and made 'a slight book of it'; he went to the Sahara, and made an even better book; and now he has gone to the Middle East, to make perhaps his best book. He has many of the indispensable qualities of the modern traveller-writer. He sees, and takes good photographs; he listens, and recounts good stories; he speaks, and the reported words are full of becoming point and modesty. His style is easy, even conversational; but he never becomes garrulous.

Here he tells of his travels, in a Ford lorry and with an English companion, from Egypt to Palestine, Syria, Iraq, Persia, and back. It is not a remarkable journey, and the two travellers seldom strayed, except by accident, off the beaten track. But it is not so well known that Captain Tweedy could not bring back from it much that is likely to be new to many readers. Before leaving Cairo, he had, of course, considerable knowledge of the affairs of the countries he was about to visit, and his comments are, therefore, informed and useful. When, for instance, he speaks of the Arab in Jerusalem as saying that a tradition has been created that the Haram ash Sharif is "the Westminster Abbey of Islam," he really lights up the policy of the Palestinian Arabs in trying, for propaganda purposes, to attract to their keeping the corpses of distinguished Mussulmans. They did so attract the late King Husain and the Indian leader Maulana Muhammad Ali. But they failed more recently in endeavouring to get an even greater prize in staging the burial of King Faisal of Iraq.

Persia was Captain Tweedy's goal,

and he found in Isfahan a fitting end of his trek. He had approved neither of Baghdad, Teheran, nor Meshed, but on the loveliness of Isfahan he pours out words without stint. Nor will he find many travellers in Persia to disagree with him.

Occasionally his enthusiasms make him careless, and in future editions he might like to alter such a statement as "Persia is not a country for flowers" (page 155). And one can neither approve the English nor assent to the accuracy of "Persia is the only Mahomedan country in Islam where the Shiah predominates over the rival Sunni sect" (page 162). For Iraq is also a "Mahomedan country in Islam" where this is so.

But it is an extremely readable record, which will achieve the distinction of delighting the ordinary reader while not disturbing the equanimity of the expert. Such an achievement in a book of travel is far rarer than is sometimes imagined.

To gauge the popular reaction to *Freeman of Stamboul* is difficult, but quite certainly the expert will be disdainful. The author, who was born in Constantinople in 1852, "knocked about" all over the world—in the Near East, in the United States, in the Hawaiian Islands, in Australia, and so forth. All the time he was getting into scrapes, making money and losing it: truly an *enfant terrible*.

According to this book, Professor Freeman (the "Professor" being a self-conferred title, used for commercial purposes in America) at a very early age could speak seven languages (or was it eight? the author himself gives us the choice), went to Medina (though he seems ill-acquainted with what he calls "Mohammedism"), lived with the Bedouin, tried to elope with a Moslem girl, escaped from Red Indian massacres, acted as A.D.C. to General Gordon in Palestine, led the movement in Honolulu for annexation by the United States,

assumed American nationality, discovered Louis de Rougemont in Australia and befriended him in England, lived with Stevenson in the South Seas, nearly took to himself two Mormon wives—in short, his life was a series of amazing escapades.

It is a quite extraordinary narrative, shot with an amount of what is patent truth, but presented so cinematographically as to awaken the suspicion of the critical reader. Parts of it are fascinating, and particularly the chapter devoted to Gordon in Palestine.

Professor Freeman's memory and imagination are prodigious. Let it not be supposed, however, that any Yankee conceit exudes from him. He quotes Queen Liliuokalani of Hawaii as saying: "Don't believe all Mr. Freeman's stories." We admire the author's candour in setting this down. But really it was unnecessary.

KENNETH WILLIAMS.

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SELECTED FICTION

AH KING, by W. Somerset Maugham. *Heinemann*. 7s. 6d.
THE CHILD OF QUEEN VICTORIA, by William Plomer. *Cape*. 7s. 6d.
THE CAGE BIRD, by Francis Brett Young. *Heinemann*. 7s. 6d.
THESE THIRTEEN, by William Faulkner. *Chatto & Windus*. 7s. 6d.
THEY BROUGHT THEIR WOMEN, By Edna Ferber. *Heinemann*. 7s. 6d.

"NOTHING in the field of writing dates as quickly as the short story", says Miss Ferber in the admirable preface to her new collection of tales, *They Brought Their Women*, and she adds that the short story, crowded into a handful of words, may be the form which has most truly caught the kaleidoscopic picture of our generation. There is certainly significance in the fact that one month's publishing can bring to a reviewer's table five books of short stories, all of definite literary merit, and some of positive excellence.

It is most improbable that Mr. Maugham's stories will date. He has mastered the art of economy in expression more completely than any other living writer, and the naturalness of his dialogue is equalled in merit by the precision of his descriptions of people and places. On beginning to read "Footprints in the Jungle", the first story in *Ah King*, I felt that I was back again in the Malacca—I beg its pardon, in the Tanah Merah Club—and all the six stories of Malaya and the islands convey this sense of reality. By way of criticism one might venture the opinion that the general impression produced by these tales of Europeans in the East is not a fair one, and that the conventional exteriors of civil servants, planters, and their wives, do not usually conceal the strange and sinister personalities with which Mr. Maugham credits them, but he could reply, justly enough, that all

their experiences, as he portrays them, are credible. So they are, with the exception of the strange occurrence which is the substance of one of the very best stories that Mr. Maugham has ever written, "The Vessel of Wrath". This is the history of a thorough-going reprobate, Ginger Ted, which ends in his capture by and marriage to an elderly missionary. Mr. Maugham has never surpassed the narrative excellence of this story. The other tales are as compelling as those in *The Casuarina Tree* and *The Trembling of a Leaf*.

Mr. William Plomer is one of the most promising of the younger writers of fiction, but I do not think that he is at his best in the short story. He needs more space for the full development of his talent, but he writes well enough to hold the reader's attention through a series of very fully expanded anecdotes, which have their settings in Africa, Greece and France. "The Child of Queen Victoria" is the Lembu title given to young Frant, who came out to work for a sanctimonious trader, MacGavin. MacGavin found it impossible to approve of Frant's friendly attitude towards the natives, and Frant was as disgusted by MacGavin's lack of sympathy with them. A brief infatuation for a Lembu girl is ended before it has matured, and that is all. Mr. Plomer seems to be pre-occupied with abortive affections, and the result is a feeling of monotony if the stories are read in succession. Nothing can detract from the distinction of Mr. Plomer's writing and the subtlety of his characterization.

Mr. Brett Young's *The Cage Bird* and other stories are more popular and varied in theme and style, and one feels more than a suspicion that some of them would not be out of place in a magazine. They have fluency, and, perhaps, rather

too much colour, but Mr. Brett Young knows his business, and he fully understands the necessity for grasping the reader's attention and holding it firmly, not always by the authentic methods of the artist, until a suitable, and, often, a dramatic ending has been reached. There is more than mere readability in *The Cage Bird*, the story of the meeting of a small boy and a convict in South Africa, and "Armistice", a post-War tale, has an agreeably ironical touch, but it must be confessed that after reading *Ah King* and *The Child of Queen Victoria*, *The Cage Bird* gives one the impressions that life is somehow less important and more theatrical than either Mr. Maugham or Mr. Plomer make it appear.

Mr. William Faulkner, whose considerable powers of invention and remarkable imagination have roused so many critics to enthusiasm, has an austere and mordant quality in his writing that compels attention, and it seems to me that *These Thirteen*, stories set in various parts of the world, display his ability to great advantage. They demand, like all Mr. Faulkner's work, considerable concentration from the reader, but they have enough virtue in them to repay the effort which must be made if the reader is to have a full appreciation of them.

To read *They Brought Their Women* is to increase one's regard for the diversity

of Miss Edna Ferber's talents as a writer who manages to combine great artistry with a clear popular appeal. The speed and precision of Miss Ferber's attack in this collection of short stories is noteworthy, and the difference between her method here, and in a long and leisurely novel such as *Show-Boat* is an object lesson for young writers of fiction. Miss Ferber is intensely interested in people of all kinds. The disadvantages that beset the wealthy, or the experiences of a New York taxi-driver, are both grist to her mill and she is a wise and able critic of life and character, finding interest of equal intensity in a museum or in the misery of loneliness. Those who have not yet encountered Miss Ferber as a short story writer will do well to read *They Brought Their Women*. Those who have already fallen under her spell will not need to be told to do so.

ERIC GILLET.

FOLLY FIELD, by Adrian Bell. *Cobden-Sanderson*. 7s. 6d.

MORNING PRIDE, by Halcott Glover. *Dent*. 7s. 6d.

HIGH RISING, by Angela Thirkell. *Hamish Hamilton*. 7s. 6d.

TWICE SHY, by D. M. Low. *Chatto & Windus*. 7s. 6d.

Of the four novels under consideration, the best by far is *Folly Field*. Having completed his now famous trilogy, Mr. Bell has abandoned the first for the second person. But his new novel is in his own tradition—gentle, beautiful and completely removed from town life and sophistication. He writes about farming and the land better than any other writer of to-day. He catches the beauty and fragrance of the English country-side and crystallizes its loveliest and most elusive moods. The characters in his book—their meaning and very existence—are bound up with the land. But Adrian Bell is not one of the aggressively earthy writers. He is far more honest and quiet

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and simple. His novel is finely constructed and no violent event occurs to break the even tenor of its way. It is completely sane, well balanced and without exaggeration. "To watch the corn grow, and the blossoms set, to draw hard breath over ploughshare or spade; to read, to think, to love, to pray—these are the things that make men happy." This quotation from Ruskin expresses his philosophy well, I think, which is steeped in love of the country-side.

Mr. Glover has given us a reasoned and balanced novel dealing with life in the slums of Manchester. The story is very simple—the youth of a boy and girl who are thrown together by circumstance and have to fight for life itself from their earliest childhood. We see the boy get his first job—this is admirably done; he is errand and odd job boy in a jeweller's, and the detail is so excellent that it is evident the writer is relating facts from first-hand experience. The whole book has the ring of truth about it, and if the author dwells too lengthily upon the technical side of his hero's later work in the Lancashire cotton business, it may bore some readers, but it is real. *Morning Pride* is an unexciting book, but sincere and drawn from an unusual view-point—a novel that takes the reader into unfamiliar places and makes him once again doubt the established order of things.

Although Mr. Glover is obviously a man who thinks for himself, he offers no solution to labour and capitalist difficulties, only exhibiting their more evident weaknesses. There is one statement he makes with which I cannot agree. He says that no one in his heart of hearts believes in Socialism for himself. He shows a trifle vaguely how his hero and heroine escape from the bondage of their fate—the fate of being born underlings among the slave class of commerce. But no general scheme of escape is offered. The fate of each man lies in his own hands. He postulates an individual, exceptional freedom, which seems too easy a way out. He sets himself fences and then walks round them. But it is a good, steady novel, sometimes a little dull, but always sincere; and the weakness of the plot would not matter, were it not for Mr. Glover's evasion of the social issues.

I should like to commend to the notice of other publishers Messrs. Dent's really admirable and informative "blurb". On the back of the dust-cover they give a short biography of the author and on the turn-over a more than usually sensible recommendatory description of the book. I should like to see it become a custom to append a short sketch of the author's life in this way to every new book.

With *High Rising*, her second book, Miss Thirkell must surely take her place as one of our leading humorous writers. Her plot is ingenious, but not fatiguing to the brain, and her characterization for the most part is excellent. Her work, of course, has no literary pretensions, but as light entertainment it is almost perfect. The chief character is a middle-aged widow, who writes "rather good bad books" to help with the education of her sons. In fact, the criticism of this lady's work in these pages might well apply to Miss Thirkell's own. She has a "touch of good badness

almost amounting to genius". She has written a highly diverting book, and her farce is the product of true wit, not of mere buffoonery. Her dialogue is amazingly good. If she wrote a play, I should be willing to back its chance of a long run. The stylized juggling with the matrimonial futures of her characters do not matter, nor the slightly disappointing villainess, a pretty and designing secretary who is alluded to as "the Incubus". The dialogue is the thing; I frequently found myself laughing aloud.

The little boy, Tony, is a miniature masterpiece. Children are perhaps the most difficult characters of all to draw, and this particular specimen is both loathsome, boring and adorable—exactly like almost any small boy at a "prep." school. His mother, the widowed authoress, states that she "had offered to edit a book called 'Why I Hate My Children' . . . and every mother of her acquaintance had offered to contribute." I hope Miss Thirkell will write this book herself. *High Rising* ought to be prescribed by the medical faculty as the perfect after-influenza tonic, guaranteed to dispel the deadliest depression. By about February it will, I have little doubt, be bringing solace to the occupant of many a sick-bed.

Mr. D. M. Low is undeniably clever, but what shall all the brains in the world avail a novelist if his work is dull? *Twice Shy* possesses two distinctive features—bitter misogyny and endless verbiage which obscures the brilliance of the many witty passages and has tired at least one reader almost beyond bearing. It is a picture of the life of the English colony in a small Italian town. The author is merciless in his exposure of these retired empire-builders and their predatory daughters. But he has too many theories to expound, too many Italian phrases to work to death. When all is said and done, this class of person

has been satirized and damned enough, and by better writers than Mr. Low, who appears himself to be born without a doubt and whose prejudices are just as violent as the most peppery colonel's.
HELEN GOSSE.

A NEST OF SIMPLE FOLK, by Seán O'Faoláin. *Cape*. 7s. 6d.

SHAKE HANDS WITH THE DEVIL, by Rearden Connor. *Dent*. 7s. 6d.

ONE of the services which James Joyce rendered to the Irish literary revival with which he refused to associate himself was to free it from sentimentality. And now that the Celtic twilight has disappeared in the revealing beam of that compassionate irony leprechauns are as dead as Samuel Lover. The Irish scene is being repopled with creatures of flesh and blood, and in *A Nest of Simple Folk* the waste places are impressively reclaimed to reality. The genealogical table which prefaces Mr. Seán O'Faoláin's long and smoothly written novel gave me forebodings of a family saga in the popular manner. But I never looked back at it, for the characters themselves, fascinatingly individual and yet subtly typical of the strange contrasts of realism and mysticism that puzzle English spectators of Ireland's stormy history, held all my attention.

Leo Foxe-Donnel, the central figure, whom we follow from childhood (1854) to old age (1916), has imagination strong enough to overcome the weakness of his will. There is a curious quality of squalid rapture about his descent from the ownership of an impoverished estate, through three periods of imprisonment, to the status of a small city shopkeeper with Fenian enthusiasms and wistful memories of the wild days of youth. That the Fenian's friend should be Johnny Hussey, a policeman with ambitions, is an ironic idea which is convincingly worked out. Leo's mother,

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Judith O'Donnel, with the jaw and the spirit of a horse, steals the picture, as it were, in the earlier part of the book, where her fight to force the will she wants out of her dying husband is magnificently described. Then there is "Mag Keene back in the bog", scratching a wretched living for a swarming family and speaking with the ancient voice of the soil of Ireland, fruitful but pauperised. And there is Julie, her daughter, who brings a queer domestic content to Leo, whom she had once betrayed to the police. The simple folk are a notable gallery, and their south Irish nest is described with such passionate sympathy that throughout the book one seems to hear the whispered conversation of the elm and the stone in *Anna Livia Plurabelle*.

Shake Hands with the Devil ("a novel of distracted Ireland") is a thriller

founded on fact. The facts are vouched for, and the murders and outrages that crowd the pages provide a grim picture of the "crossness" (as I believe it is now called) between 1918 and 1920. The book will send luxurious shivers down the spines of gangster-fans and affect less pleasantly, though no less violently, those who like even thrillers to be written grammatically. The hero thinks in journalese, and between bouts of bloodshed various of the characters discuss trifles of ethics and philosophy in the manner of a school debating society, though with more freedom of reference. For two things Mr. Connor is to be commended. He preserves a clever impartiality in his dealings with Black and Tans and the I.R.A., and he kills off his hero.

FRANCIS WATSON.

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FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

DECEMBER, 1933

THE DRIVE FOR PEACE

BY STEPHEN KING-HALL

WHERE the statesman and professional diplomatists have failed it is no doubt rash for a layman to intervene. A constructive suggestion towards disarmament, however, is better than drifting with the course of events. I have therefore gladly availed myself of this opportunity to advance proposals, the responsibility for which rests with nobody but myself, as a challenge to a futile and negative policy which seems only too likely to culminate in war. They may at least help still further to stimulate thought on a subject which is now shown to hold the first place in the public mind.

I

The problem of maintaining peace between the sovereign states calls for solution along two lines. There is need, and urgent need, for salvage work; there is need for reconstruction. There has been an uneasy peace since 1919, a peace which up to 1925 was an after-birth of war. From 1926 to 1929 it seemed as if the war-spirit was being overcome, but the economic crisis dashed these hopes to the ground, and from 1930 to 1933 there has been a great and grinding economic war between the nations. The pressure and friction of this economic struggle has been largely responsible for the progressive breakdown of the international political situation.

This poor peace we have suffered these last fifteen years is—as Mr. Wickham Steed pointed out in the November issue of this REVIEW—drifting into war. We must, at almost any cost stop

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the rot. That is the salvage work. The forces making for war are becoming vocal and active, and not only in Germany. When the salvage work is in hand then must come the long term job of creating an international social framework in which peace can grow strong and become immune to those infections whose symptoms are armaments and war. Unless we can save the dying peace we need not bother about our second task until after the next war. It is waste of time to nurse a corpse.

II

The salvage work must concern itself with the pathological case of Germany. In the article from which I have already quoted Mr. Wickham Steed wrote a passage in which he pointed out that in fact much of the German contention that the Allies have failed to implement their undertakings to disarm cannot be supported by an objective analysis of the events since 1918. He criticized Mr. Vernon Bartlett for his broadcast on Saturday, October 14th, in which he suggested that we in Great Britain should make "another attempt to understand why the Germans behave as they do, and to meet their point of view", and that Germany had a "legitimate grievance". One of Mr. Wickham Steed's objections to Mr. Bartlett as a competent judge is that he is a stripling born as recently as 1894. Being about of this vintage myself the disadvantage is not apparent to me, especially as it seems to me that the responsibility for the outcome of the next thirty years rests heavily upon the shoulders of my generation. But the important point seems to be what the Germans believe to be the truth rather than what Mr. Wickham Steed can demonstrate *is* the truth. That the Germans believe they have a "legitimate grievance" would, I think, be admitted by Mr. Wickham Steed, and it is with this belief that we have to deal. Incidentally, I should be surprised to hear that Mr. Vernon Bartlett's post-bag revealed that in his remarks he was out of sympathy with the majority in this country. I say this because I would not—had I been charged with Mr. Bartlett's difficult duty—have expressed myself as he did, and I took some trouble to find out to what extent my acquaintances were pro- or anti-Bartlett. I was astounded to discover that I was in a minority

when expressing the view that in fact the Germans had not got a great deal to complain about. I accept, however, the fact that they *think* they have a grievance. The removal of that grievance—be it real or supposed—must form an integral part of the salvage work. What shall be done? All practical proposals are liable to be shipwrecked upon one or all of the following facts:—

(a) The uncertain degree to which the British public at the present time will support any positive action to deal with the present impasse. As shown by the debate in the House of Commons, the Fulham election and sundry press campaigns, the British very much want to have their cake and eat it. "We don't want to fight, but, by Jingo! we do want peace and security!"

(b) Any scheme likely to be accepted by the Germans is certain to be declared quite worthless by France.

(c) Any scheme likely to be accepted by the French is certain to be declared quite worthless by Germany.

In putting forward the following proposals I am conscious of the fact that they run grave risk of foundering on French objections, but I am entitled to say something must be done, and can anyone produce a better suggestion? When the proposals have been outlined the inevitable objections will be discussed.

The first point is that someone must give a lead, and that someone must be Great Britain, for there is no one else capable of shouldering this burden. We should say to the Germans: "You think you have a grievance; we will not argue the point; in any case, much of it is past history. You say your intentions are entirely peaceful but, at the same time, you are behaving in a manner which terrifies your neighbours. They may be a prey to foolish fears when they read *Mein Kampf* (in the original edition), when they read of the parades, of the atmosphere of military pomp and circumstance in which the domestic policy of the Nazi party moves forward; but fearful they are. Faced with this contradictory situation we do not know what to believe. Are we to believe your words, or the implications of your actions? We are in an embarrassing position because we must find out the truth in this matter in order to frame our policy. If you are the peaceful people we hope you are, then it is clearly a great waste to be armed against you; if, however, your intentions are not

peaceful it would be folly on our part to place ourselves at your mercy. We have therefore decided to find out the answer to this question, and we believe that since deeds signify more than words the best method of obtaining a reliable answer is to leave the whole question to you. We propose to draw up a Disarmament Convention which shall provide as follows :—

(1) Abolition of the Disarmament clauses of the Treaty of Versailles, thereby giving Germany the right to re-arm.

(2) The armed Powers pledge themselves not to increase their armaments during the period 1934-1936.

(3) During the period 1936-1941 the armed Powers to disarm to the level laid down for Germany in the Treaty of Versailles, or the level reached by Germany in 1936 (whichever is the greater).

(4) An International Committee of Inspection to publish six-monthly reports showing :—

(a) The extent to which Germany has made use of her freedom to re-arm, and

(b) The nature of the replacement armaments built by the armed Powers during the period 1934-36. These reports of the International Committee of Inspection to be published.

The inspection of armaments to continue during the period 1936-41. In 1941 a general Conference to be held.

(5) This Convention to come into force as soon as the German Government has re-entered the League and signified its intention of continuing to collaborate in the task of organizing peace.

(6) Mutual treaties of non-aggression to be concluded between the signatory powers."

By presenting a document of this nature to the Germans we should put on them the onus of deciding the extent to which Germany should translate into practice her equality of status. If, in virtue of Paragraph 1 of the Convention, the Germans immediately laid down six 30,000-ton battleships it would clearly create a situation in 1936 when either the semi-constructed ships would have to be scrapped, or else it would be utterly impossible for the governments of the armed countries to induce their peoples to implement Paragraph 3 of the Convention. If, on the other hand, the Germans proceeded to lay down, say, half a dozen submarines, I, for one, would not sleep less soundly at night.

If the Germans are in reality bent upon a war of revenge and upon pursuing a *Weltpolitik* based on force, then we must give them enough rope with which to hang themselves, but we must be careful to do so in such a manner as to offer them ample opportunity of proving that, far from having the evil intentions attributed to them in some quarters, they are prepared to be the real leaders of the world peace movement. If such is their intention they can place themselves in that honourable position by refusing to avail themselves on any substantial scale of their right to re-arm when the restrictions of Versailles are removed. "But", some people may argue, "suppose that as from January 1st, 1934, the Germans do make use of their new rights and start rapidly re-arming, what then?" My answer is that our present superiority over the Germans is so great that I do not fear that when 1936 comes round we shall find ourselves unduly handicapped in an armaments race if such a folly is to be our fate.

The extent to which Germany could in fact reduce the present disparity between her armed forces and those of the ex-Allies if she set to work on a vigorous policy of expansion is a technical matter difficult to argue at length in a general article. A number of considerations arise, such as "What are armaments?" which are dealt with later on in this paper. For example, through civil aviation developments the Germans are already heavily re-armed. The chief argument in favour of the view that in two years Germany cannot do anything desperately dangerous is the amount of research work, experiment and training, which would be a necessary preliminary to the large scale re-armament of Germany. From the strictly technical point of view, even if Germany intends to lead the world in an armaments race, the right way to do this is not that of launching immediately a large programme of material expansion. Moreover, if German actions between 1934 and 1936 make it obviously impossible for Part 3 of the Convention to be put into force, then the whole world will know where the blame lies. It is, perhaps, not fantastic to suppose that even in Germany there will be some searchings of heart as to whether a more or less permanent position of isolation in the pillory of world opinion is a desirable state of affairs.

The short-term policy outlined above can easily be criticized, but can it be replaced by any other which will contain reasonably

substantial safeguards against an aggressive policy on the part of Germany, whilst at the same time convincing the Germans that if they mean peace they will not find us backward in co-operation? We must avoid at all costs being manoeuvred into a position in which we make concessions to Germany because we cannot avoid doing so. We must outbid Germany by giving her more than we need do at the moment, and so lay upon her shoulders the responsibility for deciding whether it is to be peace or war, and action along the lines I have indicated would achieve this object without exposing us to any exceptional dangers. That we shall be running some risk during 1934-36 if Germany began to re-arm extensively cannot be denied. It is even probable that Germany, in order to test the reality of our concession, might announce a substantial programme of re-armament, and even—with some ostentation for home consumption—pretend to begin to put it into practice. This would be the testing time, especially for France, but it would be essential to keep our heads and not start increasing our armaments until we were able to see exactly what Germany was doing by 1936. Then, and only then, if German aggressiveness is clear beyond dispute, might we have to take other measures. What is the alternative? Mr. Wickham Steed calls for "a firm and valid system of collective security against war and war-makers . . . there must be a firm front against the continuance of German re-armament in the first instance. . . ." I confess I do not see how the firm front is to be constituted. The British public does not seem to be in a mood to take firm action against Germany, and the reason is that they believe that Germany has at least half a legitimate grievance. Remove that grievance, and then if Germany plays any monkey-tricks I think the British will march as readily as they marched when they believed they were fighting Germany "to save poor little Belgium".

What of the French, the Poles, and the Czechs? Will they like the British proposals I have outlined? They will not, but they must be told that if they reject them they are playing into the hands of the isolationists in Great Britain, and that these terms are the best Britain can do, and if the terms are rejected, it is odds on that Locarno will become a dead letter. The choice before the French will be acceptance of the British convention

with its uncertain risks, or the certainty that they will have to stand alone against a reviving Germany who, if she plays her cards carefully, will be reviving with British sympathy. The French are a logical people and will see the point of these observations. The French must know in their heart of hearts that, be it 1940 or 1945, a day will come when they must accept a Germany which will insist on equality of arms with France at the very least. Is France to face this situation alone or with Britain and perhaps the United States at her side? That is the French dilemma. It may be that to be kind to France in the long run we must seem to be cruel now.

So much for the short-term policy of salvage work. What of the longer task of organizing peace? It is a task which is of quite a different nature from that of bringing Germany back into the family of nations. It is different because it really amounts to creating a family of nations of a new kind. It is a task which must concern itself with getting at the causes which make for war.

III

During the post-war period most of our peace-seeking energies have been directed towards the question of reducing armaments. We have been dealing with symptoms and neglecting causes. We have been unduly attracted by the outward appearance of armaments, and have paid insufficient attention to their inward meaning. Armaments cannot be easily defined. I think it was Sir John Simon at Geneva who said, "We may not be able to define an elephant, but we know one when we see it". He was replying to criticisms of the proposals to define "offensive weapons". The criticisms were just. What is an offensive weapon in war, where the best means of defence is offence? Some people would class a twelve-inch gun as an offensive weapon. Surely its character depends upon the answer to the question: At which end of it do you happen to be standing when the thing spews forth its shell? After being subjected to an hour's bombardment at Jutland from German eleven-inch guns (very offensive) I found the fifteen-inch guns of the Queen Elizabeth class very defensive.

Armaments conferences are snares and delusions ; they crystallize upper levels. The Washington Conference is commonly termed a resounding success. I doubt its claim to our esteem. It stabilized the existence of two large battle fleets, and it gave birth to the 10,000 ton cruiser ; the most expensive and useless thing that ever came down a building slip. It also started the French upon a formidable submarine building programme. Not only is it difficult, probably impossible, to divide the obvious armaments into sheep and goats, but, given the conditions of modern warfare, it is extraordinarily difficult to decide where peace equipment ends and armaments begin. The Ford motor works at Dagenham (for mechanical transport), the plant of Imperial Chemicals (for gas), the microphones of Broadcasting House (for propaganda), the aircraft works (for mail carriers in peace and bombers in war) are part and parcel of the armaments of this country, and have their place in the scheme of national defence. Yet they are also essential parts of our peace life.

At all the Disarmament Conferences—and the same remark applies to the long drawn out discussions on the organization of security—the delegates have been looking over their shoulders at the home front, for if there is one thing more than another which upsets the average man or woman it is the suspicion that their representative is behaving internationally at an international conference. He is sent to such conferences to get as much and to give as little as possible. In these post-war years we have thrown away the chance which was ours when the bodies of the dead were not forgotten in their graves.

War is dramatic when it struts about upon the stage of men's imagination, but peace is supposed to be a quiet uninteresting state of affairs. The curtain is down ; it is the interval ; Peace is depicted by the cartoonists as a flaccid, insipid, quasi-virginal creature in a white nightgown—the obvious "good woman" who is so admirable in theory, so infernally dull in society. Because war is dramatic and heroic, because it is emotional and inspires the poets, it arouses the best and the worst in man, but it does arouse them. It leads them to organize themselves and to co-operate nationally and internationally for purposes of destruction.

Until we succeed in dramatizing peace we shall never establish

it upon firm foundations. At present men look upon peace as a state of affairs which will happen of itself without any special effort on their part. Peace will never be secure until it is the object of a continuous effort whose purpose is both to maintain peace and work for an ever firmer rooting of the cause of peace in men's hearts. We must aim at reaching a state of mind in which the cause of peace has the strength of a religious appeal. We shall have no security from war until peace is made the subject of a crusade, and a long-continuing crusade. There are formidable difficulties in the way of such a drive for peace, but before making some definite proposals it is worth mentioning two of the points in favour of a peace crusade ; a description of the seed-bed, as it were, out of which, if properly cultivated, can be made to grow the fruits of peace. First, the individual wants peace ; he does not want to die or kill in battle. There is a universal desire for peace. The world of men, when considered as individuals, are of one mind on this matter. Secondly, the technical advances in the matter of communications make it possible to integrate and direct a world peace campaign. What is to be the object of the campaign ? The answer to that question is that our aim must be the abolition of the sovereign state—not the state, but the sovereign state. National sovereign states are anachronisms, and we must work towards a day when states shall have abandoned their claim to be the judges of their own cause in international disputes. This supposes the eventual appearance of a world government ; presumably a federation of states. To many people this, or even such half-measures as the United States of Europe, seems so fantastic as to be hardly worth discussing. Why it should be so considered I cannot understand. Not only is it our only hope of salvation, but it is clearly indicated as the final stage in the story of man—family—tribe—national state. Why any British person should think a world federation, with a world law and a world police, an Utopian notion is still more inexplicable. In South Africa, Dutch and British can co-operate ; in Canada, French and British illustrate the case ; in the Indian Empire we see an amazing variety of peoples slowly taking shape into a unity.

Though world federation is certainly not impossible, it is clearly a very long way off and much preparatory and educative

work will have to be done before the final assault on the sanctity of the sovereign state can safely be launched. It is indeed doubtful whether there will, or need be, any definite final stage ; progress is more likely to be achieved by a series of outflanking movements. What shall be their nature and what machinery is needed ? The moves towards unifying the sovereign states and so depriving them of their sovereign powers—for in the case of sovereignty it can be said that "United it falls ; divided it stands"—should be directed along lines which appeal to the common sense of the average citizen. The action taken is then least likely to upset his mythological notions about patriotism. Moreover, the action taken must be dramatized, advertized, and its practical results brought home to the people. The International Postal Union is a very remarkable achievement, yet who knows anything about it—this thing which leaps frontiers and uses the world for its stage ? In the postal world national sovereignty has bowed the knee to international orders.

Air transport is an obvious subject calling for international action, but so much has already been published recently upon this subject that I will say no more than that. Broadcasting is another service which urgently needs international control. Both "in the air" and "on the air" international co-ordination of national services are practical needs. A common enemy of all mankind stalks to and fro in the shape of disease. An international attack on cancer, tuberculosis, and the common cold could hardly offend the susceptibilities of the most bigoted nationalist. The passport nuisance is an international curse. Most people like foreign travel and steps should and could be taken to make it easy and cheap for a man to visit any part of the globe of which the beauties are part of his heritage. Especially should visits be exchanged between youthful members of different nations. It is hard to teach old monkeys new tricks. The success of the Boy Scouts' International Jamborees illustrate what can be done to bring young nationals together on a small scale. The thing needs doing continuously year in, year out, by land, by sea, and by air.

Not only should the young people of the world be brought together so as to discover the reality of the existence of much

common ground between men of every race, but much better facilities than at present exist are needed for the interchange of information and opinion between those who influence public opinion in the different countries. Great Britain leads the world in this respect with her Royal Institute of International Affairs, but the work which can be done here is pathetically small in comparison with the task which needs doing. The Royal Institute, thanks to endowments, the subscriptions of some 1,800 members, and the generosity of fifty large firms, the political parties and the Rockefeller Foundation has an income of £30,000 a year. It needs £250,000 a year. In the United States there is a Council of Foreign Relations ; in France nothing ; in Germany there was an embryo which has now disappeared into the Nazi dragon. At the present time the problem of the relation between the state and economic life is exercising thinking people in a dozen countries. Last July an unofficial conference, to which eight or nine states sent eminent experts, was held at Chatham House in London. No one has ever heard of this gathering ; few will read its reports when they are published by the Institute of Intellectual Co-operation in Paris, but that small conference in London was closer to realities than the much talked of World Economic Conference. The man-in-the-street is ahead of officialdom in his readiness to co-operate internationally for what he calls common sense purposes, and this attitude awaits exploitation by men of imagination and vision who could harness it to the cause of world unity.

But, it will be argued, all these and similar proposals for gradually building up a working system of world unity will cost money and will need a directing centre. That is true, but £100,000,000 a year would be ample as a beginning, and that would be only 10 per cent. of what the nations are already spending annually on defence services, with the likelihood of an increase in the years to come unless something is done to accustom men to think in terms of a wider loyalty than that of nationalism.

As regards the directing centre, it should be the League, but not the League as most people conceive it, and as indeed it has been presented to the world these past ten years. The League most people know is an association of sovereign states who go to Geneva to assert their sovereignty. This League is pretty use-

less simply because its interminable activities are tarred with the brush of sovereignty. But there is another League—the League of the Economic and Financial, the Health, the Communications and Transit, and the Intellectual Co-operation, organizations, to mention but a few of the branches in which this side of league work serves mankind.* This is the part of the League with which Soviet Russia and the United States gladly co-operate because it is doing essential and practical work. It is lamentably short of money and staffed by over-worked and under-paid international civil servants. It needs to be expanded enormously.

The work of the Economic Section of the League is worth studying. Its publications are unique and indispensable to every government and economist in the world. It is the centre of world statistical information, and with its tiny staff it grapples with the task of telling the whole world how little it knows about its economic life, and yet an adequate statistical basis is the essential foundation for all this planning which is so popular from Washington to Moscow. The League has a wireless station. Where are its programmes? Great international concerts should come from its aerials, and from the same source should come pronouncements of world significance from national leaders and also from the Vernon Bartletts of many countries.

It is important to realize that the whole aim and purpose of the world organization whose character I have outlined is simply that of assisting men to achieve more easily things they are already striving to do. It is not intended to persuade them to move towards world co-operation merely because, according to some people, nationalism is "evil" and internationalism is "good".

Finally, some will say, these proposals are fantastic. My reply is that the next war will also be fantastic, and that during the last war we did such astonishing things as the construction of concrete towers two hundred feet high, of which some twenty were to form a barrier across the Straits of Dover. Can we not be a little mad for the sake of peace?

There is one last point. The long-term danger to world peace

* For full particulars see *The League Year Book*, 1933, a neglected but comprehensive publication of which Miss Jackson and myself are editors. S. K-H.

is at least as likely to be found in Tokyo as in Berlin. Only by carefully building up an international framework which men will feel gives them something they must have, will there be any hope of obtaining collective action should international society be threatened by Japan. The Japanese military authorities were successful in Manchuria and humiliated the League system because there was no loyalty to the League, and loyalty was not there because the League up to the present has seemed to most people so dull, so remote, so academic, so theoretical. Heaven help the Western man of 1960 if by that time the Japanese have had the sense to approach the Chinese on a basis of equality and the Chinese have reached the conclusion that the only way to protect Eastern civilization is by the use of brute force.

IV

At 7.40 p.m. on November 1st, whilst drafting the notes for this article, I rose from my chair and idly turned the tuning dial of a wireless set till suddenly a voice came into the room. It was speaking German and from the mind of its owner there poured forth a torrent of impassioned rhetoric. A Nazi election speech. The voice rose to a scream, then sank to a whisper before it swelled out into a slowly delivered and emphatically stated sentence. A fraction of a second's pause, and then across the seven hundred miles of space into the quiet of my room there came the thunder of applause from thousands of feverishly excited Germans. It was terrifying. I bent down and moved the tuning dial the veriest fraction of an inch, and as the shouting died down in the loud speaker it was replaced by a voice speaking French. It was an appeal for the Red Cross. The voice was calm, no emotion, no thrill, just "this great international organization . . . this work of importance to all humanity. . . ." Here, it seemed to me, was a parable. Not that any special significance should be attached to the fact that Germany happened to be talking nationalism and France internationalism at that precise moment, because I felt that, given the necessary conditions, French eloquence concerning "la patrie" and "Debout les Morts" would be quite up to standard. It was a parable because of these two voices—one was talking isolation, the other co-operation at the same moment, and yet they were only separated by a very few metres on

the æther which was their common medium ; because the voice of nationalism stirred one's blood, that of internationalism made one yawn.

Only a few metres of wave-length between peace and war ! To which programme are we going to tune in ? Are we prepared to pay the price of peace which in one sentence is the progressive abandonment of national sovereign rights ? If we are not prepared to meet the bill now, then, taking a long view of the imperishable destiny of the human race, I incline to the belief that it would be well if the next war comes soon and by its coming rids the world of this civilization of ours which like a prehistoric monster, will have proved that its brain was too small to permit it to survive.

NATIONAL GOVERNMENT—THE NEXT STAGE

BY HOWARD A. GRAY

TWO years are a long time in the history of popular feeling. That the present Government should have survived so long without any serious challenge of its authority or tangible evidence of public backsliding from its support, is a noteworthy fact. It can be explained only by the genuine fright that overtook the country in 1931. The General Election of that year was not really a political affair at all. It was a national response to economic peril, of the same kind that was made in 1914 to military peril. The nation had been stirred to its depths, and the issues which could accomplish that were not readily to be lost from sight.

But it is only natural that they should become less dominating as the calendar moves on and leaves surmounted barriers and healed misgivings behind it. The public finances have recovered their balance. National credit, emerging from its temporary cloud, has gained a place in the sun that few countries can refrain from envying. Trade and employment, if still nothing to boast about, are on the up grade. The world's peace may not be too well assured, but it is one of our foibles not to believe that we can be detrimentally involved in that quarter until the reality has overtaken us. British nerves have regained their equilibrium—which means that the British elector is again susceptible to the normal influences and fluctuations of politics.

This change of mood and outlook has a vital bearing on the prospects of the National Government, and deserves its close consideration. It would be going too far to say that the atmosphere of party has completely returned. There are still sections of the community voting in that sublimated spirit that possessed them at the Dissolution, but the by-elections show that partisanship is no longer abashed, that catchwords are recovering their

power, and that contested elections are beginning to evoke the old-fashioned relish.

If electors were philosophers, they would realize, of course, that there are very serious drawbacks at this juncture to restoring the rigour of the party game. It is highly desirable that, in the face of a bewildered and uneasy Europe, the voice of Britain should have that certain sound which a National Government can best impart to it. Our trade policy has been transformed, but there are many particular adjustments still to be applied, and it is hopeless to expect a steady revival of business and production if future conditions are ambiguous and if the new defences of industry are liable to be overthrown by a General Election. Agriculture is just beginning to hope again, after half-a-century's depression, and if the new marketing system were to be scrapped, like the Corn Production Act of the last Coalition, it would be the crowning despair.

These considerations—and others like them—must weigh potentially in every reflecting mind. But among twenty million electors there is not a large proportion who indulge in reflection, and to address such arguments to the majority is, in Sancho Panza's words, "like preaching in the wilderness or hammering cold iron". It is the fight that draws them to the poll, as to the Ring. When exceptional circumstances seem to have disappeared and a "normality", however specious, takes their place, party warfare becomes one of the fixed factors of the political problem.

The electoral handicaps of a National Government without a party organization of its own have been suggestively illustrated in the recent batch of contests; and, since this phase has only just opened, they are certain to become more conspicuous if the story continues upon the present lines. There is no agency having for its explicit business to keep the Government's policy vindicated before the country. Its mainstay has to be the Conservative "machine", and, so far as the influence of Conservative Ministers is concerned, there can be no doubt of the loyalty and energy with which that organization will be applied. But party machinery involves a very large personnel, professional and voluntary. The primary devotion of those thousands of individuals is to the Conservative cause. In their eyes the National

Government claims respect only as a means of carrying out the principles of their own party, and to some of its measures they can yield only a reluctant support.

It is not necessary to go beyond the question of India to study the workings of this equivocal allegiance. To make a bold advance on the lines of the White Paper, in order both to satisfy India's *amour propre* and to give her capacity for self-government a real apprenticeship, is imperative in the name of statesmanship. On the other hand, reluctance to face such complicated risks is one of the most innate and sincere instincts of the ordinary Conservative mind. If it were a Conservative Government that insisted on the White Paper (in reality it might have to make crippling compromises, but that is beside the point) there would be loud protest, and there would be active rebels, but the mass of the party in all grades would kiss the rod, as when Disraeli "shot Niagara" with his new franchise. The shrewdest French writer on British history accounts, very charmingly, for a surprising turn of policy in quite another quarter by saying "they were far too English to desert their leaders". Party loyalty is a tie of tremendous strength, combining the strands of habit, association, conviction, imagination and personal devotion. It is at least as deep and firm in Conservatism as at any other point of the political compass. But it does not extend its organic affections to a National Government which Conservatism is only allied with other sections to maintain. There is open and extensive resistance to the Indian policy, and it is among the typical Conservative workers in constituencies that it finds readiest sympathy. The majority of them may "swallow their medicine", but in their hearts they long for the return of their party's proper regime, and in a close electoral fight they will not be moved to put out the last ounce on behalf of a National Government candidate as they would for the champion of a Tory Ministry.

The National Government is, after all, an expedient—a most profitable expedient, as it has proved—but human affection will not go out to an expedient as to an organism that has its roots in history and has become part of its adherents' own personality. In by-elections from now onwards the Government candidate, even when himself a Conservative, will have increasing difficulty

in enlisting the full fighting strength and enthusiasm of his own party. When he belongs to the Liberal or National Labour wing of the coalition, it will be still harder to poll the Tory vote completely on his behalf.

What is the course that should commend itself to those who wish to see further perseverance on the lines of the National Government's policy—in the promotion of Disarmament, the settlement of India, the furtherance of industry, and the revival of agriculture—and at the same time recognize the perils of a weakening championship in the constituencies?

The trend of the foregoing will not have left in doubt the answer that is in the present writer's mind. But it is well to examine the two alternatives of (1) forming a National Party, and (2) continuing as a Coalition for as long as the good will of fortune and of the country permits.

To take the latter choice first, history has some light to shed on the probabilities. The Government of 1918-22 claims charity, because its course was hampered by the external emergencies of a world newly emerged from war. The over-elasticity of its head made its career a delirium of relativity, and at the finish it seemed to have no principles at all. It was under that impression, at any rate, that the country welcomed a breathing-space of pure Conservatism in its wake. The present Ministry are not liable to come to grief from the same causes. Their Privy Council frock-coats sit more naturally upon them, and inertia is more of their weakness than volatility. They have a larger stock of "settled convictions", and a House of Commons of better quality than came into being fifteen years ago.

But a Coalition has always the same fatal impersonality. It is nobody's first and foremost love, and gradually slides into being everybody's excuse. "I regret it as a Conservative, but in a Coalition one has to make compromises." "Impossible to justify upon Liberal principles, but in a Coalition one cannot have everything one's own way." The whole becomes the scapegoat of all its parts, and, when the measure of mistakes, disappointments, and over-subtleties is full, it is driven, like its prototype, into the wilderness.

Still, the last contrivance of the kind lasted for four years, and Mr. MacDonald and his colleagues may do the same or better.

But to stay out the course will involve a constant struggle against the moral equivalent of gravitation, and they will be stout fellows if they pull through to the end of their natural term and at a new General Election secure a fresh mandate of office. They must expect, it goes without saying, the falling away of a large proportion of their former supporters at the polls. The most flattering interpretation of the by-election results can make no disguise of that. Conservative *frondeurs*, who have no use for a quiet life, will with periodical success thrust them into an unfavourable light. Liberals and Labour men who conscientiously put their country first at the last Dissolution will increasingly feel the chilling lack of that camaraderie which only party provides, and, except for the few that the course of events has steered into a Conservative frame of mind, will find it difficult to avoid relapsing to their old allegiance. The representatives of these minorities in the Government itself will be hard put to it to retain a distinctive backing in the country. Their native parties show no desire to re-absorb them, and their future in office appears to rest on their virtual assimilation into Conservatism. They would individually be valuable recruits to that cause, but they would bring with them no "tail", as the Highland chiefs used to call it.

Such are the tendencies against which the National Government has to cope in continuing as a merely composite body and challenging a renewal of confidence in that character. By what means is victory over them to be secured? "More propaganda", said the Prime Minister at a political luncheon in the early days of last month. It was a word very much in season, for the best Administration conceivable cannot retain its hold of to-day's democracy unless its trumpet blows loud and incessantly.

And the popular vindication of a responsible Government becomes an increasingly hard task where the methods of Hitlerism are still unpermissible. Most of the things that need doing today are both too complicated and too prosaic to be snapped in slogans or set to music. You cannot make a "Land Song" out of the Exchange Equalization Fund or the re-modelling of Unemployment Relief or Agricultural Marketing Boards. If even a glimmering of their operation can be got into the common mind, that is much to be thankful for. On the other hand, it is

not difficult to compose derisory ditties and telling taunts on the iniquity of a Means Test or the current price of bacon. The merits of a whole policy are harder to portray than the irritation of some particular detail.

All over the world, men who aspire to a constructive treatment of their countries' problems seem to find it needful to get hold of the maximum of absolute power before they begin. President Roosevelt is no more anxious to govern by discussion than Mussolini or Stalin or Hitler or Kemal, and our own Sir Stafford Cripps is getting ready to cut all our cackle when his turn comes. This widespread conviction that democracy is not amenable to argument—that it has neither the mind nor the patience to be influenced by debate—is one of the gravest features of our time. And in Britain, if we still preserve the conventions, at any rate, of another state of things, it is unquestionably easy to turn popular emotion against the thinker and the builder, and hard to uphold a reasoned demonstration against a guffaw.

If Ministers are thinking of propaganda, therefore, in terms of speech and pamphlet, they have their work cut out for them. It will take a broad shield upon an agile arm to catch all the poisoned darts of catchword and headline. With a wide circumvallation to defend, they will have to meet pertinacious assault upon narrow sectors. The change-over to Protection, for example, has been greatly sheltered from criticism by a concurrent downward trend of markets. When the rise in prices that every economist desiderates does begin, the old cry of "dear food" will be tried by the wreckers for all that it is worth, while the better employment which is its counterpart will be ascribed to every quarter except the National Government. In such controversy as really gains general attention, Ministers will be under all the disabilities of a position intrinsically defensive and with few openings for effective sally.

But the best propaganda of all—and the only kind (if any can) that will carry a Coalition Government through—is not an affair of chop-logic. It must be provided by vigour and address in action. "The great trouble", said Mr. MacDonald at the luncheon already mentioned, "is that our people have no memories". That is true. "Let us give them memories", he went on. That is impossible for the present crop of

voters, and would require a complete overhauling of the education of their successors. The last thing that any kind of direct propaganda can hope to instil is a sense of history, even to the extent of realizing how the National Government found things and how it has improved them. But what *can* be done, if the purpose is followed with determination, is to make the public feel that it is a witness of history in the making, and that the hands shaping its future are guided by nerve and resolution. It cannot be equipped with memories, but it can be infused with hopes. Where gratitude cannot be stirred for the past, admiration may be aroused for the present.

Ministers have handicapped themselves and their good works by a certain ineffective air, by inattention to dramatic sequence and by outward traits of indecision. Upon major issues no responsible critic would demand hustling from men who have to cope with some of the most obscure and involved economic problems in all human annals. But there are directions in which they have taxed public patience to a degree that, if not unfair, is, at any rate, costly. It was the worst kind of "propaganda", for instance, to demand the Salter Report in a demonstrative hurry and then brood upon it for half a year. It is even worse to postpone the subvention to the Cunarder in such a way as to strip their eventual acceptance of the inevitable of all credit for themselves. The same irritation is rapidly investing their dilatory treatment of the scandal of reckless motoring, which, in the words of one of their own number, is converting the new by-pass roads into "battlefields". That is precisely the kind of thing that a National Government, to justify its name, is expected to handle firmly in defence of public rights against vested interests and vested vices. Instead of which, the periodical speeches in which the daily slaughter is decorously deplored seem to combine the worst traditions of political pawkiness and Departmental lethargy. In these things lack of promptness has sacrificed the "propaganda" that would have lain in evidence of initiative. There are other regions where a similar miss will be scored unless there is a tightening-up of reflexes. It is still possible for Ministers to associate their name and fame with a genuine extirpation of the slum. There is still time to redress some of the monstrous inequalities suffered by British shipping in

its struggle with subsidized and protected rivals before they are dragged at the heels of public opinion. But the sands are running out, and all the "propagandists" in the world will be unleashed in vain upon a nation that looks for leadership and cannot find it.

The kind of faculty that is missed ever and again is that of a good stage producer who, understanding his audience, would insist on the right thing being done at the right moment. There is no intrinsic lack of constructive purpose or nerve, but only a defective time-sense which makes it seem periodically as if there were. Ministers have put through some of their most ticklish work in admirable fashion. The affair of the imprisoned engineers in Russia was faultlessly handled throughout. There were considerable possibilities of mischief in the question of Police Reform, which timidity would have allowed to mature. The re-organization was effected with a firmness and expedition that the public likes. The new Unemployment Insurance Bill will afford good fighting ground for Ministers, and there are signs that they will not neglect its opportunities. They have rescued the Fund from a bog of insolvency, and their proposals will make it impossible for political weakness to let it be engulfed again, or for Poplaristic abuses to flourish at its periphery. That makes a strong appeal to the business sense of the community. Then the position of the worker who keeps his job best and is least of a burden on the system is substantially improved; he can draw full benefit, if necessary, for a much greater period, now that he is not made to help in carrying the uninsurable. That fact, duly emphasized, will not be lost on certain classes of labour, however loudly Mr. Lansbury talks of "fighting the proposals to the bitter end". And if the Government takes steps to ensure that the new training centres are established without delay and made efficient from the first, they will enlist the backing of that considerable body of thoughtful people who are socially in earnest, politically cynical, and endowed with a great deal of indirect influence on general opinion. The training centres should have immense power to combat the sense of moral disinheritance that assails two million people deprived of their social function and all the stabilizing influence of an active routine. The Bill, in fact, is as full of potential "propaganda" as it is of merit.

But when the highest valuation has been put on prospects and possibilities, it will be hard for a Government that remains a mere Coalition to go through a further three years and emerge with a winning hand at a General Election. They will be "ever climbing up the climbing wave". Socialism will be incessantly devising fresh baits for ignorance in the constituencies, and Conservative Diehardism will be doing a good deal to sterilize the fighting strength and local organization of its own party. If the loss of votes continues in the same proportion as in the by-elections of this autumn, it will not be easy for Ministers to rebut the taunt that they are losing the confidence of the country. An out-and-out party Government can ignore such conditions with a better grace, because it can invoke "the rigour of the game". Trusting in its principles, it applies them until it is thrown out. But a National Government holds office on a more explicit assumption that the nation continues to want it; and, if it persistently loses seats, its dialectical defence becomes rather difficult.

On the other hand, if the three sections of the present Government decided to fuse their followings in a National Party, they would clear their cause of many ambiguities. It would gain a name rich in associations and ideals. It would afford an obvious rallying-point for those who repudiate Socialism but can find no inspiration in the inherited party standards, because they have ceased to respect dogmas, shibboleths or the counsel of even the most esteemed grandmothers. Intelligent people who are not Socialists often fail to draw their political weight because they can find nothing any longer in either Conservatism or Liberalism to stir their imagination and affection. The accession of these would be ample recompense for the loss of such Conservatives as refused to merge themselves and preferred to hang on to a forlorn hope of reaction. The National Party would be able to protect its flanks much more effectually against that section, both in Parliament and in the constituencies, than it can today. And it would command everywhere an organization concerned first and last with the Government's security and the Government programme. In warfare the real effectiveness of allied armies is never in proportion to their aggregate numbers. In political conflict the same deduction has to be made for jealousies, misunderstanding and a differing view of ultimate objectives. A

single party fighting for a Government solely identified with, and dependent on, itself will put forth exertions which the segments of a Coalition can never equal.

It would be fortified by that romantic loyalty and sense of being on its mettel which do not flourish nearly as hardily in the rarefied air of super-party politics. No kind of Co-ordinating Committee can furnish the same kind of supporting and propulsive organ for the work that a National Government still has before it.

But if a National Party is to be founded, it should be without loss of time. As the natural craving for definite and corporate attachments revives, so will the cohesion that upholds the present Ministry decline. The transformation can be made now, but no one can say with confidence for how much longer the possibility will continue. There are three Conservative members of the Cabinet who, if united in such a purpose, could ensure its achievement, because without them the Ministerial edifice would collapse. They must realize that the alternative is a gradual relapse into pure Conservatism, and that pure Conservatism can neither maintain the allegiance of the electorate nor give trustworthy backing to a constructive national policy. The next chapter of history depends on whether their nerve and determination are on a level with their perceptions.

PALESTINE : A NEW POLICY WANTED

BY KENNETH WILLIAMS

THE policy of the Palestine Mandate is impracticable. It has failed, and so long as it is persisted in, there will be trouble for Great Britain.

This is a positive statement, in part factual, in part prophetic. The facts are easy enough to prove ; the prophecy will be disputed by few Englishmen who know the Palestine problem at first hand. Point is lent to the remark by the riots of last October. But at no time since the inauguration of the Mandate in 1920 has there been any real sign that it commended itself to the majority of the indigenous population. The pledge which the Mandate contains in favour of facilitating a Jewish National Home in Palestine has stuck consistently in the gullets of the Arabs, and no sugaring of the pill, no demonstration of the material advantages which the Zionists claim to be conferring on the Holy Land, can induce the patient to swallow it. The Arabs of Palestine simply will not have the Mandate.

British politicians, however, do not believe this ; at least, they affect not to believe it. The Palestinian Arabs are feeble numerically, undistinguished intellectually, disunited politically ; who are they that they should dare to withstand the implementing of the Mandate which Great Britain assumed to herself and for which she subsequently received the sanction of the League of Nations ? The answer is (the politicians continue) that they are a tiresome folk, given to rioting and the sending of absurd deputations to London. " We know all about them ", they say, " govern 'em firmly, let 'em benefit from Jewish gold, and they'll come round to our way of thinking in time ".

Sometimes, forsooth, our politicians are less disdainful, for on occasion they can be severe. " I would speak very plainly to the people of Palestine ", said the Secretary of State for the Colonies on October 31st last, for all the world as if he were a

headmaster and the Arabs were naughty boys at school. "The Mandate carries with it a clear duty to Arabs and to Jews. That duty will be discharged fully and fairly without fear or favour. . . . It will be a constant aim of British policy to foster and promote the well-being of all Palestine."

Now Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister would scarcely claim originality for his words. Admirably correct and disciplinary though they were, they had no depth or vision. In short, he was indulging in fustian; his *clichés* are worn so threadbare as to have little meaning. Practically every Secretary of State for the Colonies has spoken thus; and all to no avail. Why? Because you cannot now deceive the Arabs with promises and interpretations. They know every argument which the Mandatory Power or the Zionists can adduce in favour of Arab-Jewish co-operation in Palestine and of the thesis that the establishment of a Jewish National Home in their midst will be of advantage to them. They know, at any rate to within a thousand immigrants or a thousand feddans of land sold to the Jews, how the "dual obligation" of the Mandate is being fulfilled.

It is perhaps comprehensible, though it is not excusable, that out of the mouth of each successive Secretary of State for the Colonies there should issue, whenever trouble arises in Palestine, the same old refrain. I say it is inexcusable, for the plain fact is that British policy in Palestine has shown both fear and favour. As for the pretence, which was crystallized in a notable passage of Lord Passfield's White Paper in 1930, when he declared that "His Majesty's Government will not be moved, by any pressure or threats, from the path laid down in the Mandate", that demonstration of active dislike has no effect on the policies of Whitehall, why, even the man who knows no pre-War history will recall how the Irish post-war agitation was followed by the Anglo-Irish Treaty; how the 1920 Arab rebellion in Mesopotamia fundamentally changed British policy in that land; how the post-war riots in Egypt led to the 1922 Declaration of Independence, and so on.

No; British policy in Palestine has very definitely wobbled. The Military Administration which was responsible for the governance of Palestine from the Armistice until the middle of 1920 can scarcely be said to have welcomed enthusiastically the Zionists who were, by virtue of the 1917 Balfour Declaration,

allowed to enter Palestine after the War. Its sympathies were patently with the Arabs. To the Home Government, however, the Arabs meant little. With the aspirations and intentions of the Zionists, on the other hand, they were deluged night and day. Before the War, Mr. Lloyd George, then Prime Minister, had formed a friendship with Dr. Weizmann, the Zionist leader, who had done the Allies a notable service in turning out acetone from horse-chestnuts. This friendship was the "fount and origin" of the Balfour Declaration.*

So it came about that, even before the signing of the Treaty of Sèvres with Turkey, the Military Administration of Palestine was replaced by a Civil Administration under the direction of Sir Herbert Samuel. Now against the sense of fairness of the first High Commissioner there is nothing to be said. Sir Herbert Samuel, steeped as he was in traditions of Liberalism, and particularly in the doctrine of political equality, strove for five years to "bring the Arabs in". But they would not come in. They boycotted the proposed elections of 1923, if only as a sign that they would not accept the Mandate. At the end of Sir Herbert's tenure of office in 1925 the country was relatively prosperous; but the prospect of a solution of the fundamental problem was as remote as ever.

The first High Commissioner, however, did fully recognize that there was a problem, and especially a political problem. His successor, Lord Plumer, did not deign to recognize the problem's existence. His task, as he conceived it, was to administer Palestine efficiently and cheaply, to give it, above all, peace and security. He certainly gave it security. So great was his prestige, indeed—it was commonly said that his presence of itself was worth a battalion—that he counselled the departure of military forces from the Holy Land and the reduction and re-organization of the police forces. These recommendations were duly carried into effect.

The Field-Marshal was fortunate, during his three years of office, in that the Jews were hardly hit by the slump which followed the "boom" year of 1925, when over thirty thousand immigrants entered the Holy Land. The Arabs saw the Zionists

* The story is told by Mr. Lloyd George in his recently published *War Memoirs*, Vol. II, page 586.

scrambling away from Palestine almost as fast as they entered it, and were inclined to think that they had only to sit back and watch the Zionist movement disintegrate for lack of financial support. This circumstance was, in part, at any rate, responsible for the relative tranquillity in Palestine during Lord Plumer's occupancy of the High Commissionership, and it may be said that he buried, rather than solved, the essential problem.

And after him came its resurrection. How tragically premature was his dispensing with the garrisoning of the Holy Land by British troops was proved in the serious riots that broke out in 1929, during the absence on leave of the High Commissioner, Sir John Chancellor. These riots, and the measures taken to deal with them, are fresh in the public mind. They resulted, on the one hand, in the despatch of infantry, two battalions of which have since remained in Palestine, and, on the other, in the Parliamentary (Shaw) Commission of Inquiry and in the Hope-Simpson Report on Land and Immigration. These two reports placed the Arab cause, from the English point of view, in a new light. The desirability of re-investigating the nature of the Mandate and of a definitive statement of British policy in Palestine was emphasized, and when the famous Passfield White Paper of 1930 was issued, the Arabs felt that their case was virtually triumphant.

For these three statements the High Commissioner had, of course, no direct responsibility. But those who drew them up cannot have been unaware of his views on the problem of Palestine, and it is very probable that, when the story of the Mandate comes to be written, the advice of Sir John Chancellor will appear as best reflecting real Imperial interests and best founded in common sense and common justice. He has received few bouquets for his tenure of office in Palestine. Only the discerning have perceived that he probed to the very roots of the problem. He will not be the first man to whom the moment has brought vilification, but history, justification.

But Arab satisfaction with the White Paper was to be short-lived. The air in London grew thick with the microbes of vacillation. The Prime Minister, a man whose shield against criticism is not made of the finest steel, capitulated to the urgent and indeed threatening demands of the Zionists for a repudiation

of the Passfield White Paper. Mr. MacDonald's re-interpretation of that Paper, contained in the notorious letter to Dr. Weizmann of February, 1931, represents the sorriest example of all in the long story of Government feebleness in the matter of Palestine. Appease the Arabs, appease the Jews; but for Heaven's sake secure a quiet life in the Holy Land—that seems to be the motive underlying the acts of successive British Governments.

So spineless a course is not satisfactory, neither is it just nor dignified. If there is ever to be peace in Palestine—the goal to which all its inhabitants, old or new, at least pay lip service*—there must be a re-examination of the Mandate. The problem is, therefore, to get a policy, which could well be constructed from previous official declarations on the subject, and to which all future Cabinets could adhere. The leaders of all three political parties in Great Britain should be consulted, and the necessity pointed out to them of taking Palestine out of the realm of party politics and of lifting it on to a plane from which no deviation should be made. No British politician in his heart of hearts can pretend that a satisfactory basis of policy in Palestine has yet been reached. More courage, admittedly, is required to grasp the nettle than to repeat talismanic formulæ; but in any case the Day of the Talisman in Palestine is past. But once secure agreement on such a policy at home, and declare both to the Jews and to the Arabs that this is the policy of His Majesty's Government, and there might at least be the possibility of rallying from each camp a sufficient number of Moderates to enable the ship of State in Palestine to progress without squalls from some quarter or another. As things are today, Arab and Jew are farther apart than at any time since the end of the War.

Circumstances have favoured a large extension of Jewish immigration during the present year—and when the Mandatory Power asserts that the sole criterion of immigration is the absorptive capacity of Palestine, it acts honestly in accordance with that criterion. The Jews, however, are not satisfied with the Government's interpretation of the economic situation; they, like the Arabs, too, for that matter, fain would themselves be the

* Perhaps this is not quite correct. A story goes to the effect that, upon a Zionist deputation's visiting the Government, one of the Government spokesmen said: "Well, gentlemen, at least we are agreed on this: that we all want peace in Palestine." "Peace in Palestine?" came the answer, "No! We want Jews in Palestine!"

judge of the land's "absorptive capacity". But there has also been a large illegal immigration of Jews, upon which, though Zionist officials may correctly frown on it, there is considerable jubilation in Jewish quarters in Palestine, which feel that every immigrant means added strength to the Zionist cause, and which, by their very exultation, set up among the Arabs a counter-irritation.

But so far there has been no disposition to act upon the suggestion that Palestine should be removed from the status of a political puff-ball, at the mercy of any wind that blows. This suggestion was first made to the Cabinet, not in a time of crisis, but in a period of peace, namely, in the interregnum between the 1929 outbreak and the 1933 riots. Apparently, however, it fails to recommend itself to the politicians, who prefer to live from day to day, repeating the while glib formulæ about "unswerving policy".

But in this vale of complacency is the pitfall of disaster. It is fair neither to the Jews, nor to the Arabs, nor to the British Empire that the present policy in Palestine should continue. Look at it from the Jewish point of view. Is the Mandate never to be terminated? Is it conceivable that the Zionists in Palestine, who, incidentally, show no sign whatever of becoming "Palestinian-minded"—the fictitious, artificial, and impossible ideal of British policy—will for ever be content to exist on the strength of British bayonets? Transient circumstances may have led to a reinforcing of the Zionist ideal. An interest in Palestine on the part of German Jews, for instance, which has not previously been marked may now be manifested. But the percentage of German immigrants into the Holy Land, like the percentage of immigrants from the British Empire, has been very low. The vast majority of settlers still come from Eastern Europe, and their heartfelt gratefulness towards the Mandatory Power has been incomparably less prominent than their virulent criticism of it.

Assuredly the Mandatory Power has not earned the gratitude of the Jewish people by its policy in Palestine.

To mention the Arabs' opposition to the Mandatory Power is scarcely necessary. The canard is set out, of course, that this opposition is but the work of a few interested effendis, who see

their former influence among the fellaheen disappearing with the growth of the prosperity which the Zionists bring. It is a stupid story, and can convince those alone who believe that no revolt in any country at any time is popular. Now whether self-government is or is not a blessing (and the British Government will be the last to answer in the negative), indubitably the Palestinian Arabs have looked forward to it; but in vain. Even the Legislative Council, of which there has been abundant talk, and in Zionist quarters, abundant disapproval and dread, has so far been denied them. And, if proof were necessary that it is to the policy of the Mandate that the Arabs object, it is supplied by the fact that the riots of October were directed, not against the Jews, as hitherto, but patently against the Mandatory Power itself.

If, then, the British political parties will not agree upon a revised policy in Palestine, the wisest course is for the British Government to go to the League of Nations and say: "Here is the Mandate. We have endeavoured to carry out its terms. We have introduced into the poor and barren land of Palestine some 120,000 Jews. But the Arabs' hostility to the establishment of a Jewish National Home remains unappeasable. We wish to bear this burden no longer. We therefore give you back the Mandate."

Such a suggestion, as I am well aware, will be fiercely opposed. There will be immediate cries of "betrayal", "loss of prestige", "kow-towing to rebels", and so on. But the League knows that the very *raison d'être* of the "Class A" Mandates is the leading up of the peoples concerned to ultimate independence; and thus to take the League at its word, by stating that no progress had been made in this aim, might well blow away some of the cobwebs of suspicion and complacency at Geneva. Most certainly it is the moral duty of Great Britain to protect the Jews who have entered Palestine under her ægis, but if the Jews show no sign of accommodating themselves to the people of the country, is it really to be thought that Great Britain's pledge is, at whatever cost, eternally binding?

Confronted with such a proposal, the League might take one of two courses. It might (a) ask Great Britain to reassume the Mandate. In that case the Mandatory Power could itself lay down the conditions of the Mandate. And it might (b) accept the renunciation.

It is not very probable that course (a) would be followed. The League has not generally been favourable to any extension of British influence or to the granting of British requests. But if it were adopted, and if Palestine were incorporated within the British Empire, the problem would be infinitely easier. We could overhaul our commitments, and for their fulfilment we should be responsible to ourselves alone.

But if course (b) were followed: what then? Would the British Empire be any worse off? Let us clear our minds of cant. It is commonly supposed that Great Britain is in Palestine primarily for strategical reasons. The Zionists, in particular, never tire of pointing out how vital Palestine is to the security of the Suez Canal. But is this really so? The defence of the Canal depends on forces stationed, not in Palestine, but on its banks, and it is known that, however the Egyptian problem develops, the security of the Canal will be preserved. Again, it is argued that Haifa, where the new harbour was opened a few weeks ago, makes an incomparable base for the British fleet (whatever the Mandate may say about that). But against whom? What naval forces are likely to attack the British fleet in the Levant? As for the air route across Arabian territory to the East, the security of this certainly does not depend upon possession of territory. "All-Red" routes may attract the schoolboy's imagination; in practice they have few advantages over any other kind.

The more it is examined, in short, the more fallible is seen to be the idea that essential strategical interests are bound up with the retention of British domination in Palestine. A realist policy is urgently demanded in the Middle East. Already Iraq has slipped out of the Imperial orbit, and the arrangements that have been made there for freedom of air-communications could be repeated elsewhere. Sooner or later, Syria will follow in the wake of Iraq. The present position of Arab countries is not static. With this development, the problem of Palestine will increase, rather than diminish, in severity. It is not always realized, for example, how much Palestine, or the British in Palestine, owes to the fact that its northern boundary is guarded by the French; for were Turkey, and not Syria, Palestine's northern neighbour, British troops in the Holy Land would

necessarily be far more numerous than in fact they have been. Much of Palestine's burden, in short, has been borne by French Syria.

No; if the Palestine Mandate cannot be held on our own revised terms, it is not wise to hold it. By our present policy we do not earn the gratitude of Jewry, but we do earn the disfavour of the Islamic, and especially the Arab, world. Of real advantages to Great Britain there are none in the position today. In 1930 it was officially stated that, in the nine years that had elapsed since 1921 (when the Colonial Office assumed responsibility for Palestine), the Mandate had cost the British Exchequer no less than nine millions sterling. A modification, or a profound alteration, of the Palestine Mandate can be but a question of time, for not even our politicians can tolerate an indefinite series of the outbreaks which, though spasmodic, are unquestionably recurrent in the Holy Land. The fusion of Arab Nationalist with Jewish Nationalist has proved as easy as that of oil with water; its attempt places on the officials in Palestine a quite unfair task. The policy has been tried for thirteen years; it has failed; let it be changed.

CANADA'S TRADE PROBLEMS

BY HESPERICUS

CANADA is now on the verge of another winter and, while her people enter it in a mood of greater confidence about their economic outlook than prevailed a year ago, there is a general recognition that the road to the recovery of the abounding prosperity which the Dominion enjoyed before the great depression will not be a simple and easy path, and that a variety of complicated problems still demand solution before real economic health is restored.

Canada, as primarily a producer of food and raw materials and an exporter of them in large quantities, has experienced the full impact of the depression, and its severity can be gauged by the fact that the index of the volume of business with a base of 100 for 1926, which had reached a peak of 139.8 in January, 1929, had fallen by February, 1933, to 67.8. Bank credits are another index of economic activity, and the latest bank returns covering the month of August disclosed that the current loans and discounts of the Canadian banks, placed at \$1,379,000,000 showed a shrinkage of about 900 million dollars from the average volume of loans outstanding in 1929.

It is true that, since April, when a revival of business began, there has been a visible improvement in the situation; the index for the volume of business has climbed back to 90.8 in September, and the Labour Department claims that some 200,000 people who were idle at the end of last winter have been re-absorbed in employment. But the number of people unemployed still reaches an alarming total, and as they must be provided with both sustenance and shelter during the long Canadian winter, the provision of unemployment relief promises to strain to the limit the seriously depleted financial resources of the Federal, provincial and municipal treasuries, which share the burden between them.

But the fundamental difficulty of Canada's economic situation lies in the depressed condition of most of the basic natural industries, in which more than half the population get their livelihood. The steady decline in the prices of all farm products which began in 1929, and continued progressively until mid-summer of this year, has hit all classes of the farming community very hard, but has been particularly severe upon the prairie grain-growers, who are mostly burdened with mortgage debts. Recent months have witnessed some improvement in farm prices, but they are still deplorably meagre, and the agrarian crisis has been aggravated by the ravages of draught and grasshoppers in the West, which reduced the prairie wheat crop to the lowest aggregate yield since 1925, and by the poorness of the crops in many districts of Eastern Canada. The result is that the purchasing power of the rural community throughout Canada is pitifully low and, until it can be revived, there is scant hope of the restoration of full activity in the industrial sphere.

The Federal Government has employed its financial credit for more than two years to buttress the grain markets, and it is now pinning its faith on the results of the international wheat agreement which Premier Bennett signed in London in August. But great scepticism about its value exists in the West, and the insignificant vote, less than 15 per cent. of the total poll, which the Conservative candidate polled in a typical rural seat in the West, the Mackenzie division of Saskatchewan at a by-election on October 23rd, indicates that the wheat policy of the Bennett Ministry finds little favour with the prairie farmers. The steady shrinkage of foreign trade which has been in progress since 1929 has now been halted, but it is still far below its normal level.

However, the supporters of the Ottawa Agreements are now discerning in recent trade returns proofs of their benefits to inter-Imperial commerce. During the first months of their operation there was a steady increase in Canadian exports to Britain, but no corresponding increase in Canadian imports from Britain, which rather declined. But since May there has been a gratifying rise in imports from Britain, and also from the other parts of the British Empire. During the first six months of the present fiscal year up to September 30th, the value of Canada's imports from Britain was \$49,692,735 as compared with a value of

\$43,241,229 in the parallel period of the last fiscal year, which represents a gain of nearly 6½ million dollars or 14.9 per cent., and the value of imports from all countries of the Commonwealth was \$66,798,337, compared with \$60,406,221, which represented an increase of 10.6 per cent. Moreover, this gain in inter-Imperial trade took place during a period when the aggregate imports into Canada fell from 221½ to 200 million dollars in value, a shrinkage of nearly 10 per cent. The chief loser was the United States, from whom Canada curtailed her imports from 129½ to 107¾ million dollars, and there is therefore considerable justification for the claim that the Anglo-Canadian fiscal agreement has already been effective in diverting to Britain business formerly enjoyed by American interests.

On the other hand, the agreements have been even more profitable to Canada on the export side, as during the six-month period her exports to Britain mounted to a value of \$99,817,300 as compared with a value of \$83,854,284, a gain of 19 per cent., and to all countries of the Commonwealth to a value of \$122,240,956 as compared with \$102,706,164, likewise a gain of 19 per cent.; the increases in exports to Australia and South Africa were respectively 44.5 and 41.6 per cent. This stimulation of inter-Imperial trade is all to the good, but, encouraging as is the increase in Britain's share of Canada's import trade, which rose in the six months from 19.5 to 24.8 per cent., there is still a great inequality in the trade exchanges between the motherland and the senior Dominion; the figures given above reveal that in the six-month period Canada disposed of 37.8 per cent. of her exports in the British market and sold in it goods of almost exactly twice the value of the commodities which she purchased from it.

But it was foreseen at the time of the conclusion of the Agreement that the immediate benefits were likely to be greater for Canada than for Britain, and that the really substantial gains to British export trade would depend largely upon the results of the work of the new Canadian Tariff Board, which has been charged with the task of determining how the competitive principle, one of the cardinal features of the agreement, is to be applied to British imports entering Canada. The clause about the competitive principle is Article 11, which reads as follows:

His Majesty's Government in Canada undertake that during the currency of this agreement the tariff shall be based upon the principle that protective duties shall not exceed such a level as will give United Kingdom producers full opportunity of reasonable competition on the basis of the relative cost of economical and efficient production; provided that in the application of such principle special consideration shall be given to the case of industries not fully established.

The Tariff Board is now functioning regularly, and in the last half of September it held its first hearing about the competitive principle, based upon an application by the British woollen industry for a downward revision of the Canadian duties on British woollen goods. The case was of paramount interest, not only because it was the first test made by British interests of the value of the competitive clause in the Agreement, but also because the Tariff Board had in the course of the hearing to work out the practices and principles which will govern its future sessions. It made three rulings of fundamental importance: first, that representatives neither of importing interests nor the consuming public should be allowed to participate in the inquiry; secondly, that the scope of the inquiry should be confined to one point, namely, the discovery of the relative costs of the production of woollen manufactures in Britain and Canada in accordance with Article 11 of the Treaty; and, thirdly, that such matters as special dumping duties, arbitrary valuations for Customs purposes and the existing tariff itself were outside its jurisdiction.

But equally vital decisions have still to be made as to what is to be accepted as adequate proof of production costs and whether the comparison must be made at the same fixed time in both countries. These problems arose out of the representations made by the British woollen interests during the recent hearing. They first submitted a mass of data relating to operations in 1931, and their chief spokesman, Mr. H. B. Shackleton, of Bradford, explained that in midsummer of 1931, when it had become plain that a change in British fiscal policy was imminent, a survey of the industry was made and data about production costs were secured from some forty-two of the largest of the thousand odd woollen mills which are scattered through Britain. The process followed in the survey was that a model system of calculating costs was worked out and each of the factories selected was invited to fill in the details required. Subsequently each set

of data was worked out on a percentage ratio to the whole, and it was a report which contained only percentage figures of production costs that went forward to the governing body of the industry. The *bona fides* of the firms making the returns was accepted without question, and no attempt was made to check the percentages against actual operating results. It had been decided to use these data for the hearing in Canada to obviate the suspicion that the British figures had been specially "doctored" for the occasion.

At a preliminary conference in July the representatives of the Canadian woollen industry had reluctantly agreed to try and collect corresponding data under the model plan formulated by the British, but they took the operations of 1933 as their basis, and, instead of assembling percentage figures they took actual factory costs as disclosed by the ledgers of all the Canadian woollen mills, which are comparatively few in number. So when both sets of data about costs of production were submitted, the Canadians raised objections that the British data did not furnish a fair basis for comparison because they referred to the year 1931 and were therefore out of date, and because they only covered part of the British woollen industry. They also argued that the British plan of calculation was unsuitable for Canadian conditions and, that since it was the Canadian Tariff which was under investigation, the British should conform to a Canadian plan, and not *vice versa*.

The British, to meet these objections, submitted a fresh set of cost data based on operations in 1933, and contended that a reliable picture of the British woollen industry could not be secured from forty-two mills which had between them 11,000 spindles. But the Canadians were not satisfied, and made formal protest that they did not regard the cost data which had been submitted to the Board as offering a fair basis for comparison, and that they would not feel bound to accept decisions based on them. Clearly the Board is faced with some very knotty problems. If it decides to go ahead and frame its verdict from the data which it has now accumulated, then there is a real danger that this verdict will not be accepted as just, and that embittered controversy about the fairness and accuracy of the comparison of costs will follow. On the other hand, if the Board

follows a suggestion that has been thrown out to the effect that it should send expert accountants to Britain to check over the British data and secure a new set of cost figures, then a long delay must ensue. But one year of the Anglo-Canadian treaty has already elapsed, and if another year is to be occupied in inquisitorial work, then the treaty, which has a limit of five years, will have run nearly half its course before the clause on which British interests set so much store comes into any practical operation. The report of the Board, when it appears, will only find as facts what is the difference in the costs of production in the two countries, and it will then be incumbent upon the Government to make the woollen duties conform to its verdict; if the Government declines to change the tariff in accordance with the findings of the Board, then the British Government will have a very definite grievance, and the future of the Anglo-Canadian trade treaty will be imperilled. So the woollen hearing is an acid test of the new competitive plan in inter-Imperial tariffs, and, if it has a satisfactory outcome, then numerous other applications will be submitted by British industries.

But, interested as she is in inter-Imperial trade, Canada cannot divorce herself from any concern with the fortunes of her mighty neighbour, with whom she has perforce intimate social, political and commercial relations, and every step in the evolution of the great Rooseveltian adventure, the N.R.A. programme, has been closely followed. It was inevitable that such a tremendous experiment should have repercussions in Canada. The establishment of a system of codes fixing wages and labour conditions in different American industries at once conferred a very material advantage upon certain groups of Canadian producers who sold their output in the United States; free as they were from the regulations of the codes, they were in a position to under-sell in the American market American competitors who had to pay higher wages for shorter hours of labour. The newsprint industry of Canada, which has been involved in grave embarrassments for the last four years, owing to serious over-production, and which exports five-sixths of its output to the United States, at once experienced a brisk revival, with results which were very disconcerting to its American rivals. So representations were made from Washington that unless the newsprint mills of Canada

either agreed to conform in wage and other conditions to the standards set by the N.R.A. code for American newsprint firms, or consented to fix a minimum price for their exports to the U.S., then they were liable to be faced with the certain prospect of either a quota upon their southward exports or tariff barriers which would equalize conditions.

A group of leading Canadian manufacturers of newsprint have therefore accepted an invitation to confer in Washington with General Hugh Johnson, the administrator of the N.R.A., and it is expected that they will be asked to accept proposals for a fixed price for all newsprint sold in the United States. Now, such a development would not be unpalatable to the Canadian newsprint industry, whose troubles have largely arisen from low prices, but if the fixed price were also applied in the Canadian domestic market grave objections would be raised by the Canadian newspapers, many of whom are now finding it difficult to make ends meet. Exactly the same situation exists in regard to wood pulp, wood shingles, railway sleepers, telegraph and telephone poles, copper ore, and other commodities which have free entry into the United States, and find a profitable market there, and Canadian firms interested in their production are alarmed less they may soon have to face additional tariff barriers.

Again, in the field of monetary policy, it would never be possible for Canada, which has the same currency structure, to disregard developments in the United States, and the recent announcement of the Roosevelt administration that it proposes to buy gold at fixed price, embark upon a deliberate policy of raising prices and de-value the American dollar could not fail to have important reactions in Canada. It is plain that, if the American dollar is substantially de-valued, and the Canadian dollar as a consequence goes to about par in New York, the whole economic and monetary policy of Canada will be seriously affected. For one thing Canadian manufacturers will face a curtailment of the level of protection which they now enjoy against their American competitors, and for another, if the prices of farm products in the United States are materially raised by a devaluation of the dollar, a strenuous agitation in the prairie provinces and elsewhere for similar action by the Canadian Government is almost inevitable. Ever since Canada abandoned

the gold standard the Bennett Ministry has been content to pursue an opportunist monetary policy, but the time is now approaching when it must make up its mind to evolve some definite settled programme for its monetary problems.

For the purpose of securing expert guidance about these problems it appointed last summer an authoritative Royal Commission headed by Lord Macmillan, and the report of this body, which took evidence in all the leading centres of Canada and made an exhaustive investigation of every facet of the situation, is now in the hands of the Government. It recommends the establishment of a central bank of rediscount, as Mr. Bennett's western speeches have foreshadowed, and the Ministry will doubtless be guided by its other conclusions in the formulation of its future monetary policy.

Meanwhile, there is considerable evidence of a new enthusiasm for a trade reciprocity treaty with Canada on the part of powerful American interests. The idea, which had been dead since the defeat of the Taft-Fielding Pact of 1911, was revived last spring, and there was widespread surprise when Mr. Bennett, who had been one of the most vehement opponents of that Pact, gave it guarded encouragement. Later, during a visit to Washington, he went so far as to hold conversations with President Roosevelt on the subject. It was understood that departmental officials of both countries were instructed to accumulate data bearing upon the problems involved in a reciprocity treaty, but little was heard of the project until the recent annual convention of the Canadian Chamber of Commerce, which was held in Ottawa from October 10th to 14th.

Previous to this gathering a small joint committee of the American and Canadian Chambers of Commerce had met to explore the problem, and had framed a joint report which was submitted to the convention. In this document they expressed the view that, subject to the acceptance of the principle that reasonable protection would be maintained for the basic industries of each country, there was scope for a mutually profitable reciprocity agreement between Canada and the United States. A beginning of better relations, it was suggested, could be made at once by the modification of certain artificial barriers, now aggravating the incidence of ordinary customs levies, to what-

ever was the more liberal standard of the two countries. At the convention itself Mr. H. H. Harriman and Mr. James A. Farrell, two prominent leaders of American business, stressed the importance of the mutual trade relations of the two countries, bewailed their shrinkage in recent years, and argued that their enlargement could not fail to be beneficial to both parties; they also both criticized by implication the Ottawa Agreements, without mentioning them directly, by questioning whether it would be found advantageous to Canada in the long run to divert into other channels, by artificial tariff arrangements, a trade which had been mutually profitable in the past.

This advocacy of reciprocity by the American visitors had a surprisingly cordial reception from the Canadian delegates, and one prominent Conservative editor declared that good trade relations with the United States were vital to Canada's prosperity. But Mr. Stevens, the Minister of Trade and Commerce, was exceedingly frigid when he came to make some observations, and contended that Canada's foreign trade relations were not nearly so important as some people seemed to think, and that her primary task was to set her own house in order and increase the value of her domestic market. The *Montreal Gazette*, the *Financial Post*, and other protectionist papers at once came out in full editorial cry against the project of a reciprocity treaty, and criticized the Americans' speeches as sheer effrontery in the light of the recent record of American Tariff policy. But the convention, while not giving its definite blessing to a reciprocity treaty, decided that the joint committee should continue exploratory labours and that the two Governments should be informed of their fruits. Meanwhile, Mr. Mackenzie King, the Liberal leader, in a recent speech has stressed the importance for Canada's prosperity of a good reciprocity treaty with the United States, and intimated that his party, if it comes to power, is willing to undertake negotiations for it at any time.

In this situation recent political developments have become of high interest. It certainly seems most unlikely that the present Canadian Government, pledged as it is to a high protectionist policy, and tied by the Ottawa Agreements, could offer the Roosevelt Administration any tangible bargain. But is Mr. Bennett's tenure of office so strong that the course suggested by

the Liberal leader can be regarded as a remote contingency? In three Federal by-elections last October the Liberal party were successful, and as I write comes news of a sweeping victory for Mr. Mackenzie King's party in the provincial elections in British Columbia. These results are significant evidence of the growing unpopularity of the present administration. The demands for a Federal election are becoming more insistent, and already the Bennett Government is regarded as what is called in the United States a "lame duck" administration.

Lately there has been some talk, arising out of the baffling problem of the Canadian railways, of the necessity of a National Government. The railway problem is, indeed, so serious that Mr. Bennett has declared that it transcends all others in importance. The fundamental difficulty is that Canada has, in a spirit of anticipatory optimism about her growth, equipped herself with railway facilities far in excess of the needs of her present population, and has to face a national transportation bill which is an appalling burden. The view is now gaining ground that an amalgamation of the state-owned Canadian National Railways and the Canadian Pacific Railway would be the best solution of the problem. It has been claimed by Mr. E. W. Beatty, the president of the C.P.R., and others that a complete merger would make possible an annual saving of between 60 and 75 million dollars. The railway unions, however, are violently opposed to the merger idea, and the closing of unprofitable lines would be bound to provoke the wrath of the communities adversely affected.

It is in these circumstances that a proposal for a National Government has come to the forefront. The view has prevailed that no purely party government would ever be willing to take the risks involved in such a merger, whose fruits would alienate many voters, and that only a National Government could undertake the task. In this belief supporters of a merger project have laboured assiduously for the formation of such a government, but have met with scant encouragement from the leaders of the two major political parties; and now that the Liberal Opposition has been so greatly heartened by the result of the recent elections, and sees the gates of office almost ajar for it, it is less disposed than ever to contemplate sharing the sweets of office with its rivals.

THE BOOMERANG OF PERSECUTION

BY HARRISON BROWN

IN Germantown, near Philadelphia, they have been celebrating the foundation of the first German settlement in the New world. Dr. Goebbels sent a message. Irony is a favourite weapon of the German Minister of Propaganda and Public Enlightenment; this time, however, it has recoiled upon himself. The pious folk who did so much to develop Pennsylvania in the late seventeenth century were the first Germans to seek refuge in America from persecution. They were not the last. Whilst their descendants were celebrating the arrival of the good ship Concord in the land of freedom, others, a few miles away in New York, were putting the finishing touches to the new "University in Exile," which is to shelter some of the more distinguished of Goebbels' academic victims.

Hitler has denounced as "scum" those who have chosen a life of exile rather than wait to be beaten by thugs in Concentration Camps. Nevertheless the "scum" includes the names of many whom the world, and Germany also until recently, took pleasure in honouring for their accomplishments. It includes, too, many hundreds of doctors, artists and scholars whose potential contribution to society we cannot afford to lose. In the less crowded times of earlier persecutions there was always some undeveloped corner eager to welcome such refugees. Today the stringency of economic conditions alone has necessitated the creation of such bodies as the Academic Assistance Council.

Persecution is a boomerang which has often felled the persecutors. The decline of Spain from the rank of world power followed rapidly upon the expulsion of the Moriscos and the Jews in 1610. The Grandees protested that the Moriscos were their most skilled artisans and agricultural workers, but the decree went forth, and within a few years the fields of Spain lay untilled. A Frenchwoman, Madame d'Aulnoy, who travelled

in Spain at that time, has left a picture of the country. "The peasants will more willingly endure hunger and all severities of life, than work, as they tell you, like mercenaries and slaves. Thus pride, seconded by sloth, prevents them from tilling and sowing their land, which remains uncultivated, unless some more laborious and worldly-minded strangers undertake the task, and thus carry off the gains, while the sorry peasant sits in his chair, thrumming an ill-tuned guitar or reading some mouldy romance". With the Jews at the same time went virtually the whole commercial activity of the country and its only cultural stock. A little later France had the same experience. The flight of the Huguenots from the persecutions of Louis XIV resulted in a lengthy period of economic decadence and financial inflation. Jurieu, the Huguenot publicist, did not exaggerate when he said that "the Protestants have carried commerce away with them into exile". Centuries later the Turks repeated the policy and by massacring and expelling the Greeks and Armenians robbed their country of its most active commercial element.

No tears need be shed for the fate of those who gratuitously pursue a policy at once inhuman and obviously uneconomic. Bacon wrote that "all States that are liberal of naturalization are fit for empire". The converse is also true. A regime which cannot assimilate and win the support of an alien minority almost invariably writes itself down incompetent, or inferior to its minority, or both. More interesting by far are the beneficial effects on those countries which have offered hospitality to the victims of oppression elsewhere. Such hospitality has been rewarded by the refugees in two ways. They have helped to develop the economic activities of their adopted country by introducing new industries or improving the methods of old ones; and they have stimulated the cultural life of their new surroundings by the admixture of fresh experience and novel intellectual approaches. Sometimes the physical hardships of the persecution and the subsequent flight have caused the first generation to expend its energy on recovering its strength. But almost invariably this has been followed by renewed activity on an increased scale, as trees which have been harshly pruned burst forth more vigorously with the coming of Spring. The Spanish and Portuguese Jews who settled in the Netherlands in the early

seventeenth century were not long in developing the diamond-cutting industry. It was Spinoza, however, the son of an emigrant, who established their lasting claim to the gratitude of the world by his contribution to rational philosophy. In these days of "over-production" and superfluous labour it is perhaps fortunate that so many of the refugees from Nazi intolerance should be intellectuals. That, however, need not detract from the fascinating story of the more mixed contributions of the past.

In Europe the persecutions which have had most effect in disseminating local culture have been religious. Of these the most important, of course, is the flight of the Huguenots which followed upon the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685. It was a fierce gale which blew upon those hardy French Protestants and scattered them, like pollen, about the world. Amazing, too, have been the results of their dispersion. From Homburg hats to the disciplining of the Russian Army, from the London silk manufacture to the clock-making of Geneva, the record of their contributions to the communities amongst whom they settled reads like a catalogue of industry. They introduced flax and hemp into Iceland and founded the linen and cambric industry of Ireland. They brought market gardening to Germany, and they made the watered silks of Utrecht so famous that the original manufacturers in Amiens had to mark their goods with the name of the Dutch town in order to be able to sell them. The sail-cloth weavers of Normandy and Brittany removed to Hamburg and Ipswich, others carried the tobacco plant to northern Europe and lettuces to Cape Colony. Gloves and jewellery, fine woollens and silks, cutlery, surgical instruments, and drugs were all specialities of the Huguenots. They introduced manners and gaiety to leaven the uncouth stodginess of the Courts of Hanover and Brunswick, and still today the "Berlin joke" smacks of a French origin. Dordrecht became the home port of the Greenland fisheries and Rotterdam famous for its hats.

The exodus was made through two chief channels, by sea and through the gateway of Geneva, which city was besieged for years by a mob of refugees which sometimes almost exceeded its native population. There is no parallel in history for the generosity of the Genevese of those days. It is as if a city ceased

its customary occupations in order to devote itself to relief work. The emigrants by sea landed chiefly in England or the Netherlands, whilst those from Geneva spread northwards through the Vaud and up the Rhine. Thus parts of the two streams met in north Germany and Scandinavia, and Frenchmen from the Alps and Languedoc became for the first time acquainted with their fellow-countrymen from Brittany and Flanders.

Their reception varied and their trials were many. In England especially relief was somewhat slow in coming. Jealousy everywhere played some part, but here conservatism and the greater slow-mindedness of the people caused them at first to look askance at "these hot-headed and flippant-tongued gentlemen". Finally, it was the natural cussedness of the English which helped the refugees; the Papist James II tried to discourage relief, and then of course the people flew to help. What gain the nation had from their coming can scarce be exaggerated. Within a few years England became the leading manufacturing country of the world. It is customary to think of the Huguenots only in connection with silk, and it is true that the French so "peopled the waste Spital Fields" that the silk manufacture of London was multiplied twentyfold. But they were everywhere and did everything. They made tapestry in Exeter, glass in Sussex, and paper in Hampshire. The narrow cloth manufacture of Norwich was revived and the lace-making of Buckingham, whilst at Wandsworth the arrival of furriers from Caudebec saved an industry from extinction.

Holland almost equalled Geneva in the prodigality of its help, and counted a hundred thousand permanent settlers, whereas England took not more than eighty thousand, including those who went on to Ireland and America. In all the persecution lost France some 400,000 of her most industrious citizens. In Amsterdam Jews, and even Catholics, subscribed to help. The city built a thousand houses for the refugees and at once added silk and wool, linen and paper factories to its already extensive maritime commerce. Leyden serges and Haarlem plush were among the industrial benefits to Holland, but it was there above all that the literary figures of the exodus settled, amongst them the philosopher Bayle, forerunner of Voltaire and the Encyclopædists.

It was in Germany, though, that the greatest permanent difference was made. At that time the Great Elector was expending his organizing genius in recovering his territory from the anarchy left by the Thirty Years' War. He was quick to see the value of the emigrants to his wasted lands, and extended a warm welcome to the victims of his ex-ally Louis. The history of the wretched emigrants to the Rhineland countries is one of alarms and excursions. No sooner did they settle than the bloated Roi Soleil made some threatening move which scared the local rulers, and with a rush the flock had to rise anew, like starlings at a gunshot. The Elector had his agents in Frankfurt, Cologne, and Amsterdam, who provided passports and money for the refugees, and distributed them about the provinces. "Brandenburg rose from its abasement" and Berlin became a town. Halle began to rival Leipzig as an industrial and commercial centre, and Magdeburg, still wasted from its sack in 1631, became, after the Huguenot influx, one of the strongest and most flourishing towns of northern Germany.

So stimulating was the effect of the coming to Germany of what Frederick the Great later called "the poorest but the most industrious of the emigration", that one must ascribe to them a share of the praise or blame for the rise of Prussia. The coincidence of French wit and industry with Hohenzollern discipline was in any case overwhelming. Both culturally and industrially and at a crucial moment, they gave an impetus to a barren land which never afterwards slackened. Berlin is haunted by the Huguenots to this day. Französische Strasse still leads into the Gendarmenmarkt, where are the clothing warehouses first established there by the Frenchmen. The "French Cathedral" stands near-by and all around are the jewellers' shops which they first brought. Out on the Mark, and farther north in Denmark, they introduced the potato and the turnip and the cabbage. The pretty place Oranienburg, a name now become sinister from the location there of a Nazi torture camp, was called thus after later refugees from Orange on the Rhone.

The Huguenots were thus an asset wherever they wandered. In Europe they leavened the northern illiterates, in Massachusetts they drove back the Indians from the country near Boston, and in Pennsylvania and the Carolinas we may be sure

their affability was not an unhealthy influence upon the awful solemnity of the English Puritans.

Generally speaking, however, the United States owes more to its German immigrants than to the French. When the list of outstanding German names is scanned it is seen that the best of them came, not as adventurers in search of fortune, but as refugees from persecution. Nor is this strange, for the emigrant in normal times is not unusually a social failure at home, whereas intolerance seeks its victims first amongst the exceptions. The man who becomes anathema to authority is he whose high conscience forbids him to truckle to the prevailing dogma. When existence at home becomes impossible and he goes elsewhere, he takes his character with him. Throughout history it has followed, therefore, that persecution in one country has not only weakened the persecutors, it has enriched their neighbours. The present revival of barbarism in Germany will prove no exception.

The Germantown settlement already mentioned shows in particular a curious parallel with the present in that the colonists were the belated victims of a ferocious treaty, as are the German refugees of today. The Peace of Westphalia which ended the Thirty Years' War was as much a sorry end to a bad business as was the Treaty of Versailles, and almost as hypocritical. The hypocrisy of Westphalia was religious rather than political, however. It professed to bring religious freedom, but it permitted three thousand people to be burnt at the stake for their convictions in South Germany alone. "Freedom" was for Catholics. Lutherans and members of the Reformed Church, all others were persecuted. Amongst these unfortunate minorities were the Pietists and the Mennonites, the latter a type of peace-worshipping, conscientious objector who would still be persecuted today. It was a Pietist from Frankfurt named Franz Pastorius who led the little company to America in 1683. He was a friend of Penn, and Penn's first customer when that shrewd Quaker began to offer blocks of real estate from his Royal Grant to the persecution-ridden sects on the Continent of Europe. Pastorius and his little flock settled on the banks of the River Delaware, a peaceful, energetic company. From there, only five years later, appeared the first public protest against slavery, followed shortly after by

an Act of the Pennsylvania Legislature prohibiting the importation of negroes and Indians as slaves. That Act was strangled at birth, however, by a British veto and the colonists dissuaded from attempts to enlighten the new community by protests prompted by their own experiences. Their efforts in the industrial field were more appreciated. It was a member of this colony who established the first paper mill in America, and another who founded the first glass factory; still others constructed the first church organ and made the first piano.

There has been another anniversary celebrated recently in America, and in that, too, a German held first place. On October 28th, at the village of Eastchester, N.Y., the magnates of the American Press foregathered to honour one John Peter Zenger, father of the liberty of the Press. To this gathering Dr. Goebbels did not send a greeting. Zenger was acquitted in a libel action brought against his paper in 1733 by the corrupt British Governor Cosby. The fight he then put up was called by Gouverneur Morris "the germ of American freedom and the morning star of that liberty which subsequently revolutionized America". It did at least rid the young country of that ludicrous idea which still prevails in our own law, "the greater the truth, the greater the libel".

No account of the influence of refugees would be complete without mention of the "forty-eighters". Again the newcomers were German Liberals, this time escaping from a surly Hohenzollern and the Junker-ridden regime which followed upon the failure of the Frankfurt episode. This fresh influx mostly passed inland to the Middle West. Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Louis and the districts around were largely developed by German energy, and, for that matter, still are. Two names stand out from amongst the arrivals of that period and are known to every American schoolchild for their influence on the institutions of the nation, Carl Schurz and Franz Sigel. Both began by fighting for freedom in Baden, both were exiles first in European cities, both rose to high rank in the American Civil War, and both came in the end to exercise much influence through their newspapers. Lincoln sent Schurz as Minister to Spain, an example of how completely the America of that day accepted her immigrants. But the point is that here again refugees did more than merely

earn their living. Strangers in a vast country, these men who were not allowed to lead in their own Fatherland became, by their qualities alone, great leaders in another.

And now again a time of persecution is upon us. "The right of thinking freely and acting independently is now a finally-accepted principle in some sense or other with every school of thought that has the smallest chance of commanding the future". So wrote John Morley little more than a generation ago. Innocents everywhere, more optimistic even than Morley, believed the war was fought for just that purpose. Yet it ended with Mussolini saying that "the road to Progress lies over the more or less decomposed corpse of the Goddess of Liberty". Now Germany has adopted a coloured shirt, that badge of political stupidity, and the Germans do nothing by halves. In a speech at Hamburg in June Goebbels announced that Hitler's declaration of war on the democratic state within Germany was only a beginning. National Socialism would not remain confined to two European States: at the end of the development there would be a National Socialistic Europe.

Is the challenge to pass unanswered? Speaking at a great Refugee Appeal meeting in New York last summer John Dewey said, "Unless we respond whole-heartedly and with energy, then be assured our time will also come". The struggle is not between sets of fools contending for forms of government, the struggle is rather to keep open those channels of free thought and free expression from which alone has come such progress as man has made. The alternative, if we fail, is a long night of brutalized stagnation, a universal not a localized night.

In the few short months of its existence Hitler's Third Reich has become the graveyard of German culture. Eighty thousand Germans lie in prisons or Concentration Camps on trumped-up charges, more often on no charge at all. Fifty thousand more have fled to exile from treatment which the clumsy denials of Nazi propagandists have only confirmed as barbaric. In many respects the Nazi reactionaries have copied the past, but in one they have surpassed it. In Spain the Jews and Moriscos, and in France the Protestants who embraced Catholicism were relieved from pressure. With the Jews in Nazi Germany it is not so. There the unchangeable fact of race alone calls down the un-

relenting persecution of the new regime. Hitler, with his "race treason" laws supported by gangster tactics, has raised to the status of a holy dogma the most contemptible and self-revealing of human vices—racial prejudice.

No prophecy of the future can be made, for the reaction is one against reason itself and rational considerations have been outlawed. Long lists of outcasts proclaim the nudity of German University Faculties, the speeches of Professors who remain show either that the malady has been contracted from their surroundings, or that an insincere voice serves as conduit for notions which the intellect rejects. Over every walk of German life Hitler enjoys a buffoon's triumph.

The mere comparison of what Germany was, and now is, must convince the world of what the world may gain. That men like Schücking, Kelsen, Heller and Gerhard Anschutz should be lost to German law might have been expected from the fact that the Nazis do not recognize either public or international law in the sense accepted by the civilized world. That sociologists like Mannheim and Tillich, or even professors of economics such as Bonn and Lederer, should be expelled, follows naturally from a "revolution" which is wholly reactionary and anti-liberal. But there one stops. When it comes to driving out famous research workers in every branch of science solely on the grounds of the crazy myths of racialism invented by a Frenchman and developed by a renegade Englishman, then indeed the border-line of lunacy is overstepped.

One of the first resignations to call attention to the crazy sweep of the new broom was that of Professor Fritz Haber, inventor of the synthetic ammonia manufacturing process, which not only saved Germany from early collapse in the war, but which today accounts for large sums in her export balance. Another famous name is that of Professor James Franck, also a Nobel Prizeman and one whose researches in experimental physics were responsible for a grant being made to his Institute at Göttingen University by the Rockefeller Foundation of America. The list could be continued indefinitely; there are over a thousand displacements from purely academic posts. Amongst them may be mentioned Professor Walter Fränkel (metallurgy), Professor Altschul (marketing research), Professors Freundlich and Rona

(colloid chemistry), and Dr. Erwin Schrödinger, who has just become one of the recipients of the Nobel Prize in Physics for work done in Germany on quantum-mechanics. Dr. Schrödinger, it is satisfactory to learn, will continue his work at Oxford.

Emergency relief, the provision of food and shelter, is taxing the resources of all the German border States. This country has, in comparison, received only an infinitesimal number of fugitives, some two thousand five hundred in all, many of whom are in passage to other parts of the world.

In behalf of these fugitives a Joint Appeal Fund recently launched a campaign at a great Albert Hall meeting. The four organizations which are economizing working expenses by combining their appeal, cover between them every field of academic life. They are the Academic Assistance Council which is concerned to find posts for University Professors, lecturers, and research workers; the Refugee Professionals' Committee, which deals chiefly with the cases of doctors, lawyers and the technicians of scientific research; the International Student Service, by whom help to finish their studies is provided for deserving students; and finally the Friends' Relief Committee.

One objection sometimes made is that to seek posts for foreigners is unfair to our own nationals. It is a natural, if a somewhat superficial, objection, for no country has yet suffered from a surfeit of brains. But in this case the objection should not arise; the demand for research workers in specialized branches exceeds the supply which the relief organizations can provide from present funds. It is the business of the Appeal Fund to provide the grants which enable the institutions to enjoy the services of a colleague they require; there is no displacement of others, and no call is made upon University funds. In addition, the work is not confined to this country. Refugees are taking posts all over the world, as fast as money can be found to settle them. The work being done at 232, Abbey House, Westminster, is indeed more than relief work, it is the salvaging of knowledge for the general benefit of humanity, a task similar to that which was undertaken in earlier times by far-sighted rulers in the interests of their own nation.

Unfortunately, of the thousand odd purely academic cases on the books, only some two hundred have yet been settled by all

the European Committees combined. With the Professionals' Committee the situation is even worse, as Sir William Beveridge recently pointed out on the wireless. An enormous amount has already been done by this Committee, without financial outlay, by the intelligent use of organization in the search for paid positions. These activities circle the globe: China, India, Persia, Africa—with all countries they seem to have established contact and found some refugee a home.

Reference has already been made to the University of Social Science founded in New York with refugee professors by Dr. Alvin Johnson. In Turkey, too, a German University has been established, this time by the Government, at the instigation of an association of German academic refugees. Some fifty professors are going to Istanbul to take over and rehabilitate the only University in the country. In Scandinavia there are camps for training agricultural students, and in Amsterdam a school run by refugee experts for young men who are prepared to be electrical engineers in undeveloped countries. In France every sort of help is being extended, from schools to hostels. The appointment by the League of Nations of a High Commissioner for Refugees does not solve the problem, it but gives it official recognition and co-ordination. The permanent settlement of the expelled can only be done efficiently by those possessed of the necessary specialized knowledge. The lesson of the past is that mass expulsion has benefited only those nations which have extended aid to the victims.

" GONE NATIVE "

BY WILFRID ROBERTSON

THE recent case in Bechuanaland, where Tshekedi, Regent for the young King of the Bamangwato, ordered the flogging of a white man who had been living as a native, has brought into prominence a problem that is a pertinent one throughout Africa. Indeed, to a greater or lesser degree it is one that sooner or later obtrudes itself in every territory inhabited both by Europeans and by the indigenous people: that of the " poor white " who lives on terms of equality with natives.

The problem of the white man " gone native ", the individual who has lost his white status in actuality yet is officially a European, is likely to become more acute as the years pass. Spreading settlement and world depression combine to make it so. In England there is the poor rate, unemployment insurance, and numerous societies and charities to help the man who is in difficulties; in Africa, especially the Central African hinterland, there is no counterpart to them excepting the D.B.S. ration—the temporary dole that can be demanded from the Government as a Distressed British Subject. Under the circumstances, therefore, it is not surprising that men should descend to living as natives with natives; doing considerable harm to the prestige of the ruling race, and, incidentally, adding to the numbers of those most wretched of all creatures, the half-castes.

The enactment of legislation concerning the whole matter is not so easy as it might appear at first sight. To begin with, the term " gone native " is not easy to define. A man may live in the native territories, and among natives; yet keep himself strictly European and by no means turn into a " white Kaffir "—to use the South African expression. On the other hand, there are not a few respected citizens to whom the phrase could be most justly applied; those who live outwardly respectable lives

among men of their own colour, and yet who keep a private harem of their own. The man who goes native openly does the less harm ; at any rate he is no hypocrite, and does not add that additional stain to the white man's prestige. Direct legislation, therefore, concerning one phase of going native—miscegenation—would probably do more harm than good ; while abolishing the open sinner, it would increase enormously the number of secret offenders.

The man who has openly gone native is variously painted by those who know him not. Either he is imagined as a romantic and misunderstood figure whose craving for peace and freedom has driven him from the shams and sordidness of civilization, and who spends his days in lotus-eating simplicity. Or else he is drawn as the vilest of the vile, a criminal outcast from his own race and one whom only the "animal-like" native will tolerate. Save for isolated cases, the truth lies far from either conception ; as anyone who, like myself, has spent many years in the wilder parts of Africa, knows full well.

Practically no white man lives with the natives and in native fashion from choice. Usually it is the end of a descent down a long ladder, a decline in which there are many halts, and even temporary ascents, before the bottom is reached. Financial difficulty, loneliness, weakness of character, and many another complex, all combine to accelerate the pace. Few men have not struggled against the decline, for they know the conditions that await them : the censure of their own race and the contempt of the natives with whom they will live. For, contrary to the popular belief fostered by novelists, natives by no means look up to and admire the white man who brings himself to their level ; they know him for what he is, a failure, neither black nor white, neither flesh nor fowl nor good red herring. Though they may tolerate his existence in their village—for the native has a kindlier heart than many a European community—they do not trouble to conceal their scorn for him, and they resent his alien presence amidst their tribe.

Though the falling white man knows this, force of circumstances often gives him no alternative but to drift into the life. Usually it begins with being out of a job and short of funds. As a temporary measure to save the few shillings he has, he goes

into the bush where he can live in a hut that costs nothing to build, and on native food that can be got for next to nothing ; hoping that his luck will soon turn, and that he may find himself able again to return to life among his fellows and to European food. He invests his remaining cash in trading-goods, in the hope thereby of making something in the meanwhile. A fire, thieves, or mismanagement, put an end to his venture. He finds it easier to obtain food by living nearer to a village, and he moves his quarters.

Before long he becomes inured to the life ; hope deferred has made him give up in despair the thought of living as a white man again. His loneliness and the want of something that he can call his own, someone to talk to when the sun sinks, someone to nurse him through his bouts of recurring malaria, makes him take a native wife ; his last shillings go to pay the *lobola* to her father ; and he settles down to an existence precisely similar to that of the men and women around him. Let those who have not experienced the loneliness and despair of the failure refrain from casting the first stone.

The act of the fallen man at once has its effect on the prestige of the ruling race. The native is very human, and with all a human being's urge to laugh at misfortune ; it tickles his vanity to see one of his overlords' tribe in a position of degradation. The contempt extends itself ; he is able every day to be insolent to a white man, and that insolence is not dropped when he comes in contact with other men of the same race. Familiarity is delivered of its proverbial child. Moving about in the wild areas, when I encountered one of the villages where there was a white-man-turned-black in residence, I was assured of the fact in the first few seconds ; the whole attitude of the natives was different. Instead of the usual courtesy and friendliness of the savage, I was greeted with surliness and insolence ; an atmosphere which needed sharp and perhaps high-handed physical action effectually to dispel.

To see, as I have, an unshaven and haggard-eyed white man squatting amid a crowd of natives round a cooking-pot filled with stiff porridge, feeding himself with his fingers like his companions and gulping down the viscid food greedily lest the natives should obtain an unfair proportion, is to see one of the

saddest sights in the world. It is the epitome of hopelessness, the very bottom rung of the social ladder.

What have I done in such cases? Nothing. When a man has reached that stage he has become a native in all but colour; indeed he has become far lower than the savage in outlook and culture. Only to take him right away from his surroundings would have been any good, and I was not in a position to do so. An invitation to a meal in my camp would have received a snarling refusal; the gift of some European stores or money would have been to enrich the natives, who would have taken them as soon as my back was turned. To the white man's world he was dead—and buried.

But despite the internment the effect remains; the moral effect on the native people, and the physical effect in the presence of a number of snuff-and-butter children. And the life of these poor half-castes? About the most hopeless a man can conceive. The natives despise them for their white blood; the white man for their black. In their souls have been born cravings that can never be attained. The boys fare best; by migrating to the distant towns they may, with luck, obtain jobs as store-clerks or mule-drivers; but for the girls, almost the only life before them is that of prostitution among the "coloured" riff-raff of the southern towns and the "low white" of the big mining camps. Though certain societies do their best for these unfortunates, and try to procure them honest jobs as servant girls, their efforts are countered by an insuperable obstacle: the utter unreliability of mixed blood.

The remedy for the problem of the white man who has openly gone native is not easy to find; and that of the man who covertly has illicit relations with natives is even more difficult. In the first case there are apparently three courses open to the authorities. One is to arrest the individual living in such a fashion, and send him to some institution until a definite job can be obtained for him. Would that have the desired effect, and would any employers of white labour apply? The man who has lived with natives, and as one of them, for a considerable time, is notorious for his uselessness; given a job, it is more than possible that he would drift back to the old life by way of the usual week's notice. The second alternative is deportation: but

where? Other countries would not consider with complacency the introduction of undesirable citizens. And the third is to abandon him altogether, officially to strike him off the list of white men and treat him wholly as a native.

In the Bechuanaland case previously quoted, Tshekedi argued that as the man had been living wholly as a native he should be amenable to the native code; that it was not fair that he should have a foot in both camps, and have the advantage both of European immunity and native hospitality and tolerance. There is much to be said for his argument; and the knowledge of that official severance might deter a number from following the path that leads to the communal village cooking-pot. Yet such an irrevocable edict would contain many injustices; for in numerous cases it would be a punishment not for crime, but for sheer misfortune and bad luck. A helping hand and a turn of Fortune's wheel would once more raise those who still hate the life and retain their longings to live once more among men of their own colour; to make such an enactment fair each case would have to be judged on its individual merits, on previous conditions almost impossible to elucidate in a veracious and unbiased form.

The question of the other case, the man who is not openly a "white Kaffir," is almost impossible to touch by direct action. Public opinion is the only lever, and, owing to the secrecy, public opinion loses much of its grip. What the eye doesn't see, the heart doesn't comprehend. Nothing is inevitable; but the nearest to that condition is the complex known as human nature, which has remained intrinsically the same since the dawn of time. In every community there will be saints and sinners, and every gradation between the two.

Probably the only measure that would prove a wholly effective check against white going black would be the segregation of the races; a remedy that is totally impracticable. Nor, even were it feasible, would it be desirable from many aspects. That being so, it would appear that the evil is inevitable; but there is no reason why it should not be greatly lessened by wise and sympathetic administration, coupled with a stronger force of public opinion.

AFTER PROHIBITION, WHAT?

BY THURSTON MACAULEY

"PROHIBITION may have been decapitated, but its headless body will be walking about for years to come", was the grim concluding line of a Washington dispatch to *The Times* when, on November 7th, Utah, Pennsylvania, and Ohio joined the thirty-three other States which had already voted to repeal the Eighteenth Amendment, thus providing the three-fourths majority necessary for any constitutional change.

America is, indeed, sorely troubled by the prospect of that spectre. Her people are now wondering whether the future will really bring any permanent relief from the chaotic social conditions that have arisen during the fourteen years of that once "noble experiment", which will formally and officially be declared dead after December 5th, when the last of the thirty-six States ratify their wet votes. Prohibition was bad enough—even the Drys reluctantly admit that, though with the grudging reservation that it was never given a proper chance; but may not what follows be just as bad?

Last June Mr. S. K. Ratcliffe, in this REVIEW, saw America's return to beer (to be sure, only an innocuous 3.2 per cent. beverage was then legalized) as the beginning of the end of nation-wide Prohibition. But neither he nor anyone else could at that time see the end so near at hand, forgetting, perhaps, that America is a land of sudden, sweeping changes brought about almost overnight, as has been demonstrated so often these lean years of late, when men have gone to bed wealthy and found themselves practically paupers on getting up the next morning. "During the next ten years the United States cannot be other than an enormous social laboratory in which the problem of liquor control will be illustrated in all its aspects", declared Mr. Ratcliffe, and it is with this thought that the present study is chiefly concerned.

Historians of American Prohibition are in danger of being completely submerged in the flood of books, reports, and other publications, to say nothing of the countless columns in the world's press, setting forth views for and against it. There is no middle ground between the two fighting fronts of Wets and Drys, only violent opinions expressed one way or the other. Prohibition was a source of utter bewilderment to the English visitor from a country where strict licensing laws are observed and one can buy drinks only at certain specified hours. It became, for awhile, the stock joke of the century. That may have been the main trouble, that people, by and large, refused to take Prohibition seriously. Drinking became more widespread in the United States under Prohibition than it ever was before, chiefly among the younger people. And its criminal aspects grew to such proportions until it seemed that an entire nation might almost be destroyed by a Frankenstein of its own making.

At first, not even the crime wave was taken seriously. Bootleggers, hi-jackers, rum-runners, racketeers, gangsters, and other pests found themselves given more space in the newspapers than all the rest of the population put together. Nor was this by any means confined to the sensational press; on the contrary, those newspapers which had always been looked up to as the soberest and most enlightened mediums of public opinion ran the yellow journals a close race (and sometimes won) in recounting the exploits of an underworld that was no longer an underworld, but very much in the ascendant. Perhaps the conservative editors may have reasoned that all the publicity given the crime wave might stir its readers to action of some sort. But it seemed only to whet the public appetite for more and more crime.

Hollywood was quick to capitalize this appetite, succeeding to such an extent that the North American continent seemed to the rest of the world to be one great battlefield of crime and corruption. Al Capone was deemed worthy of a full-length biography which became a best-seller long before the man himself was safe behind the bars of the Federal Prison at Atlanta. (He was finally convicted, not for the reign of terror he inspired, but on a technical charge of evasion of income-tax on his huge illicit earnings.) Is it any wonder that, no matter how many gangsters were suddenly removed from the scene by rival gangs,

there were always fresh recruits from the youth of the land, to whom Prohibition had opened up a quick and easy road to notoriety and fortune?

André Maurois, fresh from four months in an American university, wrote of the period as being the end of the feudal age in the United States:

The Chicago racketeer and the powerful New York banker are feudal lords who do not wish to obey any other law than their own wills. Soon, inevitably, the American State will impose its strength upon the banker and the racketeer, but at the present time it is in the United States the period of Cesar Borgia, of Henry VIII, and of Machiavelli over again.

Could the Government do nothing all this time? Well, they were spending millions and millions of dollars each year in a futile attempt to enforce a law that was unpopular everywhere and that few had any intention of ever obeying. Many courts were notoriously corrupt; criminals who were apprehended escaped with light sentences or were set free through the clever manoeuvring of well-paid lawyers. The people's attitude seemed to be that the criminals would kill each other off in fighting for supremacy among themselves, so why should we worry? Besides, it afforded a pretty spectacle for the populace, like the circuses of the Roman emperors, and harmless too, except for the victims of gang rule and the occasional bystander in the way of a stray bullet.

Let it be said to America's credit, however, that she saw the writing on the wall when it eventually came. It is impossible for anyone who was not in the United States at the time of the kidnapping and murder of the infant son of Colonel Lindbergh to realize the instantaneous and far-reaching effects of that dastardly crime. Young Lindbergh, by his inherent and naïve modesty as well as by his courageous lone ocean flight, had carved himself a permanent place in the hearts of his countrymen. He was truly their national hero, and one doubly honoured, because, instead of fame going to his head, as is usually the case with public idols, he invariably did his utmost to run away from it. It is poor consolation for the bereaved, to be sure, to say that a tragedy was not wholly to be deplored if it achieved in the end any useful purpose. But the sacrifice of the Lindbergh child was not in vain. It marked the first

definite revulsion of the American people against the appalling state of affairs that had been nurtured under Prohibition. It opened their eyes to the horror of what they had previously countenanced, or at least preferred to ignore, when they could not "laugh it off", as an unpleasant fact that did not immediately concern themselves. It struck at the very hearts of each and every one of them, and in so doing roused a nation from the curious apathy wherein it had so long lain. The perpetrators of this crime have not yet been brought to justice, but justice, at least in some measure, has been brought back to a nation. If I have dwelt overlong on this tragic history, it is because its significance in relation to the repeal of Prohibition is not fully appreciated outside the United States. There were like atrocities before, and there have been others since, but it was this one which crystallized public opinion to an amazing degree. Incidentally, new legislation has already been passed in many of the States, with heavy penalties, in some instances life imprisonment and capital punishment, for kidnapping or attempts at kidnapping.

After December 5th, the correlated problems of liquor control and the elimination of the evils of national Prohibition will largely be handed over by the Federal Government to the forty-eight States, to work them out themselves as best they can, in the light of their own individual conditions. One of the main reasons for the failure of national Prohibition is said to have been the hopeless inadequacy of a Federal system to cope with the widely varying sectional differences over so vast a territory as the United States. The Federal and State authorities have incessantly been at loggerheads about enforcement and other issues. Now once again Prohibition becomes a matter of States' rights and local option, as it was before the Eighteenth Amendment came into being. There were dry States before Prohibition, and there are dry States today. Which is confronted by the greater task after repeal—the dry States, in keeping out criminal activities or the wet States in maintaining a firm and rigorous control of the liquor traffic—cannot be predicted with any degree of accuracy. However one regards it, all of them alike, it seems, are faced with a common, often baffling, problem in restoring order out of fourteen years' chaos.

The ultimate success of repeal was assured at the last Democratic National Convention in 1932, when Mr. Roosevelt was nominated for the Presidency on a platform which included a wet plank, but one pledged to promote temperance and firmly ranged against a return of the old-time saloon. Previously, the strongest argument against repeal had been the possibility of the saloon coming back and regaining its former stranglehold on politics. It was the saloon, more than any other single factor, which brought about national Prohibition, as was shown by the zealous crusades of the Anti-Saloon League and the Women's Christian Temperance Union. The women of the country have always bitterly condemned the saloon, and they sided with the Drys to be rid of it. So did Henry Ford, and many other leading industrialists, who saw the working classes far better off without the "poor man's club". Intelligent wet opinion argued that the speakeasies, controlled by powerful criminal elements openly flouting the law, were worse than the saloons at their worst had ever been. But the saloon was dead, and therefore, unless the saloon could be kept dead after repeal, the controversy seemed at a deadlock over two evils.

In New York, the night of November 7th was the occasion for a mammoth double celebration. Huge throngs gathered in Times Square to cheer the election of Mr. LaGuardia, the anti-Tammany candidate for Mayor, simultaneously with the final triumph of the Wets. New York's boisterous enthusiasm, however, was somewhat tempered a few days later when the New York State Alcoholic Beverage Control Board, headed by former Police Commissioner Mulrooney, announced the drastic regulations to govern drinking in the State after repeal until April 1st, when a permanent control law will come into effect. Bars are definitely ruled out, except for the sale of beer and non-intoxicating beverages, because it is felt that if bars were permitted the bar-room atmosphere would prevail, and even if regulated, virtually amount to a return of the objectionable saloon. Another thing that undoubtedly caused the decision against bars was the assertion that drinking at bars has shown a tendency to increase the per capita consumption of liquor.

Drinking in public in New York can hereafter only be done at *tables* of hotels, restaurants, *bona fide* clubs, railway trains,

and steamships, where food is served. The night clubs, anticipating a new revival of gaiety after repeal, were dealt a particularly hard blow by a restriction which limits drinking to establishments with an entrance on the ground floor, and visible from the street. Many of the resorts of midnight pleasure seekers are now installed at the top of high buildings. Consequently, a great outcry arose from the night clubs, in which the hotels and restaurants, especially those with elaborate bars and bar-rooms in readiness, joined. Strong criticism was made on the grounds that the restrictions would give the speakeasies, ostensibly doomed by repeal, a new lease of life, and encourage the illicit liquor traffic. (Many of the speakeasies which have built up reputations for cuisine, as well as conviviality, are planning to operate legally after repeal as licensed clubs for their old clientele, if they can get away with it.) New York has further ruled that purchases of liquor may be made for cash only, with no more than three quarts of spirits and three gallons of wine sold to one person at any time, at specially licensed liquor shops under State supervision, and with no consumption on the premises. Purchases can be made daily, except Sunday, from nine a.m. to eight p.m., while public drinking at the specified places is permitted from eight a.m. to three a.m. on week-days, and from two p.m. to three a.m. on Sundays. Thus it is only in the matter of hours that New York will be freer than London. New York will punish its offenders of the new laws with penalties ranging from fines of \$200 to six months' imprisonment.

The most striking of the new liquor control Acts so far adopted by States to become effective on repeal is the Montana law, following the general recommendations of the Rockefeller Commission for eliminating the profit motive by the establishing of a State monopoly for liquor sales, with the purpose of discouraging the consumption of spirits. There the liquor system will be in the hands of the Montana Liquor Control Board, which will operate stores for the sale of liquor between twelve noon and eight p.m., except Sundays and holidays. Individual permits, at the cost of \$2 a year—and they will be limited—are required for all purchasers. No liquor can be consumed, or opened, on the premises. Delaware has also authorized a State monopoly, although one considerably less stringent than Montana's, with

licences of \$1 a year. North Dakota has authorized the operation of municipal liquor stores, but allowing only one for a population of 5,000 or under, and two for a population greater than 5,000. It is a significant feature of the new conditions that none of the first twelve States to pass new laws controlling the liquor traffic will permit drinking on the premises elsewhere than in *bona fide* hotels, restaurants, clubs, trains, and ships; while Connecticut, like Montana, will license no place for the consumption of liquor on the premises.

Certainly, there seems to be no doubt that the saloon will not be resurrected. However much of a national institution it may once have been, the American corner saloon will live only in legend and song, and in whatever nostalgia for the old familiar "art studies" behind the long bar, the double swinging doors, brass rail, cuspidors, and sawdust on the floor, still lingers on in men's memories.

The sale and consumption of liquor becomes legal, after fourteen years, immediately on repeal in at least nineteen States, while in the remaining twenty-nine, action must be taken either by the legislators or the voters to repeal existing statutory or constitutional Prohibition. Some of them, perhaps a good many, will continue dry, at least for awhile. Both North and South Carolina, for instance, voted against repeal on November 7th to keep liquor from their negro populations. The potent corn whisky, known as "moonshine" or "white lightning", long illegally distilled by mountaineer folk in dry Southern States, will probably be in greater demand than before. But whether the now dry States will elect to remain permanently dry is something that only the future can tell. Bootleggers and the rest of the criminal tribe will surely be driven from their old happy hunting grounds to seek new fields of operation, and perhaps find them, in dry States, unless strict precautionary measures are taken. The conclusion of the Rockefeller survey that State-wide bone-dry Prohibition will fail unless it has overwhelming public support and outside protection, has called attention to the Federal Government's obligation in carrying out the promises of the repeal amendment. The debates in Congress implied that the Government would back dry States against their wet neighbours under the provisions of the Webb-Kenyon Act, whereby the

Government extends its authority under the Inter-State Commerce clause of the Constitution.

To drink or not to drink, that is the question the States are now deciding. While they are trying to make up their minds about it, the Federal Government is considering the coming repeal from all angles. Five agencies of the Government, the Departments of State, Treasury, Justice and Commerce, and the Tariff Commission, have combined to draft a preliminary report for President Roosevelt, from which recommendations will be formulated for Congress when it meets in January. Between November 7th and December 5th the nation's future liquor policy, at least so far as is possible and practicable at the present, is being drawn up at Washington, so the wheels of a reincarnated industry may begin to move when the signal is given.

The problems to be considered in that all too short space of time are so manifold and various as the final decisions on domestic and import duties, the regulation of importations, the continuance of the warfare against illicit liquor traffic and smuggling, and the relations of the dry States with the rest of the country. If the new duties are too high, the bootlegger and smuggler will be given a fresh incentive to keep alive their nefarious dealings. And yet the Government is counting on considerable assistance from new liquor revenues in balancing the budget, so they must be high enough. (An annual return of at least \$500,000,000 is hoped for, by the Treasury officials, from legalized drinking.) The Coast Guard Service will be used, as during Prohibition, for policing the sea coasts, in order that as much imported liquor as possible comes in through legitimate channels, paying the customs duty and internal revenue tax. Finland has recently been having almost as much trouble with smuggling and bootlegging as during her period of Prohibition.

Both the Federal Government and the individual States are endeavouring to see that the repeal of Prohibition will mark the birth of a new era of temperance. Strong drinks are definitely discouraged, as has been shown, with the aim of developing the nation's drinking habits along the lines of beer and wines. The influential bodies which have worked for repeal, such as the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment, will devote themselves hereafter to the cause of moderation in drinking.

Restrictions on liquor advertising have already been decreed in a number of States, a bitter disappointment to the newspapers, which had been looking forward to a welcome windfall from space sold to the drink trade. Wyoming, at one end of the country, has banned such advertising "in any manner, shape, or form", while Connecticut, at the other end, will permit it only on licensed premises, subject to its drink commission's approval.

The Government's liquor policy will, naturally, be designed primarily to help the home distilleries, wine producers, and brewers. Already, the vineyards of California are hives of activity after somnolent years. French vintners have protested against the use of the names of such famous *crûs* as Sauterne, Château Yquem, Chambertin, and others, for the products of the American grape, but their greatest indignation was at the listing of an American Chablis under the *red* Burgundys! (I have sometimes wondered what they think of a *beer* I recently saw advertised in France under the fine title of Château Robert.) Education is, indeed, an essential in the trade, as well as among the people. Action is to be taken against the Californians, it is learned, by the *Chambre Syndicale des Vins en Gros* and the *Comité International des Vins*. Doubtless, the situation will be amicably cleared up in much the same way as it has been in the British Empire wine trade, by adding the word "type" after the familiar established name.

Mida's Criterion, one of the several drink trade journals which have resumed publication in America, contains a picture of President Roosevelt, with the caption, "The American people salute you, Mr. President", and Mr. Lee W. Mida, the editor, writes:

America lifts its head, fourteen years after having been plunged into the "noble experiment", poorer, sadder and wiser. Its treasury has been emptied, its manhood debased, and its laws flaunted and ridiculed. Famine and idleness have taken the place of plenty and prosperity.

Prohibition, however, can no more be blamed for the present hard times than its repeal can be expected to bring back prosperity, although it may do much to mitigate present conditions. America has finished with national Prohibition, but her great battle is still ahead. Zero hour is December 5th.

THE ART OF NOEL COWARD

By J. C. FURNAS

WHEN his *Design for Living* opened in New York last winter, the speculators were dazzled by offers of one hundred dollars a pair for seats, a sum unheard of since the depression. That was shortly after the film version of his *Cavalcade* had earned itself the title of the most successful film made in America since the depression. The best talking film ever made in the English language, said an eminent New York newspaper reviewer: all his colleagues wished they had dared to express their enthusiasm so boldly. In London the original stage production of *Cavalcade* had long since become the spectacular rationalization of the new English nationalism, and its author was in some sort the unofficial laureate of the Empire, inheriting large portions of the mantle of Rudyard Kipling. Here is fame that can be stated only in superlatives. Noel Coward has become the most conspicuous figure in the English-speaking show-world. Ten years ago George Bernard Shaw could still have disputed that honour with all comers; now, in Shaw's garrulous old age, this young man of thirty-four stands unchallenged.

His versatility alone brought him a considerable degree of fame some time ago. He can and does write all kinds of shows with egregious success—farce, comedy, tragedy, operetta, spectacle, revue; on occasion he acts, sings, directs, with great competence. It is literally true that he can do anything in the theatre better than anyone but the most eminent specialist. Yet he has always been more than a modern version of Dion Boucicault. His sententiousness takes care of that. From the beginning it has made him a sort of tenor Jeremiah commenting, not without wit and with an appropriate bitterness, on the life and times of post-war youth. As a member of the notorious younger generation, describing the world as he sees it in that capacity, he is

a social—as well as an infant—phenomenon. Taken as a whole his plays have been an indignant case-history of these quondam young people by one who knew.

It is hardly likely that his works will ever become grist for the intellectual mill of the serious dramatic critic. By no process of enlargement can Noel Coward's name become of the same order of importance as Andreiev, Capek, O'Neill. From the technical point of view he is little more than a highly efficient workman, defying the wooden formulæ of the conventional stage to do their worst, adept at shifting emotional gears without jarring, brilliant in the field of brittle dialogue. He is a superlative showman; that was demonstrated once for all when he cajoled an American film audience into weeping over Queen Victoria's funeral. To do him justice, however, one must grant him that, and go on to consider him as a lens through which to study the post-war world, the world that inspired and read Aldous Huxley, played with psycho-analysis, experienced the cults of jazz and drinking, developed an unparalleled self-consciousness, got bored and grew older. That is the world of which his plays were an invaluable cross-section.

They are all the more valuable because their author's attitude is sometimes so discontented, not to say agonized. Almost from the beginning Noel Coward, chief patentee of the dramatic possibilities of his times, hated what he was dealing in. Not all the time, of course; he is occasionally subject to a natural clannish admiration for the insouciant glitter of jazz-age high jinks. He can be almost dazzled by the smarter aspects of post-war "sophistication" as if he had borrowed the romanticizing spectacles of Michael Arlen. It is the presence of this element of admiration which bewilders the spectator when *Design for Living* is labelled satire. However its characters malign themselves, they are the standard Coward types of *Private Lives*, rather more sentimentalized, and their creator is very fond of them. Yet this comradely enjoyment of his contemporaries' flippancies often carries over into a frenetic horror of the galvanic, tinselled recklessness of the world that succeeded the war. It was his vibration between these two points of view and his competence in expressing both which made him versatile in spirit as well as in technique.

So that the author of *Hay Fever*, that classic among modern farces, and *Private Lives*, that fond study of hilarious impropriety, is also the author of *The Vortex*, the most neurotic of all the plays about 'the morning after the world war. Beneath his occasional mask of gaiety he is obsessed with the spectacle of post-operative shock as it affects both the elder and the younger generations. Being a birthright member of the society of lost souls, he could not help liking some of its aspects and gaily comprehending what excellent raw material they were for the stage. Yet, being both in and out of sympathy with the 'twenties, he could never avoid nausea when he really looked at what went on round him.

Nausea is the proper word. Anything like detached disapproval or congenital lack of sympathy was necessarily alien to this young man whose catchwords had to be the same as those of the jazz age he was born to. It was conveniently true that he could write songs which the jazz age would like, spin dialogue of the sort it yearned to improvise, tell most of its devotees more than they would ever know in their own right of bars and syncopations and amusing promiscuities. Nevertheless, young Jeremiah had to retire to a corner for a fit of revulsion while the party was still in full career. There he stood, apparently apart, but still committed to the thump and wail of the music, the haze of smoke and alcohol, the short-haired girls with boyish figures, the over-sleek young men. His jaded nerves were still jerking to these stimuli even while he loathed the whole lot; a slightly maudlin frame of mind.

He tried to express his nausea. He kept doing things like the "Dance, Little Lady" number in *This Year of Grace*, a piece of expert expressionism, shiny, artificial, armed with most of the terrors of nightmare and all the obvious qualities of good theatre. But that sort of thing was inconveniently well suited to the stage, and his automatic ability as a showman tripped him up. The little ladies who danced so wearily and painted themselves so horribly were amused to see themselves caricatured, regardless of the artist's motive. The self-consciousness which characterized Mr. Coward's generation batted on being conspicuously hated by one of its own; whence arose that peculiar spectacle, often noted by commentators, of the jazz age taking

Noel Coward to its bosom even while he reviled it, a spectacle that should have served Mr. Max Beerbohm as subject for a drawing. In the United States F. Scott Fitzgerald had the same experience in a smaller way. It was a neurotic world which Noel Coward neurotically loathed. The neurotic is always talking about himself, always dramatizing himself, always guilty of an obscure but overwhelming pride in the symptoms of his complaint. The whole thing, participation, loathing and zest complete, is just what you might expect of the young hero of *The Vortex* if he had gone to London and discovered in himself a high talent for the theatre.

The conventional approach to the problem of post-war behaviour was in terms of individualistic freedom, of the sensitive soul revolting against the outworn taboos of a world that had died in the war. In his apprentice days Noel Coward tried his hand at that sort of thing. *Easy Virtue* might have been a novel by E. M. Forster dramatized by W. Somerset Maugham. Yet by the time the jazz age was in full swing this approach was an anachronism. That was the way the younger generation's elders had looked at things; it dated back to the times when no one had ever heard of shell-shock. It was artificial because it precluded the emotional nihilism, the spiritual sterility, which the younger generation devoutly believed was at the bottom of its iconoclastic antics. Things had mattered intensely to the Forster type of heroine. It has always been Mr. Coward's plaint that nothing mattered at all to the little ladies who danced. The chorus in *Bitter Sweet* sing:

"We've no time to waste on Love Ideals,
That which to our senses most appeals
Is all we can obey."

a bit of rhyme which demonstrates not only that Noel Coward is no Gilbert, but that romance is dead in his world as he sees it. His contemporaries no longer believed in even the successive disillusionments proper to heroines like the heroine of *Easy Virtue*. They insulated themselves against disillusion by denying any possibility of satisfaction. Noel Coward has held no monopoly of capitalizing this phenomenon, but no one else has made it so exclusively his property. He was the showman who has most fully exploited this modern attitude, constantly exhorting the

theatre-going public to step up and view that wonder of the world, the completely case-hardened human being.

Romance might be dead in his world, but it was by no means dead in Noel Coward. It remained as a corroding residue and presently began to eat its way to the surface, appearing first in the mere prettiness of shows like *This Year of Grace*, workman-like musical comedy stuff for a leading lady with a sweet face and a mild soprano. Then, in *Bitter Sweet*, it cropped up as a curious nostalgia after the days when love was love. Here he confronts the younger generation with an operetta romance of the approved type. Being completely panoplied in cocktails, jazz and dancing, they miss the point completely; the ageing heroine's song of love is immediately converted into jazz rhythms and the younger generation exit in the throes of the Charleston. The audience, however, is not allowed to miss the point. A dozen times the distressing contrast between Strauss's spacious days and the degenerate times of Irving Berlin flounces across the footlights into the audience's laps: "You none of you know anything or want anything beyond noise and speed," says Lady Shayne to her young guests, "Your dreams of romance are nightmares, your conceptions of life grotesque." If you dissect away the lavender and old lace from *Bitter Sweet*, you find a young romantic seeking any port in a storm, so bewildered that he is able even to believe that the year 1900 was a thing of candy-box beauty. Before *Bitter Sweet* he might have been mistaken for a moralist; after *Bitter Sweet* it is plain that his outraged feelings were the sequel to his congenital romanticism and he shows unmistakable signs of being a sentimentalist, in spite of his own assertion that his plays display "a distrust of sentimentality amounting to hatred."

He was not yet, however, wholly committed to prettification. In *Post-Mortem* he struck his highest serious note. Appropriately this play is also his finest piece of dramaturgy; he cannot help writing an eminently practicable script even though it will probably never see actual production. A soldier, mortally wounded in the war, dreams in his brief delirium that he returns from the dead in the year 1930. He discovers that what has happened to those who survived him makes him glad to die, rouses in him a complete and sweeping nihilism which commands respect. His fiancée, regarding him from the inevitable back-

ground of cocktails, jazz and dancing, twits him with lack of knowledge: "You haven't yet found out about everything being a bore", she says. His best friend describes things for him as he prepares to commit suicide: "A sort of hopelessness which isn't quite despair, not localized enough for that. A formless, devastated boredom, everything eliminated, whittled right down to essentials which aren't there." The word boredom runs through all of Noel Coward's more serious moments. And so the delirious soldier arrives at his great conclusion: "War was glorious, do you hear me? Supremely glorious because it set men free . . . released them from the sad obligation of life in a Christian world which has not even proved itself worthy of Death. . . . England now can only recognize false glory. Real England died in defeat without pretending it was Victory."

This is the clue to Noel Coward's latest development. The War was the line of cleavage between a world that might have been worth living in and a world of vicious phantasmagoria. By definition such a place is intolerable. The jazz age may serve as anodyne, even for those who loathe it, but not for ever. And with the death of the jazz age the despairing prophet of the younger generation must look about for something else.

He might have looked forward, like so many of his contemporaries, toward some form or other of collectivist future, which might be exciting to build and tolerable in the result. But that again was the procedure recommended by one's elders, Shaw and Wells and Russell, for instance, and so anomalous. The nihilist of *Post-Mortem* could not look hopefully into any future populated by the specious swine that make up the post-war human race, nor could the sentimentalist of *Bitter Sweet* reconcile himself to the grimness of steady contemplation of the economic and social future. The only other way to look was backward, clear to the other side of the cataclysm that sapped the world of significance. He had already played prettily with the notion of a time when young people were still capable of romance. In real earnest he had intruded the patriotic note into the findings of *Post-Mortem*—it was "real England" that died in the war—and now he discovered a belief that pre-war England had been immune to the blight of boredom and contained a large measure of the honesty and leisure he yearned after. In this pre-war

England there had been no night-clubs, no jazz, no doles, no aeroplanes, no cocktails, no demagogic newspapers, no self-conscious promiscuity. On the other hand, there had been plenty of domesticity, horses, gentry, romance, peace and quiet. In *Cavalcade* he takes a definite stand and writes his tribute to that real England. Miniver Cheevy, quite possibly with more excuse, dreamed of Thebes and Camelot and Priam's neighbours.

The showman's instinct stayed at his elbow, of course. *Cavalcade* appeared just when England was buying British and converting the domestic debt and setting up a tariff wall round the Empire. With all the musical and spectacular decorations that this most capable of showmen can devise, the troops embark for the Boer War, Mafeking is relieved, the Queen is buried in impressive pomp, the *Titanic* sinks, the lovable lower classes disport themselves in their charmingly vulgar way, young love and sentimental tragedy mingle themselves just as they would in a world that would not bore Mr. Coward—and then the War, smashing the pretty transparency into such sharp-angled, brittle pieces that all the king's horses and all the king's men throw up their hands in despair. But there is still hope. While the inevitable younger generation sings that it has the Twentieth Century Blues—from the inevitable background of cocktails, jazz and dancing—the ageing heroine drinks a New Year's toast to the return of "dignity and greatness and peace." It is at once an epitaph and a promise of resurrection.

Very likely there is no more truth in it than in most epitaphs. Nor can it contain much more valid hope than most promises of resurrection. But it is the answer that Noel Coward has been looking for ever since he found that his contemporaries frightened as well as bored him. This Jeremiah of the younger generation may be growing older, but he is not necessarily growing up. So long as he was merely wandering about a world of expensive dust and ashes and finding it all barren, he was on tenable ground; but this resort to a past which was, in the memory of half the people now living, no better than it should have been, this idealizing of the smug comforts of imperialism, is hardly to be believed. That, however, does not impair the efficiency of *Cavalcade* as a show; it was a fine parable of this efficiency when American audiences stood up for "God Save the King" at the

end of the film under the impression that it was "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

Only in terms of complete desperation can one account for the fact that the tortured nihilist of *Post-Mortem* threw his whole heart into a patriotic pageant, complete with love interest, brass bands and period costumes. It must have been any port in a storm. Noel Coward merely fell over the Edwardian era and found it would serve, perhaps attracted by the recent discovery that it was quaint. Certainly there can be little doubt that the implications of *Cavalcade* are intended as seriously as the jangling writhings of *The Vortex* and the thorough-going despair of *Post-Mortem*. The only other alternative is the belief that the author had his tongue in his cheek while he wrote, which would make *Cavalcade* both an appalling cynicism and a flat denial of the axiom that no dramatist can move an audience without being moved himself. Mad as it sounds, here are the values of 1905 recommended as an emollient for the blisters and headaches of 1932.

It is difficult as yet even to guess whether or not this moral Fascism, this sentimental hankering after a literal *status quo ante bellum*, means that the English-speaking younger generation is going to turn Fascist in whole or in part. There are undeniable analogies between this sort of thing and the psychological processes which are said to lie behind the spread of the Nazi movement in Germany. It may be more likely that this is the point where Noel Coward parts company with his travelling companions, where he ceases to be the contemptuous spokesman for the generation cut loose from its moorings by the War. But the fact probably is that, as a unit, the younger generation has ceased to matter very much. It has been dead these five years at least, although some of its members do not know it yet. Its component parts have undeniably aged into men and women of thirty-five. Some of them took to drink, others to one form or another of radical social interests, still others really grew up. There may be little pertinence left in either Noel Coward's loathing of the cocktail era or his revulsion from it into the era of feather boas. It is just a little pathetic to see, in *Cavalcade*, that he still thinks in terms of the Charleston when he contemplates the world about him.

TENDENCIES OF THE MODERN NOVEL

III.—AMERICA

BY MILTON WALDMAN

IT is, perhaps, easier to discover tendencies in contemporary American than in English or French literature, because so much of it, and that largely of the best, has been clearly tendentious. One has the impression in England and France of widespread confusion in aim, with so much of the best talent in recent fiction devoting itself, out of a mixture of weariness and uncertainty, to experiment in both subject and form that have little apparent relation with the classic novel in either country. This tendency has already been ably analyzed by my predecessors in this series, and I mention it here only by way of contrast with the post-war development of the novel in America.

Up to and including the early years of this century the American novel was a branch of English literature; truly a branch in that it sucked its nourishment from the same roots and gave forth a similar foliage. Washington Irving might fashion into narrative the native folk-legends, Hawthorne the effect of Puritan political hegemony on New England soil, Melville the intercourse of the mariners of the Eastern seaboard with distant oceans, Mark Twain and Bret Harte the comedy and drama of frontier life; yet, though the setting was American, and hence to an Englishman strange, there was nothing essentially unfamiliar either in the matter or the form. The dialect might be strange, but certainly no stranger than is Thomas Hardy's outside Wessex. As for the substance, the writers were in their outlook, their codes of values, their characteristically English pre-occupation with conduct indistinguishable from their fellow novelists in the Mother Country.

Towards the turn of the century, however, a new and definite note was heard in growing strength and volume. Henry James

and William Dean Howells, Edith Wharton and Theodore Dreiser, different as they were in most respects, found it increasingly inevitable, every time they took up pen, that they should ponder such questions as, "What is an American? What distinguishes him, *qua* American, from other folk, from an Englishman or a European? What are the peculiar conditions of his life, what has nature contributed to his corporate being that differentiates him from them?" Howells and Mr. Dreiser tried to answer these questions by putting their characters against their native background, James and Mrs. Wharton by placing them against the background of European society and culture, but all four were definitely conscious of a difference. Already there was an American problem—almost like a Polish or Irish or Jewish problem—except that it was social instead of political.

Howells and Mr. Dreiser were, as novelists, less accomplished than the other two; yet the ground they ploughed seems to me more fertile than the plots so elegantly cultivated by Henry James and Mrs. Wharton. For how a man lives out his life against his own background is more important, as far as it goes, than how he conducts himself against an alien one, be it ever so rich, subtle and spiritually satisfying. But the most important thing of all, I take it, is for the novelist to reveal that something in the soul of man which is independent of all background. The social setting of his story may provide a sense of reality, a foil for his characters, a *décor* interesting or beautiful in itself, but it cannot assume a position in a great novel of equal importance to the human beings with whose fate he is concerned. Yet I feel that the novelists descending in a line from Howells and Dreiser have in another way limited their goal and consequently their attainment. They were so largely occupied with background that they were at least as much critics of men in mass as creators of men as individuals.

This search for and concentration upon a single broad and elusive thing which may be referred to—unsatisfactorily—as Americanism had, however, its good as well as its bad consequences. It provided significant material, organic form, coherence. Mr. Walpole says that the period since the war in England "has been a period of novels rather than of novelists . . .". and he is probably right. But the statement could not be made

of the same period in America. Sinclair Lewis, Joseph Hergesheimer, Willa Cather, William Faulkner and at least as many others are novelists as distinguished from authors of stray novels. No one would take the work of any one of them for that of anybody else; what each has to say in one book is merely an extension of what he says in all his others, and not a different or unrelated thing; nor did any of them remotely exhaust his creative impulse in any single work.

The appearance of Mr. Sinclair Lewis's *Main Street*, about a year after the war, was a portent, and quite as much for its extraordinary and instant popularity as for what it had to say. His direct forerunner, Mr. Dreiser, had until then been unknown except to a small public and various meddlesome bodies of unofficial censors. *Main Street* was a far more direct and vigorous onslaught on America's crudeness and smugness than were *Jennie Gerhardt* or *The Financier* on its conventionality and corruption, yet it found a thousand readers for every one of theirs. The explanation is not to be found primarily in the quality of the novels themselves—if Mr. Lewis writes better prose than Mr. Dreiser (and that is not saying a great deal), there is far more humanity in *Jennie* than in the heroine of *Main Street*. The reason for the enormous success of the younger author and the neglect of the elder was simply that the former struck the mood of a public arrived at self-consciousness. It was ready, even eager, to hear about itself, to be told, in its own current slang, "where it got off" in the eyes of the author, to learn how the life it had created compared with an ideal or even with that of other societies. Mr. Lewis and those who thought with him (amongst whom Mr. H. L. Mencken, though not a writer of fiction, stood easily first) surveyed America, found her manners, customs and ideals unworthy of the astounding opportunities with which Nature had blessed her, and said so in an unmistakable voice.

A whole school of literature of this sort sprang up, most of whose members are today nearly or wholly forgotten. They had in common a tremendous earnestness, a passion for political and economic reform—many of them, including Mr. Lewis, had at one time or another been disciples of the formidable Mr. Upton Sinclair—and a distaste for the canons of orthodox English prose.

This last deficiency was not altogether a bad thing, in so far as it rose from their desire to report accurately the raucous, uncouth, monotonous noises of the civilization they were castigating; and to that extent it represented a search for truth. These writers also, in their zest, disdained the timorous craving for that tepid uniform good taste in their houses and personal appurtenance which was so provoking a feature of the lives of the classes that rose to luxury; and there was certainly at least more health in the rude, jerky prose poured out by those prophets from the prairies than in the bloodless decorum of the Fifth Avenue Interior Decorator or the guaranteed impeccability of the Chicago mail-order house. Later, however, this prose was to grow self-conscious in its turn and experiment on itself.

Head and shoulders above the mass of social critics who wrote so large a part of America's fiction in the 'twenties towered Mr. Lewis. With all his irrelevant indignation (irrelevant to fiction, that is) at the abuse of the poor by the rich, for all his ungainliness of style, he was a true artist capable of rising to great heights when the poet in him was roused. For he penetrated then beneath the ugly surfaces, which as social novelist he was exploring, and discovered human beings, whom he loved even while he chastised them, as every great satirist does.

He was annoyed because Gopher Prairie failed to resemble architecturally an undefiled Georgian village; that was childish, and in his heart he knew it, for he knew as well as any man that those Georgian villages would never thrive again, even amidst their native wealds and moors, except in the picture books. But if the appearance had gone, the reality might be created anew in a different form. For this the novelist yearned; and he knew that unless it were so Gopher Prairie would drive the last trace of those villages out of the world, to the eternal calamity of the conqueror as well as the conquered. He states his case in a passage which contains an astonishing amount of his essence, his vision as well as his *naïveté*, his awkwardness together with his eloquence:

But a village in a country which is taking pains to become altogether standardized and pure, which aspires to succeed Victorian England as the chief mediocrity of the world, is no longer merely provincial, no longer down and

restful in its leaf-shadowed ignorance. It is a force seeking to dominate the earth, to drain the hills and sea of colour, to set Dante at boosting Gopher Prairie, and to dress the high gods in Klassesy Kollege Klotches. Sure of itself, it bullies other civilizations, as a travelling salesman in a brown derby conquers the wisdom of China and tacks advertisements of cigarettes over arches for centuries dedicated to the sayings of Confucius.

Such a society functions admirably in the large production of cheap automobiles, dollar watches and safety razors. But it is not satisfied until the entire world also admits that the end and joyous purpose of living is to ride in flivvers, to make advertising pictures of dollar watches, and in the twilight to sit talking, not of love and courage, but of the convenience of safety razors.

These critics of America naturally drew their vision of civilization from the past—from Attic Greece, from France and England before industrialization, and by these standards they measured the deficiencies of their own. Yet, paradoxically, what they desired for America was, not that she become less American, but more; they believed that her salvation lay in discovering her essential self through self-examination and a proper appreciation of her past rather than in imitating other societies, whether better by virtue of their age or no. For the United States did have a past and in many respects a splendid one. Ultimately this school became so fired with its new nationalism that its authors and reviewers began to ask of a new literary product not "Is it good", but "Is it American?"

This declaration of literary independence was naturally directed against the country from which political independence had originally been achieved. The language in which novels were written, the traditions upon which they were based, the laws and largely the conventions and customs by which their characters moved, were all English; and so for a considerable time it was felt by a large body of writers that the diminution of English influence and English traits was essential to the attainment of a truly American novel.

This liberation was difficult to arrive at, however, for the most experimental, the most revolutionary writing, like experimental and revolutionary government, must have a starting point even if it does not know where it will in the end arrive. Here, I think, lies the explanation of much that has puzzled the ordinary English reader in recent American fiction; the authors, turning their backs on the recognizable models merely because they were English, dug eagerly for roots that were *not* English.

A great many of the younger American novelists passed their literary apprenticeship in Paris, and it was there that they discovered the alternative influences on their taste and style. France, as in 1778, assisted in the Struggle for Independence. Only this time it was France at one remove, for no writer of fiction in one language can ever really discover a dominant influence in another. Proust, of course, had his effect, as he had on nearly every eager young novelist in the Western world, but the peculiar fascination was exerted by older writers in English who had so long worked and quarrelled with tradition in the French capital that they had evolved types of experiment peculiarly their own—Mr. James Joyce and Miss Gertrude Stein. There was something invigorating and refreshing to young people who had something to say, and were convinced that the traditional significances and associations of the English language were inadequate for saying it, to discover two eminent seniors in letters who were demonstrating that new nuances and combinations were possible with the old words.

The effects of this influence were not only marked in writers who had been directly exposed to it—writers so diverse as Mr. Ernest Hemingway and the usually orthodox Mr. Louis Bromfield, who had long lived in Paris—but spread to others who, like Mr. William Faulkner and Mr. James Cozzens (*vide* his recent novel, *A Cure of Flesh*), have, so far as I know, passed nearly the whole of their lives in the United States. What that effect is will be recognized only by those familiar with the Proust substance *cum* Joyce or Stein method—that sensation of looking at characters a great way off, whose voices and gestures seem remote, yet who are brought physically close to us by a powerful glass which serves simultaneously as a screen between their and our reality. This method is not conducive to popularity, otherwise unfamiliar; and I am inclined to think that one of particularly where the personages and the scene retailed are the most important of contemporary American novelists, Mr. Faulkner, has failed of wide appreciation in this country because so much of his work produces that particular sensation.

Mr. Faulkner has published five novels, all of which are laid in the Southern states, a setting much less well known to English readers than the Eastern or Middle Western. The first impres-

sion that these books convey (apart from their eccentricities of language, to which I shall revert later) is of an intense violence and a close sectionalism. Drunkenness, the most brutish lusts, lunacy and every conceivable crime of blood make up the action of these novels; and one is never permitted to forget that all this passes in one small and restricted locality in the lower basin of the Mississippi River.

Yet, out of violence that is at first sight incredible in its horror and variety, and with characters as grotesque as those of Dostoevsky, Mr. Faulkner has contrived to fashion novels that are as genuinely works of literature as they are unmistakably American. Somehow one believes that all the bizarre sequence of idiocy, incest, suicide and greed of *The Sound and the Fury* are natural to a decadent white family like the Compsons, nurtured on the hatreds and the ruin of the Civil War. All the nightmare of rape and murder in *Sanctuary* is conceivable in a community whose rulers descended from the carpet-baggers. The same is true of *Light in August*, the latest and, I think, the best of Mr. Faulkner's books, for in it many of the crudities of style and of factitious melodrama are ironed out, leaving a novel which is notable for the clarity and subtlety of its narrative and for the unsentimental brooding pity that lights it from within. And in *Sartoris* he shows that he is capable of other moods, a feeling for heroic family memories (such as the reminiscences of the gallant cavalry General Stuart and of the glamour of pre-Rebellion days), which Miss Cather herself could not have surpassed, and of the ability to draw a woman of wit, nobility and breeding in Miss Jenny, one of those characters whose presence in it justifies any work of fiction.

In sum Mr. Faulkner, with less social consciousness and perhaps less absolute genius than Mr. Lewis, has advanced further toward the pure art of the novel which is to be grown in the soil of America. His sectionalism is a virtue rather than a vice—Dickens and Hardy were none the less English for being so narrowly occupied with their respective small corners of England.

His style exhibits a queer mixture of influences. Much of the dialogue is negro, and that part seems to be excellent, including the effect of negro dialect on the speech of whites, both cultured and ignorant. But apart from dialogue he frequently

adulterates his own narrative style with solecisms derived from negro speech. Over and over he uses "like" for "as if" in a way to make one shudder: "He continued that thick movement, like he could neither stop it nor complete it." He invents compounds like a German—"frictionsmooth", "womenvoices". And every now and again he writes a passage which distinctly echoes Miss Stein.

While one school of novelists was subjecting America to a merciless scrutiny and trying to bring her to an understanding of herself, another and equally conspicuous one was withdrawing further and further from the ugliness and turbulence which so fascinated the first, in order to create worlds of romance all their own. The most famous and talented of this school is Miss Willa Cather. Mr. James Branch Cabell and Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer were pursuing similar ends, the one in fable the other in history, but both had reached their maturity earlier. Miss Cather enjoys in her own country a reputation and affection equalled by few novelists in their own lifetime. Her earlier works, *My Antonia* and *One of Ours*, though laid in the Middle West where she was born, showed little of that impulse toward social analysis which was to characterize the novels of that section a few years later, but did already display the acute delicacy of understanding and the exquisite prose which was to distinguish every line she wrote. Perhaps she herself felt that her powers were unsuited to the immediate world about her; at any rate she dedicated them henceforth to the past, and from *The Lost Lady* onward—that little classic of the building of the West—she produced a series of small masterpieces, now laid in the period of the missionaries in the South-west, now in the period of the French domination of Canada, now in the New York of what Miss Wharton calls the Age of Innocence. No American writer of this generation has been more, or more justly, esteemed in England; none is more likely to live.

Yet one cannot help being disturbed by certain symptoms in her latest work. The artistry is still intact, the content becomes ever more ethereal. In these studies of those enchanting men and women that are gone, of beloved causes that are dead, these recreated fragrances of forgotten sentiments and societies, there is a feeling as of the silver waning of the twilight. The texture

is growing thin as an old brocade, though the colours on it remain bright as ever.

If this were true of Miss Cather alone, one might say that it is the natural relaxation of the artist who has passed her prime. But when one recalls the teeming vitality of Mr. Thornton Wilder's *The Cabala* and *The Bridge of San Luiz Rey* and compares them with *The Woman of Andros*, which was equally lovely in language but appreciably lighter in substance, or remembers the inability of Mr. Oliver La Farge to repeat the success of *Laughing Boy* or the gradual decrease in the specific gravity of Mr. Robert Nathan's delightful fantasies, one begins to wonder . . . May it not be a law of literary being in America that the novelist, if his strength is to flourish, must seep himself in the whirling, raucous life about him and go hunting in all possible directions for a means of saying what he feels, no matter how bizarre or ungainly the forms which call him?

Yet, there must always be room in any civilization for the pure artist whose imagination is tempted by the remote in time and space, and whose style is the heir of the best traditions of his mother-tongue; and though it would appear that the tough excogitator of the here and now will have the greater influence on the American novel of the future, yet those lovers of the past have already left that future a precious legacy.

WARSAW RE-VISITED

BY JOHN HALLETT

FEW English tourists visit Warsaw. Distances in Eastern Europe are too great for it to be readily accessible and it contains too few historical or artistic treasures to be a goal in itself. It is on the way to nowhere except Moscow; and the traveller to Moscow—a being *sui generis*—is usually in so much of a hurry on the outward journey to reach his goal, and on the homeward journey to get away from it, that he seldom pauses in Warsaw. Isolated in the middle of a gigantic plain, Warsaw remains virtually immune from the foreign sightseer.

Though not a traveller to Moscow, I happened to find myself, towards the end of this summer, a night's journey from the Polish capital. It would probably never have occurred to me to visit it but for the recollection of a period spent there thirteen years and three months earlier—at a critical moment of Polish history. In those days there had been no tourists and no sight-seeing. Now I wanted to "do" the new Warsaw in an old way. I bought a guide-book entitled *Warsaw Seen in 3 Days*. It was written in the strange pidgin English peculiar to such productions, and designed (one must assume) to amuse as well as to instruct the traveller. It breathed the full aroma of the pushful tourist agency. Thus armed, I set to work.

This was one of the occasions when comparisons are not odious. When I had last been in Warsaw in the early summer of 1920, the enthusiasm roused by the first successes of the Polish campaign against Kiev was at its height. But the greatest possible number of flags—and Poles are naturally lavish of patriotic adornment—could not conceal the plaster that was peeling from the walls of most of the houses. The Europejski Hotel, where I stayed, was dowdy and carpetless, and the brass door-handles and fittings had been replaced, during the German occupation, by a nameless *Ersatz*. You jolted, in dilapidated

old Russian droshkies, along streets in whose better parts the cobbles reminded you of the regular undulations of a swell in the North Sea, and whose worse parts recalled a stricken battlefield. Or you could, if you preferred it, struggle with a teeming and unsalubrious-looking horde for the right to cling by one hand to the already overloaded trams which staggered through the city with their human freight. It was whispered that even these electric trams, sordid and uninviting as they were, were the result of German enterprise. Until the German occupation in 1915, horse trams had been the only form of public transport in Warsaw.

The contrast between May, 1920, and August, 1933, is an imposing one. The principal streets are now as smooth with asphalt as those of any other European capital. The paint of the Europejski Hotel is almost ostentatiously fresh. The trams are spruce and well-run, and have the emblem of Warsaw—an extremely buxom siren—painted on their side; and I have even seen a Polish colonel—by nature the most superior person on earth—riding in one. There are plenty of taxis, rather self-consciously decorated with a border of the Polish colours, red and white; but in Warsaw the horse keeps his place on the streets, and the droshky, still of the ancient pattern though no longer infested with the ancient grime and moth, is a popular mode of conveyance. Both drive recklessly—all Warsaw taxi-drivers have surely been trained in Paris; and the only advantage of the taxi is that the chauffeur will thank you for the exact fare (in few countries outside England do taxi-drivers expect tips, at any rate from their countrymen), while the owner of the droshky will wail the inevitable *Proshche Pan* after you whatever sum you tender. But it is only his little way. If you care to purchase a smile and a touch of the cap, they can be had for an extra nickel.

The one thing that has not changed is the dreadful railway station. It is the same as it was, not only in 1920, but, I should imagine, in 1844, the year (I quote my guide-book with all reserves) of its erection. It is merely an enormous open space with railway-lines running into it and low platforms in between, faced by a spacious, low and shabby waiting room and booking-office. There is, of course, an explanation. Warsaw is a

crowded city where space is scarce ; and it stands well above the level of the Vistula and the railway bridge which crosses it. Some day there will be a magnificent underground station in the centre of the city, and the trains will enter it by a tunnel from the bridge. It is a grandiose scheme. The Poles love grandiose schemes ; and moreover they have a way of getting them through. Meanwhile, the old station stands—or rather squats. And since the railway station is the first sight “ done ” by the tourist in any city (unless he arrives, as I did, too early, too sleepy, and too ill-tempered to see anything), the impression is apt to be unfortunate.

The railway station, the natural starting-point of the tourist, stands on a broad street called the Aleja Jerozolimska. The Aleja Jerozolimska, which despite its name is nowhere near the ghetto, runs straight down to the Vistula and the great Poniatowski Bridge. This magnificent structure, a mile long, has had a chequered career in the past twenty years ; and its story typifies the vicissitudes through which Warsaw has had to pass during that period. It was destroyed by the Russians when they abandoned Warsaw in the summer of 1915, and rebuilt by the German army of occupation, who once more blew it up on their departure in 1918. When I was in Warsaw in 1920 there was still an aching void where the three central spans now stand. Those who think of the crowded Thames and Seine bridges will, however, be less astonished by the dimensions of the Poniatowski Bridge than by the almost complete absence of traffic (as city traffic goes) on it. The Vistula at Warsaw, still 300 miles from the sea, is already so broad that no city—not even the Polish capital with its million inhabitants—can bestride it. Warsaw is virtually confined to the left bank of the river ; one dreary and remote suburb alone mars the rural aspect of the other shore.

The life of Warsaw flows not across the river, but in lines parallel with it. The Marshalkowska, or “ Street of the Marshal”, intersects the Aleja Jerozolimska at the station. It contains most of the big shops, and may be called the Oxford Street of Warsaw. Just off it they are building a sky-scraper which has reached, or will reach when completed—I forget which I was told—sixteen storeys. It is another instance of the taste of the Pole for large-

scale construction and for having the biggest and finest that Europe can show ; though, in Warsaw, with its crowded ground space, there is perhaps some practical justification for skyscrapers.

Nearer to the river than the Marshalkowska, and also parallel to it, is the old main street of the city, the Nowy Swiat. The narrow, always crowded Nowy Swiat, with its little cross streets running downhill to the river, is Warsaw's Strand. In the nineteenth century, when Warsaw was still an overgrown village rather than a city, it was the fashionable street and, with its continuations in each direction, it still forms the main thoroughfare through the city. Like the Strand in former times, it is the link between the old town to the east and the modern, residential West End. (Only that in Warsaw, the “ city ” is north, and the “ west end ” lies to the south.) Though doubtless busier than ever, the Nowy Swiat has about it a distinct air of having seen better days. It is mainly devoted to rather third-rate shops, cinemas and cafés, one or two minor ministries and a surprisingly shabby and dilapidated, at any rate to the outward eye, British Embassy.

Prolonging the line of the Nowy Swiat southwards, you soon reach Warsaw's Avenue du Bois, with large mansions on your right and pleasant gardens and parks on your left. One of the latter contains what must surely be the most remarkable monument in Europe. It is a statue of Chopin, on whose unresisting brow a weeping willow, with outstretched branch, is depositing a wreath. You are just wondering which decade of nineteenth century bathos produced this strange aberration when you read with amazement from the inscription that it was erected less than ten years ago. The Poles themselves are a little ashamed of this monument, and will explain that its erection was mainly due to the fact that the sculptor was not only an artist but a distinguished patriot. This is not the only occasion, nor is Poland the only country, where a certain mutual antipathy may be detected between patriotism and taste.

And so you come at length to the Belvedere Palace, built in the classical style of the early nineteenth century for the Grand Duke Constantine, brother of Alexander I of Russia, and now the residence of Marshal Pilsudski. The exterior is plain,

dignified and unassuming; the interior is, naturally, barred to the visitor. Behind it is the luxuriant and delightful Belvedere Park, which contains two eighteenth century palaces of the Kings of Poland—the smaller and more pleasing of them appropriately called “the White House”, in view, no doubt, of the embarrassments which its tenants suffered from an undisciplined Senate of Polish nobles. The guide-book describes it as “representing the pure Stanislas August style”. I am not enough of an historian to judge whether the epithet can be properly applied to King Stanislas Augustus; but it hardly suits the architecture, which belongs to the school of Versailles. On the way back to the centre of the town the visitor can, by making a detour, pass the Parliament House. Not all public buildings in Warsaw are beautiful, but most of them are imposing. The Parliament House is neither beautiful nor imposing, and might pass for a barracks or a technical school. Something of its drab ordinariness seems to have communicated itself to its inmates, whom the Marshal treated in so Cromwellian a fashion. You can visit Warsaw, and even spend some time there, without its ever occurring to you that a Polish Parliament exists.

But the genuine historical associations of Warsaw are to be found in the northern quarter of the city—and not all those associations are ancient. The Nowy Swiat is continued northwards by a street called “The Cracow Suburb”—a name going back to a time before it was even a street; and on the left (away from the river) you soon come to an enormous open space which has recently been christened “Pilsudski Square”. And thereby hangs a tale. When in 1920 I stayed at the Hotel Europejski, whose windows command the Square, I looked on to a massive Russian cathedral of blue and terra-cotta brick with gigantic gilded domes. Shortly afterwards it was decided to remove this eye-sore to Polish national pride. The work was not easy—so solid was the structure—and it occupied two or three years. But by 1924 the engineers and the Artillery between them had completed the task, and conferred on the city one of its too few empty spaces. I do not think that any one who has travelled round the fringes of old Russia will be tempted to treat the demolition of this and other similar Russian cathedrals (as some English papers have in the past attempted to do) as an

act of sacrilege. No religious motive presided at their erection, and they had few religious associations. They were the symbols, and in part the instruments, of Russian rule over alien races; and you cannot be surprised that, when those races obtained their freedom, they made haste to tear down these symbols of bondage.

Across the Square from the hotel is an archway (it is relatively modern, but you can think of the Horse Guards in Whitehall) connecting the Headquarters of the General Staff with the Ministry of Foreign Affairs; and under the arch reposes the Polish Unknown Soldier honoured by a perpetually burning light. The only other place where I have seen the light used for this purpose is at Kovno, the capital of Lithuania. Stories differ as to which country borrowed the device from the other; but it is, in any event, an example—less rare than logical people would like to believe—of arch-enemies imitating each other. Personally, I found this method of honouring the dead not so much solemn as oppressive. The human mind accommodates itself with difficulty to the idea of perpetual motion; and I did not envy the two sentries with fixed bayonets appointed to stand and watch, for hours on end, this eternally flickering flame.

You pass under the arch to reach the Saxon Gardens, the only park in the central district of Warsaw, and surely the most frequented park in the world. Although it is liberally supplied both with benches and with chairs (not as comfortable as Mr. Shanly's, but they will pass), you will have the greatest difficulty on a fine summer day in finding a seat. The company is democratic, not to say mixed. Cheek by jowl with children and their mothers or nurses who might have come straight from the Champs-Élysées, you will find the outpourings of the Warsaw slums, not to mention scores of those politely importunate Polish beggars—mostly children, I regret to say—who fasten on you like a swarm of mosquitoes, and who cannot be dislodged by any weapon at the disposal of the foreign tourist. Thinking the native might be cannier, I asked a Polish friend how he dealt with them. He seemed surprised at the question, and admitted that he had never thought of any other technique except to buy them off with a few grosch—representing an invisible

fraction of a penny. After all, the Poles have not been brought up on English history, and cannot be expected to know what happened more than a thousand years ago, when we treated the Danes—on a more expensive scale—in the same manner.

I have already mentioned the ghetto. It is not mentioned in any guide-book, and you will find your Polish friends chary of directing you to it. You get the feeling that it is a kind of skeleton in the cupboard, to which it is tactless to refer in the presence of the family, and about which you have to enquire furtively of someone else in order to find out the truth. I cannot imagine why. It seems to me one of the "sights" which does infinite credit to Warsaw and to Poland. It is, so far as the outward eye can see, a thoroughly clean, orderly and law-abiding section of the city. Its lay-out is somewhat surprising to the foreigner. The streets in the older parts of Warsaw (of which this is one) are set peculiarly far apart, and between them run deep courtyards surrounded by thickly populated tenements. These courtyards in the ghetto are veritable Jewish cities, into which no Gentile can penetrate without a vivid consciousness of his foreign status. You have the feeling of being plunged into an alien and infinitely old world of which something more than the language is strange to you. Throughout the week these courtyards and the streets which give access to them are filled with busy, chattering, gesticulating life. On the Sabbath everything is still. Every shop is shut; on one of the principal streets of the quarter even the tramway service is suspended. Here and there, from behind closed shutters, proceeds the unearthly wailing of the Jewish religious rite. On other days the ghetto is merely a section of the ordinary life of Warsaw; on the Sabbath there is something uncanny about this dead, silent city within a city.

I have kept to the last the gem of Warsaw—the one survival of the medieval city. The "Old Square" lies about half a mile to the north of the "Pilsudski Square" (you pass on the way the well-proportioned but otherwise uninteresting Castle, the official residence of the President of the Republic), and is, like it, the product of a demolition. Only in this case the demolition took place in the 16th century and the building sacrificed was a medieval convent. The square is surrounded by what the

guide-book calls "well preserved middle-age houses", which vary in date from the fifteenth to the seventeenth centuries. They once belonged to successful Warsaw traders, many of whom boasted a Scandinavian origin. The effect recalls that of the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville at Brussels or the old market squares in some of the German Hanseatic towns, except that the brighter colours here (rather too conscientiously restored) present a slightly exotic effect and remind us that we are several hundred miles further east.

You cannot sight-see all night as well as all day; and in Warsaw, which is at the extreme eastern limit of central European time (corresponding to our Summer Time), night falls early. When I was there, it was already dark by eight o'clock. "At the evening: The Great Theatre for opera or balet" advised the guide-book. The Great Theatre is unhappily closed in summer, but on the last evening I found a theatre doing a revue. It was a good mixed show in which one did not lose too much by ignorance of the language. For the Grand Finale, the back-cloth represented the port of Gdynia far too crowded with Dreadnoughts for safe navigation, and the whole company, including the "Girls" and the comic Jew, recognizably attired as sailors (though carrying rifles), chanted with tremendous verve a chorus which gave its title to the revue and meant, I gathered, "Forward to the Sea!" A friend who was with me told me that he had seen the same turn in Posen three years ago, so it is perhaps a stock act which managers keep in cold storage for the silly season. It might have been done with the same enthusiastic applause at the Old Middlesex in the last decade of Good Queen Victoria, or even at the Coliseum in the days of "We Want Eight". If this is Polish chauvinism, it does not look very dangerous. It merely strikes the *blasé* occidental as a trifle old-fashioned.

After the show I went straight to the railway station. I had decided to return to England by sea via Gdynia, spending the day in Danzig on the way. Having discovered or remembered that Gdansk was Polish for Danzig, I thought I should have no difficulty in finding my train. After five minutes' vain search I got flustered, gave it up, and appealed to a porter. I was standing within a yard of the right platform. The signboard

indicated that the train was going to Iłowo and Mława, Polish townlets this side of Danzig, and Gdynia and Hel, the Polish sea-board towns beyond it. Not one of these places has, at the most generous estimate, one-tenth of the population of Danzig. But a Polish train is too proud to admit in public that it is going to Danzig—or even to Gdansk. You must ask a porter who, strange to say, will confess the shameful truth without a blush. So I left Warsaw, a prey after all to some of those political reflexions which I had been determined to eschew during my visit.

PRELUDE

BY CONRAD AIKEN

Watch long enough, and you will see the leaf
Fall from the bough. Without a sound it falls :
And soundless meets the grass. . . . And so you have
A bare bough, and a dead leaf in dead grass.
Something has come and gone. And that is all.

But what were all the tumults in this action ?
What wars of atoms in the twig, what ruins,
Fiery and disastrous, in the leaf ?
Timeless the tumult was, but gave no sign.
Only, the leaf fell, and the bough is bare.

This is the world : there is no more than this.
The unseen and disastrous prelude, shaking
The trivial act from the terrific action.
Speak : and the ghosts of change, past and to come,
Throng the brief word. The maelstrom has us all.

EBB AND FLOW

A Monthly Commentary

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

SIR JOHN SIMON'S gift of lucidity is a national asset which, since he is Foreign Secretary, becomes an international one. It says much that in the debate of November 7th he was encouraged to lengthen a speech which had already filled three columns of *The Times*. The House of Commons also proved once more its use as a platform where authoritative exposition can be given in the presence of authoritative criticism. As a result, this country knows where it stands up to the present ; and so do the other countries affected. We know what the Locarno obligations mean, and there is no indication of authoritative support for the desire to recede from them.

Nevertheless, very grave questions remain unanswered. Locarno pledges the countries involved to joint action by any one of them if the frontiers of Germany, Italy, France, and Belgium are violated. None of these contingencies is in sight. But the pledge also binds its signatories to maintain the demilitarization of the Rhineland. A breach of this obligation is much less remotely conceivable. Suppose that a complaint is lodged either by Belgium or by France, or by both ; England will be pledged to action only if the Council of the League of Nations decides unanimously that a breach has been committed. England being a permanent member of the Council can by its vote at any time prevent unanimity, and therefore can avoid the obligation. But Italy can also, by similar action, relieve not only itself but England of covenanted obligation—even if the voice of England in the Council has declared that steps have been taken to militarize the zone. Thus the security given to France and Belgium in this vital matter is much less absolute than it sounds ;

and if the case arose, we may be very sure that the propaganda which has been at work to get rid of the obligations which Locarno imposed would be loud-voiced in proclaiming that the Rhineland was none of England's concern.

There is really no use in saying that we ought to assume that Germany will feel honourably bound to abide in this matter, or any other, by its pledges given since the war.

**Where
Germany
Stands**

We in Ireland have been taught of late by accepted leaders to deny the binding force of contracts entered into by nations under duress ; and individually Irishmen are not less scrupulous than Germans. All these later guarantees will be considered by Germany in relation to the over-riding consideration of military necessity ; and there is no doubt where Germany stands in that matter. Military necessity does not begin when war breaks out ; on that plea, Germany prepared and organized in peace-time the invasion of Belgian territory. Germany, as a nation, broke the covenant between civilized nations and let loose poison gas (the world of today seems to have forgotten how monstrous a disloyalty that seemed), and though she acted in war time, the pledge which she broke was given in perfect freedom. In face of those examples, who is going to doubt that Germany will deliberately evade, so far as can be done with impunity, all the pledges which may be plausibly represented as having been extorted by force ? For it is impossible to deny that the Germany of today is at least as militarist in temper as the Germany of 1914 ; and if there were nothing else to go on, the treatment accorded to Mr. Panter, a journalist imprisoned simply for stating that he saw a public parade of armed men, is conclusive that the present rulers of Germany desire (even to the point of absurdity) to keep Europe in the dark.

What then emerges from the debate ? Certainly some assurance to an electorate which had been led to believe that England might be involved in another continental war, by the operation of a covenant, without her consent. But the assurance so given to the electors of East Fulham is anything but gratifying to the nations of Europe. England stands steadfastly by the League of Nations ; she rejects the idea of isolation, but is regretfully

being driven to abandon the hope of inducing general disarmament by example. Mr. Lansbury, indeed, holds that this policy can be pushed still further, up to complete disarmament ; but then he commits his party to the view that there must be an international police force. Is it to be armed with batons ? Mr. Henderson abstains from saying anything ; he wraps himself in a Genevan gown, and reserves utterance for some international pulpit. But he probably may agree with Sir John Simon that the essential thing to do is to keep pegging away at an agreement for the limitation of armament.

Nothing could be more clear-sighted than the Foreign Secretary's survey of the past ; but he turns no searchlight on the future. It was stated repeatedly in his presence during the debate that Germany is re-arming and will continue to re-arm in despite of everybody ; he does not discuss what England's attitude will be in face of that ; or rather, he leaves it to be inferred that England will do nothing to prevent this re-arming, though she will certainly not sanction it by consent. The conclusion to which I at least feel myself drawn is that the efforts of Europe are being misapplied. For one thing, in this prolonged controversy, all the issues are perplexed and clouded. Half of England seems to think that England and the other nations bound themselves to disarm when they had disarmed Germany. The truth is, of course, as Sir Austen Chamberlain pointed out, that when the letter of M. Clemenceau was written which held out hopes of a general reduction, " no member of the British Government responsible for the Treaty of Versailles contemplated that the limitation of armaments could be of such a character as to reduce the victors to the level of disarmament which was imposed upon the vanquished". The French, of course, were no more likely to think of such a thing than the Germans would have been, if victory had been theirs. Yet today it is hopeless to labour towards eradicating this false impression, and at every discussion on armaments, Germany will be vociferously claiming a right the existence of which will be vociferously denied. There is no likelihood of agreement in such conditions. Again, a very able letter from Sir John Thornycroft to *The Times* raises the ques-

tion : what constitutes disarmament ? What are the armament firms whose suppression is demanded ? All industrial equipment can be converted to the purposes of modern war (he gives half a dozen instances) ; is it proposed to control industrial equipment ? Yet, given general disarmament, the most powerfully organized industrial nation would have a crushing military superiority, provided that it maintained in its population the habit of military discipline.

The way out does not lie along these lines. Moralists will tell us, quite truly, that the true method is to get rid of the will to war ; and up to a certain point the League of Nations has done this—a fact of which very insufficient account is taken. For both in France and England a disposition has been generated to regard war as uncivilized and degrading, and to this extent both the nations are handicapped to a formidable degree in their dealings with Germany, even in time of peace. On the other hand, the spread of this influence has led to peaceable arrangements among groups of the smaller States. Contrast what has happened since 1919 with what passed among the victors after Turkey's defeat in 1912 when Serbia, Greece, and Bulgaria flew at each other like quarrelling dogs. But today the Little Entente—not all of whose members were Allies—has been consolidated, while Greece and Turkey, recent enemies, have made friends. Broadly speaking, in most of Europe today the will to war has been replaced by the will to fight if you cannot avoid it. But I do not think that any one would hold this to be true of Germany, any more than it is of Japan.

One illusion that should be disposed of is the belief that all the trouble lies between France and Germany. It is true that Germany's anger is chiefly directed against France, but very largely because France will not allow her to enforce her will by threats upon her eastern neighbours. It is equally true that France is impelled to this task of protection by fear of what would happen later if Germany got a free hand in the East. But suppose France and Germany made friends, on the basis of letting Germany rectify the Treaty of Versailles to her own liking, what then ? What would be the honourable position of

England ? and where would be the League of Nations which, sickly as it is, stands for a forward movement in civilization ?

On the whole the lesser Powers have been kept out of war because the Great Powers let them understand (through the League) that none would be allowed to gain advantage by war. When the will to war has assumed, as in Germany, the guise of an enthusiastic religion, the one way to meet it is to set up a solid opposition. The present loose voluntary organization of all connected with the League gives to Germany (as it gave to Japan) the hope of driving wedges between the various Powers—just as in the old days baron could be estranged from baron, clan from clan ; and the result is that any one Great Power may find the whole burden cast on its shoulders. Let us admit that the alternative—the international police force, recommended by Mr. Lansbury—presents great difficulties. Yet the French, who are a serious people, want it ; and it is at least a new line of approach.

The central problem is : deliverance from fear, which in its different aspects hag-rides European nations. I believe, however, that there are other lenitives which could be applied, without making new wounds, to the discontent of members of what is, after all, our common civilization. Nothing rankles so much as a sense of injustice, and (to leave Germany aside for the moment) Hungary feels this. In the *Revue de Hongrie* M. Gratz, once Minister for Foreign Affairs, puts with very temperate reasoning one of her grievances, which unhappily are neither few nor slight—and still more unhappily, not easily redressed. But since, by the consent of nations, Hungary is a free country, a monarchy by its own free choice, is it reasonable that Hungary should be debarred from choosing a king in accordance with its traditional allegiances ? What proportion of Hungarians desire to choose a Habsburg, I cannot say ; but probably many more than would look elsewhere. Yet in effect Europe warns them against their choice. When the spokesman of Czechoslovakia emphasizes the danger of altering boundaries, we are bound to listen, because we are all aware of the inevitable difficulties ; but it is another matter when the Little Entente tells Europe that the Habsburgs must be for ever excluded from their old throne.

The Heart of the Problem

The Will to Peace—and War

After all, is it commonsense? Would Germany's neighbours today have more to fear if a Hohenzollern instead of Herr Hitler were in command? Personages who inherit the old dynastic tradition inherit with it a strong dose of prudence. Their nationalism is likely to be a less rampant order than will be found in the man whom some violent popular wave of feeling has lifted to the top.

Moreover, this is the sort of thing which can be settled quietly. It would be splendid, of course, if we could have a general assize of Europe at which the whole settlement of 1919-1920 could be peaceably reviewed and revised; but there is no need to describe in advance how such an enterprise would turn out; an international football match in which after some fierce collision the crowd invades the field and hunts the referee would be a mild image to evoke. Yet France, England, and Italy acting together, could easily bring pressure that would silence all opposition to such satisfaction to the mind of Hungary—if it were no more than public declaration of Hungary's entire freedom to choose.

Dangers of Revision

About Germany the case is not so simple; but one of her grievances is seldom mentioned in England, perhaps because the redress rests mainly in English hands. But in a letter to *The Times* from Cambridge, Mr. J. H. Watson states his conclusions from eighteen months spent mostly in German universities. "If", he says, "the insulting clauses of the 1919 dictation declaring Germany responsible for the war, and morally unfit to have colonies, were struck out on our initiation now, it would be acclaimed as a victory for Hitler's tactics, but it would cause a change of heart". I do not myself see how we can alter the verdict on responsibility, but the other matter is different. No honest man will, I think, argue that the mandated territories in Africa are withheld from Germany because of any moral defect in her; it would be inconvenient and disagreeable to give them up; and the same is true for the French in Togoland. The price of peace would be appreciable. Yet when Baron von Neurath, in his violent attack on the League, declared that the Colonial mandate system was "only a disguised form of annexation", his phrase had an unpleasant ring of truth.

One thing, at all events, is certain. The country is disquieted and does not know where it is going; sick to death of conferences which lead to no results. What is worse, politicians in Europe exaggerate the significance of East Fulham and the subsequent gains of Labour at the municipal elections. Frenchmen talk about "a country of weathercocks", and are none the less perturbed at our instability because they have just upset M. Daladier. But it is true that a change of Ministers there means very little alteration in general policy—as is proved by the fact that M. Daladier remains in the new administration, and is at the War Office, keeping his eye on the frontier defences which he inspected at the moment when Herr Hitler was electrifying countless thousands in Nuremberg. M. Sarraut is not very firmly seated; and there are predictions of rapidly successive Cabinets, which may end with M. Daladier back at the head of a National *bloc*—or possibly M. Tardieu—or some man who can give confidence. For the moment, however, M. Sarraut has passed through a dangerous crisis, thanks to a remarkable and very moving appeal. He is an orator, as last May a large company in London had the chance to perceive, when he was the guest of the African Society, and said felicitously that Africa had made rivals of the French and English and then turned them into collaborators; for the *entente cordiale* had its beginnings in Africa. He went on (in a singularly interesting speech published in the Society's *Journal*) to compare the French attitude and the English towards the native races in lands where they exercise European rule. But the pivot of all he had to say was, that the collaboration of England and of France was "the fundamental element of freedom and security for the world". If one adds to this that the orator hailed Mr. Kipling (who was present) as "*le plus grand écrivain colonial de notre temps*", and showed an unaffected delight in thanking him for the "lifelong companionship of Kim and Mowgli", it will be seen that M. Sarraut is the kind of Frenchman to whom Englishmen may cordially wish a full share of influence and fame. But whether he retains office, or falls, there will be no essential change in French policy. To replace the National Government here by a Labour one, as presumably East Fulham desires, would mean change with a vengeance.

France and
M. Sarraut

In England we should note that recent perturbations have added a name to the list of rising politicians who count. Mr.

Anthony Eden Affairs, carries more weight than any man who has exercised that office since Sir Edward Grey.

Before Grey, still within memory, though it is over fifty years ago, there was Dilke ; but as Mr. Garvin's great book on Chamberlain will have reminded readers, Dilke's position was won before he got office, and only the Queen's prejudice against his very abstract preference for a Republic decided that he should not be in Gladstone's Cabinet of 1880. Neither Grey nor Dilke was much older than Mr. Eden when he held office (Grey, I think, was younger), but each of them had the field of foreign affairs to himself in the House of Commons, his chief being in the Lords. Mr. Eden has necessarily been always second fiddle to a most accomplished leader ; and it is proof of the importance now attached to foreign affairs that under these conditions he has been able not only to earn but receive such general recognition.

America at last sends news which can be understood by the ordinary non-stockjobbing intelligence. Mr. Roosevelt has accepted another "token payment" on account

America of the debt and observed (with a handsomeness that is characteristic of him) that he at least does not consider Great Britain to be in default. This comes very near to an admission that the debt due in equity cannot be assessed by the figure nominally due. But as for attempting to settle such a matter, Mr. Roosevelt's hands are much too full. He—as incarnating the United States—is said to be buying gold ; a staggering announcement, since they were supposed to have already embarrassing quantities of it. But it is a new plan for making the wheels of commerce go round. He began by telling them that they must—and that they would, if everybody shouted loud enough together. Everybody did shout ; but the machine rattled, back-fired, and did everything it should not. Nearly all the experts who have been teaching Europe to manage European affairs have been recalled to take charge. It would be an insult to offer sympathy. One can reflect that a millionaire who has muddled away his money and does not know where to

look for fifty pounds, seldom in practice falls below the champagne standard or drives in anything less distinguished than a Rolls-Royce.

The trouble with America has been, of course, extravagant economic nationalism. They would not buy anything from Europe but those things which Europe (except the happy seller) would rather not see exported ; **Economic Nationalism in Excelsis** from first folios up to historic portraits—of which the Holbein Henry VIII is likely to be a new example. On the other hand America has been tolerably exempt from the much more ravaging pest of ultra-nationalism in education. Here (and for that matter in economics also) vice is the perversion of a virtue, and a perversion very hard to avoid. I have been reading a thirty-year-old book by Maurice Barrès called *Les Amitiés Françaises*, admirable for the luminous beauty of its style, which is mated with much tenderness and beauty of thought. It sets out the effort of a French father to form his son's mind by those images and suggestions which are most proper to evoke response. For, he says, "you can only give to a man what he has already"—quicken into life what lies latent in the untilled soil. Loveliness of landscape will have more power on a boy if his fathers have felt it before him ; its historic associations will stir the memory of depths that they plumbed, heights that they attained to. There must be a kindliness in teaching ; a child must be given the contacts in which he will learn where his nature can count on friends. It reminded me of a very different book, Mr. L. A. G. Strong's novel, *The Garden*, which describes the growth of an Irish boy bred in England who knows Ireland only in his holidays. Here there is no purpose of education suggested ; the response, like the stimulus, is undesigned ; but the end is a divided allegiance, for the *amitiés* engendered first, perhaps, by the outlook from a garden across Killiney towards Bray Head (no one has ever painted so well as Mr. Strong the intricate beauty of these scenes) are reinforced by instincts that in the child answer at once to the whole Irish way of life, and that in the growing boy lead to revolt against English criticism of it.

But Mr. Strong (unlike so many other Irish writers) is only concerned with the *amitiés*; he lets the *inimitiés* alone. M. Barrès cannot, even by the nature of his purposes; he is training a young Lorrainer to be for ever thinking of *la Revanche*. Well, that has come, as M. Barrès encouraged a child to believe, in 1903, that come it would. France has the reward of her most remarkable achievement. The spiritual *amitiés* which her rule generated in a century and a-half were strong enough to resist all that Germany could do in nearly half a century of control, with very strong *amitiés* of language and of blood ready to be evoked in their so largely German-speaking provinces. It must have been true that as M. Barrès said, these expatriated Frenchmen (perhaps because they were Franks, not Teutons) retained their common inheritance in "the mysterious forest of the dreams of their race". How much more this image suggests a German affinity than a Gallic one; yet, he could say, "When a word of French is heard, *'il y a un bruissement de toute l'âme'*"—every leaf in the soul rustles. Europe has half a dozen Alsace-Lorraines today. Can Italy, can Poland, can Czechoslovakia accomplish in the twentieth century what France brought to pass in the eighteenth? Can they create a new and lasting spiritual allegiance among citizens drawn towards another centre by old bonds of culture and of speech? Not so easily, for the idea of nationality is formidably in the ascendant nowadays; and the worst is that nobody knows clearly how the French did it. (They even repeated the achievement in Savoy: not many realise that Garibaldi was born in Nice, by birth an Italian.) All we know is that the thing can be done; and also, that a powerful and highly civilized people can fail in doing it, as the Germans failed in Alsace-Lorraine, and the English in Ireland. The problem is to capture the imagination. And, at a glance over Europe, we can well believe that President Masaryk, who has just been celebrating the completion of fifteen years' quiet achievement, may create *amitiés* more binding than Chancellor Hitler, for all his well-staged descents from aeroplanes and blare of loudspeakers.

Alsace-
Lorraine



ILLUSTRATIVE DECORATION

by R. H. WILENSKI

LE MORTE DARTHUR, by Syr Thomas Malory. From the unique copy of the edition printed by Wynkyn de Worde in A.D. MCCCCXVIII now in the Rylands Library, Manchester. *Shakespeare Head Press*. Two vols. Half leather, £9 9s.; whole leather, £9 15s.
THE REVELATION OF SAINT JOHN. With wood engravings by Blair Hughes-Stanton. *Gregynog Press*. £6 6s.
EREWON, by Samuel Butler. With wood engravings by Blair Hughes-Stanton. *Gregynog Press*. £3 3s.
THE JEW OF MALTA, by Christopher Marlowe. With wood engravings by Eric Ravilious. *Golden Hours Press*. £2 12s. 6d.
STORIES FROM THE BIBLE, by Walter de la Mare. With wood en-

gravings by John Farleigh. *Faber & Faber*. 7s. 6d.

THE FARMERS' YEAR. Written and engraved by Clare Leighton. *Collins*. 10s. 6d.

FLORENTINE NIGHTS, by Heinrich Heine. Illustrated with pen drawings by Frederick Carter. *Gerald Howe*. 8s. 6d.

BLACK ON WHITE: An arbitrary Anthology of fine Drawing, by Arnold Haskell. *Arthur Barker*. 8s. 6d.

UP THE ATTIC STAIRS. Written and illustrated by Violet M. Macdonald. *Constable*. 7s. 6d.

A REMEDY FOR SEDITION (1536). Reprinted for the first time with a Foreword by E. M. Cox. *The Golden Hours Press*. £1 1s.

THE illustrator's art is a more complicated matter than we sometimes suppose. When we say, for example, that the illustrator may set out to decorate, or to illustrate, or to combine these two procedures, we have done no more than name his activities. Of the three activities, pure decoration is, of course, the simplest. The decorator can work in relative detachment from the text of the book which he is decorating; he need only know the size of the page and the character and area of the type; he can work, that is to say, as Holbein worked when he drew the Cupid-laden frame which contains the title of *A Remedy for Sedition* now before me, a

frame which might have done service for any number of other titles, and which had, in fact, served for an edition of Chaucer in 1532—a few years before the original edition of *A Remedy for Sedition*. The illustrator who thus sets out purely to decorate, stands resolutely the whole time within his own domain; he seeks no contact with his neighbour, the author, or with the product of his neighbour's land. But the illustrator who sets out to illustrate is engaged in a more complex activity, because he is concerned to produce images which are partly the author's creation and partly his own. And the illustrator who sets out both

to illustrate and decorate is engaged in a still more complex activity, because the fruit, as it were, which he aims at producing, is to contain the maximum virtue of his own land and of the land owned by his neighbour the author.

Theoretically, the ideal condition would seem at first glance to be that which occurs in *The Farmers' Year* and *Up the Attic Stairs* among the books before me. For in both these cases the authoress has made her own illustrations, so that text and illustrations—in so far as both are original—are the product of one body of experience and of one spirit. But against this we have to set the ancient truism that two heads are better than one (unless the owners of the heads are at loggerheads), because one body of experience and one human spirit may be spiritually fertilized by contact with other experience and other spirits.

The decorator who treats the text like a Victorian child, to be seen and not heard, or at best allowed to speak only when spoken to, evades most of the illustrator's problems and limits the range of his possible achievements. The illustrator, who completely subordinates his own art to the author's, and makes himself thereby the author's agent, similarly excludes himself from the full possibilities of this art. It is only the illustrative decorator—who faces all the difficulties, who desires to create in contact with the author's mind, experience, and spirit, who desires to take from the author as much as he gives, and to give as much as he takes—who can compass the full possibilities of illustration.

This attitude of the illustrative decorator provides the ideal condition for the perfect work.

But this perfect collaboration between text and illustrative-decoration is very rarely, of course, achieved. In most cases the illustrative decorator uses the

text as an excuse for recording certain aspects of his own experience; in most cases he says to the spectator: "This passage calls up this pictorial image in my mind, and I don't care a button whether the author had a similar image in his mind or not."

Of the books before me, some are reprints of old books with reprints of old illustrations; others represent the modern style in English illustrative decoration; others again are illustrated by artists who are not concerned with the modern style. *Le Morte D'Arthur* produced by the Shakespeare Head Press, is the most impressive example of the first class; to handle this book with its scarlet leather binding and its scarlet and black text and its reprints of old woodcuts is a precious pleasure; and it is a precious pleasure, also, to read it—since old English of all periods has its charm. *The Revelation of Saint John*, with wood engravings by Blair Hughes-Stanton, is the outstanding volume in the group representing the modern style in illustrative decoration. In this elegant and emotive book the setting of the type and the decorative effect of the drawings join forces to arrest the spectator and arouse his emotions; and I feel here a union also between the image-content of the text and the images set down by the artist. Confronted, however, with the edition of *Erewhon*, produced by the same press and illustrated by the same artist, I feel that the imaginative experience recorded is nine-tenths the artist's experience and only one-tenth Butler's.

These books, illustrated by Blair Hughes-Stanton and those illustrated by John Farleigh and Eric Ravilious (*Stories from the Bible* and *The Jew of Malta*), must be considered in relation to the general principles of the modern style in illustrative decoration. Technically speaking, that style is based on the technique of wood engraving. The wood

engraver works not with black on white, but with white on black; and with the aid of modern tools he can whiten his blacks into a variety of greys with different textures. He is thus beset by certain difficulties peculiar to this medium. As his ground is black—and there is no question of covering it over, as in oil painting, but only of cutting into it with white—his first problem is how to use black in the same way that the draughtsman, who draws in black on white paper, uses white, i.e., not as a colour, but as a symbol for space and a symbol for light.

This point is of central importance for the understanding of this new style in English illustrative decoration. In wood engraving, if the artist wishes to draw a figure in outline, he cuts a white outline on the black ground, and the effect is as though he had drawn the outline with white chalk on a black-board. If he wants to give the figure some solidity, he has choice of three procedures: he can either add more white lines within the outline to symbolize interior forms, a process which in the end will convert the black figure into a grey or white one on the black back-

ground; or he can leave the figure black and cut white all round it, so that a measure of solidity is obtained by the black silhouette against the white background; or he can combine the two procedures in various degrees. The wood engraver, who has the sense of this medium—the artist, that is to say, who can justify his selection of a medium



From *Stories from the Bible*.

which works essentially with white on black—will be very shy of the second and third procedures, because both tend to result in effects of black on white, in effects, that is, which might have been achieved by other and less laborious means—by drawing on paper, for example.

The basic problem in wood engraving, as I have said, is to produce a picture in which black appears as a conventional means of suggesting space and light, and *not* as a colour or a symbol for darkness; and this problem includes the use of white as a conventional means of suggesting form and *not* as a colour or as a symbol for space or light. The wood engraver's world is a world where both space and light are black. The moment he departs from this concept and conceives a world where either space or light are white, he is false to his chosen medium.

The dual problem does not arise as long as the design is restricted to white outlines on a black ground. For the spectator is here confronted with a perfectly consistent language, and as soon as he understands it, he can understand everything said in it; and no difficulty arises as long as the artist never uses white as a colour or to suggest light. But the moment the artist uses white to suggest the colour white, then black becomes the colour black by automatic attraction; if he makes a piece of drapery appear white (or, of course, grey) in colour, then the figure wearing it instantly becomes a negro or a negress, or at any rate a figure with a black skin, unless all the undraped parts of the figure are also cut into white. And the moment the artist uses white to suggest light, then black becomes a symbol for shade; if, for example, he uses white to suggest light on a shoulder, the whole of the rest of the figure becomes enveloped in a tone, which the spectator automatically interprets as an

effect of light, because the moment white is used anywhere in the picture to suggest light, all the white in the picture tends to have that significance.

Thus it comes that when a wood engraver cuts white all round a figure and also cuts an effect of light on the shoulder—as Clare Leighton has done, for example, in the man with a scythe which ornaments her title page—the result is the effect of a figure in shadow against light. A silhouette of this kind—whatever its merits may be as a drawing—is a kind of negation of the wood engraver's art, because it asks us to accept white, instead of black, as the symbol for space and light; and this is disconcerting for the spectator, even though the engraving within the silhouette may conform to the convention.

The modern revival of wood engraving for illustrative decoration, which was launched by Eric Gill and Leon Underwood, has been carried on by a number of illustrative decorators who have many brilliant qualities, but who often offend the purist amateur of wood engraving in this way. Blair Hughes Stanton, to whose exciting work in *The Revelation of Saint John* I have already paid a tribute, was formerly a pupil of Underwood. He compels admiration by the vitality of his work, by his manual dexterity, by his power of effective design, and by the industry of his collaboration in the splendid productions of the Gregynog Press. But though he generally works with the sense of the wood engraver *within* the individual silhouettes that constitute his pictures, those pictures, as a whole, suggest a white world with black objects, not the black world with white objects which wood engraving presupposes. John Farleigh has worked within the genus of wood engraving in the ornament on the title page of *Stories from the Bible*, and in the designs illustrating "Joseph's



From "The Jew of Malta."

Dream" and "Samson" in that book; but in the design illustrating "The Finding of Moses", we have once more the effect of a black silhouette against white light and space, which makes the spectator ascribe the blackness of the figure to an effect of shadow or to the colour of the figure's skin or to a combination of the two causes; the artist's defiance of his medium is not so conspicuous here as it would otherwise be, because the spectator feels no disturbing incongruity in the representation of Pharaoh's daughter as a woman with a dark skin; but it is there all the same; and I must add, in passing, that this artist had a similar accidental advantage in his spirited illustrations to *The Black Girl's Adventures in her Search for God*.

The wood engravings made by Eric Ravilious for the Golden Hours Press reprint of *The Jew of Malta* are deliber-

ately archaistic in design to correspond with the type and the old spelling; and the book as a whole is a congruous and distinguished production.

In the drawings by modern artists selected by Mr. Haskell to illustrate his essay on drawing which he entitles most appropriately *Black on White*, we have in most cases pure examples of the procedures proper to drawing on white paper; and it is worth noting that the only drawings here which depart from the characteristic language of the pen or pencil are those in which the artist has used a brush and thereby invaded the painter's province. I must add a word in appreciation of Violet M. Macdonald's delicate pencil drawings for her own novel, *Up the Attic Stairs*, and of Frederick Carter's pen drawings to *Florentine Nights*; in both these cases there is a high measure of union between the illustrations and the text.



From *The Farmers' Year*.

PROPITIATION OF THE DEAD

by C. E. M. JOAD.

FEAR OF THE DEAD IN PRIMITIVE RELIGION. by Sir James George Frazer. *Macmillan*. 10s. 6d.

THE belief that fear is an important element in our mental make-up is one that doctors, psychologists, psychoanalysts, and even the more serious-minded of our novelists, have successfully instilled into the present generation. We are growing accustomed to the idea that many of our physical illnesses, as well as most of the neuroses that are said to play havoc with our generation—one wonders sometimes whether neuroses began with the psycho-analyst's discovery of them—are traceable to some early fear, the origin of which we have long forgotten. Sir James Frazer has now published a study of fear—more particularly fear of the dead—in the lives of primitive peoples.

This comparatively brief volume—a set of lectures delivered at Trinity College, Cambridge, on the William Wyse Foundation—is offered as an instalment of a larger work, in which the author proposes to embody the substance of these and other lectures in more systematic form. Here he has collected, mainly from the works of other writers, missionaries and field-workers of various kinds, an enormous mass of material to illustrate his point, that fear of the dead overshadows the lives of nearly all primitive peoples, and has been the main source of primitive religions—and hence very possibly of our own.

The first lecture is surprisingly devoted to an account of those peoples who show affection, rather than fear of their departed ancestors, but the cumulative evidence offered in the rest of the book

makes it abundantly clear not only that fear plays a large part in the mental make-up of primitive races today, but also that it crops up frequently among peoples at various higher stages of civilization, not excluding ourselves, in old customs, in superstitions, and in folk-lore. This Sir James regards as a survival of primitive beliefs which, presenting "a surprising analogy to those of savages", are yet held by many of the uneducated classes in civilized society today. In fact, civilization is only as deep as our rationalizations, and our underlying beliefs and customs, together with a large part of our religions, are nearer to those of our primitive brothers than it is flattering to admit. Incidentally, by "primitive", Sir James means, not aboriginal man, but those races which are lowest in the scale of evolution at the present time. Apparently, belief in the survival of the dead is, and always has been, worldwide. No doubt adherents of the belief in the immortality of the soul may find evidence in this fact to support their views—though immortality as we understand it, is a conception which is beyond the savage mind. But the Rationalist might equally well retort that the modern doctrine of immortality as merely an extension and development of the earlier idea of survival. Whether the belief in survival may fairly be regarded as instinctive, or whether it is merely a rationalization of man's desire to survive, is a question unlikely to be settled in this life. But whether it is justified or not, Sir James Frazer proves to demonstration that man's belief, not only in the continued survival of his dead, but in their continued or enhanced

power to influence the lives of the living, is at the root of most of our religious beliefs and ceremonies. Thus man makes god in his own image, endowing him with endearingly human virtues and vices. Man is vain, envious, domineering. Therefore the gods—in the first place merely the elders of the tribe who have passed on and by departing from this life have lost what men most prize—must feel envy of those left behind, and must be placated lest they do them harm. "The lord thy god is a jealous god" is as true for primitive races today as it was for the equally primitive Jews to whom we owe the phrase. As man develops what he considers to be moral virtues, his conception of the deity shows a corresponding moral elevation, the fear motif being gradually pushed into the background of his religion and into the subliminal regions of his mind. We have many writers who deal with it in its latter aspect; it is good to have one so able as Sir James Frazer to direct our attention to the part it plays in the earlier stages of man's culture.

As we should expect, the book is admirably written, in lucid and vigorous English. It is a mine of information, collected and arranged with laudable industry. There is an index, and—one more point—if all writers took as much trouble to define their terms before using them, much ink and paper might be saved.

ARTIST AMONG THE BANKERS, by Will Dyson. Dent. 6s.

The business man is not, never was, and never will be, aught but a cipher in the realities of the world. Historically, he is a liberated slave keeping the accounts of mankind, and keeping them wrong.

In his 244 pages Mr. Dyson does not manage to say very much more than this. He elaborates his thesis that the pure man of business, as a man of busi-

ness, is uncreative, and that all advance has always been achieved by the artist, the creative and constructive genius in greater or less degree. He pursues the now familiar paradox of starvation in the midst of plenty through seventeen chapters of invective. He emerges at the end having said nothing whatever beyond attributing the situation to the way in which our monetary system is administered, and giving a purely general recommendation of the theories of Major Douglas, which he assures us will put the direction of affairs back into the hands of the artists and creators. How it will do this, and how the artists and creators will assure a proper distribution of work and wealth, he does not say. He leaves that to the Major, or to the imagination of the reader.

It is a powerful tribute to the genius of Mr. Dyson with words as well as in other media that so much of a rather superfluous book should be readable. But for those who like the now rare art of invective it is extremely so. Mr. Dyson is a master of all but its most subtle forms, and his style has the essential geniality which assures the reader that he is not to be included in the holocaust. Almost any paragraph in the book would win a pleased excitement from an after-dinner audience if used as the beginning of a speech. Unfortunately, the peroration never arrives, in which we should be gently but powerfully imbued with the new principle to replace those so scathingly denounced. Experience shows, in fact, that the power of Mammon has never been withstood in the absence of some opposing principle, such as was represented by the idea of God in the Middle Ages and by the idea of nationalism at the end of the eighteenth century. There is no such principle here, though the lively spirit of Mr. Dyson is an encouragement to hope for its appearance.

ALAN M. WELLS.

GERMANY: MY COUNTRY, by Friedrich Sieburg. Translated by Winifred Ray. Cape. 10s. 6d.

NAZI GERMANY EXPLAINED, by Vernon Bartlett. Gollancz. 5s.

GERMAN nationalism—the social nationalism of our time—is a phenomenon which can never be satisfactorily explained in political terms. For that reason Dr. Sieburg's exploration of the German national character and consciousness is worth all the other books on National Socialism put together. Politically he is—or was—an opponent. In this book, which was published in Germany early this year, he allows himself some scathing remarks about the Aryan and Nordic nonsense of the prophets of the third *Reich*. A valued correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*—one, moreover, who has spent the best part of the time since the War in France—is scarcely likely to be enamoured of the present Fascist phase. Both Dr. Sieburg and Mr. Vernon Bartlett, however, insist that the ascendancy of the *Party* is provisional, not to say fortuitous, while the irruption of the National Socialist Movement constitutes the authentic German Revolution, destined to transform Germany, but also to hang up new lamps for the whole twentieth-century world.

As in his brilliant study of France, Dr. Sieburg challenges the comfortable rationalist philosophy embodied in the notion of universal values. In the name of "humanity", "democracy", and similar rational concepts, he says, the French have in fact ever since their Revolution sought to impose their system of values on the rest of Europe. This process of employing a particular ethical standard as an instrument of national policy reached its climax in the Peace Treaties which, in their inhibitions of German "militarism", were a deliberate attempt to prevent the German nation from fulfilling itself and its destiny—in a word, to "reform"

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Germany along lines laid down by the non-German world. It took the form, it is true, of a typical "Liberal" compromise: "In principle Germany's life was spared; in practice she was deprived of the means of existence". But the effect was the same as if "Germany" had been told she had no right to live. Hence the rebellion of the psyche, the frenzied effort of the German national being to evolve its own standards, different from but as firmly established in the consciousness of all Germans as those that have become second nature for the Frenchman or the Englishman. And it is just this act of national self-recognition which constitutes the German Revolution; a whole people compact of elemental and cosmic forces, planting its feet on the terra firma of national tradition and national ways of life as affording "a refuge from the fierce torrent of time, with its materialism and its licence".

It is easy enough for us Englishmen to smile, strong as we are in the strength of an organic nationhood, a general system of values on which we are all agreed. We are nationally conscious. The Germans are in the *consciously national* stage. As Dr. Sieburg acknowledges: "We Germans are suffering from a morbid aggravation of consciousness which begets in us a remorseless sincerity combined with the childish impulse to create organic structures and forms by artificial means".

Tout est là—the regimentation by the State, in the name of the Nation, of opinions as of interests, the expedient of compulsory labour service as a means of shaping the amorphous mass of the *Volk* and eliminating class-barriers, the incentive of military discipline which at the same time awakens the memory of past glories and, pending replacement of Part V of the Treaty of Versailles by an all-round Disarmament Convention, has all the added allurements of forbidden

fruit; in short, that apotheosis of the herd-impulse which, in essence no more than self-help, "a sudden and passionate revulsion towards 'Germany'", as Dr. Sieburg puts it, must necessarily appear to the non-German world as a mighty effort of Pan-German aggrandizement. The author indulges in characteristic word-spinning about the "dark and mighty powers" of the German consciousness, dubs German militarism rather a moral than a political institution, all the more "a vital necessity when State and people have drifted apart, as is the case in Germany...", and affirms that soldiering and work are practised for their own sake in Germany divorced from any purpose—all of which is scarcely intelligible to the outsider. At any rate, he admits the difficulty for others to live beside such a nation: "We excite the same nervous curiosity as a shell discovered in a field. Is it harmless or will it explode? And above all, when will it explode?"

After the emotional deeps of Herr Sieburg, it is a relief to come upon Mr. Vernon Bartlett's matter-of-fact common sense. The book is slight and designedly popular. But as an exposition of the causes and aims of National Socialism, it is just what is wanted. We are not asked to approve but to understand. And the first thing to bear in mind is that "the state of mind in Germany today is exactly that which was found in all countries during the war". Hence the petty persecution, the hysteria and trampling upon many of the principles of civilized life. Whether the present militant self-help and self-conceit degenerates into actual war-fever depends on us, on our being able to realize that "lack of armaments in an armed world also leads to insecurity" and to pathological manifestations which can only be treated by a policy combining firmness with honesty and patience.

W. HORSFALL CARTER.

DEAN SWIFT, by Stephen Gwynn.
Thornton Butterworth. 18s.

SWIFT, the man, became a legend in his own lifetime and has remained legendary to all save scholars: Mr. Stephen Gwynn's sympathetic biography of the Dean and his friendships should go far towards "de-bunking" the popular mind. With Swift the writer, Mr. Gwynn deals with professed cursoriness, actual and pleasing competence: and while *Gulliver's Travels* established its author the day it was published—while, indeed, the *Drapier's Letters* gave him another kind of fame—he is now revealed, for the first time to the general public, as the author of half-a-dozen works any one of which would today make a literary man's fortune. We know that Mr. Herbert Read considers Swift to be the greatest English prose-writer, which is by no means the same thing as being the greatest English writer of prose, and the present biographer says: "Simply as a writer, he has, I think, no equal in English prose; certainly no one for force. But there is no monotony... Neither has it the elaborate cadence... [of] verse forms."

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BASIL BLACKWELL

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metaphors.) But is not this tantamount to setting the intellectual and moral above the beautiful? Surely, the morality and the intellectual qualities should be inherent in the subject-matter, not the exclusive determinants of the style. I do not wish to labour the point, for a contrast of Swift's prose with that of Sir Thomas Browne will, I believe, illustrate and vindicate my contention.

Yet what a man was "the gloomiest dean", a newspaper tag that I repeat because here lies one of the most inveterate of all errors. Until he was certified insane (an insanity due to a disease that had dogged him increasingly since youth—"I shall die at the top", he said in his fiftieth year), three years before his death at the age of seventy-eight, he was, in company, far more often "merry and bright" than gloomy. The truth is that Swift abominated the venality and treachery and cruelty, the stupidity and selfishness of mankind, but he respected and loved individuals. He might well be acclaimed as the staunchest and most serviceable friend in the whole record of English men of letters. It is one of Mr. Gwynn's virtues that he does full, not niggardly, justice to those friendships, and to Swift's passionate and effective love of justice.

ERIC PARTRIDGE.

BLESSINGTON-D'ORSAY. A Masquerade, by Michael Sadleir. *Constable.* 9s.

A MASQUERADE—this book is well named, and it is a tribute to the skill and sensibility of Mr. Michael Sadleir that he succeeds in awakening our interest in people who, their mystery behind the mask apart, are of no great moment or worth. For it is not possible to work up a very great passion of curiosity about the Blessington scandal for its

own sake. Given all Lady Blessington's virtues, her social brilliance, her sympathy, her beauty, her wit, admitted that she was one of the few women Byron respected, she remains, as Lady Wilde observed, a person of no profundity of character: we can think of the pathos of her life story, but not of its tragedy. And Count D'Orsay, whom all the world alleged to be her lover—one cannot regard Byron's *Cupidon Déchainé* as man enough for a book. Lord Blessington also, who married Margaret Farmer after she had fled from a sadist husband in Clonmel to the elevating, if scandalous, influences of Mr. Jenkins's Hampshire estate, has least intrinsic interest of all. A careless, wealthy, extravagant, irresponsible connoisseur with a love of travelling in state and of decorating great houses with *objets d'art* and pretty women, and who showed an eccentric and spasmodic interest in Catholic Emancipation—he sounds feeble and was, in fact, impotent. They were all impotent, subnormal, or perverse.

Herein lies the clue to Mr. Michael Sadleir's unmasking of the masquerade. According to scandal, Blessington was the complaisant husband, D'Orsay was Lady Blessington's lover; D'Orsay was married to Harriet (Blessington's daughter by another marriage) and was restrained by a clause in the settlement from consummating the marriage for four years, in the first place to prevent scandal, and in the second as a concession to Lady Blessington's jealousy. Such, at least, was the gossip. Such was the cause for Lady Blessington's social ostracism in London, an ostracism which kept all women from her doors in the thirties and forties of last century, but which ensured that every male of brains and distinction crowded to her brilliant salons.

The fatal defect of scandal is its crudity; it can jump only to one con-

clusion, and that the worst. Mr. Michael Sadleir therefore set out to show that, by a slight twist of the lens, a much more plausible story could be evolved, and, although he is obliged at certain points to rely on conjecture, he obtains the reader's willing assent. His conjectures are these: that Margaret Farmer, fleeing from her drunken first husband had, after a month of marriage, been shocked into a life-long loathing of the sexual relationship; that when in time she left her awful home to go to England with the English officer Jenkins, she went scarcely as a mistress but as a ward; that Lord Blessington was impotent and that he married her for the brilliant and cultivated personality which she had developed under Jenkins's protection; that D'Orsay was attracted at once to her delightful nature and to Lord Blessington's money; and that Lord Blessington became infatuated with the young dandy, and only insisted in his will on D'Orsay taking Harriet in order to reward his favourite and do his duty by his family at the same time; and finally that the condition in regard to the consummation of the marriage was Lady Blessington's only contribution to this cynical sale into marriage, and was made in the light of her own awful experiences.

Thus interpreted, the pieces of the puzzle certainly fit excellently together. The solution is in entire accord with the air of platonic brilliance, sensibility, affection, and essential superficiality which suffuses these people with watery, artificial light. And Mr. Sadleir has brought both his analysis and his denouement to a faultless close. There is the bankruptcy, flight, and collapse, with Lady Blessington left to face the bailiffs, while D'Orsay, in all selfishness and absurdity unmasked, angles in vain for a sinecure from the French Government—some gentlemanly bauble, like the Ministry of Beaux Arts or the Embassy

in London. Lady Blessington fades; no longer scandalous, her beauty and reticence are insufficient to sustain her in our sight. But D'Orsay, the dandy, the exquisite, the hollow man, a child trading on his handsomeness, a gambler bewitching his creditors, and behaving at all times of crisis with a helpless fatuity and an unapologetic selfishness, remains clear to the last glint of his moustachios and the last shiver of his wretched little soul. Is it that after all there was more in the fop than the Irish beauty? Or is it the old truth coming out again, that it is far harder to make virtue convincing than vice?

V. S. PRITCHETT.

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COLLINS

PUCCHINI, by Richard Specht. Translated by Catherine A. Phillips. *Dent*. 10s. 6d.

THE name of Richard Specht is known to English students of music chiefly through his study of Brahms, a study which made a show of psychological analysis. It was a show that made more impression at a first than in later readings. Truth to tell, the late Professor's powers of analysis appear to have been based more on formulæ than on intuition. Still, he had the great advantage of knowing Brahms in his youth and of being acquainted with the composer's circle. His book on Giacomo Puccini starts with no such advantages. I believe he met the composer only once, and, a more important disqualification, he is here writing of music and of a mind with which, by nature, he is out of sympathy. Indeed, he confesses as much, and then proceeds to allow conscience to over-rule nature. "Budge", says his conscience. "Budge not", counsels instinct. Conscience is allowed to protest too much, and the budging, well-meant as it is, is not convincing. Here are the Professor's own words: "For more than twenty years past my mind has been at work upon the problem presented by Giacomo Puccini, and all the contradictions and misunderstandings with which it is invariably accompanied, especially in countries of German culture. . . . He has been represented as the great corrupter, the very negation of artist, a merely theatrical composer striving after nothing but effectiveness, and the incarnation of modern degeneracy and insincerity; and, to my shame be it spoken, I must confess that for a long time I, too, thought and spoke of him in exactly the same way; for it seemed to me impossible to reconcile the shameless theatricality of his libretti with artistic probity and purity, though these are so often to be found in his music.

At last, however, it became evident to me that the cause of this strange lack of focus in our views with regard to the composer and his work was an error of vision, due to a racial difference, which was therefore responsible for the imperfect and often distorted conception that we had formed of his essential qualities as an artist." The book, in fact, is an act of penitence, and as such embodies so many self-reproaches and self-humiliations that the mere spectator finds it difficult not to be embarrassed.

For we in England—or the majority of us—cannot be more than spectators when Puccini is the cause of repentance. We have always seen the virtue in his music and loved it for its weaknesses. This turning of a German heart towards Puccini impresses us far less than its turning towards Verdi. As a result of the latter there was made a re-valuation from which we in England had much to learn; whereas Specht's new findings in Puccini's scores bring us nothing that we have not long recognized.

With one exception. I suppose it is necessary to have lived in Vienna to be convinced by his discovery of sadism in the music. Specht describes Puccini as "an epicure in melody of a positively sadic voluptuousness", and then continues: "Nor is he at all robust in his music, even in such passages as those which give expression to tortures worthy of Red Indians: his are the frenzy of weakness goaded to exasperation, the brutality of an over-subtle brain, the crudity of a perverted sensibility." And all this, for no better reason (that I can find) than that the composer was fond of shooting and hunting! Is this book, then, so very much an act of penitence? Or is this but a pretext for further reviling? It is certain that this Professor (but not of psychology, certainly) has not used the music itself for his investigation. He has made the

same kind of mistake as those who, taking part in the Rimsky-Korsakov commemoration at Leningrad last summer, undertook to explain the whole of that composer's output in terms of the Marxist doctrine.

Puccini's music calls for (and deserves) a more straightforward explanation than Specht was capable of. There is more than one aspect of this composer's genius; the source of his lyrical inspiration, for example, upon which he never drew in vain; again, his melodic idiom, its shape, direction, and the intervals it holds; and above all, his sense of the theatre. For character-drawing he had no outstanding talent. (The riddle scene in "Turandot" and the differentiation between Mimi and Musetta in the quartet in "La Bohème" are exceptions.) On the whole, he was more concerned with incident, and with his characters only in so far as they were part of the incident. He was, above everything, a realist. In music he could set the stage, paint the scene, and create the atmosphere with unerring touch. No other composer shows us quite so clearly that stage-sense is the result of an essentially practical attitude of mind. He who sets out to write a study of Puccini must seek to explain a number of contradictions. One of them is this: What is it that makes some music, which by concert-hall standards cannot be accounted "good", so very, very good in the opera-house? Conversely, why does so much irreproachably-made music sound dull in the theatre?

RASH. MAINE.

PARIS TO THE LIFE, by Paul Morand and Doris Spiegel. *Oxford University Press*. 10s. 6d.

HERE is Paris, the Queen and queen of cities, portrayed in words by one of her own children, and pictured in crayon by a lover who has been intimate with

her, slept as it were in her arms, and discovered the shameless intimacies of her very soul. For Miss Spiegel is an American. Her remarkable talent was discovered suddenly, during her life as a business woman in New York. A Guggenheim scholarship brought her to France; and there began her love affair with the boulevards, the cafés, the *quartiers*, the plane trees, the human figures, booths and stalls. Her drawings in this book give one a kind of homesickness. Enormous market-women, nuns and monks, people in uniforms, bourgeois male and female, thick and thin, young and old, nurse maids, chestnut vendors, waiters: all live in these wild sketches, caught in attitudes and gestures that somehow or other touch one's heart. I cannot discover why this is; except that the sum of these things is Paris: gay, unchanging, wist-

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GERALD HOWE

ful, innocent, dishonest, courteous and picturesque—always picturesque.

Morand, who confesses that he was born on the Champs Elysées, knows the secret of this elusive personality. He begins by pointing out that from the beginning of the War until recent years the true Paris disappeared, her habits lost under changed circumstances and foreign invasion. But now, he says, in spite of modernism and all the incredible barbarism of the mushroom outer suburbs, Paris is her true self again. And what is that self? Miss Spiegel's drawings give the answer. So does the following passage:—

"Paris, in spite of all that may be said of her, is essentially a French city. Her power of assimilation is extraordinary. Luxury there may be mass-produced, but it is luxury for the foreigner. The genuine Paris is in love neither with what is new nor with what is expensive. The wealth of all the world passes through the hands of her people, but it is not they who spend it."

Both text and illustrations are a series of homely variations on this theme. They combine to make us see the true Paris, Paris of the middle classes with their shopping bags and their instincts for a bargain emerge once again from all the exotic and vicious impositions with which the rest of the fawning world has dressed her.

RICHARD CHURCH.

COSTUME AND FASHION. Vol. VI. The Nineteenth Century, by Herbert Norris & Oswald Curtis. Illustrated. Dent. 25s.

ADAM's share in the foundation of the drapery trade has not been so fully acknowledged as that of his wife. Yet his interest in apparel has persisted throughout the ages, unimpaired by the fact that he has never ceased to berate Eve for hers. Gallants in peach-bloom satin have tossed their Mechlin ruffles to Heaven in contemplation of the vanity of women; experts in the nice conduct of a clouded cane have been almost ready to use it across the shoulders of an extravagant wife.

Since the French Revolution, followed by the industrial era of machinery, docked man of his sartorial glories, he has satisfied his instinct for dress in several ways. From Worth the First to Molyneux men have dressed women. From Leech to Lewis Baumer, by way of du Maurier, they have lovingly caricatured feminine clothes; when they have in their own bonnets the bee that lived in Froissart's much more picturesque headgear they become the annalists of Fashion; sometimes even her Historians.

Mr. Herbert Norris ranks among the most distinguished annalists. His six-volume work might well be called monumental if that were not such a steam-hammer adjective for such a butterfly subject. This is the sixth volume, pub-

lished out of order, because Mr. Oswald Curtis had collected so much information, and made so many drawings that a collaboration became natural. So we get the nineteenth century, while waiting for the Stuarts and Hanoverians.

The youngest of our brightest young things has to admit that men and women are still extant, minus crutches, but of course wearing the fashionable spectacles, who were born before Noel Coward, and knew music-hall songs that were pre-Cavalcade. Costume is the visualization of its period. The nineteenth century is all the more real to us because some of us remember its end, and the terrific impact of association and tradition that impelled continuance of thought in the late Victorians, and produced by sympathy and antipathy such first and second crops as Swinburne and Lytton Strachey.

If a memory could span a century it would find this book a retrospective diary of life's changing complexion year by year. But nobody is really over a hundred years old, not even the Sitwells, still less Mr. Shaw. Hence we have no personal interest in many of the enchanting details of the book, such as that there is more than publicity in a certain Highlander of our usual acquaintance, much connected with siphons and glasses. He was—is still—Raeburn's portrait of a proud laird who appeared in such pride of bearing and dress at the first Hanoverian levée held in Scotland that the mere Hanoverian King of England, bulging in court kit, ordered that Raeburn commemorate this magnificent wearer of the feather bonnet.

The care-free and limb-free girl of today is a remarkable morning version of her drapery-ridden ancestress, pleated, beflounced, tied-up, tied-in, and tied-round. Her shorts-and-sweater costume, when remembered during contemplation of the hockey-costume of 1894, seems more like a dream, or a railway accident,

than a fact. How can she have become so violently appropriate to her occupation?

Let her take warning from the shoulder-lines of the last thirties. Our own thirties are providing similar menaces to comfort, and if we had more hair we might be in danger of spoon bonnets again.

But Adam should not lightly present Eve with this mine of knowledge, of warning, of devastating statement, of faithful preservation of the adorable, the extravagant, the idiotic. Let him reflect very seriously. Let him look at Plate XVIII, and see how an English gentleman went shooting in 1870, or let him make what he can of Plate XVII, showing how Cuthbert went calling in 1860.

There may be nothing too unlikely to happen again in life; there is certainly nothing too silly to return in our curious fight against our hidelessness.

H. PEARL ADAM.

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SELECTED FICTION

GREAT CIRCLE, by Conrad Aiken.
Wishart. 7s. 6d.

TOBACCO ROAD, by Erskine Caldwell.
Cresset Press. 7s. 6d.

Great Circle is an extremely well-written novel which many people will find quite unreadable. It belongs to the Bergson-Freud School of flux *πavta dei* and the Great Circle of Mr. Aiken's psychoanalytics goes round and round like an interminable drunken journey on the Inner Circle for someone who always misses his station when it bobs up. The book records a neurotic crisis in the life of a man who has left his wife, but is compelled ineffectually to return to her. He has driven her to take a lover, even planned it, though quite unconsciously. The story begins with his return in an atmosphere of drink and high temperature; his thoughts as train nears home, as he plans to surprise the lovers, as he goes out of the station and over the bridge where a crowd has collected round a suicide, are given in a run-on prose taken from the case-book and poetically phrased by Mr. Aiken. The narrative is, of course, formless, but well articulated. Part II goes back to his childhood and to the incidents, mainly sexual, which have decided his neurosis. Part III returns to the present and is a dialogue, drunken and meandering, between patient and psychoanalyst, which ends in collapse. The last part describes, with great skill, the transition between hysteria and sanity, and ends with at any rate partial recovery. Obviously, the book will appeal chiefly to those who are interested in neurotic experience and its elucidation by modern methods. It succeeds in conveying the different levels of that experience with remarkable acuteness and even beauty. The un-

ravelling of a complex provides, too, a suspense and climax which are enhanced by Mr. Aiken's prose. *Great Circle* is in the proper sense an "unusual" book, and worth discovering.

Tobacco Road is by comparison simple, and deals with people who are simple to the point of imbecility. The "poor whites" of Georgia are degenerate peasants who live by habit on the land which has ceased to support them, and they eke out an existence of slow starvation by means of stolen turnips, pinches of snuff, child marriage, and a revivalist religion which is sub-negroid. The whole book suggests the decaying smell, the croaks and scuffings of some derelict farmyard in a war zone. Its grimness is emphasized by the comedy—almost farce—of some of its incidents. The insensitiveness of these morons is, at its best, like the behind-kicking of schoolboys; at its worst, like the "tragedy" of polar bears eating their young in some human Whipsnade. Mr. Caldwell's detachment from the scene, except perhaps in the hope of better things at the end, is perfect; he avoids comment altogether (indispensable and rare virtue in a novelist!) and the result is a picture brutal, vivid and surprising.

G. W. STONIER.

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THE WHIPSNADE ANIMAL BOOK, by Helen Sidebotham & John Skeaping. **ZOO CAVALCADE**, by E. G. Boulenger. Illustrated. Dent. 7s. 6d.

THE ARTHUR RACKHAM FAIRY BOOK. Illustrated. Harrap. 8s. 6d.

FAIRIES AND ENCHANTERS, by Amabel Williams-Ellis. Illustrated by Wilma Hickson. Nelson. 7s. 6d.

THE LORD FISH, by Walter de la Mare. Illustrated by Rex Whistler. Faber. 10s. 6d.

DOCTOR DOLITTLE'S RETURN, by Hugh Lofting. Illustrated. Cape. 7s. 6d.

THE 35th OF MAY, by Erich Kastner. Illustrated. Cape. 6s.

THE INCREDIBLE ADVENTURES OF PROFESSOR BRANSTAWM, by Norman Hunter. Illustrated by W. Heath Robinson. Lane. 7s. 6d.

WINTER HOLIDAY, by Arthur Ransome. Cape. 7s. 6d.

THE BIRD OF DAWNING, by John Masefield. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

SEA STORIES, edited by John Hampden. Nelson. 3s. 6d.

THE BOOK OF THE WARSHIP, by Ellison Hawks. Harrap. 7s. 6d.

HORSEMANSHIP AS IT IS TODAY, by Sarah Bowes-Lyon. Illustrated by the author. Dent. 7s. 6d.

In about three weeks Christmas will be upon us, and already harassed parents and benevolent uncles are fighting their way through a maelstrom of Christmas cards and calendars (the ground-bait of the bookseller) towards the serried ranks of children's books artfully displayed for their undoing.

It is impossible in a review of this length to cover all the books that have been produced this year for the delectation of the young. It is the writer's intention therefore, merely to indicate a few of the books which, in her opinion, should satisfy the demands of any normal girl or boy whose interest is not solely devoted to the "Third Form of St. Mildred's" type of story.

First, then, to books about animals. There is no particular reason for these as a first choice except that it is a strange child that is not interested in animals, especially wild ones. For this reason I would plump straight away for *Lions Wild and Friendly*, by E. F. V. Wells. This is a fascinating book written by one who has spent many years of

his life—often accompanied by his wife—in photographing lions in wilds of Africa, in the happy expectation that if he doesn't worry the lions unduly the lions won't worry him. The excellent photographs accompanying the text amply bear out his conclusions. I must confess, on the other hand, that I am prejudiced in advance by the title of *Hunting Wild Beasts with Rifle and Camera*, and could wish that there were less rifle and more camera.

Next, I would choose two books about Zoological Gardens and Whipsnade: *The Whipsnade Animal Book*, by Helen Sidebotham and John Skeaping, and *Zoo Cavalcade*, by E. G. Boulenger. Both these books contain many amusing anecdotes about the Zoo inmates. Of Mr. Boulenger's, I would add that those who read his charming zoological notes in the daily press will be assured of a breezy style allied to a sound knowledge of the subject under review.

Animals have always taken a prominent place in the traditional fairy

story, so perhaps it is not inappropriate to turn our attention next to fairy stories both old and new.

There are several productions of traditional stories this year. The *Arthur Rackham Fairy Book* will probably please admirers of this artist's work, while Mrs. Amabel Williams-Ellis's *Fairies and Enchanters* is written with verve and humour. In *The Lord Fish*, Mr. Walter de la Mare offers us a collection of short stories which hover lightly between fantasy and reality. The delicate charm of this author's imaginative prose must inevitably ensnare both the donor and the recipient of this delightful book as soon as they have dipped into it.

From fairy tales to fantastic adventures is another short step, and of these I would recommend the following: *Dr. Dolittle's Return*, *The Incredible Adventures of Professor Branstawn*, and *The Thirty-fifth of May* (by the author of *Emil and the Detectives*).

There is no need for me to say much about Dr. Dolittle, for his admirers must number thousands. In the present book the doctor, who has been on a visit to the moon, leaving his animal friends in the care of the boy Tommy, returns once more to Puddlesby-on-the-Marsh. In the sacred cause of science he is forced to break a window (not his own) in full view of a policeman, in order to have a peaceful three months in prison in which to write the story of his adventures, only to be rescued *malgré lui* by his friends in the Rat and Mouse Club.

The incredible adventures of Professor Branstawn are occasioned by his still more incredible inventions. When I mention that examples of the professor's inventive genius are sketched by Mr. Heath Robinson, there is no need to say more.

The 35th of May was an eventful one for Conrad, for on that day, through

his inability to write an essay on the South Seas, he is transported to the strangest South Seas that was ever visited by a small boy in his wildest dreams. While I quite enjoyed this book, I must confess to a sigh of regret for the straightforward might-have-happened-to-anyone adventures that befell Emil and his youthful detectives.

An adventure book in which a lively imagination does duty for reality is *Winter Holiday*, by Arthur Ransome. In this story the children who sailed in *Swallow* and *Amazon* (in Mr. Ransome's first book) are, by the fortunate visitation of fate, consigned to one member of the crew and the consequent isolation of the rest, given an extra month's holiday at Christmas during which they organize a spirited dash to the Pole from the base camp of an icebound houseboat, appropriately renamed *The Fram*.

Writing of ships leads me to John Masfield's latest book, *The Bird of Dawn*. This is the story of the shipwrecked crew of one of the China Tea Clippers of the 'nineties who, after suffering intense hardships in a small open boat, cross the path of another clipper abandoned by her crew which they take over, sail home, and win the much-prized clipper race for the first boat home from China with the season's tea. A good straightforward narrative, written in Mr. Masfield's clear and vigorous prose. Two other very readable books in this category are *Sea Stories*, edited by John Hampden, and *The Book of the Warship*.

Lastly, and well worth a paragraph to itself, comes *Horsemanship as it is Today*, written and illustrated by the author, Sarah Bowes-Lyon, aged thirteen. Reviews in plenty have already appeared about this book, so I will content myself with soundly recommending it.

M. MACKEAN.